

THE PEABODY STAR.

VOL. I. NO. 1.

PEABODY, MASS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1899.

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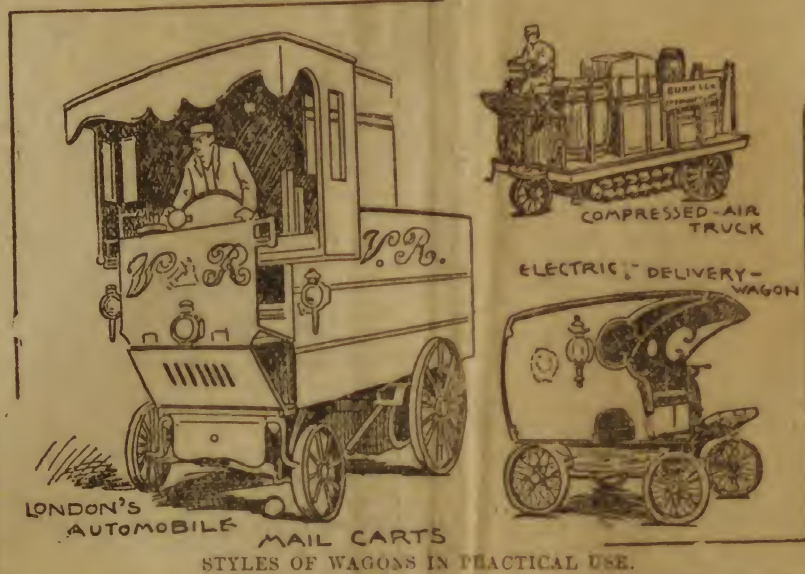
Fulfillment of Mother Shipton's Prophecy That
"Carriages Without Horses Shall Go."

NEW YORK CITY (Special).—The foretold time when "carriages without horses shall go" has come, and the end of the century finds the self-propelling vehicle an established factor of every-day life. This is demonstrated by the organization of the Automobile Club of America for the development of the motor-carriage as a source of sport and pleasure, the formation of a gigantic trust for the commercial exploitation of electric street traction in this country, and the laying of plans for an international race between French and American automobiles—all events of the past few weeks.

So quickly do the new things become old, and so readily do people adapt themselves to the marvelous contrivances which modern inventive ingenuity has devised, that the automobile, but a brief time ago unknown, no longer arouses more than a passing curiosity. And yet it is one of the most interesting of latter-day inventions of the annihilation of space and time. In spite of its comparative youth, it may be found everywhere—in Paris, France, and in Paris, Ky. It adapts itself to a multitude of needs, for it may be my lady's victor or the butcher's cart. It hauls packages and passengers. It runs over country-roads and city asphalt. It diversifies life by the sea and it makes the city streets more interesting than ever. It may be bought, hired or borrowed. It eats no oats or hay, but it may subsist on electricity or feed on petroleum or gasoline. It is good at sprinting or at long-distance travels. It climbs hills, speeds over flat surfaces and it may even turn flip-flaps, as the recent experience of a young experimenter at Newport has demonstrated. Altogether the automobile, in its various manifestations and uses, is an exceedingly

it proves anything, it proves that the automobile is no inconsiderable factor in modern life, and that the making and using of electric cars and carts have assumed vast proportions.

A motor carriage is expensive to begin with; but, taking into consideration that there are no horses to be bought with it, the extra cost is more apparent than real. An electric cab costs some fifteen hundred dollars to build, and the more delicate and elegant private vehicles run up into the thousands. But the expense of operation is slight. A charge of electricity



for one run may be had for sixty cents. The gasoline for an eleven hundred mile trip, made by a motor-carriage from Cleveland, Ohio, to New York recently, cost less than six dollars; and William G. Tiffany relates that the fuel for two days' journey through Touraine cost him but three dollars.

M. Charron, of Paris, who was challenged to an international automobile race by Alexander Winton, recently proposed a stake of one hundred thousand francs, the object being to demonstrate the possibilities of American and foreign made machines.

For the future, the automobile holds out the promise of a city practically free from the maddening street noises that make modern urban existence more or less a torture. Cobble pavements are laid to resist metal tires and the pounding of steel-shod horses. With every vehicle motor-driven, and every wheel pneumatic-tired, all pavements can be of asphalt. Not only will the rumbling of heavy trucks and the clatter of hoof-beats disappear, but there will be no more tracks to cut up the streets, since electric omnibuses, carrying as many people and moving as swiftly as the electric cars of today, will take the place of street railways.

Having already conquered the rail, electricity will then have made itself master of the highway as well. Rapid transit for long distances being supplied by electric trains in clean, cool, brilliantly-lighted subways, the elevated roads will be no more. The removal of the horse from the streets will not only make them noiseless, but will practically solve the problem of street-cleaning, and greatly improve the sanitary conditions of urban life, reducing the amount of street refuse to a minimum. With clean, smooth thoroughfares, through which swift,

bile will take the place of all other forms of traction, and plugs will be provided in the streets from which the automobilist may take his supply of power by a nickle-in-the-slot device, while along rural highways power stations will be established so that journeys of any distance may be undertaken. Even on the farm, automobiles will do the heavy burden carrying. The horse may still be harnessed to the plow, may still furnish sport on the race-course and riding exercise for the few, but no longer will he be the chief bearer of man's burdens. Who will say he has not earned rest?

The General Postoffice automobile mail carts are being subjected to a severe test by the postal authorities of London, and it is believed that they will be put in general use. Those who have watched the new vehicle say they are faster than any that have yet been tried. Their appearance is up to date in every way.

Imagine a wagon, not unlike the mail wagons of New York with an immense hood over the driver's seat, and back of it another case of hand-

is waiting he unfolds some snakes from a small basket, takes a mongoose from a bag and entertains his audience with



WONDERFUL MANGO TRICK IN STORIES.

a combat between the mongoose and one of the snakes.

"Ek, do, tin, char; one, two, three, four—plenty fight—very good mongoose—big snake—four rupee mongoose—two rupee snake—mongoose fight snake. Look—gentleman—plenty big fight."

The snake, spiritless and not at all in a fighting mood, is held up by his tail, and the mongoose, whose only object in life is to get back into the snug bag, is "sicked" on the snake, and the thrilling contest begins. They don't appear to notice one another, and for a while it looks like a draw. Finally the mongoose snaps the neck of the snake and hangs there like grim death, while the startled snake wraps around the mongoose in a cocoon folds. After a moment or two the snake unlinks and the mongoose is dragged off. The magician displays the defeated snake, which still wriggles in his death agonies. Some skeptics are cynical enough to say that the snake is afterward resuscitated for future gallant battles with the mongoose.

All this time the cloth remained peaceful and quiet, and there were no uneasy movements of its folds to indicate that the mango crop was flourishing. The juggler now turned his attention to it, however, poked his hands under the cloth, and after a few seconds of mysterious fumbling triumphantly threw off the cloth, and lo, there was a little bunch of leaves about as big as a sprig of watercress sticking up dejectedly from the damp earth. This was straightway deluged with some water and the cloth again thrown over it.

Once more there was a diversion. This time an exhibition of a shell game, in which the juggler showed considerable dexterity in placing the little ball where you didn't think it would be. Still the cloth revealed no disposition to bulge skyward, and a second time the juggler fumbled under it, talking hurriedly in Hindustani and making the occasion as interesting as possible. After much poking around he finally threw off the cloth with a glad cry, and there was a mango tree a foot high, with adult leaves which glistened with moisture. When his spectators had gazed at it for a while he pulled the little tree up by the roots, and there was a mango seed attached, with little sprouts springing out from it.

The trick was over, the juggler's harvest of rupees and annas began, and soon his crowd faded away. A few minutes later, from a half-hidden



"TOURING CAR" FOR THE TRANSCONTINENTAL TOUR.

(The automobile in which Mr. and Mrs. John D. Davis started for San Francisco from New York City.)

the run to San Francisco in a motor carriage. Their automobile resembles a road phaeton. The motor is concealed under the seat. The driver sits on the left of the seat. With his right hand he controls the direction of the vehicle. Two levers on his left regulate the speed. The automobile must be supplied with gasoline and water every few miles.

SOME HINDU FABLES EXPOSED.

The Magical Mango Trick Seems Very True at Close Range.

In the days of Marco Polo the mango trick may have been a marvelous feat, but when I first saw the Indian juggler beginning the preparations for it, writes J. T. McCutcheon, in the Chicago Record, I was half prepared by the traveler's tales to see a graceful tree spring quickly into life and subsequently see somebody climb it and pick quantities of nice, ripe mangoes. Nothing of the kind happened, as will be seen by the following description of the mango trick as it is really performed.

The juggler, with a big bag of properties, arrives on the scene and immediately begins to talk excitedly, meanwhile unpacking various receptacles taken from the bag. He squats down, pipes a few notes on a wheezy reed whistle and the show begins. From his belongings he takes a little tin can about the size of a cove oyster can, fills it with dirt and saturates the dirt with water. Then he holds up a mango seed to show that there is nothing concealed by his sleeves; counts "ek, do, tin, char," or "one, two, three, four," and imbeds the seed in the moist earth. He spreads a large cloth over the can and several feet of circumjacent ground. Then he plays a few more notes on his reed instrument and allows the seed a few minutes in which to take root and develop into a glorious shade tree. While he



[Adapted by H. Bartholomew from Harper's Weekly.]
AN OBJECT LESSON AT A GRADE CROSSING.

who will take to the new form of propulsion; there are others who will never forsake the horse.

Some conception of the marvelous expansion of the automobile idea may be gathered from the casual announcement that a contract has recently been made for the manufacture of 4200 electric vehicles, or automobiles, involving an expenditure of over \$3,000,000. That is a large amount for investment, especially in a new enterprise, but

air-shod, easy-riding vehicles dart noiselessly, it will no longer be necessary to seek the country for rest and quiet.

Once the horseless age is in full sway, every man will have his own automobile, and the bicycle, which has already, to some extent, supplanted the horse, will in turn be shelved, save for purposes of sport. With the universal development of sources of supply of electricity, the electromo-

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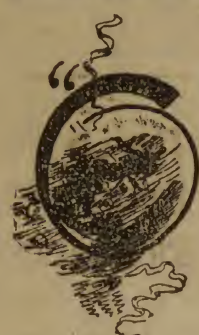
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THE QUESTIONER.

fair-faced woman found a whitened skull
Amid a ruined garden's tangled bed,
And placed it on a rose-twined wreath,
And thus to it she said:
"In relic of some far-forgotten time,
See flesh hath blossomed in such fair decay,
I pray thee tell, in what sweet summer
clime
Dost thou reside to-day?"
And, having lived, unfold life's mystery,
And, having loved, reveal the how, and
why,
And, being dead, unveil eternity,
And all it means to die."

There came no whisper from the lifeless
death.
The hollow eyes stared at her vacantly,
Perhaps it had forgotten love, and
Perhaps—
—John R. Paine, in Life.

THE FACE IN THE GLASS.



JACK, I really don't think I can bear that wardrobe where it is, with the long glass just opposite my bed. I know I shall have nightmare. Do you think it could be moved?"

I hesitated and murmured something about the trouble of having the furniture moved in a hotel, etc., while handing my wife the English letter I had brought upstairs for her. She had been lying down after our journey, and now sat up on the bed to utter the above remarks about the wardrobe. She was very pretty, that little wife of mine, with her curly, tousled head, and the face that sleep had flushed to a soft rosy-pink—very pretty, and so ludicrously, ludicrously young to look at.

Her letter did not occupy her long. She looked at me again.

"Jack, darling, you will have that wardrobe moved, won't you? If I were to wake in the night and see my own face in it, I should be horribly frightened. Do have it moved, Jack, dear!" She knew perfectly well, little witch, that if she spoke to me like that, and looked at me pleadingly out of her pretty eyes, she would get exactly what she wanted—and, of course, she did this time. The wardrobe, which had been placed precisely opposite one of the two beds that jutted out from the wall between the door and window, was now moved to the corner near the window itself, so that, although from the beds we could still catch a glimpse of the glass, we could see nothing reflected in it.

We were staying in a big, pleasant hotel, the locality of which matters little. We found many pleasant folk among our fellow-guests, and we had really a delightful evening, spent chiefly in sitting upon the terrace which overlooked the very lovely garden of the hotel. The delicious scents of the many flowering shrubs filled the air with exquisite fragrance; the fresh breeze blowing softly round us seemed to come straight from the great range of mountains along the horizon, giant shapes, dim and misty, outlined against the pale green of the evening sky, where the stars were coming out one by one.

It must have been very late, before we reluctantly dragged ourselves indoors, and went up to our room. Just before putting out the light, I opened the venetians outside our window to breathe the heavenly air once more. It was a still, starry night. The garden below me was quite dark, and the dim mountain shapes could no longer be seen. The nightingales in the bushes sang and sang as if they could never sing enough, and to the music of their song, with a deep undercurrent of the bull-frogs' emphatic voices, I fell asleep.

I slept the sleep of the just, as I usually do, and, I should think, must have been asleep for some time, when, suddenly, a flash of light before my eyes woke me. My first impression was that it must be lightning; my next, that my wife had turned on the electric light over our heads. But, as I woke up fully, I realized that the room was dark; from the bed next to mine I could hear quiet breathing, showing, beyond a doubt, that my wife was asleep.

But—but—I sat up in bed and stared; for the long glass in the cupboard, which had been moved that afternoon, was entirely lighted up. As I have said, this cupboard now stood nearer to the window than it had done before, and, though it was not opposite my bed, the light upon the glass had evidently flashed into my eyes and awoke me. But where in the name of fortune had the light come from? I rubbed my eyes, I leant a little out of bed, as I tried to persuade myself that some light from outside must be reflected in the glass, though I knew perfectly well that this was impossible, for not only were the venetians closed, but the curtains inside the room were also drawn.

Then I tried to think that the light came through the keyhole of a room opening into ours; but this was a still more fallacious argument, for the door in question was on the farther side of my wife's bed, and nothing could by any means have been reflected from it into that glass.

"Well," I thought, "I am the victim of a most extraordinary optical delusion!" For, whilst I sat up in bed and started at it, that glass remained steadily lighted up!

"I shall get up and see if it is something outside the window," I muttered; and, creeping very softly out of bed, I drew back the curtains and gently opened the venetians. Everything in the garden was absolutely still, and pitch dark. Not a sign was to be seen in any direction of a light of any sort or kind, and even the stars were blotted out by great black clouds. I turned back toward the room. It, too, was entirely dark—

with the exception of the glass,

which was still brilliantly lighted from top to bottom.

But, all at once, I noticed an extraordinary circumstance. The glass did not reflect the stove and chair which were the only objects now in front of it, neither did I see myself mirrored in it. On the contrary, I saw in it only a bed and in the bed lay a form—a woman's form. I could see quite plainly how her black hair was tossed about on the pillow in curly disorder.

"It seems queer," I said to myself, with, I must confess, a very weird and uneasy sensation; "deuced queer!"

I should like to have done something—turned on the light, rung a bell, or, in fact, done anything but what I did do, stand there rooted to the spot, with fascinated eyes fixed on that glass.

Where the dickens did that bed come from? And who was the woman in it? It was not my wife, that I could swear, for her hair was fair and fluffy, and that woman's was black as night.

Then, as I watched my hair literally stood on end with horror. I believe I was shaking with fright, for I saw that figure sit bolt upright in bed, a look of such wild terror in her face as I shall never forget—never to my dying day. Her eyes fixed on something I could not see, grew strained and staring, in a perfect agony of fear and horror. I saw her open her mouth as though to say something—to cry out—I thought it was. I saw the flush of sleep fade from her cheeks, leaving an ashy whiteness in its place. Then she threw out her hands with a passionately pleading gesture toward something that was coming to her—a very agony of appeal in her every movement.

And at that moment there came into the blaze of light a tall man's figure. He seemed to come from the end of the bed, as though he had entered the room by a door immediately opposite to it. (In a flash of recollection I remembered a third door in our room, opening directly opposite my wife's bed.) I could not see the man's face; he was dressed in some sort of a dressing gown, and in his uplifted hand he held a knife. He paid not the slightest heed to the agonized gestures of the woman. He simply advanced to the head of the bed with great strides. The woman crouched back against the pillows, her poor little hands pitifully beating against his shoulder, but he seemed utterly regardless of her terror or of her appeals. He pressed her back—further, farther back against the pillows, and I saw her white, upturned face gleam in the flashing light. I could see the fearful, deadly terror in her dark eyes as suddenly he raised the great knife in one hand, holding the other over her mouth—to stop her screaming, I suppose.

But he did not, as I expected, plunge the knife deep into her heart. No, he lifted the pillow, like another Othello, and pressed it down, down upon her, till I felt as if I myself was being suffocated. Then he lifted it up again, and laid her down, and as he did so and turned away, laying the knife beside her on the bed, I saw his face—a dark, evil, devil's face. It seemed to glower at me out of the brilliantly lighted glass just for a second, and then I saw his every feature—the black, evil eyes, the hard mouth, the low forehead, over which a straight lock of hair fell. I saw how he lifted his hand to push the hair out of his eyes—and then, all at once, the light faded out of the glass and I could see no more.

The room was in darkness, and, sick with horror, shivering with a horrible dread, I crept into bed again. I did not sleep another wink. I could only lie and puzzle over the gruesome thing I had seen, and speculate over and over again as to its cause and object. But I arrived at no solution, and never in my life have I been so thankful as I was that morning to see the gray dawn steal through the venetians and to hear the birds calling to each other in the garden below.

My wife remarked on my appearance, which was certainly not altogether festive. Avoiding as best I could my wife's anxious questions, I dressed hurriedly, being above all things anxious that she should never know of the horror I had seen in that hateful glass. I went downstairs as soon as I could, and sought out the owner of the hotel.

He was not a master of my language, but, fortunately, I am familiar with his, and I asked him quietly, but with a good deal of lordly severity, to explain my extraordinary experience of the previous night.

I think he meant at first to deny all knowledge of the phenomenon; but he had turned visibly pale at my allusion to it, and obviously knew all that was to be told. And, with a little more browbeating, I got it out of him. He apologized most humbly and profoundly for having put us into that room; but, as he explained, the hotel was so full that it was unavoidable. He then went on to tell me that, some time before, an Italian lady and gentleman, husband and wife, had occupied the room we had slept in, and

the next one to it, whose door was opposite to my wife's bed. On the morning after their arrival the husband had roused the whole hotel, declaring wildly that his wife had been murdered—which had, indeed, proved to be the case. There lay the lady, stone dead, a knife beside her on the bed—one of the hotel knives, my host explained in an injured voice—and her husband nearly mad with grief and horror. But the strange thing was that, though the knife lay there, no sign was visible of its having been used. The poor lady had evidently been suffocated. The husband, who had slept in the room next to his wife's said that the door between their rooms had been open all night, but he swore he had heard no sound. How the murderer had come, where he had vanished to, and above all, why he had murdered the poor, innocent lady, remained profound mysteries.

"Do you mean that the murderer is still at large?" I asked the hotel-keeper.

He nodded.

"Well, I could identify him anywhere," I said, sharply.

"The man looked at me keenly. 'You saw, sir—you saw?'" he stammered.

"I saw the whole thing, from beginning to end, in that infernal glass," I replied; "the whole ghastly performance. Has no one ever seen it before?"

My host crossed himself rapidly.

"It has been seen before," he answered; "but no one has ever seen it all. The lighted glass—yes—and a lady, the lady in the bed—and a man who enters. But, then—no one has ever dared to stay to face all the horror through. No one ever saw the man's face. They have all fainted or run away—or what not. You saw his face, sir?" he ended, incredulously.

"As plainly as I see yours," I said. "If ever I see it in real life I will let you know."

We moved our room that night, on some plea I gave my wife—I forget now what it was—and a few days later we left the place, and I must confess, honestly, I was not sorry to go.

But fate works strangely sometimes. Six months later, my wife was convalescent after a severe illness, and the doctors insisted on my taking her to this very place again. I suggested many other localities. But, no; there she must go, and nowhere else. So, back we went, and found it very charming, even in winter; steeped in sunshine, fresh and sweet, with clear, dry air and deep-blue sky.

We had been there a week, and my wife and I were sitting at our small table in the great dining-room waiting for lunch, when the door behind us opened and someone came in.

"Oh, what a hateful-looking man!"

My wife exclaimed, and I saw her shudder. I glanced around, and, by Jove! I shuddered myself, for, walking down that dining-room, was a brazen, jaunty air, was the very man whom I had seen in the glass murdering the poor lady. Without a word, I bolted out of the room and breathlessly rushed to the bureau, where the master of the house looked at me as if I were a lunatic.

"The man is here!" I said, as soon as I could speak.

"What man?" he asked bewildered.

"The man who murdered the lady in that room where the glass is. Come quickly; I will show him to you."

I think he still thought me mad, but he reluctantly followed me to the dining-room door, and I pointed cautiously down the long room to a table at the other end, where the gentleman in question was placidly beginning his soup.

"There," I said; "there he is, sitting at the table!"

"But, no, sir, no!" gasped my companion; "you are mistaken. It is impossible; that is the lady's husband. He comes here every year to lay flowers on her grave."

"Oh, does he?" I answered, savagely; "then the more devil he! That is the man who murdered her. I swear it!"

And he was the man.

Other little bits of evidence cropped up, and in the end the miserable creature confessed to the deed. It was some story of fiendish and impossible jealousy, and of awful, ungovernable temper; but the details have escaped my memory.

One curious fact remains, or, perhaps, two facts. One is that from the day the villain confessed his deed the ghastly tragedy in the glass was never again enacted. The other is that, from that day to this, I have never either cared or dared to sleep in a room where a long glass faced my bed.—The Sketch.

American Horses For the London 'Bus.

Few of the million passengers or more who make their daily journey in a London 'bus or street car know that the horses which draw them are nearly always American or Canadian. Great Britain, the "horses' country" in the world, buys more than twenty thousand horses from the United States every year. Nearly all of these are heavy draught-horses. The truth is, since the coaching era came to an end the British farmer has neglected the harness horse in favor of the hunter, and still prefers to rear "something that can gallop and jump."

A Queer New Guinea Village.

In New Guinea the village of Tapuselei is most remarkable. The houses are all supported on piles and stand out in the ocean a considerable distance from shore. This is to protect the villagers from the attacks of the dreaded head-hunters, always looking out for victims. Other villages in this queer land are perched up in trees for the same reason.



[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

Mayor Van Wyck of New York thought he was knocking civil service reform in the head when he refused to approve the amended rules prepared by the municipal civil-service commission. But he evidently had not read the new White law, or had failed to see its point, for that law provided that if the mayor should not prepare rules and get them approved within 60 days, the state commission might make rules and enforce them. And that is what has happened. The state civil-service commission late Tuesday night of last week adopted rules to govern New York city. They are substantially the same rules as those which Van Wyck vetoed, but with sundry compromises eliminated. Instead of exempting in the finance department 188 places from examination there are now but 60 exempted; in the law department, where 100 assistants to the corporation counsel were exempt, there are 71. So through the list the state commission has put a large number of places on the competitive list, and has also taken from the appointing power the right to set aside persons heading the eligible list and substitute those of lower rank. The Tammany mayor lost a good deal of political pull when he rejected the report of his own municipal civil-service commission.

The Tammany mayor's rejection of the plans for the new municipal building, for the great city of New York well exemplifies the Tammany notion of doing things. Under the reform administration of Mayor Strong—which would have done more for reform if the mayor's surname had been an adjective instead—plans were drawn for a building to house the most important departments of the city government in a fashion which should not be merely useful in the provision of sufficient room and facilities, but should be as useful in the exaltation of public taste and the proper dignity of the greatest city of America. The design made by the architect included a building whose frame should cost \$2,500,000 and whose decoration and finish should cost as much more. The municipal art society accepted these designs, and it seemed likely that the great city would have one building accordant with its own dignity. But now Mayor Van Wyck has upset all this work and turned the plans over to a firm of architects who have done all the odd jobs for Tammany since the Republican party defeated Seth Low in behalf of the present mayor.

New York is the greatest ice market on the earth, according to the New York World. London might use more if it wanted to, but it does not for several reasons. The Briton likes beer cool, but not cold. Ice mixed drinks are almost unknown to him. Ale does not need to be kept in cold storage as lager is. There is no long continued heat to drive London to cold drinks as New York is driven. Hence New York carries the banner as an ice consumer. If all the ice brought to New York and made here in one year could be immediately divided among the people it would give to each man, woman, child and baby a lump weighing a little over 2000 pounds. The mass of ice harvested and manufactured for use in Greater New York this year is estimated by L. D. Reeve, of the Consolidated Ice company, at six thousand million pounds. If New York's ice had to be distributed at one time it would take 967,724 wagons and nearly 2,000,000 horses to do the work. It took 20,000 men to prepare the ice for sale, and about 6000 are engaged in distributing it.

A preliminary organization of city employes has been formed here, with officers, by-laws and a schedule of dues. It is designated, later on, to include, generally, minor municipal employes in New York's service. The ostensible purposes of this organization are to secure better treatment for city servants, to compel the enforcement of laws made for their protection, acquiescence in regulations devised for their retention in office during good behavior, their promotion, if deserving, the increase of pay and, in some cases, the pensioning of employees of long service. The new organization, amiable as may seem to be some of its objects, may lead, later on, to serious difficulties.

The medico-legal society of this city has now a committee to investigate the methods of Christian science healers and determine whether it is necessary to proceed legally against them, or procure legislation to stop their practices. The discussion in the society was respectful and considerate, but the facts were made plain that this new school of theocratic medicine did not require any knowledge of the human frame in its practitioners, ignored all the discoveries of science, and violated the laws in respect to reporting cases of contagious or infectious disease to the sanitary authorities.

Mr. Richard Croker, of whom the pleasing intelligence has been cabled that he is no longer troubled by car-buncles, does not seem to have been bothered with H. R. H. Albert Edward this time. This neglect of royalty doubtless encouraged the London Sporting Times to state, in announcing the Tammany chief's departure from England in August, that "he will not be missed."

KNICKERBOCKER.

THE WILDER FILIPINOS.

More Interesting Than the Partially Civilized Tribes.

Civilization assuredly works wonders in a community, but it often renders the community less interesting, or at least less picturesque, than before. That was what Professor Worcester, who visited Palawan, of the Philippine Islands, thought when he contrasted the wild Tagbanuas with their partially civilized brethren. The wilder people were to him the more interesting.

Their small village houses of bamboo were perched high in the air. When the inhabitants wanted to write a letter, they took fresh joints of bamboo for note-paper, and scratched their letter in vertical columns, like the Chinese. They had a simple syllabic alphabet in common use, pointing, in Professor Worcester's opinion, to a time when they possessed a higher civilization than at present.

These peculiar people were not without a form of government. The affairs of each community was administered by a council of old men, who dispensed justice according to tradition and their own sense of what was right.

It is to be inferred that a man thought twice before accusing his neighbors of a grave offence, for the method of judging was something of an ordeal, as well to accuser as to accused. When anyone was charged with a serious crime, the old men conducted him and his accuser to some deep pool, and there, in the presence of relatives and friends, caused them to dive beneath the water. He who remained under the longest was accounted to have spoken the truth.

The religious beliefs of these inhabitants of the Philippines were as peculiar as their ideas about justice. As to a future life, they considered that state to be the privilege of the good. The bad, they believed, were judged after death, and when found guilty, were pitched into a fire and completely consumed.

They had their theory of evolution also, only in their case the man had not been evolved from the monkey, but the monkey from the man. When asked why the monkey looked so much like a man, they said it was because he was once a man, but he was very lazy, and would not plant rice. Then his companion threw a stick at him, whereupon he assumed his present state, the stick becoming his tail.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Simple integrity, simple fairness, simple justice to rich and poor alike, giving to each one his rightful dues, in short, carrying out in daily life the principle of honesty and fairness, is the very best and most efficient means of benefiting the community, and the only foundation on which to build a benevolence worthy of the name.

From a worldly point of view politeness is the best stock-in-trade that one can possess. It has opened more doors of advancement than any faculty, genius, or art, because for strangers there is no other way to judge another's character than by externals.

Never make the mistake of crying down the merits of anything which you cannot possess. Facts are facts; you impose on no one when affecting to undervalue what is really desirable, and are laughed at as an imitator of the fox in the fable.

There are few things impossible in themselves, and the application necessary to make them succeed is more often wanting than the means.

The man who is never tired knows himself. It is only in the furnace heat that the soul learns its own strength and weakness.

Power sometimes forgets itself so far as to imagine that it exists for itself, and not for the service of humanity.

The lottery of honest labor, drawn by time, is the only one whose prizes are worth taking up and carrying home.

Force yourself to take an interest in your work and the effort will soon become a pleasure instead of a hardship.

He is the best accountant who can cast up correctly the sum of his own errors.

There is no situation in life so bad that it cannot be mended.

In love of home the love of country has its rise.

Wheelmen Scared by Texts.

One of the bicycle papers calls attention to the fact that a little legislation would not be amiss to check the unfeeling way in which certain ultrareligionists are doing their best to shake the nerves of timid cyclists. A correspondent riding from Yarmouth to Lowestoft was traveling a goodly pace down a steep grade when, upon rounding a turn of the road, a big signboard painted black and white attracted his attention, and he almost fell off his wheel as he read, "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after death the judgment." At the foot of the hill, where the cyclist, as might be supposed, lost the control of his machine, the following comforting sentence glared at him from another board: "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"—London Correspondence in New York Herald.

An Unstealable Umbrella.

A new unstealable umbrella has been patented in Paris. When you place your gamp in the stand, you unscrew the handle and drop that into your pocket; by so doing you lock the ribs together so that the umbrella cannot be opened until the handle is screwed into its place.

Some Truth in the Definition.

An applicant for a teacher's certificate in Reynolds County defined bric-a-brac as something to throw at a dog.—Kansas City Star.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

The Girl He Loved—Bound to Be Good—Blissful Ignorance—The Prisoner's Retort—He Would Oppose It—When She Felt Annoyed, Etc., Etc.

Every day along my way I greet
A dainty maid; her face is sweet;
Gold is her hair, her eyes are blue,
Her robe and hat are chic and new.

Her glance is modest, true and kind,
Though great her charm, it does not blind,
Aye, though I love, I still am free—
A wax girl in the window she.

—Chicago Record.

Bound to Be Good.

Brown—"Does that new restaurant get up a good meal?"

Jones—"Splendid! Even the proprietor dines there."—Ohio State Journal.

Blissful Ignorance.

"What an intelligent-looking dog that is of young Appleby's."

"Yes. It's funny young Appleby doesn't see the contrast."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Prisoner's Retort.

"I see villainy in your face," said a judge to a prisoner.

"May it please your honor," said the latter, "that is a personal reflection."—Metropolitan.

When She Felt Annoyed.

She—"I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth."

He—"You wouldn't get a chance. I'd surely have my pick then."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

He Would Oppose It.

Sociologist—"What are your views on the division of labor?"

Wearly Watkins—"If you mean dividing it all up again, I ain't in for it."—Indianapolis Journal.

Arranging Peace Terms.

New Mistress—"Now, Bridget, when I have company I shall expect you to stay out of the room."

Bridget—"Yis, mum, an' O'll expect the same of you."—Tit-Bits.

Way Off the Track.

Ethel—"Has he hinted at matrimony yet?"

Edith—"Pshaw, no! He's forever gibbering about 'love in a cottage,' 'two hearts that beat as one,' and such stuff as that!"—Puck.

It Would Cost Them Money.

"An Ohio paper advertises for 'the heirs to a small fortune which is now in the hands of a lawyer.'"

"Those heirs will be foolish if they permit themselves to be discovered."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Not Likely to Recover.

Biggs—"Wheeler fell off his bicycle to-day and hurt his nose."

Boggs—"That is too bad. Will he ever get over it?"

Biggs—"I'm afraid not. The bridge is broken."—New York World.

A Sure Sign of Scorn.

She—"How that woman we just passed does hate me."

He—"She looked pleasant enough."

She—"That's all done for effect, but if you noticed, she never turned to take in my new suit and hat."—Detroit Free Press.

A Heartless Being.

"Pooh, pooh," said Tweezle, "you can't arouse my sympathy for the man with the hoe."

"Why not?" asked Gumlick.

"Because," said Tweezle, with a reminiscent groan, "because there are too many men with lawn mowers about."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Queer Beast.



"Samuel, name some of the animals of the torrid zone."

"The lion, the tiger, the effluent, the nirozeros, and the—the—hypocrite."

—The New Voice.

Perfectly Consistent.

She—"When are you going to give me the money to buy that new dress?"

He—"Next week."

"That's what you said last week."

"Yes, and that's what I say now, and am going to say next week, and the kind of man who says thing one week and another next week."—Tit-Bits.

His Revenge.

It was apparent that the barbe highly pleased.

"What has happened?" he asked.

"I had the pneumonia last winter answered."

"Yes."

"Well, the doctor who doctored got out of my chair just before came in. If his wife recognizes when he gets home it'll be by voice."—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Logical Guardian.

"You are wanted around the next!" exclaimed the citizen, cordently.

The policeman laughed aloud.

"I know better," he replied. "What I wanted I can't be found. Since I have been found, I can't possibly be wanted!"

Here we see how important after it is to understand something of formal or scholastic logic, which has become the fashion of modern science to sneer at.—Detroit Journal.

FIRE-FLIES.

When the clover folds its leaves,
Shows its silver lining;
When the night-wind softly grieves,
And the stars are dimming;
When the clouds still faintly hold
Hints of sunset ended,
And within my garden old
Day and dusk are blended;
Then the fire-flies glimmer,
Then the fire-flies glimmer,
Quivering through the misty veil that night
Has wrought with care,
Tremble through the shadows
In the drowsy air.

When the primrose is alight,
Like the stars above it,
And on heavy wings of white
Flits the moth that love it;
When, without a moment's rest,
Sounds the crickets' whirring,
And within the robin's nest
Not a bird is stirring;
While the winds are blowing,
Swift the fire-flies, glowing,
Flash across the silence where the red
Rose droops in sleep,
Brighten, fade and vanish
In the darkness deep.

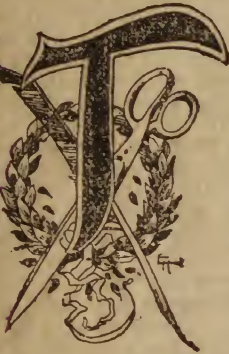
Where the spider's thread is spun
Down among the grasses;
Where the dewdrops sparkling run
As the light breeze passes;
Where the branches, moving slow,
Set their leaves a-chiming,
Till the music ripples low,
Like a poet's rhyming;
There the fire-flies glitter,
High and low they flicker,
Flutter like the thoughts of youth ere
Youth has flown away,
Like the hopes elusive
That we vainly would stay.

When the red rose opens wide
In the sunny morning,
And the bobolink with pride
Sleep, and the night is scoring;
We may search with eager care
For the fairy slimmer,
Vainly seeking here and there,
Not a light will shimmer,
Transient as our dreaming
Is the fire-flies gleaming;
Transient as remembered smiles on faces
Seen no more.

Eerie lights that waver
When the day is o'er,
—Angelina W. Wray, in Harper's Bazar.

"Subbed" for the Editor

By Barry Pain.



HE editor of the Inner Circle, Matthew Elder, had gone out for half an hour to synchronize his watch, and his assistant, J. Graham Champnies, reigned temporarily in his stead. On every occasion when Elder was absent, whether he had gone out to get his hair cut (at the restaurant opposite), or was away on a two months' holiday, or had taken a week off because he felt far from well, J. Graham Champnies reigned in his stead, endowed with plenary powers. He was ambitious, and intelligent, and hard working, and trustworthy; Matthew Elder, brilliant and lazy, had long since recognized that. Elder thought of things to do—Champnies did them.

A clerk just laid on Champnies' desk the form which a visitor had filled up.

Name—Miss Cynthia Page.
To See—The Editor.
Business—Private.
Date—3-5-99.

"Well, I'll see her," said Champnies. He had seen the name Cynthia Page, in good magazines, appended to curious and interesting stories.

He was not ill-pleased, when the clerk showed her in, to find that she had youth and beauty on pale and mystical lines. Her long, raised lashes and the lingering glance of her gray eyes seemed to say, "You do interest me." J. Graham Champnies found himself hoping that Matthew Elder, after synchronizing his watch, would find it necessary to go and see a man about a dog—or, at any rate, would delay his return. In the meanwhile he was anxious to know what he could do for Miss Page.

"I am speaking to the editor?" said Miss Page, a little doubtfully.

"The actual editor, Mr. Elder, is not in at present, but I have full powers to act for him."

"I see." She was still in doubt.

"Pray be assured of it. I can make contracts with you, accept stories from you, sign checks for you, so if you have anything to propose—"

"Oh, it's not that; in fact, I came in consequence of a proposition which he had already made to me."

"Well, I shall be very glad to carry on anything that he has begun. As a rule he mentions these things to me, but this time I am in the dark."

She smiled mysteriously. "But you can't be sure that you would wish to carry on what he has begun."

"As Mr. Elder is the supreme authority here, I should have no choice. But even if I had, what you suggest is extremely unlikely."

"Why unlikely? No two men can have minds exactly alike. It's a funny arrangement you have here."

"It works well enough in practice. We both know the character of our paper and what our public wants. I say that it is unlikely that I should be unwilling to carry on whatever Mr. Elder has begun for this reason and also because I know and admire your work."

"O, do you think it's any good?"

"Of course I do."

"Speaking frankly?"

"Speaking frankly it's full enough of faults, some of it seems to have run away with you and got all over the place. But it's horribly interesting all the same. You see it's original."

"O, yes!" she assented. "I am original. If I were not, I shouldn't be here."

"That sounds cryptic," he said.

"Possibly I shall understand it when

I know the nature of Mr. Elder's proposal. He wants some stories from you?"

"No, no."

"Then what is it?"

"Do you know that I'm afraid I can't tell you."

"Very well, then; there's nothing more to be said. Mr. Elder is out at present. You'd better call again. I suppose you think it would make some difference whether Mr. Elder went on with this business, or I did?"

"I'm sure it would—the greatest difference."

"You think I shouldn't do as well?"

"Not as well. You'd do better, infinitely better. O, I must go," she blushed, rose, good-bye, and faded out of the office.

Ten minutes later Mr. Matthew Elder, middle-aged, bald, and cheerful, sauntered into the room with his hands in his pockets.

"Well, Bill! Everything all right?"

Mr. Elder had not found in the assortment of names provided for Champnies in the accident of his birth and the guesswork of his christening anything which took his fancy.

"No," said Champnies shortly, still irritated by his interview with Cynthia Page.

"Quart into a pint pot. Plugged up with ads., and Rowse has just sent up that he'll want another half-page. We shall have to leave over everything that'll wait, and some things that won't."

"Ah! you don't keep a tight enough hand on Rowse."

"Step in and tackle him yourself. Here, this woman called to see you—wouldn't tell me her business."

Matthew Elder took the paper slip and sank down in a chair.

"Bill, this is rather bad. I ought to have been in. What with my unfortunate enthusiasm and my wretched memory I shall get myself into trouble. Listen: I met this girl two or three times a year; never gave her another thought till I came on a story by her that was perfectly magnificent—O, horribly good!—probably the best story that has been written this century. I dashed off a letter to her at once, and so worked myself up about it that I said, to show my sincerity, that if she liked I'd marry her, and she could call at the office this morning with her answer. She'd have refused me, of course, as they all do, and perhaps I'm better single; but, none the less, it would have been more civil not to have forgotten the appointment."

"Really," said Champnies, "you must be a little mad."

"Undoubtedly," answered Elder, cheerfully. "It's the price one pays for being so excessively intelligent."

Champnies stared blankly at the desk, trying to recall the exact words of his conversation with Cynthia Page.

"Look here, Bill," said Elder, "write and say you want to see her about a story; then when she comes do the explaining for me. Say I was called away by telegram. Say it was from motives of delicacy. Say anything."

The following is from a subsequent issue of the Tea-Cup, a journal conducted by ladies:

"One of the most brilliant of our lady writers, Miss Cynthia Page, is, it is whispered, shortly to be led to the hymeneal altar. The fortunate partner of her future joys and sorrows is J. Graham Champnies, a young journalist of great promise. Our heartiest felicitations. Speaking of weddings, have you seen the really beautiful designs in pearl-pearls—indistinguishable from real pearls—now being shown in the windows of—?"

The Jersey Cow.

It was not without reason that the Greeks called a beautiful woman "cow-eyed"; but though many a famous Jersey cow has borne a Greek name, Hellas never saw cows comparing in beauty with the modern Jersey—so fine and trim in shape and so dainty in color and shading, or with eyes so large and liquid. For many years it was disputed whether the breed were not a cross between the cow and deer. The Jersey as much surpasses her ancient progenitors in the richness and abundance of her milk and cream as in beauty. At the World's Fair at Chicago, in 1893, the Jersey, putting aside all question of beauty, challenged all other breeds for quantity and quality of the butter, and was a triumphant winner over all competitors.

For some years there has been a reaction from the extravagant prices which prevailed in the eighties for Jerseys, says Harper's Bazar. During the height of that craze, it is said that \$20,000 was paid for the bull Prince of Pogy, and that famous cows brought from \$6000 to \$10,000.

1. Pedro, sire of the great bull Pedro Royal Marjoram, won first prize at the World's Fair in 1893, and originally cost his owner \$10,000. Pedro's dam was Euros, by many considered the greatest of Jersey cows. She produced 778 pounds and one ounce of butter in one year. Pedro Royal Marjoram was himself a winner at the World's Fair, but his chief distinction has been in the extraordinary uniformity and extraordinary merit of his daughters.

It Sounded Horrible.

Mary Alden had lived all her fifteen years in the country, far removed from railroads, and when her father accepted a position in the machine shops of the great railroad corporation at G., and settled his family in a house overlooking the switch-yards, her life was filled with terror.

On the first occasion of her crossing the yards, a long train of cars was being disconnected and distributed. To her horror, she heard a man at one end shout to another, "Never mind that jumper! You can't wait. Cut her in two, and throw the head end down here."

Mary fainted.—Youth's Companion.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Some of the Alaska Indians eat mosquitoes.

Roquefort cheese was made in the time of Pliny.

A lobster of a rich deep blue color was caught near Cliff Island, off the coast of Maine, a few days ago.

The first expedition fitted out in North America for Arctic exploration sailed from Philadelphia on March 4, 1753.

Kingfisher, Kan., has an ordinance requiring the dogcatcher to produce the tail of every unlicensed dog killed by him.

Even radishes are adulterated now in Berlin, Germany. They are dipped into aniline dye to make them look fresh and pink.

Grasshoppers attain their greatest size in South America, where they grow to a length of five inches and spread out ten inches.

The ordinary folding fan was invented in the seventh century by a Japanese artist, who derived the idea from watching a bat closing its wings.

The drummer in Serbian regiments never carries the drum. It is placed on a two-wheeled cart, which is drawn by a big dog just in advance of the drummer.

A San Francisco man who died not long ago with pleurisy was found to have had three-quarters of an inch of a needle in his heart, which had been there long enough to rust.

The oldest tree on earth with an authenticated history is the great bho tree of Burma. For twenty centuries it has been held sacred to Buddha, and no person is allowed to touch the trunk. When the leaves fall, they are carried away as relics by pilgrims.

Siamese women intrust their children to the care of elephants, which are careful never to hurt the little creatures, and if danger threatens the sagacious animal will curl the child gently up in his trunk, and swing it up out of harm's way upon its own broad back.

At Boreham, near Chelmsford, England, a red willow tree was planted in 1835. In a little over sixty years this tree, which has recently been felled, was found to weigh eleven tons; it was 101 feet long and 5½ feet in diameter. The purchasers made 1179 cricket bats out of the "prime" cuts.

A Remarkable Trick.

"The most startling trick I ever saw," said a professor in the Smithsonian Institution who has made a study of Indians in various parts of the country, "was performed by the clown priests of the Zuni tribe in Arizona, or, as they were called, 'The Ancients of Creation.' They seat themselves in a circle on the clay floor around a jar that will hold, perhaps, a gallon, an ancient and sacred earthen vessel which is filled with water. The chief priest carries in his hand two ordinary eagle feathers, which are tied together at the quill ends so that they make a fork. Behind the circle of the priests are other members of the tribe, and the musicians with their drums and gongs, who join in the chants with emotion. The incantations continue for several hours, and when the participants and spectators are wrought up to a proper pitch of excitement the priest dips the feather tips into the water, lifts the jar with them, and holds it suspended for a minute or two at a height level with his face or breast. Then he lowers it slowly to the ground. This feat is repeated several times during the performance. Apparently there is nothing in the hand of the priest but the feathers, and they appear to be inserted into the mouth of the jar only two or three inches. Of course there is some trick about it, but I was never able to discover it."—Chicago Record.

Sleeper Scared the Engineer.

A railroad engineer was badly scared near Cumminsville, Ohio, recently, when he saw a man lying directly across the track, a short distance in front of his engine. He threw on the air brakes with such a jolt that it sent the passengers nearly out of their seats. He went forward and shook the man, who awoke and stretched himself in a most unconcerned manner.

"What do you mean by going to sleep on the track? Do you want me to kill you?"

The man just smiled.

"Give him a kick," suggested some one.

"I bet you won't," said the man, walking away.

The engine stopped about ten feet from the sleeping man.—New York Times.

Favorite Place for Antiquarians.

Ostia, which is a favorite visiting place for antiquarians and archeologists, is sixteen miles from Rome, at the mouth of the Tiber, and dates back to the time of the Emperor Augustus, who established his works there. It grew with the growth of Rome, and in the days of Caesar was a seaport of importance, with 80,000 inhabitants or more; but the debris brought down by the Tiber filled up the harbor and drove away the shipping, and subsequent centuries have transformed a busy commercial centre into a little fishing village of between two hundred and three hundred inhabitants. Tourist go there out of curiosity, and antiquarians are almost always digging in the sand that has filled the ruins.

A Town Without a Name.

There is a town without a name on Lake Huron. It is composed of 500 huts. During the summer the dwellings are hidden away in the brush tenanted, but when the winter comes their owners appear, move them out on the ice, cut a hole through the floor and ice and proceed to fish.

THE SANDWICH IN MODERN TIMES.

Made Now in Sixty-four Varieties, and New Kinds Constantly Being Added.

A man of fifty who had chanced never to hear of sandwiches from the time he was a boy, when they were confined principally to three varieties—ham, tongue and corned beef—and when, aside from what kind he would take, the chief question was whether he would have mustard on it, might be surprised to learn that nowadays sandwiches are made in more varieties than his own years number; considerably more. In one big lunch establishment there are made sandwiches in sixty-four varieties. The differences between some of these varieties would be slight, but at the same time they would be clear and distinct; and there would regularly be found on sale on the counter more than twenty varieties always ready. The others include varieties more or less peculiar to some season, or sandwiches supplied to order, as many sandwiches are nowadays.

Besides the familiar ham, tongue, corned beef, roast beef, turkey and chicken sandwiches, there are sold in these days, either already prepared or made to order, a dozen varieties of what may be called fish sandwiches, these including the commonly sold sardine sandwiches, and anchovy sandwiches, and sandwiches made with muskallonge, soft shell crab sandwiches, lobster sandwiches, shrimp sandwiches, codfish sandwiches, and sandwiches made with a fried codfish cake between slices of bread. Of cheese sandwiches there are ten at least, including many regularly supplied and others made to order.

There are sold nowadays sandwiches made of various kinds of salads, and orders for such sandwiches are not unusual. In a place where sandwiches in great variety are sold, if a customer asked for a salad sandwich the waiter wouldn't need to ask what was wanted, he would know and he would get it for him without question, as a matter of course, and the same would be true if the request were for a tomato sandwich or a sandwich made with watercress.

Of combination sandwiches, made with more than one kind of meat, as sandwiches of ham and chicken, chicken and tongue, and so on, there are various kinds, as there are also of sandwiches made of various materials combined; as, for instance, sandwiches made of minced ham and chow chow, sandwiches of chopped chicken, ham and egg, sandwiches of minced tongue and chicken, egg sandwiches, and so on. So that it would not be very difficult to enumerate the sixty-four varieties of sandwiches now made, and new varieties are being added all the time.—New York Sun.

Average Fortunes in Germany.

Most Germans, even of the princely and noble houses, are what would be considered in America desperately poor. There is no reason in the world while their praiseworthy efforts to better their condition in life should be derided; and it is only by their condemnation of the land of dollars that they invite, even provoke, a contemplation of their own condition and the circumstances attending it. In a country where one tips a public official with five cents and a street car conductor with a cent, each showing not umbrage, but the most humble gratitude, the field for survey is certainly wide.

To begin with, the average German, when he sets out to make money, is content with little. To him \$10,000 is a very comfortable amount to retire on; \$50,000 is a fortune; \$250,000 is great wealth; as for \$1,000,000, that is fabulous. It is said that in Bavaria, with a population nearly as great as that of Pennsylvania, there are only three millionaires. The great mass of professional and business men have incomes of less than \$2000 a year; most of them live on \$1000 or \$1200. The cost of living is about the same as it is in America, and the German does not live nearly so well.—New York Sun.

Getting Out of Russia.

An English woman who has been traveling in Russia seems to have found it easier to get in than to get out of the Czar's country. She sent her passport to the authorities before starting in order to have it vised, and then blithely made for the frontier.

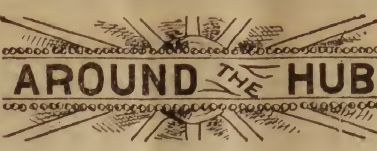
Arriving there, she was immediately detained and taken before the powers that not only be, but also do, at the Russian frontier. Here she was informed that her passport did not permit her to leave the country, and that she would be obliged to make herself comfortable while the police found out all she had done while in the country.

At first she was rather pleased at the thought of how she would tell her friends about it when she got home. But when she found that she had to pay not only for her room, her meals, service and all that sort of thing, but also for long telegrams which the authorities were exchanging in regard to her case, her pleasure dwindled as rapidly as her funds did.

She finally got off, however, but without receiving any apology or any reimbursement.—New York Sun.

Water in Several Cities.

Chicago lake water, in its natural and unboiled condition, may be scientifically impure, but it is better to look at and far better to the taste than the yellow mixture of Cincinnati, the brown composite of St. Louis, or the gray solution served at Pittsburg. These cities have no water, in the Chicago sense of the word. They draw a sort of natural mush from their hydrants, shake till it is well mingled, drink it down and then rejoice because they do not have to partake of cold and tingling Michigan.—Chicago Record.



[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

Two hundred years ago Charlestown Neck was a peatmarsh. Less than a hundred years later it was crossed by a good road, and the exact stages of the evolution of that road are shrouded in mystery. The workmen excavating for the foundations of the elevated road piers down at the foot of Bunker Hill street, on Main, have found twelve feet below the Boston & Main railroad tracks large oak and cedar logs laid parallel, as logs are laid in making a corduroy road. These logs are twelve to fifteen inches in diameter, hewed at the ends and as sound and well preserved as the year they were laid down. The road apparently led up toward Bunker Hill, for it is on the north side of Main street and trends in that direction. There is no official record of the building of this highway. This is not by any means the first time that the digging up of Boston's streets has developed interesting and sometimes mysterious relics of the past. During the widening of Commercial street a number of years since workmen found a subterranean arched passage, built of foreign stone, five feet high and twelve to fifteen wide. The purpose for which this was built has never been absolutely known. Yet one of the most plausible theories for its existence was that it connected the private residence of Captain Gruchy, once a prominent citizen and merchant of old Boston, with a space beneath the wharf where his ships unloaded. In this way valuable smuggled goods could be quickly and secretly conveyed by night from the water to the captain's house and thereby escape the duty demanded at the ship's regular unloading, for most of the Boston "patriots" were smugglers.

The famous Pie alley will not be Pie alley much longer; everybody will know it as Williams court! It is swept and dusted now; no fruit skins, no bits of bun, "no nothings," as the boys say, are allowed on its immaculate pavements. A special policeman patrols the place, and no shooting craps or pitching pennies is allowed. Peddlers and loafers have been cleaned out till the alley is no bit different from an ordinary by-way. Even the old "Bell in Hand" looked different without the usual puddle of brown water before the door. The alley was more than a mere dirty and vicious city alley; it was one of the distinctive spots of Boston. The gambling of the newsboys there was not vicious; it was one of the manifestations of their premature keenness, and their records show that when they left the alley, they left their vice as well. At any rate, it was picturesque. Then the dirt and the muddy pools in the pavement, the peddlers, and the cooks and women thrusting their heads into the noise and rabble, all gave to the place an Old World flavor. The ancient "Bell in Hand" has lost its setting now. To the regret of many a Bostonian, it will fade into the light of a common American saloon.

The decision of the supreme court upon the East Boston tunnel, instead of stopping its construction, will probably result in a far more costly one than the subway commission would have constructed if the Citizens' association had not called upon the court to interfere. The commission now takes the view that by the terms of the legislation of 1897 and the decision of the supreme court they are compelled to go ahead and construct a tunnel that shall have a direct connection with the present subway and end in Maverick square, East Boston regardless of cost. The lowest estimate of the cost of a direct connection between the subway and Maverick square, East Boston, is \$3,750,000, but with recent large advances in steel and other materials, as well as the growing scarcity of labor, it will not be surprising if the tunnel should cost the city of Boston not far from \$5,000,000, and the city of Boston will be compelled to meet the whole cost of constructing the tunnel for the benefit of East Boston. This will be in addition to the yearly deficit of \$100,000 for maintaining the ferries, with no allowance for interest upon the cost of an extensive ferry plant.

The members of the law firm of Jewell, Gaston & Field, organized in this city not long after the civil war, attained marked distinction in public affairs. Harvey Jewell, the senior partner, was long a prominent man in the city and state. He was in the state house of representatives at different times covering several years, serving at last as speaker and being prominent in the Republican party for nomination to the governorship. William Gaston, its second member, was made mayor of Boston and subsequently governor of Massachusetts. Walbridge A. Field, the junior in it, who has just died, became first a member of congress and next a judge of the supreme court, to be advanced later to the highest position in the state a lawyer could hold, that of its chief justice. Here is a distinguished record, indeed, for a single law partnership.

Henri French, the wonderful juggler and unicycle rider, who comes to America with all the honors of the European music halls fresh upon him, opens at Keith's the week of July 24, and it is confidently predicted by the management that he will make a bigger hit with theatregoers than did Cing Ling Foo.

OBSERVER.

CRIMINALS AMONG WOLVES.

One That Killed a Cow Every Day For Five Years.

Mr. E. Selton Thompson, naturalist to the Government of Manitoba, has, under the title, "Wild Animals I Have Known," given a series of observations on the cunning of beasts. That quality is in general the device of the weak, but the helplessness which it indicates may be of different grades. There is the cunning of wolves, which use their wits to rob man of his flocks and cattle, that of the domesticated creatures, which sometimes delight in criminal acts, and the cunning belonging to self-preservation among those animals on which others prey.

Mr. Thompson claims for certain animals, says the Scientific American, a share of the deference paid to depraved greatness. For example, there was the wolf which, in the fourteenth century, terrorized all Paris for ten years; a lame grizzly bear which, in two years, ruined all the hog-raisers and drove half the farmers out of business, in the Sacramento Valley, and a certain wolf in New Mexico, which was reported to have killed a cow every day for five years.

The wolf grew to be so well known that an increasing price was set upon his scalp, until the sum reached a thousand dollars. Ordinary means of hunting or trapping failed completely. The wolf and his mate brought up their cubs among some rocky precipices, within a thousand yards of the farm, and killed cattle daily.

At this period, Mr. Thompson made the acquaintance of the vandal, and tried to kill him by scientific methods. He melted cheese mixed with fat of a heifer in a china dish, cut it into lumps with a bone knife, to avoid the taint of metal, and concealed in the lumps strychnine and cyanide, in odor-proof capsules. In doing this, he wore gloves steeped in cow's blood, and even avoided breathing on the bait.

One of these lumps, placed in a tempting position, disappeared. Mr. Thompson followed the track to the next lump, and the next, and noticed that these also were gone. At the fourth he found that the wolf had laid all four together and scattered dirt over them.

The wolves now took to stampeding and killing sheep. Half a dozen goats are usually kept with each flock, as leaders, and they are not easily stampeded at night; so when wolves are about, the sheep crowd about these leaders and remain there while the shepherds drive the wolves away. The object of the wolves is to stampede the sheep, and then pick them up, day by day, afterward.

One night they ran over the backs of the huddled flock, and killed all the goats in a few minutes. The sheep were then available for prey.

Traps to the number of one hundred and thirty were set in different parts of the big ranch. The trail of the pack was followed, and it became apparent that the leader, warned by the scent, stopped all the rest, and advanced alone to the trap. He scratched until he laid bare a dozen buried chains and pickets. Then he entered an H-shaped species of traps, realized his danger, and slowly backed out, putting down each paw backward until he was off the dangerous ground.

Afterward he sprung as many traps as possible, by scratching clouds and stones at them with his hind feet.

Song Birds Used as Moral Agents.

An interesting account is given by a traveler of the moralizing effect on French boys of the company of song birds. The traveler was shown over the industrial school of Mettray, near Tours, by its founder, a man of most subtle penetration. His idea was to moralize the juvenile malefactors of towns by employing them at farm labor. Connected with the industrial school was a chalet in an enclosed garden. This was reserved for boys belonging to rich families who had been handed over to the founder for penal discipline. He only knew their names. The chalet was full and all the cases were very bad. The first stage of the discipline was solitary confinement and lasted six months. The whole course lasted eighteen months, and after the solitary period recreations, such as riding, gymnastics, boating and skating, were allowed. The visitor was taken into the cells of these "gilded" prisoners. Noticing in some of them birds in cages, he asked what they meant. They meant that when a boy showed signs of deep repentance he was allowed the companionship of a bird. If he relapsed the bird was taken away, and a fearful punishment it was. But if he improved he was given drawing materials and allowed to sketch the bird. He was also given a flute and a musical warden was sent every day to play that instrument beside an open sliding panel in the door. The bird picked up the airs. The captive tried to pick them up, too, and thus had an innocent amusement. Presently flowers and water colors were given to the boy. The final stage of the solitary period was gardening. It was always found salutary.—Chicago Record.

Fox Trap Caught a Hen.

A fox strolled into the yard of a citizen in South Brunswick, Me., the other day, and caused much trouble before he left town. The fox was driven away by a small boy, who ther obligingly set a trap for the animal. One of Mrs. Mary Woodward's high bred hens got caught in the trap, and while Mrs. Woodward was endeavoring to release the hen she was caught by a trap close by. After much shouting both the woman and the hen were released by neighbors. The fox escaped.

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NOT THAT SHAPE.

Gen. Otis thinks that round robin was hardly square.

NEXT?

The press was largely responsible for Alger's official death. The "returned soldier" will probably settle Otis. But who will begin the deadly work on the Boss himself?

Hasn't Qualified.

Rev. Madison C. Peters says "Dewey's guns made the United States a voter in the parliament of nations." Possibly; but England and China would like to see Uncle Sam step up and register.

SENATOR HOAR.

The movement towards the superseding of Senator Hoar does not proceed very fast. It is, indeed, becoming retrograde in character. However desirous certain Republicans may be to see the seat vacant, they dare not publicly assume responsibility for their suggestion. Without assenting to his position of hostility to American possession of the Philippines, we are glad to bear testimony to the fact that he is one of the few grand figures in our national life. And age has not so far affected his intellectual vigor.

It would be interesting to know how many think Senator Hoar's shoes would fit them, and who they are. Massachusetts wants no mere money-bags to represent her in the Senate, and wants no change made now, anyhow.

The Passing of Ingersoll.

The death of Ingersoll could not but call forth wide comment from the press of the land, and if ever there was an occasion when the resources of friendship and charity were drawn upon to temper criticism, this was the time and the circumstance.

And what is the meed of praise?

1. That he was a moral man. It is, indeed, well that it was so, else what were there to say of him who so ridiculed and condemned the Christian system? A man who is deliberately and persistently impure is not fit to walk on the same sidewalk with decent people.

2. He was a model husband and father. In so far as this is meant, we rejoice. But a glance at that death chamber to-day, as it is depicted in the daily press, gives the lie to this second tribute. Was that true parental kindness that deprived his loved ones of faith in and hope for the future? Listen to the despairing cry of the daughter, as the body is about to be removed: "O, can you not leave him with us a little longer? We shall never see him again." This is, indeed, the climax of the woe of unbelief.

3. We would not attempt to belittle Ingersoll's really strong points. We admire his courage, while we regret it did not take him into conflict with other than wind-mills. One could look at one of his Boston audiences, and estimate how little his teachings were capable of widely affecting our daily thought. Beside the very few thoughtful and sedate, and the larger number of the curious, there were always present in overwhelming numbers the "sporty" classes—the political heeler, the bar-room habitue, the diamond-bedecked gambler, the dog-fighter, the puglist, etc. They were largely people who hoped that, for their own sake, death would end all.

A number of clergymen of different denominations undertook the task of answering some of Ingersoll's vagaries, but none of them was so successful as the brilliant Catholic priest, Father Lambert, who exposed the illogical character of the agnostic's arguments with a keenness and vigor that were merciless. To the ordinarily-thoughtful person, Ingersoll as an opponent of revealed religion was neither logical nor convincing.

He is dead. We sympathize with those who weep.

Christianity lives on. We rejoice in the character and strength of its beneficence.

THANK YOU!

We herewith cordially thank the business people of Peabody for their kind reception of our representative. It will be an important part of our business to serve them well, and assist them to enlarge the volume of their business.

THE GLADDEST WORDS.

L. N. Cushman, the wide-awake Boston publisher, says: "The gladdest words of tongue and pen" are these: "Insert my ad. again."

Put Him in the Party Platform.

The political party that will have the courage to put the Southern nigger in its platform would help itself by doing so. And the Democrats are in a position to do more for these poor people than the Republicans. Of course it will require courage—physical and moral—but it will pay in the end.

WHO OBJECTS?

Could not the town authorities and the owners and occupiers of the property concerned get together, and agree to have those liquor signs in South Peabody "wiped out"? They are not a pleasant sight as you come up from Lynn on the electric, and they serve no business purpose.

The Chief Justiceship.

The appointment of Judge Holmes to this office has brought out many tributes to his worth. He is one of the few men in public life who are intelligent enough to see and independent enough to concede the rights of the working classes. He is a true friend of labor, without being a radical.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

The Boston Post is dreadfully sarcastic at England's expense, because that country is shipping the deadly dum-dum bullet to Africa, in anticipation of trouble with the Transvaal. It must be remembered, however, that Oom Paul is a tough customer, has a splendid fighting army, will fight to hurt and kill, and is able to buy the most destructive arms and ammunition in the world's markets. Under these circumstances, we think England may be excused for not arming her soldiers in Africa with bows and arrows.

The Boston Record refuses to listen to Canada's request for arbitration of the Alaska boundary dispute, and seriously says the United States will keep all she holds and claims. What? even if we are in the wrong? We venture the prediction that there is a serious defect in our title, and it will be discovered after the next presidential election is settled. Meantime, "Play politics!"

The Boston Herald has been among Alger's most persistent and bitter enemies. We cannot but feel that the Herald has lost somewhat of its dignity in its treatment of the General. How much of his malodorous reputation is due to lack of fair-play and discrimination on the part of the metropolitan press? But someone must suffer for the mistakes of the administration, and it is possible there may be more than one sacrifice.

TOM REED et als.

"Tom" Reed has turned into a sphinx, and the political quidnuncs are trying to solve him. They are anxious to know how far his resignation is intended to go. Probably few people really knew, and fewer remember how much he sacrificed in the interests of harmony three years ago. But Tom does not forget, and those who know the man can easily understand the uneasiness felt by the administration politicians at his reticence. No one could ever tell what he would do next.

Now, if this were not an empire, there are several non-military gentlemen, visions of whom might disturb McKinley's dreams of a second term. Not the least of these, by any means, is Mr. Reed, whose name would, under normal conditions, electrify the masses of the Republican party to an extent that would result in his nomination. Tom Reed is one of the strongest men in his party.

There is another gentleman who, if we were living in the days of republican simplicity, would have a chance to occupy the white house. He is one of "them" — literary fellows, it is true, with an international reputation as an author; but we do not think that this would count as much against him as his lack of a military title. Henry Cabot Lodge is big enough to fill the President's chair, and it is some time since Massachusetts furnished a candidate. But the imperial and imperious demand is for a "cunel." So if it is not Col. McKinley and Col. Bryan again, it will be two other military heroes fighting to the death for the opportunity to serve their country.

THE EDITOR'S GREETING.

In accordance with the custom of publishers, we salute our constituents, the good people of Peabody, in this, the initial number of THE PEABODY STAR, and in doing so, we desire to express our sincere wish that the relations herewith opened up between this paper and its readers may be most cordial and of decided advantage to all concerned. We shall aim to play well our part, and shall leave nothing undone that will, in our deliberate judgment, make this weekly paper what it should be to serve the best interests of what we shall be glad for the future to call "our town"—for, in order to reach our newspaper-ideals in this enterprise, we readily and gladly concede the necessity for its promoters becoming a part of that daily life which they will feel called on to portray. We shall be glad to partake of the benefits of living in Peabody; we come prepared to bear whatever of responsibility attaches to doing business here. Connected with THE PEABODY STAR is a fully-equipped printing office, and although we shall avail ourselves of such syndicate literary features as we think desirable, there is nothing to prevent our giving our whole 48 columns to Peabody affairs if occasion demands and circumstance warrants it. If local pride and business patronage would justify it, a bright daily, equipped with that modern wonder, the type-setting machine, is easily in the possibilities. The present experiment, however, will be made with this weekly 6-column quarto, which will be made to cover every aspect of town life that it is well to publish, in addition to such home reading as short stories, poetry, farm and garden hints, cooking, religious selections, latest toilets for ladies, etc.

It would be manifestly unfair for the only paper published in a town to take sides in politics—that is, in a merely partisan sense. While admitting this proposition, we desire to add that we have pronounced opinions on live topics of national and state import and interest, and shall not hesitate to declare for the right under all circumstances, let disappointment be felt where it may. To be thoroughly independent is one thing; to be colorless is another. We could not be the latter—we expect to prove to all fair-minded readers that we can be the former, and yet retain their esteem.

The true patriot will concede that one of the drawbacks to the country's progress is the doctrine, so generally acted on after elections, of "To the victors belong the spoils." It results in continuous apprehension on the part of office-holders, and prevents the nation's business from resting on the foundation-rock of experience. Capable men should be retained in office as long as they behave themselves.

It should not be necessary to say, in this nineteenth century and in New England, that an editor would accord fair-play alike to all religious denominations; but there are yet to be found in too many of our communities men of restricted ideas, who, claiming the largest freedom for themselves, are afraid to concede the same measure to many of their fellow-residents and fellow-citizens. We do not know that this class is to be found in Peabody, but we desire to go on record on this matter. We shall know neither race, creed nor color in pursuing our work.

Without assuming to be "unco' guid," we believe that there should be no countenance given in Peabody to the liquor traffic. We are glad to find that, ostensibly at least, no-license conditions prevail here as we enter on our journalistic labors. We may state frankly that we shall favor an endless repetition of a no-license vote in this town, believing it to be for the best interests of the people as a whole.

We have our newspaper ideals. We prefer to work them out rather than to outline them further. We begin in the face of many disadvantages. The season of the year—the history of former efforts in this line—are some of the difficulties. But none of them are insuperable, and we shall meet them in our own way. We recognize the excellent work our neighbor of the Lynn News is doing, and we are not absurd enough to allow a thought of superseding that work in any respect to enter into our calculations. As we become acquainted with Peabody institutions and their genius, and with the avenues of information, the plan and scope of our work will develop, and it will be found that interference with any other journalistic work is not necessarily involved in our presence here.

Finally and briefly: This No. of THE PEABODY STAR is not representative in any way. Against our convictions we have entered the field one month earlier than we intended. But being here, we shall hasten the improvements we have in mind. In order to attain our ideals much time and money will have to be expended. It is for the people of Peabody to say whether they will share the financial burden with us. A good subscription list means a good return to advertisers. Whether we secure one hundred or two thousand subscribers, THE PEABODY STAR will run till the end of the year 1900.

And the campaign for subscriptions will be pushed vigorously, beginning with this issue of the paper.

G. H. ALDRICH, EDITOR.

Evidently Case of Suicide.

New York, Aug. 3.—Workmen engaged on the Osborne estate, 1½ miles from Rye, discovered the body of a man hanging from a branch of a tree. From letters found in the clothing, the man is supposed to have been Hans Knudsen of New Haven. It was evidently a case of suicide. The body had evidently been hanging there for at least two months.

Sailors Drowned in Hungary.

Ptine, Hungary, Aug. 3.—A boat which was being used to convey sailors to a warship at Buda-Pesth was capsized and five of the men were drowned.

Spanish Generals Under Fire.

Madrid, Aug. 3.—At the sitting of the court-martial before which Generals Toral and Pareja are being tried on charges of having surrendered to the Americans before exhausting all means of defense at their command, General Pareja's counsel read telegrams exchanged with the commander-in-chief, showing that General Pareja only capitulated on orders from a superior officer, and that the town was without other provisions or means of defense. The other officers advanced a similar defense. The judgment of the court-martial was deferred.

Will Not Be Made Scape-Goat.

Paris, Aug. 1.—Le Solr announces that Colonel De Clam was liberated yesterday. He immediately drove to his home and retired to bed, alleging excessive fatigue. He declined to see anybody. Nothing is yet known of the actual grounds of the acquittal, but it is reported that De Clam was exonerated because it was proved that he acted under direct orders from Generals Gonse and De Bousdoff, against whom severe disciplinary measures are imminent. It is confirmed it will prove that the efforts of the general staff to make Dupaty De Clam a scapegoat have failed.

Panacefort Congratulated.

London, Aug. 3.—Sir Julian Pauncefoot, who has been acting as head of the British delegation at the peace conference at The Hague, has arrived in London. He visited the foreign office yesterday and was congratulated by the officials on his elevation to the peerage. His title has not yet been announced.

There is some prospect that an Italian fleet may visit American waters next month. A movement to that end has been on foot of late among prominent Italians of New York, the purpose being to have the fleet here on Sept. 19, when Italy celebrates a national holiday.

HEALTH HINTS BY A CZAREWITCH.

Pathetic Rules Left by the Czar's Dying Consumptive Brother.

Almost the last act performed by the late Czarewitch George, who died recently of consumption, after long and terrible sufferings, was to appropriate ten thousand roubles for the publication of a set of rules and regulations for the benefit of consumptives.

Some ten days ago he called Naval Lieutenant G. A. Boissmann, his adjutant, to his bedside in the castle of Abbas Tuman, Caucasus, where he had been established for the last year. "George Alexandrovitch," he said, "send this paper to the Imperial Publication office. Order one million copies to be printed and distributed among all the Governments of Russia. One shall be hung up in each town house, city hall, church, chapel, railway station and in every other place of public resort, and the elders, Councilmen and hetmen must be asked to read the paper once a week to those unable to read themselves.

"In my cabinet you will find a draft for ten thousand roubles on the administrator of apapages in St. Petersburg. This, I am informed, will suffice for the printing!

"In my will I have set aside a sum that will pay for the publication of these rules in more permanent form—enamel on iron shields, but we can't wait for that. Delay may mean loss of life to many."

"If some minute tuberculosis bacilli creep into their systems while waiting upon me, or amusing me," he used to say, "it must be expelled by the quickest possible method."

THESE ARE THE RULES THAT THE CZAREWITCH LEFT BEHIND HIM AS A LEGACY FOR OTHER SUFFERERS.

Remember that everything calculated to tax a person's physical strength beyond the average has a tendency to develop the seeds of consumption that may be in the system. If consumption has already begun its ravages, each act of over-straining tends to increase the danger.

Remember that personal intercourse between consumptives and healthy people does more to spread the disease than any other agency.

Remember that squalid surroundings, narrow, dirty living rooms, hard labor and cares generally have a tendency to develop consumption.

Remember that a husband inclining to consumption is very liable to become a physical wreck through marriage, while child bearing and other motherly duties may develop consumption in a girl having the seeds of tuberculosis in her system. If the disease has manifested itself before marriage marital relations will increase its ravages.

In nine cases out of ten the consumptive husband will make his wife a co-sufferer, and vice versa; very frequently the children are also affected and sometimes the servants and others living in the family.

No consumptives should marry during the period when the lungs are affected.

Permission to marry should be withheld for two years after the above symptoms have ceased.

Furthermore, each afflicted person should have his or her own bed, towels, knives and forks, etc.

The body and other linen of the consumptive should not be put in the general wash unless previously disinfected. Disinfecting of his or her bed, bed room, clothes, books, etc., is likewise imperative once per week.

For a consumptive to neglect bodily cleanliness is nothing short of crime. Daily baths or washings from head to foot must never be dispensed with under any circumstances.

The home of a consumptive, be it ever so poor, should offer free access to light and air. The more sun the better. Persons forced to live with consumptives have their own way to protect themselves—by frequently washing and bathing. Children of consumptives should be taught the virtue of cleanliness at the earliest possible moment.

If these measures are carried out in all particulars the consumptive husband or wife will be largely benefited in body and mind, and several years will be added to their lives, while their children, servants and companions will be safe-guarded against infection as far as that is possible.

An Adventure With Handcuffs.

A little fun at the Birmingham Postoffice led to a remarkable sequel. Among the postal packets was a parcel containing a pair of handcuffs, which were being sent from Derby to a manufacturer in Birmingham to be fitted with a key. The paper covering of the package had, during transit, been badly torn, with the result that when the handcuffs reached the Birmingham sorting office they were exposed to view. They were an object of curiosity, and presently one of the clerks joyfully clasped one of the cuffs round the wrist of his left hand. To his dismay there was no key to unfasten it, and he therefore went to the central police station. Here a key was found, but as the officer was turning it it broke off in the cuff. The situation, at first comical, had now become really serious. The broken key would have to be drilled out or the handcuff filed through before the clerk could be released from his unpleasant encumbrance. But it was Sunday, and no place of business open. The clerk therefore returned to the postoffice and explained his plight to the superintendent, by whom he was ordered to go to Derby by the first train the next morning, explain the whole circumstances to the owner of the handcuffs and apologize; and then return to Birmingham and proceed to the manufacturer and have the handcuffs taken off.—South Wales Daily News.

"What's the Use."

The English view of Americans, said Senator Dawes when he returned from his trip to Europe, was illustrated best by the experience of a young man, born in this country, who was graduated at Sandhurst with high honors and applied for a commission in the British Army.

"You are a Yankee? an American?" asked the head of the bureau to whom he applied.

"Yes," replied the young man. "I was born in America and am an American."

"Well," the bureau chief replied, "according to the regulations you should take the oath of allegiance—but what's the use? We're all the same."—New York Sun.

New Store

—AT—

OLD STAND

W. H. CARTER

DRUG CO.,

PEABODY,

Have just purchased the Fixtures of the Drug Store, 44 Main Street, and have re-opened the same with a new and fresh stock of

Drugs & Medicines

The store will be under the supervision of Mr. S. FOLLANSBEE, with 35 years' experience with the leading druggists of Boston.

We dispense the finest Soda in town.

To Promote Friendly Relations.

Pekin, July 31.—The rumors regarding the formation of a Chino-Japanese alliance are semi-officially denied, and it is asserted that the envoys recently sent to Tokio were appointed simply to seek to promote friendly relations between the powers.

Dunn Did Dastardly Deed.

Blandford, Mass., July 31.—A house and two barns belonging to Miss Annie N. Lewis were burned at about 3 o'clock Sunday morning. The loss is estimated at \$5000. Thomas Dunn, 23 years old, was arrested, charged with setting the fire.

Veterans Meet and Dine.

Gloucester, Mass., Aug. 2.—The Eighth Regiment association of Massachusetts held its 31st annual reunion here yesterday, about 100 veterans of the Civil war being present. A fish dinner was followed by speeches and the election of the following officers: President, J. D. Alley, Lynn; vice presidents, W. R. Upton, Denver; D. W. Low, Gloucester, and H. H. Berry, Waltham; paymaster George O. Stevens, Salem; surgeon, H. R. Lovett, Beverly; chaplain, H. H. Goodrich, Lynn; adjutant, G. A. Foxcroft, Boston; quartermaster, J. F. Kimball, Lynn.

Mother's Desperate Deed.

Detroit, Aug. 2.—Mrs. Mary Stevenson yesterday poisoned her two children, aged 3 and 6, with morphine and took a dose of the drug herself. Both of the girls soon died and the mother died at the hospital last night. Mrs. Stevenson was in straitened circumstances, having been deserted by her husband, and despondency over this is supposed to have been her reason for killing her children and herself.

Our Disappearing Forests.

Minneapolis, Aug. 2.—A committee representing practically all the big lumber manufacturers of the northwest, in session here, has decided to raise the price of lumber \$1 per thousand. On July 24 prices were raised 50 cents a thousand, but the lumbermen justify the further increase by the restricted supply and the increased demand.

Surplus Cash Disappearing.

Washington, Aug. 2.—The monthly statement of the public debt shows that at the close of business July 31, 1899, the debt, less cash in the treasury, amounted to \$1,161,587,677, an increase for the month of \$5,267,436. This increase is accounted for by a corresponding decrease in the amount of cash on hand.

Took Law in His Own Hands.

Leesville, Ga., Aug. 2.—William Jarrets shot and killed Jerry Fowler and his son, Joseph, at Burrs Ferry, 20 miles west of here. The shooting grew out of a lawsuit which had been tried before a magistrate's court on Monday. Jarrets was arrested.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

The Pope has been converted to automobilism.

Lord Rosebery has brought up his children as strict Presbyterians.

Glasgow University has conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws upon Sir Henry Irving.

The date for the inauguration of President-elect McKinley, of Yale, has been decided upon for October 8.

The favorite author of Senator Frye, of Maine, is Ruskin, and the Senator rarely travels without a volume of this writer's works.

Governor Tanner, of Illinois, recently killed a Colorado mountain lion which measured nearly seven feet from nose to tip end of the tail.

The freedom of the city of Belfast, Ireland, has been conferred upon Mr. Thomas Henry Ismay, one of the principal owners of the White Star steamship line.

U. S. Grant, Jr., a grandson of General U. S. Grant, has been appointed a professor in the Northwestern University. Mr. Grant will have the chair of geology.

Major Marchand, the French officer who recently returned from Africa, is engaged to be married to the daughter of Colonel Cherlie of the Seventh Dragoons, who is very wealthy.

General Wheeler has presented Miss Helen Gould, whose guest his daughter has recently been, with a handsome Spanish staff officer's sword, picked up on the battlefield near Santiago.

Emperor William of Germany having become a farmer by the presentation of an estate near Cadix, His Majesty is about to purchase another estate in the north-eastern part of Prussia.

Joseph Jefferson studied medicine early in life and was intended for a physician. He attributes his good health to strictly keeping the rules which he laid down for himself while an enthusiastic medical student.

President Kruger, like other men, has his weakness. It is for green carpet slippers, which he dons the minute he crosses his own threshold. In regard to laundry expenses he is said to be extremely economical.

Nathaniel Greene Herreshoff, designer of the Gloriana and of the last three cup defenders, is the seventh of nine children, and while still a boy developed his remarkable faculty for boat building, when he made some remarkable toy ships.

PEABODY PARAGRAPHS.

WANTED. --- Correspondents in Peabody, West Peabody, South Peabody, and Danvers, to write for the PEABODY STAR. For particulars, apply at the office, 21 Lowell Street, Peabody, or send your address, and we will arrange for interview.

---Midsummer dullness.

---Regular Table d'Hote Dinner, 25c., at the Central House.

---Mr. J. H. Hanson is at Plum Island for a week.

---No necessity for going to Salem or Lynn for furniture. Goulding, Walnut Street, sells everything in this line at Boston prices.

Mr. McDowell, of the Putnam Hardware store, is an authority on advertising and is one of those who knows how to make it pay.

---Postmaster Jackman will round out his 12th year as postmaster on the 18th of this month. His numerous friends will join in wishing him many returns of the day.

Mr. Herbert Gardiner has been filling a substantial order for a Marblehead firm of teamsters. From an inspection of the stock and workmanship, we should say it would stand the hardest of usage for many years.

---Some of the most beautiful hand-decorated glassware we have ever seen is on exhibition and sale at A. L. Cassino's store, 42 Main St. It consists largely of finger-bowls and bouquet-holders.

Mr. E. S. Newhall, manager of the Peabody branch of the Eastern Butter and Egg Co., 18 Main St., reports improved business since moving into present quarters. He has added a fine line of teas and coffees to his creamery stock.

---Every reader of THE PEABODY STAR is invited to send in items of news for the paper. Anything about yourself, your friends, your society, your church will be gladly received, and the proprietors of confidence respected.

---The Peabody Steam Laundry is doing a good business, and the proprietor is making arrangements for the enlargement of his facilities by adding new and improved machinery to his plant. Considering the quality of the work done by this laundry, and the prices charged, there is no necessity for anyone going out of town with their laundry work.

The address of the Rev. Dr. Safford in the Unitarian Church on Sunday morning last was a masterly effort. He spoke on Ingersoll's life and death, and while he said all that was possible of the agnostic's good qualities, he dealt incisively with his illogical and vicious teachings. Dr. Safford's sermon was tinged with the optimism of an intelligent and reasoning faith.

---Among the summer stay-at-homes is Mr. W. F. Sawyer, whose large business with its many details prevents him taking more than a day at a time for vacation. This is an advantage to his patrons, however, who always find the pleasures of shopping enhanced by contact with the head of the house. There is not a better-stocked nor more attractive dry-goods store outside of Boston.

---There is in the field a new collecting medium---"The Merchant's Collecting Agency"---which gives its patrons the best service at the lowest rates. The agency makes no secret of its methods, and subscribers will know every day who of their delinquent debtors make payments, as the transactions are confined to debtor and creditor. We understand that a representative of the agency will visit business men in Peabody and Salem in a few days.

---The George E. Meacom Co., whose advertisement appears in this issue, has been incorporated for the purpose of conducting a general drug and medicine business at the old stand, 128 Main street. The capital stock is sufficient to carry on the business successfully. The directors are Edward Meacom, Pres.; Eliza D. Cooper. Treas.; Edward H. Meacom.

---In our business tour of the town we were impressed with the general expression, by the citizens, of their appreciation of the excellent newspaper work done for the past 14 years by Mr. C. C. Hills, who has so faithfully kept up the Peabody end of the Salem paper. There are two things that especially gladden a newspaper man's heart:---One of these is the subscribers' expression of appreciation of the editor's work, and the other is the subscribers' paying for the paper. We congratulate Mr. Hills on his acknowledged success.

---A portion of Central street is being macadamized.

---Margaret E. Croughwell died Thursday, at the age of 75 years.

---Miss Hutchins has been transferred from the Endicott school to the first grade of the Wallis school.

---Deputy Tax Commissioner H. G. Otis met with the assessors on Tuesday.

---The reports of burglarious doings and appearances the past week have been somewhat exaggerated.

---Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Melcher and Mrs. Mary U. Melcher are at Intervale, N.H.

---Mrs. Ellen M. Buxton, President of the Ladies' Veteran Association, gave a lawn party at her home on Central street Thursday evening.

---Judge Safford has decided that a legal partnership has existed for three years between Isaac Drown and Benjamin Beckett. Beckett wins the case.

The Peabody Baseball team will play in Everett this afternoon, if the weather permits. The Nationals will play the second nine of the C. & M. L. M. Co. of Beverley. They would like a game with the Warrens.

---There is no sewing-machine better than the Singer. Miss Master-son, 14 Lowell street, will tell you all about it, and give you an advantageous trade if you buy. Cash or easy instalments.

The drug-store at 44 Main street, which has been closed the past four months, has just been re-opened under the management of Mr. Sherman Follansbee, a druggist of long experience in some of Boston's best pharmacies. Mr. Follansbee is not a stranger to this town, as he was engaged in the store with the former owner. Mr. Follansbee is industrious, keeps his store scrupulously neat and attractive, is obliging, keen in interpreting the wants of his patrons, and satisfactory in his prices. He will be glad to renew his service to old customers and welcome new ones.

Vacation Excursions to Maine.
The Kennebec Steamboat Company announces three vacation excursions to popular Maine resorts at rates which are within reach of all. Tickets are now on sale at the company's office, Lincoln Wharf, as follows: Round trip from Boston to Popham Beach, with three days' board and room at Hotel Riverside, only \$7; round trip from Boston to Mouse Island, with three days' board and room at Samoset Hotel, \$7.75; round trip from Boston to Boothbay Harbor, with three days' board and room at Menawarnet Hotel, \$7.75. Take Kennebec steamer at Lincoln Wharf, any evening, except Sunday, at 6 o'clock. Those wishing to prolong their vacation at any one of these hotels may obtain proportionate rates. Tickets good to return any time this season. For full particulars write Frederick A. Jones, agent, Lincoln Wharf, Boston, mentioning this paper.

Companion's Peerless Bravery.
Utica, N. Y., Aug. 1.---Jake Ghering and Charles Dunn started Sunday morning to sail along Oneida lake to Lewis point. An hour after starting the boat capsized. Dunn tied his companion to the bottom of the boat, but the lashing was broken by the force of the water. Dunn then lashed himself and Ghering together, and holding Ghering's head with one arm he clung to the keel with the other. He floated in that condition until late at night, when they struck a sandbar near Sylvan beach. They were brought ashore with great difficulty. Ghering was dead and Dunn was fearfully exhausted, but may recover.

An Absurd Rumor.
London, Aug. 1.---The Morning Post's Rome correspondent says: According to news received here, the victory over Spain and the growth of imperialism in the United States has led the large South American republics to talk of an alliance against the United States, and it is alleged that the preliminaries of such an alliance have been concluded between Brazil and Argentina.

The naval survey board has reported that it will cost \$10,000 each to fit the small gunboats Frolic, Hawk and Dorothea, at Norfolk, for service. The work will be ordered.

Caught in the Act.
Lexington, Ky., July 31.---Jesse Irwin and Fuller Baker, cousins of the late Tom Baker, who was recently murdered at Manchester, and John Quincy Adams of Clay county were brought here yesterday by Deputy United States Marshal Morgan and lodged in jail. Marshal Morgan and posse captured them while making "moonshine" whisky on Horse creek, in Clay county.

Bryson, Jameson & Co.'s timber yards and Saner & Co.'s grain warehouse at Hull, Eng., were destroyed by fire. Loss, £120,000.

A Loathsome Deed.
New York, Aug. 1.---Thomas F. O'Brien the policeman who stole a gold watch and chain and two charms from the dead body of Captain B. Rhoads of the Seventh regiment, pleaded guilty yesterday before Judge Blanchard. O'Brien was indicted for grand larceny in the first degree, but was allowed to plead guilty to grand larceny in the second degree. He was remanded for sentence. He cannot get more than five years under this plea. Captain Rhoads was struck and killed by an electric car on the evening of June 10. While transferring the body to the hospital in an ambulance O'Brien robbed it.

Work and with a purpose. Soldiers win battles by shooting so as to hit something.

SOUTH PEABODY.

---Mrs. James Corbett has been ailing for some time.

---Mrs. David Twiss is quite ill at her home, 195 Lynn street, with an attack of malaria.

South Peabody boasts of a new barber in the person of Mr. Frank Biron. Our correspondent says he's all right.

---At last South Peabody people living on Lynnfield street can ride to Salem for one fare, the L. & B. R. R. now granting them transfers.

A good piece of work is being done by Supt. of streets Davis along Lynn street. He is putting in a new piece of road that would be a credit to any city. Bicycle-riders appreciate it.

---One of the best shows of the season is now running at Sautaug Park, and should be seen by everyone. Take this beautiful car-ride, and have an evening's laugh---all for five cents.

---The firm of F. M. Shaw & Co. are getting up a natty line of fall samples that will eclipse anything in the trade. This is a new firm, but the members are old in the business, as many wearers of their shoes can testify.

---The Rockdale Cycle Club numbers 30 members, and they have one of the neatest suites of club rooms to be found in New England. Capt. Frank LeCain, President Chester Twiss and Secretary Willis Reed are the officers.

---When the alarm from box 8 sounded for the fire on Monday last, the horse belonging to No. 5 Hose was at work at the gravel pit, and the alarm was not heard by the driver. Fortunately no second alarm was sounded, and the wagon was not needed. Members of the Company, with Ass't Engineer Curtis, were promptly on hand.

---A child belonging to Clarence Osgood had a narrow escape from drowning at Rial Side Sunday. The family has been stopping there for some time. Missing the little one for a short time that day, they went to the water's edge just in time to see her sinking. Mrs. Skinner, wife of Elmer Skinner, driver of Hose 5 of this place, was a spectator of the little one's danger, and rushed to her rescue, and brought her to land. The exhausted child was soon resuscitated.

---In the sale of Rockdale Park a good thing has been accomplished, as it is now to be an Association track, and good racing is assured. Mr. Daniel Brown, the new owner, has placed the veteran driver and horseman, John G. Walcott, in charge as manager. There will be a three-days' meet August 15, 16, 17, where pools will be made up, and a good time enjoyed by those who like fast racing with the usual accompaniments. One of our correspondents asks, in connection with these events, "Why not have a few bicycle races?" What do you say, Mr. Walcott?

---Miss Mabel Prime, on her way home from Lynn, Monday night, while rounding the corner of Washington street into Boston St., just above Pine Grove Cemetery, Lynn, was struck by a team owned by Luther French of this place, and driven by his nephew, George Needham. Miss Prime was on the right side of the road, riding carefully, when the team came along on the wrong side and crashed into her, completely destroying the bicycle and injuring the lady to such an extent that she became unconscious. A Lynn physician was summoned, and after consciousness returned, she was sent in a carriage to her home, where she is being attended by Dr. Foster of Peabody. It is not known at this time of writing how seriously Miss Prime is hurt. It is a peculiarly aggravated case, due, it would seem, to gross carelessness in driving.

Deathness Which Proved Fatal.
Taunton, Mass., Aug. 3.---George H. Pratt, 60 years old, was struck by an electric car on the Providence and Taunton line and instantly killed. He had been picking berries and was walking on the track near the woods. Pratt was deaf and did not hear the car. He was unmarried.

United States Treasurer Roberts has received a telegram from Pittsburgh stating that the Carnegie Steel company had subscribed \$1000 to the Dewey home fund. The actual amount of cash so far received for this fund is \$17,358.

Court Denies Alleged Salvage.
Falmouth, Aug. 3.---In the admiralty court yesterday the pilots belonging to pilot boat No. 13 sued the owners of the American line steamer Paris for \$300 salvage services in showing the vessel a warning light, thus causing the Paris to change her course and avoid the Manacles rocks. Captain Watkins denied having interpreted the pilot boat's flashlight as a danger signal. The court was altered to allow for the tide. Captain Watkins said the night was clear and the Paris was going at full speed. The first indication of danger was when land was sighted. The court dismissed the claim.

WIND AND RAIN.

Terrible Work of the Elements the Country Over.

SWATH THROUGH ELIZABETH.

Churches a Special Mark--Town on Gulf of Mexico Completely Destroyed--New York State and New England Also Feel Severity of the Storm.

New York, Aug. 3.---Elizabeth, N. J., was visited by a form of tornado yesterday afternoon which cut a swath about 1000 feet wide through the center of the city, causing great damage to buildings and property, but, strange to say, not a person was killed and no one was seriously injured. Those who were hurt were only slightly injured. The wind attained a velocity of 80 miles an hour.

The path of the tornado included many of the prominent church buildings and other structures, and no other course could have been taken through the city where the possibilities of damage were as great. The towers of the First Presbyterian, Third Presbyterian and Central Baptist churches were blown down.

The Lyceum theater was totally unroofed. The Star theater's roof was ripped off and hurled two blocks away. Scores of dwelling houses in the path of the storm are without roofs. Trees and electric poles went down before the gale.

The roof was lifted off the three-story shirt factory, in which several score of girls and men were at work, and the building was blown five inches out of plumb. There was a panic in the building, but all escaped injury. The building will have to be torn down if it does not fall.

The roof was lifted off the home of Councilman Reinhardt and carried two blocks and then crashed into another house, breaking in the side.

In many cases the wind, after unroofing houses, whipped all the furniture out of the upper stories and scattered it through the streets and yards many blocks distant.

At the First Presbyterian church, when the tower crashed down, it fell upon the graves in the churchyard. This caused an upheaval of the earth and brought to the surface skeletons and skulls that had long lain under ground. Old trees in the churchyard were uprooted, and these brought up on their roots other skeletons and skulls. The streets are almost impassable with debris.

It took about 10 minutes for the tornado to pass through the city, and then the rain fell in torrents, flooding everything and adding to the damage done by the wind. Just ahead of the storm cloud itself there was a severe shower of hailstones.

Many persons were slightly injured by being struck by flying debris.

The greatest excitement prevailed in the city. Firemen and police were placed on duty in the wrecked section.

The police and firemen say the loss will be close to a quarter of a million, but this estimate is believed by experts to be excessive, perhaps three times the actual loss.

Tallahassee, Fla., Aug. 3.---The town of Carrabelle, a prosperous port on the Gulf of Mexico, southwest of this city, is reported almost completely destroyed by a terrific wind and rain storm which raged in this section all Tuesday and until late Tuesday night. Many boats in the harbor have been wrecked and most of the long wharf is gone, together with large quantities of naval stores. At Lanok the houses, pavilion and boats have been destroyed. Unconfirmed reports say that the steamer Crescent probably has been lost between Apalachicola and Carrabelle. A few houses were destroyed at St. Theresa. McIntyre & Curtis' mills suffered severely. A passenger train on the Carrabelle, Tallahassee and Gulf road, 35 miles below Tallahassee, was badly wrecked, but no one is reported killed or injured. The turpentine interests of this section are greatly damaged and much injury has been done to the crops. The wires are down south of here and railroad traffic close to the Gulf ports is suspended. The city of Apalachicola is entirely cut off from communication and nothing can be learned from there. There are many rumors about here as to the loss of life. It is not believed here that any lives were lost at the numerous summer resorts, but reliable news is unobtainable. A large relief party will leave Tallahassee for the stricken section.

Kingston, N. Y., Aug. 3.---A bolt of lightning struck the shipyard of C. Hiltbrand at South Rondout yesterday, killing Henry Matthias, and injuring 12 other workmen. Two of the injured were senseless at last accounts. The residence of John E. Van Etten in this city was also struck by lightning and burned to the ground. The electric storm, which was the most severe in years, lasted three hours. Scores of trees were blown down in this city, one of them wrecking a house. A flagpole on the Cornell Steamboat company's building was shattered by lightning, and the building damaged. Cellars were flooded, owing to the immense quantity of water that fell, and many streets presented the appearance of creeks. During the storm the streets at times were covered with hailstones. Between Shokane and Boiceville, there was a washout on the Western and Delaware railroad.

Lynn, Mass., Aug. 3.---A severe storm raged here yesterday afternoon. Two separate storms met over this section, accompanied by a heavy downpour of rain, blinding flashes of lightning and loud peals of thunder. Several large trees were blown down and heavy damage was done to the electric power station of the Lynn and Boston railroad. The house of Mrs. P. A. Williams was struck by lightning and Mrs. Williams was rendered unconscious. The lightning struck in several places in Swampscott, destroying the fire alarm system, and the rain gutted the streets. At Nahant the storm destroyed the fire alarm system and telephone connections. Several small yachts were blown ashore onto the rocks and badly damaged.

North Thetford, Vt., Aug. 3.---Lightning struck the barn of H. F. Wilcox last evening, setting a fire which communicated to the adjoining barn sheds, hoppers and barns filled with crops just harvested. The farming tools of the place were destroyed. Lightning also struck the barn of Nelson Porter at Thetford, starting a fire, which destroyed the barn, contents and a dozen hogs.

Lyme, N. H., Aug. 3.---A thunder shower of great severity passed over the town last evening. The barn belonging to Daniel A. Ware was struck by lightning and badly damaged. A valuable horse was killed instantly and Mr. Ware's son, who, having stabled the horse, while closing the door, was paralyzed. Recovery is expected. The roads are badly washed out.

New York, Aug. 2.---Lightning struck the big power house and carhouse of the South Orange avenue electric road on South Orange avenue at Newark, N. J., last night. The building caught fire and was destroyed. The railroad officials claim the loss is over \$300,000. The amount of insurance is not known.

Paris, Aug. 3.---A storm of great violence swept over the commune of Banon, in the lower Alps. Roads were washed out, bridges were swept away, flocks were drowned and on the farms in that vicinity the crops were ruined.

"LET 'EM COME."

British Subject Astor Prepared for Verbal Attacks.

London, Aug. 3.---William W. Astor has been besieged by reporters since the official announcement that he was naturalized a British subject July 27 of this year. He absolutely declines to see



WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR.

any one, but has authorized his agents to say he considers the matter purely personal, has no explanation to offer and is quite prepared for the attacks of the American newspapers who attacked him when it was previously suggested that there was a possibility of his becoming a British subject.

SHOT BY LUNATIC.

Unpleasant Experience of Brockton Police Officer.

Brockton, Mass., Aug. 3.---Three of the local police officers had a lively scuffle with a crazy man at E. M. Low's box factory yesterday, and, as a result, Inspector Chase is in the hospital with a bullet wound in the stomach. The insane man is George A. Stewart, about 40 years old. He had been committed to the Taunton insane asylum in the past, and was discharged as cured. Early yesterday afternoon he showed signs of his crazy malady by getting ugly. He went to the office and flourished a revolver and called every one vile names. Inspector Chase was summoned, and the man went back upstairs and barricaded himself on the fire escape. He held the officer at bay with his revolver. Later two more officers were summoned, but they could not coax him down. The help were all sent home early, and the officers made a pretence of following. They lay in wait for the man at the lower end of the stairs, and when he came down Inspector Chase grappled with him. He fell on the man, and in the mix-up the revolver was discharged. The outcome of Mr. Chase's injury is not yet certain. The other two officers held the man, and he is now confined at the central police station.

RECOMMENDS REMOVAL.

Soldiers at Santiago in Worse Shape Than Last Year.

Washington, Aug. 3.---The war department is watching with great solicitude the progress of yellow fever at Santiago. Reports are more encouraging, but it is realized that there is still danger in the situation. In this connection it is learned that as late as July 5 General Miles formally recommended the removal of the United States troops now quartered at Santiago to some port on the northern coast of America. It is said that the rate of infection among the soldiers at Santiago is greater at this time, in proportion to the number of men present, than last year. General Miles, it is understood, called attention to this fact in his recommendation and urged it as one reason for the prompt removal of the men to the north. Thus far his recommendations have not been carried out, but Secretary Root and General Miles had a conference yesterday on the subject.

Washington, Aug. 3.---Advice received by Surgeon General Wyman from Hampton show that the only change in the yellow fever situation is the addition of four suspected cases to those already in existence. These have been sent from the camp to the hospital. This information and the additional statement that there has not been a death since 7 o'clock Tuesday night and that everything with reference to the disease is more than favorable was received from Governor P. T. Woodfin of the soldiers' home. He also wired that he is quite sure the pestilence will be stamped out.

Santiago, Aug. 3.---Four cases of yellow fever have been reported in the last four days, all the victims being American citizens. General Wood believes that there is little danger of the increase of the disease, as nearly all the people are either immune, through having the fever, or are isolated out of the town.

WEST PEABODY.

---Rev. O. E. Hardy of the Congregational church, West Peabody, and his family are resting at Lyndeboro, N. H.---Mr. Hardy's former pastorate.

---The annual field day of the Peabody Historical Society was an unusually interesting event this year, and was largely attended. At the close of the exercises supper was served in the school house by the ladies of the society.

GEORGE E. MEACOM CO.,

128 Main Street, Peabody.

Drugs, Medicine, CHEMICALS,

Toilet and Fancy Articles, Chamois Skins, Sponges, Brushes, Combs, Perfumery. Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded.

D. F. RANDALL,

Hairdresser and General Tonsorial Work,

22 Main Street, Peabody.

F. H. EDGERLY,

Dealer in

GROCERIES & PROVISIONS,

17 Walnut street, Peabody.

A. T. DODGE,

Horseshoeing

And

GENERAL JOBBING.

34 Central street, Peabody.

FOUR DAYS' FUN.

Middlesex Agricultural Association to Repeat Last Year's Triumph.

Reading, Aug. 3.---The most vigorous preparations are being made for the second Annual Fair of the Middlesex East Agricultural Association on their extensive fair grounds in Reading and Winkfield, which will cover a period of four days, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday Sept. 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th.

The phenomenal success of the initial year has warranted the board of directors in providing every accommodation for both the exhibitors and the multitudes that daily thronged the grounds, and for their convenience a contract will shortly be placed for enlargement of grand stand, giving it a seating capacity of 2000 people and providing a much needed covering.

Additional cattle sheds built on a plan that will especially commend them to exhibitors are being arranged for.

Although the private water plant of the association has given universal satisfaction, yet the additional needs are such that the Reading Water works will install a system including hydrants, and thus combined, an ample water supply will be provided.

It isn't too early to mention the fact that premiums offered will in amount represent one-half more than last year. The trotting purses, aggregating over \$2000, will bring together the biggest array of talent ever seen in this vicinity, and lovers of good trotting will have their every desire fulfilled. Popular prices will prevail and every indication points to the biggest gala event ever held in Eastern Massachusetts.

Obscene and Vilely Personal.

Havana, Aug. 2.---General Ludlow has issued an order for the suppression of the newspaper El Reconcentrado. The order declares that the paper is an obscene sheet, daily uttering by assertion and innuendo vile personalities against not only the established authorities of the city, but the best people of Havana, its directors and writers are ordered arrested. The order has been carried out. Merchants and public officials express themselves as pleased with the action of the military governor.

Mazet Inquiry Begun Again.

New York, Aug. 2.---The feature of the session of the Mazet legislative investigating committee, which yesterday resumed its sessions after about six weeks' vacation, was the examination of Messrs. Horran & Slatery, a firm of architects and contractors, who testified that they have had work on steamboats, jails, gardens, station houses, dump scows, etc., for various city departments. Little of interest developed during the examination.

Embezzled Client's Funds.

Glasgow, Aug. 2.---George Colquhoun, a lawyer, has been arrested here on the charge of embezzling funds belonging to his clients. His liabilities are said to be over £100,000. Colquhoun was formerly city treasurer.

Dominicans 'Want Jimenez.'

Cape Haytien, Aug. 1.---From a dispatch just received from a reliable source, it is learned that a revolution will be proclaimed tomorrow in the republic of Santo Domingo in favor of Don Juan Isidro Jimenez. According to this dispatch the entire western portion of the republic has declared in favor of Jimenez, and he is the only candidate for the presidency throughout the rest of the country.

The Belgian parliamentary committee of 15 has rejected all the government electoral bills which had been referred to it.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

What Duty.

The door-bell rings,
The portal swings,
My lady comes a-calling,
In velvet dressed,
Her veil close pressed;
The formal talk's appalling.

The style, the day,
The church, the play—
Whatever line she fancies.
Ten minutes pass;
She says, "Ah,
Time flies!" and off she dances.

No real word said
From heart or head,
No thought, to live in beauty;
Her list she checks—
What name, the next?
She's doing social duty.

—The Argonaut.

ROYAL ATTIRE.

Emperors, Queens and Princesses and
Their Ideas of Dress.

Some years ago Queen Victoria caught the dress reform fever and joined an association. Although the Queen never astonished her Court by appearing in a reformed dress, she thought the idea of some not too radical reforms in dress a capital one—at least for the other women. Through the Queen's influence the Princess of Wales and her daughters became interested, and for a brief season Princess Victoria and the Duchess of Fife appeared upon occasions in garbs that were at least semi-reformed. It cannot be said, however, that they ever became violently enthusiastic upon the subject.

During the last fifteen years the Princess of Wales has scarcely varied the fashion of her costumes at all. Through the age of big, puffed sleeves she clung to small ones. For the make of her gowns, the style known as Princess has always been adhered to, and no one has ever seen a picture but on her head. She wears only those dainty little bonnets which bear her name. Tailor-made frocks and jackets she does on, although before going into mourning for her mother she had blossomed out into very stunning toilets. She does not favor the fashion of high shoulder knots, and her ball dresses are made with the old-fashioned court bodice, the shoulder strap drooping on to the arm. The Princess Beatrice's attire is apt to be of the simplest description upon ordinary occasions. One traveler on the Continent who had a peep at Queen Victoria and the Princess Beatrice wrote home, "Nothing could be plainer than their gowns."

The German Empress has well defined ideas about dress, and once organized a dress reform order. The Empress, however, is too fond of fine dressing to carry reforms very far. Twelve dressmakers are kept constantly employed in the Empress's tailoring department, as it is called, under the superintendence of a lady of the court. The staff is increased to forty at certain seasons when court festivities are going on or the Empress is preparing for a journey. Blue and white are, by the way, the favorite colors. The Empress buys yearly 100 evening and State dresses, twice as many carriage and visiting costumes, and about 150 demi-toilettes and house dresses—450 frocks all told! The sewing machine is an unknown quantity in the Empress's tailor shop. From \$25 to \$50 a yard is paid for the silks and satins of which her dresses are made.

The Empress of Russia spends more on her wardrobe than any other lady in Europe. Until and for a short time after her marriage, she dressed with almost severe simplicity, but the ladies of the Russian court took no pains to conceal their disapproval of the Empress's indifference to splendor of attire, and the result is that Her Majesty is gorgeous now.

Queen Margherita has a passion for dainty handkerchiefs, and the costliest lace handkerchief in the world belongs to her. It is valued at \$30,000, a not exorbitant sum when one considers that three artists worked at it for twenty years. It is so firmly that it can be folded up and placed in a gold sheath about the size of a lima bean.

The favorite dress of Queen Olga of Greece is of blue and white striped or checked domestic silk, these being the national colors, and besides the makers of silk in her realm have not learned to dye it any other colors.

The cast-off demi-toilettes of royalty and carriage and house dresses are the perquisites of the head woman of the bedchamber, who, after making a selection for her own use, sells them. They are not allowed to be resold as they are received, but in all cases they must be remodelled so as to obliterate their special features.

Golf For Women.

The champion feminine English golfer of 1899 is Miss Mary E. L. Hazlet. In a recent issue of the London Telegraph Miss Hazlet has an interesting article on the game in which she gives this advice to beginners:

"There are many opinions and theories as to how a beginner should start and countless books have been written on the subject. My own opinion is that she should begin with one club (a cleek) and a half-swing, and practice hard till some proficiency is attained. Then, as she gets more and more skillful with the half-swing, gradually raise the club higher and higher, till a full and easy swing has been developed. Having conquered the one club, she can begin to fill her bag with all the different instruments and master them as she gets them, the clubs most in use being driver, brassie, cleek, iron mashie and putter.

"It greatly shortens the time of learning if you have lessons from a really good professional who is accustomed to teaching and understands it.

But the great thing to be attained by beginners is the power of keeping the eye on the ball, and no beginner can understand or realize of what immense importance this is. It seems to them an easy thing to do, but in reality it is not till after years of practice and training of the eye that one is enabled to do it. Great benefit can also be derived from watching good players, both professionals and amateurs, as many hints can be taken from them if you watch closely and notice exactly how they play each shot. Personally speaking, nearly all my play has been learned that way, as I have never had a professional lesson in my life. But I have had many opportunities of watching good players and have found it of the greatest assistance."

Home is Woman's Creation.

"In order that a woman may be successful and happy in her home life, she must inevitably regard her work as worthy the highest education and enthusiasm," writes Katharine Roich, in the Ladies' Home Journal, of "The College-Bred Woman in Her Home." Let her know, before she enters upon it, that it must for years occupy the greater part of her thoughts and time—there will be seasons when it must occupy her whole life—and be content that this is so because of the value of the result to be attained. The home where peace and order reign, and sweet influences of industry and education, of courtesy and religion prevail, is not made by chance. The woman's thought, study, and ability have entered into it and determined its character.

Where the servants are industrious and quiet, where the children are healthy, gentle and obedient, where the conversation shows intellectual life and generous thought, and the spirit of the home in its activities and pleasures is love, and joy, and peace—the praise is due, first to the woman, who as wife, and mother, and mistress, and housekeeper, and homemaker, has made it her study and pleasure to rule her kingdom diligently, with intelligence and love. The home is her creation, springing from her own ideal of what is good and fair, and speaks to mankind as truly as if her thought had expressed itself in writing. It is a work of the highest art. If a woman thus regarded her work at home she would settle her mind to it without that restlessness and discontent she will always feel if in her heart of hearts she regarded history, or art, or higher mathematics as being more worthy her attention."

Pockets For Women's Jackets.

Women are declaring that with the institution of real instead of sham pockets on their tailor-made gowns they are one step nearer to being the equals of men. It is not now necessary for women to carry their purses in their hands or fastened to a chain round their necks. A jacket is now so well supplied with change pockets that what money is needed for carfare and such minor items can be carried there, while large purchases, when not charged, can be sent home C. O. D. But what is to be done during the months when jackets are little if any worn is a point not yet settled. The most satisfactory arrangement so far known is the little leather pocket purse which can be suspended from the belt. One of these was known to wear well through an entire tour of four months in France. There is in a such pocket room for the loose coins and a separate compartment for bills, while calling cards can be accommodated in an outer leaf of the pocket.—New York Tribune.

The Newest Fashions.

Lace garniture without stint is the universal rule of the hour.

To be scented with the perfume of violets continues to be the rage in Paris.

Many of the tailor gowns in pale cloths show a great deal of cloth embroidery.

Fringe is to be worn—fringe of all kinds, knotted silk, chenille and corded, and very pretty it looks.

The newest coat sleeves deflect from the wrists outward in a sharp curve, making them easy to get into and out of.

One may safely say that the wearing of lace and the manipulation of the eelskin skirt are the two features of the year 1899 in the world of fashion.

The new sleeves show no signs of enlargement, but are extremely small, and fit the arm closely from shoulder to wrist. They are still worn very long, and have pointed or bell-shaped cuffs, or spread out like a frill.

Some very smart tailor dresses are made in cloth, with a sort of double skirt or an improved polonaise, that is to say, they are cut all in one to a little way above the knees, from where comes the plainest petticoat.

It is difficult to say what the prevailing color is, but the tendency toward pink is still uppermost, and our parasols and hats all show the shell-like shade, which is tremendously becoming, and also seems suited to the ethereal fabrics of the moment.

The new charms consist of little enameled eggs. They are very beautiful and very valuable, and are made in all colors and designs. Some are exact representations of a bird's egg, and sometimes through the chipped shell appears the head of the little bird. This is now considered the luckiest charm to wear.

Short jackets and open-fronted coats of every description are more fashionable than ever, and the materials employed in the making up of them are usually of the finest quality satin-faced amazone cloth. The skirts are, as a rule, made of a different color from the coat, so that various economies can be effected by using up short remnants.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Novel, But Delicious.

Ice cream served with hot chocolate sauce is a late culinary discovery that finds favor with many. The sauce is made of a pint of milk, scalded and thickened with cornstarch to the consistency of cream. A square of melted chocolate is added, with sugar and flavoring to taste. In serving the ice cream as a dessert the sauce is passed with it in a pretty pitcher.

Celery and Walnut Salad.

A mixture of celery and English walnuts makes a delicious dinner salad. Cut crisp celery into small bits and mix with it two-thirds the same quantity of nut meats previously boiled in salted water for ten minutes, with a slice of onion, a bay leaf, half a dozen peppercorns and a blade of mace, then plunge into cold water and skin. Add mayonnaise to moisten thoroughly, and serve each portion on delicate lettuce leaves.

A Macedoine of Fruit.

A macedoine of fruit is a nice dessert in warm weather. Peel and pick to pieces with a fork a ripe, sweet pineapple; place it in a large glass bowl, sprinkle with sugar and add a layer of strawberries (about a quart); sugar and place on top of this four large oranges which have been peeled and thinly sliced, cover closely with finely cracked ice, and pour over the whole a glassful of whipped cream. Surround the dish with a ball of cherries tied by the stems with a knot of ribbon. At dessert, when the macedoine is served, the ribbon is removed, releasing the cherries, which are mixed with the rest in true salad fashion, with fork and spoon.

Fruit Soups For a Luncheon Course.

Fruit soups are made from fruit juices and water, slightly thickened with arrowroot, and sweetened or not, as one pleases. To make an orange soup, add to one pint of orange juice one pint of water, bring just to the boiling point; add a tablespoonful of arrowroot moistened with a little cold water; cook for a moment, and strain. Add four tablespoonfuls of sugar and stand aside to cool. When ready to serve, put a tablespoonful of finely cracked ice in the bottom of a lemonade glass, and over it the orange soup. Currant, raspberry, blackberry and cherry soups are all made in the same way. Fruit soup is served as first course at a luncheon.—Ladies' Home Journal.

How to Cook Fruit.

Always cook fresh fruits in boiling water; generally but a small amount is required. If economy is a point to be considered, do not add sugar until the fruit is done, as sugar cooked with an acid is converted into glucose, and it will require nearly twice as much sugar to give the same sweetness to the fruit if added before cooking as it will if added when the fruit is done. On the other hand, if the fruit is one which you desire to keep whole, sugar added to the fruit will aid in this direction, as it abstracts the juice of the fruit, thus slightly hardening it, and preventing its falling to pieces. Fruit, in cooking, should not be allowed to boil hard, as hard boiling destroys its flavors by excessive evaporation.—Good House.

Hints For the Housewife.

White of egg brushed over morocco leather freshens it.

When one wishes a child to sleep she should never lay it on its back.

Equal parts of common salt and alum placed upon dampened cotton and packed into a decayed tooth will ease the pain.

Eggs are most easily digested when the whites and yolks are thoroughly mixed before cooking, as in custards, scrambled eggs and omelets.

A spoonful of whipped cream added to the top of a cupful of delicate clam broth adds much to its attractive appearance and more to its taste.

The trying yellow spots so often left by sewing machine oil on white goods may be removed by rubbing the stain with a cloth wet with ammonia before washing with soap.

To remove paint from window glass, make a strong solution of potash, saturate the spots of paint with this and let it remain until nearly dry; then rub off with a woolen cloth.

In making any of the clear jellies from gelatine fresh rose leaves, pansies or orange flowers are frequently molded in for a novelty. Candied violets or rose leaves may also be used in the same way.

New flatirons should be allowed to stand on the stove some time before using in order to get off the coating of black. When they are rusted they may be cleaned with fine scouring soap, and when stored away for any length of time kerosene or vasoline should be put over them.

After bathing a little child's back, says a careful nurse, rub each side of the spine with the bare hand, watching carefully for any indications of deformity. The same careful attention should also be paid to the little legs and arms, that any tendency to deformity may be immediately corrected.

The glass doors of bookcases, cabinets and glass of every description can be made beautifully bright by the use of a little powdered fuller's earth. A bit of wet linen should be dipped into it and then rubbed upon the glass; then it must be washed off with clean water and polished well with a dry wash leather.

The marble of a table or bureau which has become discolored may be cleaned and polished by rubbing with emery powder. Fasten a piece of felt cloth over a flat iron, leaving the handle exposed. Cover the felt with emery powder and rub the marble; then polish with a damp, soft cloth dipped in pulverized pumice stone and emery powder.

THE TAME VOLCANO.

Was a Drawing Attraction Until It Stirred Up an Earthquake.

"I'm half inclined to think he was a liar," said Judge Crabtree, thoughtfully.

"I've heard rumors of a revival of the lost art of lying," returned his law partner, Major Dodge.

"He may have been a raud, too, and not the son of my old friend Tom Bunker, after all," went on the judge.

"Do you know anything about running a volcano—ever have any friends in the volcano business?"

"I know a man who recently bought a Rough Rider broncho and tried to subdue it himself," returned the major.

"This was a stationary volcano," said the judge.

"It seems, according to his story, that he is just back from Southern Mexico. Said he went down there last spring. Had \$100,000 to invest, and thought he'd go into the hotel business. Heard of a fine summer hotel up in the San Ramon mountains. Owner retiring on account of ill health brought on by insomnia. Looked it over. Seemed to be all right. Bought it cheap. Two thousand acres of land, game preserve, golf links, rifle range, half-mile trotting track—all the comforts of home. Went back a month later to open for the season, and found a great big impudent volcano spouting away like a campaign orator near the center of the property and just beyond the golf links. He inquired of the neighbors and found that it was one of these periodical volcanoes, and that it kept quiet part of the time, though generally it was on the rampage. This accounted for the former owner's insomnia. You can't sleep with a volcano taking on in your back yard—so the fellow said, and it looks reasonable.

"He inquired further and discovered that the house had always been a dead failure. The landlord would no sooner get it full than the volcano would pipe up and frighten 'em all away. Sometimes it would keep quiet for a week or two, and matters would run on pleasantly enough, and the golf links would be resumed. The volcano made a fine bunker, but the crater was a sad place in which to lose balls. After a few score of balls had been lost down it, the thing would start up and just scatter them all over that part of Mexico. That volcano made some of the most magnificent drives on record.

"Well, my young friend decided not to be bluffed by a volcano—so he said. He waited a few days till it became quiet, then he went up and looked into the crater. He found the bowels of the earth pretty nearly round and quite regular. He went back and hired three hundred native laborers and took them about halfway up the side of the mountain, and ran a tunnel straight into the side of the volcano. Then what did he do—so he said—but put in a big iron damper, like a stove-pipe damper, made of plates taken off an old armor-plated war-ship which he got at a bargain, with the propeller shaft reaching back into the tunnel to be used in turning the damper. (You understand that I'm giving you the story just as I got it from the son of my old schoolmate). By this time his hotel was full, and just to amuse his guests, every afternoon at four o'clock he would open the damper and let the thing spout until dinner time. Then he would shut it off for an hour and a half and give another exhibition in the evening. It was a great success, and instead of the volcano hurting the business, it gave it a great boom. The fellow said it showed what Yankee ingenuity can do."

"Why did he have to borrow money from you if he had such a paying property?" asked Major Dodge.

"Well, yes, he did borrow a couple of dollars before he got through," admitted Judge Crabtree. "He said he used to keep the volcano shut off over Sunday, and that it always made an awful luss Monday. One Monday it got carrying on so that it started up an earthquake and shook his hotel into ten thousand pieces and broke up his business. Even Yankee ingenuity, it appears, can't control an earthquake."—Harper's Bazar.

A Lost Explorer.

Dr. Ludwig Leichardt, one of the most brilliant of Australian explorers, is almost the only prominent discoverer in modern times who has disappeared from view, and of whom no trace has ever been found. Men still living remember the famous journey that this young German made in the interior of Australia, when he and seven comrades tramped for sixteen months from Moreton Bay, near the site of the pleasant city of Brisbane, far north through the heart of Queensland, discovering many a mountain range, many a river, and savage tribe that had never been met before. He passed from the temperate to the torrid zone, and reached one of the most northern points of the continent. From end to end this journey, which cost only \$625, was a revelation of the unknown. It was a great journey, and the book in which Leichardt described it has many readers to this day. The explorer never saw his book, for while it was being printed in London, he set out on his second undertaking, which he never completed, and the mystery of his fate was never solved.—Harper's Round Table.

The Customary Eulogy.

A Congressman tells the story that, being selected to deliver a eulogy on a deceased colleague whom he had not known, he consulted Mr. Reed, then the Speaker, upon what to say. "Say anything except the truth," was the reply. "It's customary."

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Tyndall's plan of purifying water by means of electric currents has been tried successfully in the Bruges Canal in Belgium. After being subjected to a current of 1000 volts, the water became pure and palatable.

If the sky is clear the surface of the earth and plants gradually become cooler, and the air near the surface is cooled by being in contact. As the air cools it becomes denser, and it then ranges itself in layers according to density, the denser air being at the bottom. This is why frosts occur in valleys while the upper slopes are not touched. The thermometer in this case frequently shows a variation of from five to ten degrees in only a few feet of elevation.

The gripe is generally supposed to be a modern disease, but the British Medical Journal shows that epidemics of the disease not only broke out so long as fifty years ago, but that they occurred at least 700 years ago, the "Handbook of Hirsch" listing the epidemics from 1173 to 1874 in ten pages. In 1427 it was called in Italy the mure or murre; in 1510 in all Europe it was named the coccoluche; in 1562 the English termed it the new acquaintance, and also the catarrhal fever; in 1675 it was called epidemic cough, while still later Huxham named it feveret.

Sir William Crookes and Professor James Dewar, while examining the condition of the river Thames, have made an interesting observation on the effect of rain in increasing the number of microbes in the stream. After a hard rain, lasting several days, they found that the microbes were about six times as numerous in Thames water as they were before the rain, and when fair weather set in again, the number of microbes rapidly decreased. The increase, it is believed, came from both the air and the land, but in this case, fortunately, the microbes were all of harmless species.

The waves of the Indian Ocean in a strong west wind are three hundred to four hundred feet long and sixty feet high, and have a speed of thirty-three miles an hour. Such a wave weighs 364 tons to the foot. If a ship six hundred feet long lies in the trough of the sea a wave sixty feet high hurls against it 218,400 tons, more than nineteen times its own weight. This weight does not fall upon the ship at sea, because its buoyancy enables it to rise, but if it drifts upon the lee shore the power of a succession of 218 400-ton blows will tear to pieces any ship man has the cunning or the power to build.

In the experiments in wireless telegraphy the relative opacity of various substances to the electrical action has been a question for the most careful consideration. Some experiments undertaken by Messrs. Branly and Lebon show that the opacity depends upon the nature of the substance. A coherer in connection with a battery and bell was placed in a cavity of the material to be tested, and electric waves were excited by a Rhigi oscillator placed outside. It was found that in the case of sandstone and a building stone which was employed in the experiments, the transparency was very great, while with Portland cement it was quite feeble. The opacity increases with the thickness of the material, and is also made greater by humidity.

Delivering Mails at Sea.

Postmaster-General Smith tells of the development of the United States postal service in an interesting article in the Cosmopolitan. He says:

"The delivery of the mails is the visible token to the individual. The delivery system has been carried to a high state of perfection. The city and borough residents, who accept as a matter of course the visits of the alert and steadfast gray-coated messengers of the postoffice from three to eight times a day, find it difficult to recall that prior to 1863 the letter-carrier service had no existence in the United States. Now it is represented by a compact army of 14,000 men, with a pay-roll of \$14,000,000 a year.

"In a number of its features the service is quite as hazardous as it is admirable. Take the marine service on the Great Lakes as shown at the mouth of the Detroit River. At that point, during the open season of eight months, a steamship passes every three and a half minutes day and night, the total tonnage exceeding that entering the ports of New York and Liverpool in a whole year. The tying delivery of mails to these 'ships that pass in the night' has no parallel elsewhere. Every steamer is met and mail collected and delivered without even slowing up. Orders from headquarters, messages from home, letters written on the trip, the thousand and one communications are all handled in this great exchange on the water. Letters are stamped on the back each with the name of the steamer it is intended for; in characters so large that they can be read by lamplight; they are inclosed in watertight bags so that if the boat carrying them should be upset, the mails should float uninjured, and are hauled on board the passing vessels, while the return mails are received and an exchange is effected, without deviating from the course or slackening the speed.

Sorghum Kills a Cow.

Another case of a cow being killed by eating sorghum is related by Mr. Henry C. Powell, near Metcalf, whose little boy, he says, cut a small bundle of green sorghum and gave it to the cow, but she did not eat more than half; in less than an hour she was dead.—Thomasville (Ga.) News.

MYSTERIOUS ISLANDS.

Little Dots in the Pacific That Are Hard to Find.

Much attention has been given of late to what we may call the strange case of Clipperton Island. It is not more than three miles in circumference, and it lies in the western Pacific something like 800 miles west of Mexico. In the wide expanse of the Pacific Ocean it shows like a mere speck, so small as to be of no value, seemingly, save as a refuge for a few of the army of beach combers "who have burst all bounds of habit and have wandered faraway" in the course of their downward progress. But the ownership of Clipperton Island has of late been claimed by no fewer than four countries—Mexico, the United States, France and Great Britain; and when it is added that the island is a favorite haunt of sea birds, and that many tons of valuable guano are waiting to be picked up, the reason for this unwonted solicitude, even in an era of land-grabbing, will be apparent.

Clipperton Island is of interest in another direction. It is one of those numerous stretches of land set in the midst of the seas, sunny and otherwise, which, after their first discovery, for many years elude all endeavors to locate them again. It has now been, as it were, nailed down in one particular spot in the ocean—that is to say, its exact position has been finally determined by warships sent out for the express purpose of searching for it and settling all doubts as to its existence—and the only thing remaining now is that the question of ownership should be settled. It happens that there is another island about 400 miles southwest of Clipperton, and rich in the same deposits that make that place worth possessing, for which adventurous miners are at this moment looking.

As late as July last a vessel named Moonlight left Altata, Mexico, on a voyage in search of this latest mysterious island, and spent fifty-two days of fruitless labor toward this end. Her captain failed to find the place, and, fearing that his provisions and water would run short, returned home to report that either the rough charts of old Captain Martin and his associates were at fault or else that some strange seismic phenomenon had caused the lost isle to disappear years ago, perhaps, for all that mortal soul knows. Spice is added to this romance by the fact that another 'Frisco captain located the place definitely a year or two before, and found a small colony there, which colony is still on the island, shipping guano in their own schooners, manned by numbers of their own party, to the leading ports of the Pacific slope of North and South America.

Quite a number of expeditions have of late been made with the object of wresting this valuable secret from the handful of men in whose possession it is, and of participating in the spoils; and one of these days we will, no doubt, hear of a sanguinary fight for the supremacy between the present colonists and a party of marauders. Although the stories told about the unknown island vary considerably, they all agree that it exists somewhere about 400 or 500 miles southwest of Clipperton, in a low coral atoll covered with the richest phosphates. The place also has its legends of pirates' treasures, which may or may not have any foundation in fact. One of the expeditions of recent date, which have been fitted out to look for the island, was the Vine expedition. That vessel's owner claims to have secured his knowledge of the place from the old sea captain named Martin, above referred to, who died some years ago, and who left an old chart among his belongings, which told of a small island in the South Pacific, not down on the regular charts, enormously rich in guano.

Measles in the Army.

"The fear that some parents exhibit when measles is prevailing," remarked a well-known army surgeon, "is past my understanding and certainly against my experience, both in and out of the army service. In my judgment, while measles cannot be called a blessing, it is certainly better that children should go through with it while they are children. With anything like careful nursing and watching measles is a harmless disease, especially in summer time. The only thing that is necessary is that there shall be no sudden changes in the temperature of the room in which those who have it are located, and that everything that can be done shall be done to bring the eruption out. The old-fashioned treatment of measles, hot saffron tea, hot lemonade and hot flaxseed tea and all the other hot drinks, it is true, made measles rather disagreeable, the treatment being worse than the disease in many instances. All this is changed now, and cold drinks and even crushed ice have taken the place of the hot drink treatment, so that the little ones do not have such a bad time of it. While I would not go as far as some who advocate that children should be exposed to it as much as possible and actually forced to take it, I am sure it is much better that they should have it as children than grow up without having it and then running greater risks after they have grown up. In the Civil War my experience was that more men died from measles than almost any other disease."

"The same proved true during the Spanish-American war, and to-day there are more soldiers suffering from measles in the Philippines than from any other disease. Measles is a very serious thing when it prevails in a camp, for the facilities for treating it are not the best."—Washington Star.

Last year 49,332 pounds of tortoise shell were imported in England.

"A Good Name At Home"

Is a Tower of Strength Abroad." In Lowell, Mass., where Hood's Sarsaparilla is made, it still has a larger sale than all other blood purifiers. Its fame and cures and sales have spread abroad, and it is universally recognized as the best blood medicine money can buy. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Sour Stomach

"After I was induced to try CASCA-CARET, I will never be without them in the house. My liver was in a very bad shape, and my head ached and I had stomach trouble. Now, since taking Cascarets, I feel fine. My wife has also used them with beneficial results for her stomach." J. S. KREHLING, 1221 Congress St., St. Louis, Mo.



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NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

Snake Climbed a Tree for a Squirrel.
The other evening, while Warren Carlisle and his two sons were working in the woods, east of Tipton, Ind., they heard a peculiar sound in the tree overhead, the limbs crackling and the leaves quivering. They supposed the cause to be squirrels, and the family shotgun was brought to the scene. While the boys were near the tree, trying to see what was overhead, there was a sudden commotion and a black snake, fifteen feet in length, and weighing fifty pounds, dropped at their feet, with a full-grown squirrel in its fangs. The father seized the gun and fired two shots into the reptile before it was killed.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?
Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes Tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen Feet, Calluses, Aching and Sweating Feet. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

An Early Colonial War.
The war between England and France that broke out when William III came to the English throne spread at once to America. In 1628 and 1629 the English attacked Port Royal and Quebec and captured both places, but these were given back to the French in a short time. In 1690, Sir William Phips led a company of New England men by sea against Port Royal, now Annapolis, N. S., and captured it. Later in the summer he made a demonstration against Quebec, but did not capture the place.

To Cure Constipation Forever.
Take a Cascarets and Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

High Lights.
When we say that silence is golden, we mean other people's silence.

More men would marry if they knew that lots of pretty girls' hats cost only sixty-five cents.

There is too much patient waiting done in this world. Walk up and take what you want.

This is no world for woman; in town she's afraid of mice and in the country she's afraid of snakes.

Wise mothers keep their children obedient by never asking them to do anything they don't want to do.

When a woman loves a man she puts him in a shroud which is so much too big for him that he tumbles out.

By putting off till tomorrow what we don't want to do today we get a chance to put it off until the next day, too.

It is easy to enjoy hot weather if you only remember that every scorching day brings you nearer to the blizzards of next winters.—Chicago Record.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 78,465]

"I was a sufferer from female weakness. Every month regularly as the menses came, I suffered dreadful pains in uterus, ovaries were affected and had leucorrhoea. I had my children very fast and it left me very weak. A year ago I was taken with flooding and almost died. The doctor even gave me up and wonders how I ever lived.

I wrote for Mrs. Pinkham's advice at Lynn, Mass., and took her medicine and began to get well. I took several bottles of the Compound and used the Sanative Wash, and can truly say that I am cured. You would hardly know me, I am feeling and looking so well. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me what I am."—Mrs. J. F. STRETCH, 461 MECHANIC ST., CAMDEN, N. J.

How Mrs. Brown Was Helped.
"I must tell you that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done more for me than any doctor.

"I was troubled with irregular menstruation. Last summer I began the use of your Vegetable Compound, and after taking two bottles, I have been regular every month since. I recommend your medicine to all."—MRS. MAGGIE A. BROWN, WEST PT. PLEASANT, N. J.

VAGARIES OF GENIUSES.

THEIR BRAIN CELLS GO ON STRIKE WHEN IMPOSED UPON.

A Great Authority Discusses an Important Problem—Hallucinations That Great Men Have Harbored—Why Does a Man Do Very Queer Things?

BY WILLIAM A. HAMMOND.
A human brain-cell is a little octopus, with power to move the tiny tentacles with which it is provided—to stretch them out, or to withdraw them at will. Upon this fact rests the newest revelation in the science of mind.

Why does a man act queerly when he is intoxicated?
Why is a man absent-minded on occasions?

Why, in rare instances, does a man forget all of his past life, being forced to begin again as a new individual?
Why does a man sometimes become violently and dangerously insane—a raving maniac?

A solution of these problems, so long deemed hopelessly puzzling, has at last been worked out, and a very satisfactory exposition of the subject is given by Dr. Ira Van Gieson in a volume just published by the Psychological Institute, of the New York State hospitals.

A human brain-cell, as described by Dr. Van Gieson, is a simple bit of nerve-substance, from one end of which spring a number of tentacles, while from another part arises an arm different from these and of great length. The long arm is for transmitting impressions from one portion of the brain system to another. For example, a given "octopus" extends its long arm so as to touch the tentacles or short arms of a second octopus; the latter in its turn effects contact with a third, and so on. Thus a message is conveyed and the mind gets its news.

The entire brain is a congeries of these cells, groups of which are organized into systems by what are called "association fibers." In their turn the systems are arranged in communities, the communities in clusters, and the clusters in constellations. So long as the mind apparatus is in a healthy condition, each little "octopus" attends to its business faithfully and there is no trouble; but unfortunately, civilized man abuses his brain in various ways, though especially with overwork and alcohol, and mental disturbances frequently result. These disturbances are the consequences of rebellion on the part of the octopuses, which have a way of quitting business when they are ill-treated beyond a certain point.

You see, the octopus has power to withdraw, as well as to extend, its tentacles or shorter arms, and in this way it is able to throw itself "out of circuit." As a matter of fact, such action is not taken by a single brain-cell, but by whole groups together. The cells are so linked by education and habit that they can operate only as members of assemblages, and the withdrawal of one individual from business signifies a "strike" by a large number. The object of the strike is simply to avoid overwork, and the action taken is a signal of exhaustion; it means that the cells cannot afford to give up any more energy.

Here you have an illustration of what sometimes happens to the successful merchant who works eighteen hours out of every twenty-four at piling up the dollars. One day something goes wrong; his thought-machine does not seem to work properly, and ideas do not flow easily. No attention being paid to the matter, phenomena of this kind become more frequent, and at length there comes a breakdown. A group, or perhaps a system, of brain-cells has given up work and thrown itself out of circuit, refusing to transmit messages. The merchant goes to a sanitarium for a while, and, if careful of himself, he may recover.

The discovery of this tendency to withdraw from business on the part of the brain-cell under certain conditions has thrown a flood of light upon a host of mental phenomena. A blow on the head may deprive a man of his education, taking away from him all memory of his past career, so that he has to begin to live over again in a new world. The cause is simply that the associations between certain groups of cells have been broken up. Manifestations of violent mania are due, in some cases at all events, to the withdrawal of the higher groups of cells which dominate and control the lower parts of the nervous system. Thus the subconscious mind, which ordinarily is held in abeyance, lacks its normal control and advances to the foreground, responding to any stimulus with a storm of excitement.

Brain-cells of the highest order are found in the upper brain, where the intellect proper is supposed to be located. Here, as Dr. Van Gieson says, the associations of the tiny octopuses are comparatively loose, and their relations change constantly. In fact, they are in a state of continual flux, and hence the play of the mind, the infinite variety of thought and reasoning. This condition of affairs, indeed, is essential to the elevated type of intelligence; a stupid person does not have this constant mind-play, due to the making and breaking of relations between brain-cells. Of course, this is not the only reason for the mental superiority of the clever man. The brain octopuses, like the octopuses of the ocean, differ in their qualities, and thus we find varying degrees of talent in different individuals.

Temporary disjunctions of the higher cells are accountable for the phenomena of absent-mindedness. A man is so absorbed in the consideration of one subject that he is unconscious of what is going on around him, the

tentacles of the octopuses being all turned one way, so to speak. Being so loosely associated, the higher brain-cells are first to act in a disorderly fashion when a person takes too much to drink, so that he behaves queerly and talks absurdly, unlike his usual self. The effect of the alcohol going further, the cells in those patches of the brain which control the muscular movements are affected, and the man staggers. Finally, when the dose is very large, the octopuses give up work en masse for the time being, and the victim sleeps like one dead. If enough of the poison is taken, the brain-cells are paralyzed for good, and the unfortunate dies.

There is some relation, as yet undiscovered, between extraordinary activity of mind and insanity; hence the statement, unquestionably true, that "great wit to madness nearly is allied." It cannot be denied that geniuses are apt to exhibit symptoms of mental alienation, and their children are usually inferior in intelligence to those of average men. Examples are easily furnished to illustrate the proposition:

Martin Luther had hallucinations. Edgar A. Poe showed symptoms of insanity. Peter the Great was an epileptic. Julius Caesar was an epileptic. Raphael was afflicted with suicidal mania. Walter Scott had visions.

Pascal in early youth was thrown into a passion by the sight of water. Richelieu, on occasions, imagined himself a horse.

Goethe, on at least one occasion, encountered a phantasm of himself. Cromwell was a hypochondriac, and had visions. J. J. Rousseau was a melancholy madman. Jean D'Arc had visions.

Mahomet was an epileptic and received messages from his dead.

Mozart died of cerebral hydropsy. Chopin abandoned his wife because she offered to another man the seat he wanted. Mme. de Staël was fearful of the cold of the tomb, and commanded that her dead body be wrapped in furs.

Dean Swift inherited insanity, and was himself not a little mad. Shelley, called by his friends "Mad Shelley," had hallucinations.

Charles Lamb went crazy. The great Dr. Johnson was a hypochondriac, and had hallucinations of hearing. Coleridge was a morbid maniac.

Milton was of a morbid temperament, nearly approaching insanity. Many of the modern ideas as to hell are formed on the descriptions involved by his diseased imagination.

Byron was visited by ghosts.

Certain kinds of dementia have come to be associated with certain classes of people. Paresis, almost unknown in women, is the typical insanity of speculators. Usually it seems to be due to overstrain of the nervous system, attributable to the excitement of gambling combined with habitual stimulation by alcohol, to which operators in this line commonly resort for its "bracing" effect. Paresis is one of the most rapid of all brain diseases in its progress, and is always fatal, the extreme limit of survival being four years. I well remember a case in New York City, where experts in my own profession declared me wrong in my diagnosis of the complaint of a patient whom I put down as a victim of paresis. Being unable to convince them that I was right, I told them that if the man was not dead within four years, I would burn my medical diploma and confess that I knew nothing about my business. The patient died just four years and one day later, so that I lost the hazard, but my professional brethren let me off with a dinner, which I was very willing to pay for, inasmuch as I was proved to have been correct.

Society women are especially liable to melancholia, and old maids are very much more subject to mental aberrations than married women. The stealing of woman's shoes is a form of craziness so highly specialized that the Germans give it a name of its own—"fränschustehhmonomanie." Fear of being shut in anywhere is another species of insanity, and victims of another kind have such a dread of uncleanness that they spend all of their time in the bath, if permitted. This last disease I was the first to identify, and to it I gave the name of "mysophobia."

Bulk counts for little; the quality is the thing of importance, and therefore it is a mistake to attribute inferiority to woman's brain as compared to man's, merely on the ground that it weighs eight ounces less. She is a smaller creature and hence the lesser weight of her cerebral equipment. It should be remembered, furthermore, that the brain is not the sole organ of mind; much of our thinking is done with the spinal cord and with the ganglia which are distributed all through the body. —Detroit Free Press.

Waited For Their American Deliverers.

"Here is an incident," says a traveler who has just returned from Porto Rico, "showing that the people of Porto Rico have long been watching and waiting for some one to deliver them from the power of Spain: Years before the Spanish-American War was dreamed of a statue of Columbus was unveiled at Mayaguez. The Spanish colors surrounded the figure, and in pulling them aside the emblem caught on the extended hand of the statue and was torn in twain. The people took it as an omen signifying that the descendants of Columbus would one day rend the hated flag and free the islanders from their bondage. They regard Americans as descendants of Columbus, and thus the sign proved true."

His Antecedents Were Immaterial.

Max O'Rell relates that while he was teaching an English school a lady wrote to the head-master. "Dear Sir: It is our intention to place our boy under your care, but before doing so we would like to know what the social standard of your school is." To which the head-master replied: "Dear Madam: So long as your boy behaves well and his fees are paid regularly, no inquiry will be made about his antecedents."—The Argonaut.

STOPPED A CATTLE STAMPEDE.

A Bag of Salt and a Cowboy's Wit Saved the Herd.

"One of the slickest things I ever saw in my life," said a veteran army officer, the other day, "was a cowboy stopping a cattle stampede. A herd of about 600 or 800 had got frightened at something and broke away pell-mell with their tails in the air and the bulls at the head of the procession. But Mr. Cowboy didn't get excited at all when he saw the herd was going straight for a high bluff, where they would certainly tumble down into the canon and be killed. You know that when a herd like that gets to going it can't stop, no matter whether the cattle rush to death or not. Those in the rear crowd those ahead and away they go. I wouldn't have given a dollar a head for that herd, but the cowboy spurred on his mustang, made a little detour, came in right in front of the herd, cut across their path at a right angle and then galloped leisurely on the edge of that bluff, halted and looked around at that mass of beef coming right toward him. He was as cool as a cucumber, though I expected to see him killed, and was so excited I could not speak.

"Well, sir, when the leaders had got within about a quarter of a mile of him I saw them try to slack up, though they could not do it very quickly. But the whole herd seemed to want to stop, and when the cows and steers in the rear got about where the cowboy had cut across their path I was surprised to see them stop and commence to nibble at the grass. Then the whole herd stopped, wheeled, struggled back and went to fighting for a chance to eat where the rear guard was.

"You see, that cowboy had opened a big bag of salt he had brought out from the ranch to give the cattle, galloped across the herd's course and emptied the bag. Every critter sniffed that line of salt, and, of course, that broke up the stampede. But I tell you it was a queer sight to see that man out there on the edge of that bluff quietly rolling a cigarette, when it seemed as if he'd be lying under 200 tons of beef in about a minute and a half."

Beauty Is Blood Deep.
Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic, clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin today to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—ready for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Japanese Time.
The Japanese divide the twenty-four hours into twelve periods, of which six belong to the night, and six to the day, their day beginning at sunrise and ending at sunset. Whether the day or night be long or short, there are always six periods in each. To attain this the characters or numerals on the scale are adjustable; two of them are set, one to agree with the sunrise, the other with sunset, and the four characters between them divide the space into equal portions. Thus, when the period of daylight is longer than the night, the day hours will be proportionately longer than those at night. Another peculiarity in their scale is that they use only six characters, those from four to nine, and these read backward.

The coffee grain is the seed of a pulpy fruit which resembles a cherry and is very sweet and palatable.

Did you ever
See a Snow
Storm in
Summer?

We never did; but we have seen the clothing at this time of the year so covered with dandruff that it looked as if it had been out in a regular snowstorm.

No need of this snowstorm.

As the summer sun would melt the falling snow so will

Ayer's
Hair
Vigor

melt these flakes of dandruff in the scalp. It goes further than this: it prevents their formation. It has still other properties: it will restore color to gray hair in just ten times out of every ten cases.

And it does even more: it feeds and nourishes the roots of the hair. Thin hair becomes thick hair; and short hair becomes long hair.

We have a book on the Hair and Scalp. It is yours, for the asking.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expect from the use of the Vigor, write the doctor about it. Probably there is some difficulty with your general system, which may be easily removed.

Address,
DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.



"You see, madam, Ivory Soap is really the most economical. The cake is so large that it easily divides into two cakes of the ordinary size. There is twice as much soap as you get in the usual cake of toilet soap. Then it is very economical in use, for although it lathers quickly, it is always firm and hard, even in hot water. As it floats, you can not lose it or leave it to waste in the bowl. We sell it to all of our best trade for general use."

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Radway's
Pills

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause Perfect Digestion, regulate absorption and healthful regularity, cure the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, Nervous Diseases.

LOSS OF APPETITE,
SICK HEADACHE,
INDIGESTION,
DIZZY FEELINGS,
FEMALE COMPLAINTS,
BILIOUSNESS,
DYSPEPSIA.

PERFECT DIGESTION will be accomplished by taking Radway's Pills. By their action the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, and all the organs of the body are regulated through the biliary ducts. Some pills in doses from two to four will quickly regulate the action of the liver and free the system from those disorders. One or two of Radway's Pills, taken daily by those subject to bilious pains and torpidity of the liver, will keep the system regular and secure healthy digestion.

Price, 25c. per Box. Sold by all Druggists, RADWAY & CO., New York.

Doesn't your bow write well? Perhaps he hasn't good ink.

CARTER'S INK

IS THE BEST INK.

More used than any other. Don't cost you any more than poor ink. Ask for it.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 46,970]

"I had female complaints so bad that it caused me to have hysterical fits; have had as many as nine in one day.

"Five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me and it has been a year since I had an attack.

Mrs. Edna Jackson, Pearl, La.

If Mrs. Pinkham's Compound will cure such severe cases as this surely it must be a great medicine—is there any sufferer foolish enough not to give it a trial?

DENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 5 yrs. in civil war, 15 adjudicating claims, 4 yrs. since.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. R. H. GREEN'S BROS., Box D, Atlanta, Ga.

RHEUMATISM CURED—Sample bottle, 4 days' treatment, postpaid, 10 cents. RHEUMATISM CURED, 346 Greenwich St., N. Y.

WANTED—Case of bad health that R. H. P. A. N. S. will not benefit. Send 5 cts. to Ripman Chemical Co., New York, for 10 samples and 1000 testimonials.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

Now's the Time to Go Fishing.
One sportsman recently returned from Newfoundland and reports capturing twenty salmon and three hundred trout in ten days' fishing, and he was too early for the best fishing. From now on is the time to go. Complete information may be obtained of J. A. Flanders, New England Agent, Plant Line, 200 Washington Street, or E. H. Downing, Agent, 20 Atlantic Avenue, Boston.

Six Years' Advance.
A working miner in a coal pit in September, 1890, a master of arts of London university in June, 1896. That is the remarkable record of Thomas Rees, M. A., who has just been appointed to a professorship at Brecon college, one of the leading theological institutions in the principality.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.
To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c. or \$1. Cures guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

The first railroad in America was constructed in 1831—a four-mile track from the Quincy quarries to the Neponset river. It was made to transport stone for the Bunker Hill Monument, the granite being conveyed by boat from the Neponset wharf across the harbor.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.
Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c, 50c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

A Cambridge, Mass., gentleman and his wife recently journeyed from the city to New York by trolley in thirty-one hours and fifteen minutes.

W. H. Griffin, Jackson, Michigan, writes: "Suffered with Catarrh for fifteen years. Hall's starch cure cured me." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A Swiss society has laid out an Alpine garden at Montreux, at an elevation of 6000 feet, where the characteristic trees and flowers of the country are to be cultivated.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, \$1. All druggists.

Upward of 100,000 pounds of snails are eaten every day by the residents of the gay French capital, the snail market being the busiest industrial mart in Paris.

After physicians had given me up, I was saved by Fico's Cure.—RALPH EHRIG, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1893.

A Fall River (Mass.) lover, recently secured a writ from court to compel the parents of his sweetheart to permit the latter to wed him. NE30

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 601 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

"A Handful of Dirt May be a Houseful of Shame."
Keep Your House Clean With
SAPOLIO

FLANAGAN & LOCKWOOD

MACHINISTS,

Walnut Street, . . . Peabody.

PEABODY

Steam Laundry.

15 Walnut St., . . Peabody.

JAMES CLOTHEY, Prop.

Carpets cleaned and beaten by steam. Woolens 3c., Tapestry and Brussels, 4c. per yd. Goods called for and delivered free of charge.



J. S. REED,

Lunch and Pool Room,
South Peabody, Mass.

Lunches, Temperance Drinks, Pastries, Fruit, etc. Bicycle parties entertained.

PRESTON & FOWLER.

Real Estate and Insurance.

21 Lowell Street,

PEABODY, . . . MASS.

HARRY NEWTON,

"THE OLD RELIABLE."

Builer and Repairer of

BICYCLES.

Our Own Make, "THE MAINE,"
\$40 and \$55.

BUILT TO ORDER, of first-class material and workmanship. The finest wheel in this vicinity or out of it. We learned how to do it at the famous "Humber" factory in England. Nuff said. Don't forget that, and "Remember THE MAINE!"

Repairing and Wheels Built to Order.

7 Lowell St., Peabody.
"On the Square."

T. P. MASTERSON & CO.,

Quick Lunch

—FOR—

Ladies and Gentlemen.

14 Lowell street, Peabody.

A full line of Tobacco, Cigars, and Confectionery. Bread, cakes, and pastry. Orders taken for Rolls, Ice Cream and Cake, for Weddings, Parties and Church Festivals.

N. LOUISE STOCKWELL.

IMPORTED

Hats and Bonnets.

6 Thomas Block, Main street,
PEABODY.

THOMAS F. HUTCHINSON

Manufacturer of

Custom Harnesses

And dealer in Horse Furnishings of all kinds. Horses measured for collars. Fit guaranteed.
Peabody, Mass.

W. C. BATCHELDER & SON,
TEA, COFFEE, and

Grocery House,

Fresh Creamery Butter received weekly.

138 Main street, Peabody,

Ice cream and

Frozen Pudding

Watkin's Ice Cream Co.

Orders left at Donnell's Grocery promptly filled.

"ALL RIGHT."

Multitudes so Proclaim Alger
on His Home-Coming.

A FLATTERING RECEPTION.

Escort From Train to Reviewing Stand Numbers Over a Thousand—Smiles and Tears Alternate on His Face—Roar of Applause at His Appearance—Governor Pingree's Pointed Remarks—Alger "Comes Home Without a Grievance"—No More Trouble in Department.

Detroit, Aug. 3.—From 4 o'clock yesterday, when the welcoming committee entered his private car at Toledo, until 9 o'clock, when General Alger ceased shaking hands, there was a constant spontaneous ovation to the ex-secretary of war. Smiles and tears repeatedly struggled for the mastery over the secretary's bronzed countenance as he gazed into the faces of the multitudes who loudly insisted that "Alger's all right." Darkness fell during the speeches from the reviewing stand, in front of the city hall, giving opportunity for throwing a searchlight upon the features of General Alger, drawn in crayon on a canvas 16 feet square, hung from the city hall front, and surrounded by patriotic decorations. A great crush at the indoor reception was the final feature.

The special train, which met General Alger and party at Toledo, carried 400 members of the reception committee. Banners stretched along the sides of the cars stated that "Michigan welcomes her honored son, General Alger." When the Pennsylvania train arrived the general's private car was besieged by his old friends. On the return trip General Alger was escorted through the train and greeted by all.

Over 1000 marchers escorted General Alger from the Michigan Central station by a route leading past the general's home to the reviewing stand. Fairbanks post, G. A. R., carried two great banners, stretching half across the street, which declared "There is only one Alger."

When General Alger appeared upon the reviewing stand there was a roar of applause from the crowd which blocked all traffic across the campus Martius. The ex-secretary reviewed the parade and returned the salutations of many marchers, especially those of veteran G. A. R. comrades.

Mayor Maybury formally called the assemblage to order, and made an address, welcoming General Alger, saying in part: "I welcome you home, sir, to a people who love justice and fair play. This welcome is by your neighbors. They come from all parts of this glorious state, only for the purpose of saying 'God bless you' and 'Welcome home.' You will command and carry with you the same confidence, affection and esteem that have been with you all your life. Men will say that with an upright character, so well established, there is no power on earth that can detract from the fame of a good neighbor and citizen and honest man."

Governor Pingree, in his speech in behalf of the state, made some pointed references to incidents leading to General Alger's home coming, and fired some characteristic shots at the newspapers, which, he asserted, were largely responsible. The governor said that Alger's best service for his country was in the efficient management of the war department.

Governor Pingree said, in part: "I have come to believe that the institution most dangerous to our form of government is the newspaper. Its boasted liberty is rather a license. It has no scruple and no conscience. There are, of course, exceptions, but I speak of the press as a whole. Because you, General Alger, would not bow to them and conduct the war department in the interests of the combines, the army contractors and the commercial interests which control the newspapers, you became a marked man. We have every faith that history will rebuke the newspapers and politicians who have used such vile methods to accomplish their little purposes."

General Alger, responding, said: "I can command no language to express my gratitude to you for this royal welcome to my home. I am glad from the bottom of my heart to be released from official care, and to again enter the old home and live among the people of Michigan."

"Since I went away, two and a half years ago, the country has been through a terrible struggle. The office of which I was at the head was taxed to the utmost of every man's strength who occupied any position in it. I gave my best thought and honest effort, and did everything I could to carry out my part of that great work. What has been done is a matter of record, and I am perfectly willing to rest the case with my countrymen."

"And now, my fellow citizens, I come home without a grievance. During that struggle, and while that great work was upon me, I can truthfully say I had from the president all the support he could give me. We went through the struggle and came out victorious. We transported across the sea more than 150,000 men, one way and the other, without an accident. We fought battles in the Philippines, in Cuba and in Porto Rico, and we never lost a battle, a color, a prisoner or a gun. Wherever the American flag was planted by the American soldier there it stands, and there it shall stand forever. I am glad to be among you again, a private citizen, and I propose to stay here the balance of my life. Good night."

The closing scene was a reception in the city hall corridor, where thousands grasped General Alger's hand. The scene was witnessed by Mrs. Alger and General Alger's relatives.

Washington, Aug. 3.—Secretary Root set the tongues of the gossips wagging yesterday by paying an informal visit to General Miles at army headquarters. The meetings of a secretary of war and a major general commanding are usually under reversed conditions, the secretary sending for the general. Mr. Root is evidently desirous of seeing the more important parts of the department for

himself, and is taking his own way of doing it.

There was no discussion of the general's relation to the organization and work of the establishment, nor reference of any sort to the occurrences of the last year which have given rise to so much scandal. Nothing of that kind is expected to take place. Secretary Root, as a man of affairs and a trained administrator, is assumed to know where General Miles belongs in the military economy, and General Miles has never been loath to accord full recognition to the authority of the civil head of the department when that head has conducted himself with the dignity due the office.

The new secretary is the sort of man, beyond doubt, who will, by simply observing the normal amenities, bring the whole department once more into good discipline. There will not even be permitted a clash between General Corbin and General Miles. The present adjutant general, whatever his other faults, is not wanting in shrewdness. His position is the one of greatest importance in the army, next to that of the major general commanding, and he will stick to his legitimate duties now that he has a secretary supervising his conduct who understands where the domain of each officer begins and ends, and who has no disposition to reach over anybody's head and do work which is outside of the purview of the secretary's office. There is no inherent reason why the war department should not be handled with as good order as the navy department. There were no vulgar quarrels aired during the administrations of Secretaries Proctor and Lamont, and there promises to be a similar freedom under Secretary Root, from the signs already visible.

Washington, Aug. 3.—Secretary Root, accompanied by Adjutant General Corbin, called on Assistant Secretary McKeljohn, General Miles and the heads of other bureaus of the department yesterday. The conference with General Miles was quite extended.

FRIENDLY TO BOTH.

So United States Could Adjust Two Nations' Disputes.

New York, Aug. 3.—The Journal of Commerce today publishes an interview with Archibald Little, a traveler in China, and an authority on Chinese affairs, and who is now on his way home to England from China. Touching the present aspect of affairs in the middle kingdom, Mr. Little is quoted as saying:

"I think public opinion here has somewhat misapprehended the scope and character of the so-called Anglo-Russian agreement. It does not really involve any concession on the part of Great Britain to the sphere of influence policy, to which every British merchant in China is as much opposed as our friends of the United States can possibly be."

"None of us can be blind to the fact that the Russianizing of the whole Chinese province of Manchuria is simply a question of time. I do not think there need be any talk of war in dealing with this question. When the powers chiefly interested serve notice on Russia that she has gone far enough, she will stop. If she ever gets to Pekin, as she certainly will if left free to do as she pleases, nobody will be more astonished than the Russians themselves. It is here that it seems to me that the United States might perform a valuable service, not only in its own commerce, but to that of the rest of the world. Occupying the position of a friend of Russia and Great Britain, your government might properly use its influence to effect some adjustment between the conflicting policies of these two powers in China."

London, Aug. 3.—The Pall Mall Gazette says it learns Great Britain is about to surrender to China the town of San-Chun, which was occupied by the British May 16, during the Kow-Loon disturbances. The paper mentioned asks the reason for this retrocession which, it says, will only serve to damage British prestige.

Milan, Aug. 3.—Il Corriere Della Sera, in an article much commented upon, declares that Italy has abandoned all idea of territorial acquisition in China and is only negotiating in connection with commercial matters.

ALLEGED ACCOMPLICES SHOT.

How "Tranquillity Prevails" in Santo Domingo.

Port de France, Aug. 3.—Latest advices from Santo Domingo report that, in conformity with the constitution of the Dominican republic, which provides that in the event of the death of the president the vice president shall be empowered to exercise the functions of the chief magistrate during the remainder of the presidential term, General Wenceslao Figueroa yesterday took the oath of office before congress and was invested with full power. His term will expire Feb. 27, 1901. He has given most strict orders. It is understood, to the governors of all the departments of the republic.

Two accomplices of the assassins of President Heurieux were arrested and shot at Moca. Two persons, one of whom was said to be a priest, were taken into custody at Santiago and subsequently shot. Last night placards bearing the inscriptions, "A bas les tyrans" (down with tyrants) and "Vive la revolution" (long live revolution) were posted on walls in various parts of the city of Santo Domingo. Tranquillity continues to prevail throughout the country.

At His Boyhood's Home.

Boston, Aug. 3.—John D. Long, secretary of the navy, arrived here yesterday from Washington and went at once to his home in Hingham. He was accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Long. He will remain in Hingham only for a day or two. Then he will go to Bucksfield, Me., his old home, for a three weeks' vacation.

Shot by Accident.

Portland, Me., Aug. 3.—Eugene A. Warren of Kenduskeag is suffering from a painful wound, although it is not expected to result fatally. Warren went into a pawnshop to sell a revolver while the proprietor was examining the weapon. It was accidentally discharged, the ball entering Warren's body just above the heart.

DISMASTED.

Bad Accident to Iselin's New Cup Defender.

WAS LEADING RIVAL.

Accident Happened on Port Tack Off Point Judith—Topmast Shroud the Cause of All the Trouble—Hull of Boat Not Injured—Unique in History of Accidents.

Bateman's Point, R. I., Aug. 3.—While the big race between the Columbia and the Defender was under way, about noon yesterday, with the Columbia well on the lead, the latter's mast broke off about 50 feet from the deck, and she was dismasted. A number of tugs and steam yachts hastened to her assistance at a point about four miles southeast of Point Judith. The Defender stood by ready to lend any assistance.

The new boat was towed up to her builders' works at Bristol a total wreck above decks. Her new steel mainmast was bent double, just about half way between the deck and the masthead, and all that remained of her magnificent spread of canvas and specially made rigging was piled up in a heap about the stump of the mast, a tangled mass of wire shrouds, metal turnbuckles, blocks and ropes. Practically all that remained whole was the steel boom and gaff.

The dismasting of the Columbia occurred less than an hour after the new and old cup defenders started on the beat out, when the two contestants had covered about half the distance. Columbia was leading at the time and was steadily drawing away from her rival. The two boats were holding along on a port tack and into the Point Judith channel, about three miles off the point, the new boat having the weather position, when there was a sound of breaking spars aloft, and in an instant the topmast went crashing down to leeward, carrying with it the fine new club topsail and small jibtopsail. The steel mainmast buckled in the middle and down came the upper end of the spar, and the huge mainsail dropped into the water on the starboard side. All hands escaped injury.

The discipline was excellent, not a man leaving his place until Captain Barr gave orders to clear away the wreckage and get the canvas aboard, and then the crew went to work, the Columbia drifting with the waves, a dismantled and sad looking craft.

As soon as the accident occurred, Defender, which was the nearest yacht to Columbia, ranging up alongside her rival, stood by for a time and then went on a little jaunt out to sea. The steam craft near at hand and all kinds of yachts soon reached the boat. Many of the



CUP DEFENDER COLUMBIA.

yachts offered to tow Columbia back to Newport, but as Mr. Iselin had previously accepted the offer made from the Associated Press tug, S. C. Hart, to stand by and take Columbia in tow, he declined the offers.

The crew had the hardest work getting the mainsail on deck, for the canvas was weighed down with water and rendered unmanageable by the spars and rigging.

For some time no one knew just what had been the cause of the accident, for there was certainly not strong enough breeze blowing to cause it. It was finally found that the port spreader had broken upward by the strain of the topmast shroud, causing the topmast to break off. The sudden breaking of the spar, the weight of the topsail and clubs coming against the starboard masthead shrouds, was too much for the steel mast, and it instantly collapsed.

The topmast shroud, which Mr. Iselin says was the cause of all the trouble, was not in just the position to properly support the topmast, which fitted into the masthead, telescopic fashion, instead of being stepped forward of it.

No such serious accident ever before befel a cup challenger or defender in these waters as this one. The expense of rigging Columbia will be heavy, and although most of the wire shrouds and stays can be used again, they will necessarily have to undergo a severe test as to their strength. The hull of the boat was not seriously damaged, the only perceptible injury being a large dent in one of the metal plates on the starboard side.

A TEST CASE.

Court Decides That Coal Shoveller Must Have License.

Fall River, Mass., Aug. 3.—The test case to determine if firemen in the mills of this state must be licensed under a recent statute was tried in the local court yesterday, and an affirmative decision was given, from which an appeal was taken. In this test case Manuel Jack, employed as fireman in the Stafford mills, was the defendant. Counsel on behalf of the corporation admitted the contention that he was not licensed as a fireman, and that he was not hired to generate steam, but to shovel coal, and that the statute relating to firemen did not apply in his case. A licensed fireman testified that it was his duty to look after the making of steam. Jack was found guilty of firing without a license, and fined \$10.

Judge Thomas, in the United States district court at New York, signed an order discharging Francis T. Walton, better known as Plunger Walton, as a bankrupt, on the report of a referee.

IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE.

Impressive Memorial Service at the Late John P. Lovell's Grave.

Weymouth, Mass.—The late Mr. John P. Lovell, founder of the John P. Lovell Arms company, died July 29, 1897, at an advanced age, and the annual memorial services instituted by his sons one year ago were held on Sunday in the old town of Weymouth, his home for many years. Filial affection, one of the noblest of the human attributes, was held in high esteem by the ancients, who execrated the lack of it, and denounced those who refused to honor his father as an ingrate and an outcast. These services, in which worthy sons testify to their love for an honored parent, and in which they honor him not less than they do credit to themselves, will be held each year, on the recurrence of the anniversary, throughout and undoubtedly beyond the life of the present generation; and in thus keeping green the memory of a revered father, the Lovells set an example worthy of general emulation.



THE LATE JOHN P. LOVELL.

A large number of persons came down from Boston, and these were met at the station at East Weymouth by Colonel Benjamin S. Lovell, and conveyed to the cemetery in barges.

There was a large number of floral pieces on the family lot, and in the right-hand corner a large painting of Mr. Lovell had been placed in full view. On the grave was a large plaque of red calyx leaves surmounted by a mound of lilies, and on it the word "Father" in blue immortal. It was 7 feet by 2. This was from the family. The employees of the factory at East Portland sent a tablet of red calyx leaves and green ferns with a floral bicycle worked upon the surface with red and white asters. This piece was four feet square.

The employees of the Boston store sent an open book of purple immortelles and milk weed flowers with pink roses as a marker of the leaves. Across it in script flowers were the words: "Record Clear." The piece was three and a half feet long. From the Bangor store was sent an arch of asters and roses over an open book of roses, lilies, asters and white pinks. A dove surmounted the arch.

From the store in Worcester came a standing cross and a wreath of roses and asters from a base of red calyx leaves, the whole forming a piece 44 inches high. The Providence store sent an anchor of pink asters resting on a tablet of ivy leaves as a base. From the Portland store came a standing crescent and star composed of roses and pinks. The employees of the Pawtucket store sent a standing broken wreath and sickle of white roses, with purple and white asters and ferns as a base.

Charles M. Norcross, General Manager of the Boston store, sent a flat bouquet of white roses, which stood by the headstone of the grave. A large bank of hydrangeas and palms backed up the rest of the floral offerings. The frame of the painting of Mr. Lovell was wreathed with maiden-hair fern.

The services were very simple. A quartet from the East Weymouth Congregational Church rendered the hymn: "It Is Well," the members of the quartet being L. H. Emerson, soprano; Miss Raymond, alto, and C. W. Bailey, baritone. Rev. Daniel Evans of the North Avenue Congregational Church in Cambridge, who was the pastor of the East Weymouth Congregational Church at the time of Mr. Lovell's death, officiated, reading a funeral service beginning: "I am the resurrection and the life." This was followed by prayer, and after which Rev. Dr. Evans spoke.

He said it was a noble thing to commemorate the dead. It was a noble thing for those who loved their dead to bring their flowers, and their mementoes, and to carve the features in the hard rock. Everywhere and in all ages men had desired to commemorate the careers of those who had touched their lives to nobler ends. Christ Himself had desired to be remembered, and so had instituted that great sacrament of the Last Supper.

"We commemorate the life of one who when living, as well as now, is worthy to be commemorated," continued the speaker. "In his charities he did not let his left hand know what his right hand was doing. We think of his modesty. When living he passed into our homes and brought the sunshine of a genial heart. We think of the friends he made. It is a fine art to make friends, and a finer art to keep them. He had the finest traits of character a man can have. He did not pass harsh judgment on other men. His life was crowned by his faith in Christ."

Dr. Evans here referred to the scene which recently took place in the Ingersoll home in New York, where the widow and daughters of the late Colonel Ingersoll clung to the dust of the father and husband in pitiful anguish, because they had no faith in a future life. There had been said upon this grave the words, "ashes to ashes and dust to dust," but those present here had also said of the late Mr. Lovell: "His spirit is with God."

After this address the quartet again sang, Dr. Evans pronounced the benediction, and the gathering dispersed.

Killed by Low Bridge.

Attleboro, Mass., Aug. 2.—Frank Chase, a brakeman on a freight, was killed at Dodgeville yesterday. His body was found lying beside the track. It is supposed he was struck by a low bridge and knocked under the wheels of the train. His neck was broken and his legs were cut off.

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The Man of No Consequence.

By Michael Gifford White.



Colonial Government officials and Eastern commercial powers on board. Among the passengers there are two governors, en route to their respective provinces, a general commanding a district, and a brigadier general, with their aids-de-camp and other attaches. There is a bishop, with his wife, daughter and chaplain. Also an English peer on his way to the Far East.

Then there are merchants, professional men, and aggravating globe-trotters; until, as one looks over the after rail of the promenade deck down into the second class, one sees there another little world, about which the average saloon passenger knows and cares absolutely nothing.

True, the English peer, under the guidance of the captain, did once penetrate those regions and returned, not only expressing his high gratification at all that he beheld there, but amazed that there appeared to be so many respectable people among the passengers. His inspection, however, was of too cursory a nature to form any correct opinion of the real social status existing in that division of the ship.

In the second class it is the noisy people who are most in evidence; for there is no general commanding, no governor nor bishop to snub them down to a proper level. To use a slangism of their own, the members of a theatrical troop "run things generally," and the quieter people, therefore, are obliged to seek the corners.

Thus it comes about that a young American physician of quiet demeanor is perhaps the person of least consequence in the ship. Indeed, he has been voted rather a fool by the members of the theatrical troop, because he does not evince the least disposition to run counter to the regulations—a pastime that on more than one occasion has brought them to serious loggerheads with the officer on duty. But, as a matter of fact, while he takes their jokes in good humor, he has other things to think of; for he has only lately completed his course at a university, and is possessed of little more than sufficient means to take him to the new colonies in the Far East, where he hopes to find a better professional outlook.

Six bells of the afternoon watch have just struck on board the Pearl of the Orient. The placid surface of the sea glimmers with heat. The red sandy hills of Arabia in the distance appear as if they might roast some of that coffee for which the land is famous. The young man of no consequence looks across from the fore-castle and notices a slight commotion on the bridge. The officer of the watch is gazing intently through his colored glasses at a dark object advancing toward them. It is a two-masted steamer with a white band around the funnel.

The officer at once orders the quartermaster on duty to bend on the flags, thereby drawing the attention of the passengers to the strange vessel also.

"A ship in sight, aye!" draws the aid-de-camp of the general officer to the same general officer's fascinating daughter—to whom, for public and other reasons, he is unrelenting in his attentions. "A ship!" he exclaims, rising lazily from his chair, and crossing over to the rail, where he sweeps the horizon with his glasses, until he brings them to bear upon the advancing steamer.

"Ah, ha! It looks as if there was something wrong on board. She is making straight for us, and—Hullo! Yes, by Jove. Her ensign is at half-mast, and upside down. Come and take a look at her."

At this news, delivered in a loud voice, the passengers are quickly on their feet. Books are flung aside, flirtations interrupted. There is a general call for binoculars. All crowd the bulwarks and watch with increasing interest the approach of the stranger; when, suddenly, a signal is run up to her masthead that at once causes a commotion on the bridge of the Pearl of the Orient.

Bells are run in the engine room, and quartermasters dispatched upon important errands. The officer gives directions to hoist the answering pennant, for the message has read—"Steamer Atta Mahomed Khan, from Bombay to Piddah, with pilgrims. We are in distress and need assistance. Cholera."

The great ship Pearl of the Orient is at once slowed down, for she is under the most perfect control, and finally sits there upon the glistening

sea like some trim bird of the ocean, in contrast to the other dark, ill-omened hull, also stopped, to leeward about a mile distant.

All are at once wide awake on board the Pearl of the Orient. The captain hurries up onto the bridge, and immediately summons the doctor from the preparation of a nice little tea which he purposes giving to a select party of friends in his cabin. The chief engineer is automatically awakened from a deep slumber by the stopping of his beloved engine, and the purser reluctantly leaves a round of good stories in the smoking room, as, among other things, the regulations depute to him the duty of pacifying the ladies at the first alarm of danger.

"A cholera ship!" That is the news which passes round from mouth to mouth. "Ah, how terrible!"

Meanwhile the captain and the doctor engage in an earnest conversation, for a boat has been lowered from the Atta Mahomed Khan and makes quick progress across the intervening space; but on approaching the Pearl of the Orient is warned not to come alongside and to keep well to leeward.

"What do you want from us?" is the first hail from the bridge of the Pearl of the Orient.

"We are fifteen days out from Bombay," comes the reply across the water. "We have had 200 cases of cholera on board and 130 deaths. We want fresh provisions, medicines and a doctor. Both the captain and the doctor of the ship are dead."

All eyes are turned upward toward the spruce little doctor of the Pearl of the Orient—thus rudely summoned from the preparation of his afternoon tea to board that tank of death and drive out one of the most relentless destroyers to which humanity is a prey.

In general he is most popular among the passengers, having an extensive repertoire of comic songs for the bi-weekly concerts and a good reputation for being able to cheer despondent ladies out of the terrors of sea-sickness; but as the sort of man to take the leading role in such a drama he is, perhaps, not well fitted. Certainly, if one could read his thoughts, that is his own opinion.

"That boat, sir, must on no account be permitted to come alongside," he promptly addresses the captain. "Nothing further in the way of communication must be established. I would be only too glad to go on board and render my services, but the danger of infection from my return would be too serious."

"Very well, doctor," the captain replies with a note of sarcasm in his voice. "I cannot, of course, force you to that line of duty, and we must therefore do as you suggest. We will lower the port quarter boat for them to pick up, and you will order what you think necessary from the ship's stores to be placed in her."

Thus the final order is given from the bridge of the Pearl of the Orient—to make ready to lower away the port quarter boat and to hail the Atta Mahomed Khan that a boat will be lowered for them to pick up, with medicines and supplies on board.

In the meantime a second-class passenger has made his way up on to the promenade deck, presumably to obtain a better view of the cholera ship. Such, at least, is evidently the opinion of a somewhat officious quartermaster, for he confronts him with the information that only saloon passengers are permitted there.

"I wish to speak to the captain," retorts the second-class passenger. The quartermaster, imagining that it is only to ask some trivial question, replies in a rather peremptory manner that the captain is engaged; that he cannot be interrupted.

To the quartermaster's surprise, however, the second-class passenger brushes past, mounts the ladder leading to the bridge, and without a moment's hesitation accosts the captain on that—to the sailor—most sacred spot.

At first the captain does not seem to notice the presence of the intruder, as he is engaged apparently in watching the preparations being made to lower the quarter boat, and consequently pays no attention to what is being said; but he finally is induced to listen by the concluding remark—"With your permission, Captain Maybury, I desire therefore to be allowed to go to the relief of that plague-infected ship."

The captain turns about and looks hard at the second-class passenger for over a minute. He has no recollection of ever seeing him before, and so he asks: "Did I hear you say you are a physician?"

"Yes. I have a degree from the University of Philadelphia. My name is James McGregor. I have my papers with me to satisfy the doctor of the ship. I am a passenger in the second class."

"Do you understand that you cannot return to this ship again?" the captain asks.

"Perfectly," the young man of no consequence answers.

"And you doubtless also fully understand the danger of such a course?"

"Yes. Quite."

"That yonder ship is no hospital ward, and that you run an enormous risk of your own life?"

"I do fully," is the simple response. "I comprehend it all perfectly, captain."

"And you still desire to go?"

"I do. Yes."

The captain looks into the calm, resolute face of the young physician for a moment and then remarks: "Upon my word, I think you are a plucky young fellow, Dr. McGregor, to make the offer, and though I will certainly not urge you to it, yet upon such an errand of humanity I dare not refuse to comply with your request. If you will wait here I will send for the doctor of the ship to talk the matter over with you."

In a few minutes the dapper little ship's doctor again appears upon the bridge, when no time is lost in explaining the situation and in making the necessary arrangements for the transfer of the young physician to the cholera ship.

So the word is passed around that a young doctor in the second class, whom no one has ever heard of before, has petitioned to be allowed to forego his passage and board the cholera ship in an heroic attempt to stamp out the plague at the certain risk of his own life.

Everyone at once takes an interest in him. All are anxious to catch a glimpse of this new hero. Even the members of the theatrical troupe, who thought the quiet man such a fool, are inclined to believe that his reserve of manner must be the outward sign of a different character.

It does not take long after the quarter boat is lowered and brought round to the gangway to place on board such medicines and provisions as the young doctor requires.

"Is all ready there?" the captain calls out to the quartermaster, who is keeping the boat alongside.

"All ready, sir," is the response.

"Doctor," he says, turning to the young man, who is also ready to leave the ship and offering his hand, "I sincerely hope you will pull through all right."

"Thank you," the young doctor replies. "I hope so, too. I shall do my best."

A man of military bearing, with iron-gray hair and bristling eyebrows and mustache, thereupon steps forward. He is the general commanding, and in uniform wears upon his left breast the most coveted decoration of the British soldier; for it is a cross fashioned out of gun metal, and bears the simple inscription—"For Valour."

"Permit me to express on behalf of the passengers," he says, "our admiration of your conduct. I shall esteem it, sir, an honor to shake hands with you."

The young man grasps the hand of the general, bows somewhat nervously round to the crowd about the gangway, and then hurriedly passes down over the side.

Once in the boat, without hesitating for a moment, he shoves off. Thus, with a few revolutions of the propeller, the great ship Pearl of the Orient leaves him to his fate.

As, however, he passes from out the shadow, the young doctor turns, looks up for a moment and waves his hand in farewell; when, simultaneously, the whole of the ship's company on deck and the passengers break out into cheer upon cheer. Men wave their caps and women their daintily embroidered handkerchiefs.

"By Jove," exclaims the aide-de-camp, "that is a brave fellow. He deserves the Victoria Cross."

From the deck of the Pearl of the Orient they then watch the young doctor picked up the boat from the Atta Mahomed Khan. They watch him rowed to the latter ship and ascend to her deck, swarming with cholera-infected Moslems; and then, after a short time, they see the ensign hoisted with the jack uppermost, and the signal "All well" is broken from the peak.

"Full speed ahead," is the signal then rung in the engine room of the Pearl of the Orient, and in a few minutes the great ship is again proceeding on her swift course down the Red Sea. Still, as long as the Atta Mahomed Khan is in sight, glasses are kept constantly leveled at her.

"Do you see?" asks the general officer's daughter of the gallant young aide-de-camp who is so often by her side. "Don't you see? They are throwing black things overboard from the cholera ship into the water."

"And—what—what are those two or three dark objects floating there?" she asks, drawing the young officer's attention to the disturbed waters in the immediate wake of the ship.

"Why, they look like—look like—I say," he breaks off. "Let us go down into the saloon and practice for the concert. It isn't good to look at that sort of thing. It makes one morbid."

But somehow the concert that evening on board the Pearl of the Orient is not much of a success. Thoughts naturally turn backward to the cholera ship and their late fellow traveler's heroic work on board. A pa-

thetic song, in fact, breaks up the entertainment.

On the morrow, however, the sun rises to shine upon a new life. The cholera ship, with her frightful cargo of human misery, is forgotten. The man of no consequence, who was made the hero of an hour, again sinks into oblivion; for once more laughter and song and mirth reign over all that gay, distinguished throng on board the Pearl of the Orient.—New York Press.

CIGAR ENDS IN PARIS.

Syndicate Proposed For Those Who Gather the Vile Things in the Streets.

Every visitor to Paris has observed the ragged individuals who perambulate the boulevard and peer in among the tables and chairs in front of the cafes in search of cigar and cigarette ends, which they deftly harpoon by means of bent pins on the end of a stick. The megottiers, as they are called, are now trying to form a mutual protection syndicate. Their reason is that the police interfere with them too much, considering they are peaceable folk, and that the craft, never a lucrative one, is thus rendered almost impossible. Such, it appears, is especially the case in summer, when the streets are clean and the best customers of the megottiers pick up their own tobacco. The fact that this is the bad season probably accounts for the present little agitation.

This singular trade occupies three classes of persons—the picker, the cleaner and the salesman. Everybody has seen the picker at work, and observed how he combines begging therewith. In the evening the pickers meet at low wine shops in the Faubourg du Temple, where they find the cleaners awaiting them. Newspapers are spread on the tables, and the cleaners set to work to undo the cigars and cigarettes. Meanwhile the pickers eat their bread and sausage, and by spending three-halfpence on a glass of wine obtain the right to sleep in the establishment as best they can until 2 o'clock in the morning. At that hour the wine shops are closed. But they open again at 3, when both pickers and cleaners enter, and by taking another glass of wine each may sleep till the morning. During this interval of closing and opening the tobacco, put up in packets, has been handed over to the salesman, who disposes of it in workmen's quarters like the Place Maubert as the men pass on their way to work. The purchasers consist chiefly of masons, who all come from the country districts of Limousin and Creuse, and are delighted to get a large packet of tobacco for twopenny. There exist, moreover, real tobacco shop keepers who purchase the vile stuff and mix it with good tobacco, the profits derived therefrom being naturally considerable. This practice does not, however, exist to any great extent.—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Horse That Played Ball.

Two juvenile baseball teams have been playing ball for the last two months on a vacant lot near the stock yards and adjoining an inclosure where a milkman keeps his horse when not delivering milk, says the Chicago News. The horse has watched almost every game of ball this season, keeping close to the fence and noting the fine points of the contest with evident appreciation. In fact, the boys had come to regard him with more than friendly interest, and one team had even adopted him as a mascot.

But the other day all this was changed, when the horse saw his opportunity and attempted to join the game. The ball was accidentally knocked into the horse's playground and he immediately began to put it into play on his own hook, seizing it with his teeth and tossing it in the air, meanwhile jumping and cavorting around with the most intense enthusiasm.

Two or three boys attempted several times to secure the ball, but the horse charged and chased them over the fence each time. Finally the boys gave it up and stood watching the animal. At length he stopped prancing and, abandoning the ball, trotted into his stable.

A Sudden Affair.

"It was her fault." The half unconscious woman who lay prostrated in her husband's arms, and who, but a few moments before, had succumbed to some sudden shock of which he was yet in ignorance, pointed her hand in the direction of the kitchen.

"She did it," she continued, faintly. "Two months ago that girl came to us, as you know, in utter ignorance of the simplest household work. During that interval I have taught her, little by little, day by day, everything that she knows, until at last she has become the most accomplished servant I ever had. And now—"

Her husband raised her gently, while a look of mingled hatred and revenge stole over his face. "Quick!" he muttered, hoarsely. "What on earth does this mean? What has she done to you?"

And the woman in his arms, regaining consciousness, smiled peacefully as she replied, "She has agreed to stay."—Tom Masson, in Life.

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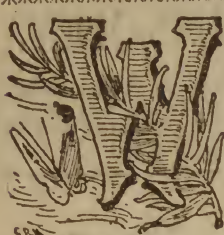
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Little Water-Cresses

By Caroline Little.



WATER-CRESSES who'll buy my water-cresses? cried a voice under the windows.

"O h, mamma," said Violet, "can I stop that dear boy and buy some cresses? You know papa likes them, and he'll be at home to-night."

"Tell Janet to stop him."

"Oh mamma, please let me!"

"Well, run quickly, or he will be gone."

Running to the door, Violet called: "Little boy, little boy, stop, I want cresses for papa."

The little fellow, of not more than eight years, looked up at the vision of white that stood on the threshold, and smiled.

"Come right in," said Violet.

Mrs. Fenwick stepped to the door. "What do you ask for your cresses, little man?" she said.

"Two bunches for five cents; please buy some. I haven't sold one, nobody wants them." And tears filled his eyes. Violet gave her mother a look, and Mrs. Fenwick said:

"I will take all, how many bunches have you?"

"Ten."

Janet came and took the cresses; and as Mrs. Fenwick handed him the money, she said:

"You are a little fellow to be out alone, where do you live?"

"In Lamb's court. I never came up so far alone before, but mamma is ill, and the doctor said she must have wine and milk; and we are poor, for she can't sew now; she didn't want me to come, but papa told me to take care of her." Here he broke down and cried, adding between his sobs:

"I must run home now, or she will be worse, and I thank you, and—and, will you buy some to-morrow?"

Mrs. Fenwick was used to the city impostors, but this seemed such a dear little boy. Violet whispered: "Mamma, please let him come in and have a lunch."

Her mother hesitated. "What did you have for breakfast?"

"A piece of bread."

"Come in and have a lunch, and I'll give you something for your mother," said Mrs. Fenwick. "Where is your father?" she asked, as she took him down to the dining-room.

"He has gone to be with the Lord, mamma says," he answered.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Almon."

After he had eaten all that he could, Mrs. Fenwick gave him a basket with rolls, oranges, and a package of tea, saying:

"Come to-morrow, and we will buy more."

"Thank you, oh, so much," said the little fellow.

"Good-by, little Water-cresses," Violet called after him, as he trudged down the street.

When Mr. Fenwick returned home after a week's absence he was met at the door by his pet, who almost forgot "Little Water-cresses" in her joy. At the table he said: "These are uncommonly fine cresses."

"Oh, papa!" began Violet, and in a torrent of words she told all.

In a small attic room Mrs. Tracy lay and waited. "Oh! I did wrong to let Almon go," she murmured. "Will he ever come back?" Every moment seemed an hour, but at last she heard his step, and he rushed eagerly into the room.

"Look, mamma, look!" he cried, and he laid the basket and money on the bed.

"Mamma, dear, you said the Lord would care for us, and He has!"

The next morning Violet said: "Papa, don't you think he will come?"

"I hope so, darling, but often we cannot believe all that these street arabs say."

"Oh! papa, he isn't a street arab; he's a darling little curly-haired boy."

"Water-cresses, water-cresses," called a voice under the windows.

"There he is," cried Violet. "Oh! papa, I told you he was no 'poster like the arabs."

"Here is your basket," the little fellow said to Violet, after Janet had brought him in; "and mamma thanks and blesses you, and I hope you'll like these cresses, and yesterday she ate two oranges, and I bought her some milk."

"Tell us all about your mother," said Mr. Fenwick.

"Mamma is ill," he said, taking off his cap and putting it under his arm.

"And is your father dead?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes, papa died two years ago; he was good, but grandpa didn't think so; he was good, mamma said so," he added decidedly.

"What is your full name?"

"Almon Fenwick Tracy; Fenwick was my mamma's name, and I was called after her papa."

Mr. Fenwick started up. "What is your mother's first name?"

"Violet."

He turned to his wife, saying in a low tone: "Uncle Almon's Violet married Tom Tracy!"

"Little Water-cresses" had a fine breakfast, and then to his surprise the

lawyer went back with him. It caused a sensation in Lamb's court when the carriage and fine span of horses drove up to the door of the tenement where Mrs. Tracy and Almon lived. Mr. Fenwick was much agitated as he thought it possible that this might be the home of his beautiful cousin whom they had heard nothing of for ten years.

"Cousin Roger!" exclaimed a weak voice from a bed under the eaves as Almon led him into the room.

"Violet," he cried, "is this you?"

When all had been explained the little boy said: "Oh, mamma, aren't you glad you let me go out to sell cresses?"

"The Lord be praised," cried his mother, "for He put it into your heart to go, and guided your footsteps to the right door."

So Violet found a dear cousin and playmate in "Little Water-cresses," and for the rest of their lives one roof sheltered them both.

THE LAST LEAF.

By Walter Emile Tiane.

IT was a warm, lazy summer afternoon. Above the treetops swaying gently to the breeze, little fleecy clouds leisurely glided on a topaz sky. The sun dotted with great blotches of gold the lawn in front of The Birches, and the frolicking wind that rustled the leaves in the trees and sent shivers through the grass, caressed the folds of a little white dress on the shoulders of a little white miss demurely sitting on the step of The Birches.

She was all pink and white. Her eyes—deep, violet eyes—were far away, and she seemed to be listening for some distant sound. But everything was quiet; even the birds had been overcome by the great majesty of silence and had ceased their chirping. Nature was asleep.

Disappointed, she picked up some embroidery in her lap and busied herself with her work. It was a photograph frame. The oval opening was encircled by a laurel wreath, all embroidered but one leaf.

On the piazza, in a high-back rocker, grandmamma had fallen asleep with a book in her hands.

"Grandma," said the girl, "did the boy bring up the mail this morning?"

Mrs. Cateret woke with a start. "What is it, Helen?"

"I didn't know you were asleep, 'maunie.' Was there no letter for me this morning?"

"No, dear, but grandfather will soon be home now, or she will be worse, and I thank you, and—and, will you buy some to-morrow?"

"Yes, I haven't heard from Alice in a week."

"What an assiduous correspondence between Alice and you! It's getting dark, dearie. Don't you think you had better leave that embroidery until to-morrow?"

"Oh! Maunie! I have only one more leaf to do."

Against the dark background of the trees her face, profiled in the ideal purity of its lines, resembled that of a blond madonna. All dressed in white, she seemed to float upon the air with sweet languor; she placed her chin into her little hand and stared pensively into the deepening shadow. Suddenly she started, afar the sound of wheels was heard.

"Mannie, I hear grandpa coming."

A little later the carriage drew up to the steps and old General Carteret, as lively as when he was forty, ran up to where Maunie sat and kissed her. He kissed the "baby" on both cheeks and sat on the railing of the piazza swinging his foot.

"Any letters for me, grandpa?" asked the baby.

"No, dear; nothing but the New York papers to-night."

The "baby" went back and sat upon the steps, looking at the west, all ablaze with the setting sun, but her eyes seemed to be beyond that sea of fire, far away, lost.

Suddenly she listened; the General was saying:

"What was the first name of that young Lieutenant who stopped here a week last summer with his sister, Maunie?"

"Rudolph," said Maunie. "He is the brother of Helen's chum, Alice. His name is Rudolph Carter Williams—why?"

There was a moment of suspense. Helen had again taken up her embroidery. The last leaf of the wreath was almost finished.

"He was killed in Monday's fight," said the General. "His face had been shot away. They identified him by means of a photograph of a girl which he carried with him. On the back of it was written 'To Rudolph,' and under, 'If love were the only thing.'"

The embroidery frame slipped from the hands of Helen and rolled down the steps. Like a rose with a broken stem her head fell back against the post and she slid off the side of the steps to the ground.

The General picked her up in his arms. "What is it, 'baby'?"

She opened wide her eyes and as a smile came over her beautiful face, "It needed but one more leaf," she said.

A Two-Legged Dog's Usefulness.

From South Tottenham a natural history tale reaches me about a dog which lost both of its right legs and yet managed to get along all right on the other two which were left, and which were in more than one sense its left legs. My correspondent says that he takes the "facts" from the Christian Globe, and that paper quotes them from Nature:

"In starting to run the dog quickly gets up, balances itself on its two legs, and very rapidly hops off in the style of a large, agile bird. With this strange mode of rapid progression it now attends to sheep exactly in the way of an ordinary unjured dog."—London Leader.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Designs For Costumes That Have Become Popular in the Metropolis.

NEW YORK CITY (Special).—Large checks or fancy plaid skirts in this style are among the smartest worn this season. The skirt may be made



WOMAN'S CIRCULAR SKIRT.

with or without a centre front seam, and close fit around the hips is accomplished by three small darts taken up at the waist line. The stylish flare at the foot (where it measures nearly four yards) is produced by its circular shaping, and the fulness at the back is disposed in backward-turning pleats that meet over the placket finished at the top of the centre back seam. Buttons are placed on the edges of the pleats that close with loops of cord over the placket.

Camel's hair, serge and fancy plaids, Scotch clan tartans and those in French colorings are all very fashionable, being worn with jackets or basques of a plain color that correspond to the darkest or most prominent

mond drops, and on one side a tiny chain of diamonds. Another corsage ornament is a large shamrock composed of three huge white pearls, set in the finest brilliants; a smaller shamrock shows a black, white and pink pearl, each encircled by brilliants, and connected in the centre by one single fine stone. A novel ornament is a ribbon of diamonds tied into a succession of true-lover's knots in graduated sizes, each bow forming a separate brooch.

The New Skirt Panels.

The newest trimming for skirts—especially those of evening gowns—is in irregular panel. By an "irregular" panel, a straight panel from waist to hem is not meant, neither is a broad insertion outlining an apron included in this term. The new panel may be of any shape or size, but it must cross the skirt in some manner that is graceful and not conventional.

The Newest Ties.

Sailor-knot ties of pique have loose ends, which, when spread out, look like butterfly wings. French cravats of Valenciennes lace insertion and muslin are tied in loose knots with pointed ends like handkerchief corners. Scarfs of crepe-de-chine with knotted fringes are among the newest ties, and lend themselves to varied adjustment.

Pretty Garden Hats.

Garden hats are prettier than ever this year. Black velvet bows and pink roses seem to be the inevitable selection for adornment.

Sensible Jewel Pockets.

Very sensible jewel pockets to be fastened to the waist band underneath the dress skirt are now provided. The



MISSIE YOEK WAIST.

shade in the plaid. Plain cloths, mixed fabrics and fancy stripes are all available, and foot trimming of frills, ruching, braid or passementerie may be added if desired.

To make this skirt for a woman of medium size will require five yards of material forty-four inches wide.

Graceful and Comfortable.

The prevailing style of waist for misses is that with a contrasting guimpe. It is graceful and comfortable, and can easily be remodelled.

The model shown in the large engraving, while illustrated in white muslin with the guimpe of tucked and shirred material, is suited to many other stuffs. Thin silks, such as India and foulard, make attractive guimpes when in contrast to a dark wool waist, and innumerable similar combinations can be devised.

The foundation for the waist is a fitted lining that closes at the centre back. On it are arranged both the yoke and the full portion, but if a more dressy effect is desired for dancing school or party wear, both yoke and sleeves can be left unlined, allowing the skin to peep through. Round the neck, outlining the yoke and finishing the wrists, are ruchings of the muslin, edged with tiny lace. The collar is high and of the tucked material, but has a frill of lace, and upon each shoulder is arranged a bow of white ribbon.

To make this waist for a miss of fourteen years one and five-eighths yards of material thirty inches wide will be required.

Some of the Colors in Vogue.

There have been blues and blues of many shades, and now green is coming in, and yellow combined in its many different tones is the color of colors. With the yellow is combined in some cases turquoise blue. Many of the blues used are quite dark, and shades of brown are being welcomed. Brown is a useful and always ladylike color, and the ecru which is seen in hats is also a color that wears.

Novel Corsage Ornaments.

A new corsage pin is a diamond cherry leaf, with a gold stem and single turquoise for fruit. A pink pearl of great beauty, and enormous value, is rimmed with diamonds and supported by two large white pearls; and all these are set among scrolls and leaves of diamonds, with single dia-

flat pocket or bag of soft leather has an ample and convenient opening for the hand and an inner purse with metal frame which closes securely.

Serviceable Morning Gown.

No material makes a more serviceable morning gown than is tasteful at the same time than does French flannel, either striped or figured. The plain princess wrapper shown in the illustration is made from the material in soft shades of gray, with lines of black, and is trimmed with black bands. The adjustment is accomplished by means of double bust-darts in front, under-arm and side-back gores, with a curving centre seam at the back. Each portion is shaped below the waist line to produce the ripples at the back and the necessary width at the feet. The sleeves are two-seamed, and fit snugly, there being only a slight fulness at the arm's

eye. At the neck is a turnover collar, and at the wrists are worn frills of lace.

To make this wrapper for a woman in the medium size will require six and one-eighth yards of forty-four-inch material.

WOMAN'S WRAPPER.

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HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

The Bleacher Not Necessary.

Straw hats which have lost their pristine freshness may easily be restored to favor at home without the necessity of a trip to the bleacher. Dissolve five cents' worth of oxalic acid in a pint of cold water. Lay the hat upon a flat surface, and scrub briskly with an old tooth or nail brush. Rinse well with cold water to remove every bit of the acid, which would otherwise eat the straw, and lay it out in the bright sunlight to dry, taking care to still keep it in a flat position.

How to Keep Flowers.

Harper's Bazar gives some excellent ideas on the preservation of cut flowers. Merely putting the stems in water is apparently not sufficient, and with a little more care even the most perishable blossoms may be preserved.

"All leaves should be removed from the part of the flower stem that is to lie underneath the water, otherwise these sodden leaves decay and make the water offensive. Every day the flowers must be carefully lifted from the water, and the eighth of an inch cut with sharp scissors from the end of the stem. The vase must then be emptied, washed out, and refilled with fresh water."

Danger in the House Broom.

While so many scientists have devoted their lives to the study of bacteria and the most effectual method of exterminating them, it is considered surprising that so little has been written upon the dangers that lurk in every-day household articles.

The Scientific American has an article entitled "The Broom Ordinarily is a Fertile Breeding Place for Bacteria," which says: "It is not generally known that the ordinary house broom is the habitation or breeding place for great colonies of bacteria and unsanitary germs. The grip, as well as smallpox and scarlet fever, has been directly traced to the everyday broom. That 'home bacteriology' may become a study with the ladies is a hope expressed by the British Medical Journal, in commenting upon a course of bacteriology given by a physician of Kongsberg, in which it recommended the maintenance of the strictest sanitary and hygienic conditions. Bacteria, according to the Microscope, may thrive even in melting ice, and putrefactive bacteria once gaining access to the household refrigerator, bread and contaminate butter, milk, meat and other foods kept therein."

Bread and Butter Plates.

More than a year ago it was authoritatively announced that bread and butter plates were going out. But they have not gone. In fact, dealers are selling more of them to-day than ever before, and the smartest caterers are advising them.

The bread and butter plate was too dainty a bit of table furnishing to part with, and too convenient. The hostess clings to it because it solves a problem in table setting, and the guest appreciates it because it solves the question of manipulation.

So that a woman may still use bread and butter plates with the knowledge that she is entirely abreast of the times, and she may offer them as a wedding gift and be certain that they will be appreciated.

These plates come this season by the dozen in an artistic little case. One may choose between half a dozen delightful designs.

A very lovely set comes in frail china of a dull pink or yellow, having but one ornamentation—a spray of roses exquisitely colored, which trails across the plate, hanging over on one side, becoming lost to view. Until you've seen it you won't imagine how dainty this pattern is; and, then, important point, it is not expensive, considering the workmanship.

Dresden ware in flower design is another favorite for these dishes, and white china rimmed with gold or green is very popular.

Individual nut dishes are something new in the same line, and really charming sets—gold rimmed or Dresden—come at most moderate prices. These, of course, are to hold the salted almonds or peanuts served throughout the courses, although nuts are often served on the bread and butter plates.

Wee individual dishes in green china are set forth to hold the olives by the hostess who likes a little novelty in her table setting.—Chicago Tribune.

Recipes.

Cucumber Sandwiches—Pare and slice the cucumbers in thin slices and soak them for fifteen minutes in a mixture of oil, vinegar, salt and pepper, then place them between thin slices of buttered bread.

Duck Salad—Cut cold roast duck into dice, add the chopped whites of three hard-boiled eggs, two table-spoonsful of capers, six olives, cut fine with their stones removed and a little lemon juice. Cover with chopped watercress and just before serving mask in mayonnaise and garnish with crisp lettuce leaves.

Pineapple Foam—Pare and grate a small pineapple. Beat one cup of thick cream until stiff. Beat the whites of two eggs and gradually beat into them half a cup of powdered sugar; then fold in the cream and the grated pineapple. The juice of half a lemon should be added, as it improves the flavor. Chill and serve in glass cups.

Boiled Squash—Pare and cut in quarters several squash, remove the seeds, put the squash into boiling water and add one tablespoonful of salt. Boil twenty-five minutes, or until tender. Pour into a colander, press out as much moisture as possible. Then mash thoroughly. Return it to pan, add butter, salt and pepper. When thoroughly heated serve.

WOMAN'S WRAPPER.

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BOWIE'S NOVEL ROLE.

The Desperado Made a Big Kentuckian Keep Quiet in Meeting.

There can be no manner of doubt that James Bowie, the inventor of the famous knife of that ilk, was one of the most dangerous desperadoes of a time replete with desperadoes, yet he had a great love of country, a great contempt for all foreigners, and occasionally, possibly for the sake of the change, he ranged himself on the side of law and quietude. There were never any telling just what Bowie would do under a given set of circumstances, as the following anecdote, related of him by General B. G. Humphries, of Mississippi, may prove: "In 1828 the Methodists about Church Hill, Miss., were holding their annual meeting. They had been a good deal disturbed by the crews of rough flat-boatsmen, a large number of whose boats were lying in the river below the town. One morning after service was ended a number of gentlemen held a meeting to decide upon some measure to abate this trouble. Among them the parson, who was a newcomer, noticed a small man, whose only peculiarity was a pair of steely blue-ringed eyes—eyes like a wild-cat's."

"I will attend the service to-night, gentlemen," said he in a low voice, "and will help you to settle any difficulty that may occur."

"This seemed very satisfactory to those present, but the clergyman somehow forgot to ask who he was. The evening service had begun. Just as the preacher was about giving out the second hymn a big Kentucky flat-boatsman staggered up in front of the pulpit and gave the Choctaw war-whoop. In a second the little man had him by the collar with his left hand and in his right hand a knife, with its point against the boatman's brawny throat."

"If you say another word or make the slightest noise I'll drive this knife through your neck from ear to ear."

"This big man trembled like a leaf and silently took a seat, while the other, putting his knife out of sight, joined with great fervor in singing the hymn. There was never a quieter meeting held than that was thereafter."

"Who was the gentleman who so speedily settled the difficulty to-night?" asked the minister when the service was ended. "Don't you know?" his friend replied. "That was James Bowie."

He Knew Human Nature.

In Dearborn street is a haberdasher—time was when they answered to a less formidable name—who counts a genius among his employees. This "favored of fortune" is a youth who once clerked in a general store in the country; and his present proprietor wonders if there are any more like him running at large "in the provinces."

There had been a stock of cheap collars and cuffs on the shelves for years. Once in a while, usually just before invoicing, these articles had been brought down, carefully dusted, tied with new baby ribbon, arranged in orderly fashion in the window, and marked "nine cents" for the cuffs, "five cents" for the collars. But patrons would have none of them. Occasionally a man would come along and toss them over, attracted by the prices; but that was all. They would not sell.

The country youth waited till the first hard rain. Then he took an armful of the goods and dipped them carefully in a pail of water so that about half of each article was moistened. Then he dried them in the sun at the back door, and next morning heaped them in the window with this marking:

Rained by the Rain.
Collars, 10 Cents.
Cuffs, 20 Cents.

And they went before noon. It was all the genius from the country could do to get subsequent armfuls soaked and dried fast enough to supply the demand.—Chicago Post.

The Automobile of the Future.

"The horse is a noble animal, but he must go." This sententious remark was made by a newspaper philosopher long before the automobile had begun to be used, and just now it is assuming a sharper point. We have hardly realized as yet what immense changes the automobile is going to bring about in our cities. The departure of the horse means greater cleanliness in our streets, additional facility in transportation, new possibilities in the way of durable pavements, a general decrease in noise, with its accompanying relief to our overstrained nerves, not to mention a score of other physical and moral improvements. Thus far, of course, the automobile is an ugly thing, an offence to the eye because it has not as yet aesthetically adjusted itself to its uses, and an offence to the ear because its machinery is as yet crude. Before long, however, it will become light and graceful, a delightful vision as it moves swiftly and silently through our thoroughfares.—Collier's Weekly.

The Best Air Temperature.

The conditions affecting the temperature of the body other than those due to physiological conditions are very numerous. First and most obvious is the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere. It is a well-established fact that an average temperature of the air of fifty-four degrees Fahrenheit is best adapted to the public health, for at that temperature the decomposition of animal and vegetable matter is most easily maintained. Every degree of temperature above or below that point requires a more or less effort of the heat-regulating power to maintain the proper equilibrium.—Appleton's Popular Science Monthly.

NEW MEDALS OF HONOR.

WON BY DEEDS OF VALOR IN THE PHILIPPINE CAMPAIGN.

The Best of Rewards For the American Soldier is the Simple Badge Given For Meritorious Acts Under Fire—The Heroes of Calumpit Bridge.

Brevity is not the characteristic of most of the regulations governing the Army of the United States, but paragraph 177 is brevity itself, and its purport none can misconstrue. It reads: "Medals of honor will be awarded by the President to officers and enlisted men who most distinguish themselves in action." Upon those few words hangs the best of personal rewards for the soldiers of the nation. While none may despise the honor conferred by the granting of a brevet, yet so often has brevet rank been bestowed for administrative duties faithfully discharged, or for thoroughness and devotion in other matters of routine, that the result has been to cheapen the brevet and cause the simple badge given for meritorious acts under fire to take rank with the Victoria Cross of England and the Iron Cross of Germany.

The number of recipients of this distinction for services in the Cuban campaign was a small one, and the Philippine fighting, though more extensive in time and opportunity, has added but few, so jealously is the honor guarded. Distinctive gallantry and fearlessness have, however, won this glory for a small number, and some of the deeds that have brought the recommendations for the medal were gallant enough to live in the minds of comrades and witnesses for long years to come.

On March 27, in the advance from La Loma to Malolos, when the column came near the Marilao River, the Third Artillery being deployed in advance and the Kansas Regiment one thousand yards in the rear in support, the whole force moved forward. Soon the artillery regiment had crossed the railroad bridge, and the Twentieth Kansas came up to reinforce. As the head of this regiment moved up a heavy fire from the left flank struck the column. The first and second companies were immediately thrown into line to the left, and, without preliminary reconnaissance, ordered to charge across the open field toward the source of the fire. The enemy were located in the edge of a bamboo thicket several hundred yards away, but when the line came up to within two hundred yards of the thicket it encountered a deep and swiftly flowing stream, about thirty-five yards in width. Owing to the absence of abrupt banks this turn of the stream had not hitherto been seen. Almost without commands the men threw themselves flat, and with bayonets and hands built up each his little covering of earth, and, thus sheltered, increased the intensity of their fire.

A half hour passed, and no change in condition or situation occurred. It was a choice of retiring or forcing the crossing. A large raft of bamboo poles lay at the opposite bank. A call for volunteers to swim across and bring back this raft brought fifteen men to the colonel's side. A hasty selection was made, and Lieutenant E. J. Hardy, Chief Trumpeter C. P. Barshfeld, Corporal Drysdale and Privates Huntsman and Willey, stripped completely and without arms, plunged into the stream. The two companies rose to their feet, and, with yells of encouragement to the darling few, poured their hottest fire on the enemy. Shot after shot from the insurgents' line splashed around the swimmers, but on they went. Reaching their goal, they found the raft too heavy for them to manage, and back the gallant Barshfeld swam to carry over a rope that had been brought up. This he tugged across the stream, and the rest is easily guessed. The colonel of the regiment took twenty-one men and made the first crossing, and this small force turned the enemy's flank, who, fleeing, left twenty-four killed and twelve severely wounded. Prisoners to the number of twenty-eight were taken, and thirty-six rifles were captured. Do not those five men come under paragraph 177, A. R.?

On April 26, the command having reached the Rio Grande at Calumpit, the railroad bridge was found to be so wrecked that it was practically impassable. This bridge was about six hundred feet in length, and all the roadway and upper stringers having been removed, and at the far end a strong insurgent outpost covering the structure, only a desperate assault could carry it and open the crossing. Night came on, and Colonel Funston, wishing to test the practicability of sending a small detachment to crawl through on the lower diagonals and chords and surprise the enemy's post, easily found a volunteer to make the trial trip in the person of Corporal Ferguson, of Company E, of his regiment. Ferguson took off his shoes, and, armed with a revolver, let himself down among the lower bars and ribs. Fifty feet above the water, and straight into a strong detachment entrenched at the further pier, with a sentry posted on the structure itself, this man crawled along slender bars and twisted around uprights and braces. Darkness, danger, life itself were forgotten and swallowed up in duty. On he went and never turned back until he rested directly underneath the barefooted sentry, actually not six feet over his head. Two hours his colonel waited for his return, and when the corporal came up from out of the deeper darkness with his short report of the situation another medal of honor had been worthily and unconsciously won.

Two days later two more heroes with opportunity's finger pointing the way took a rope across the same stream. Swimming side by side, the

rope fastened to a light pole that they held under their chins, they landed directly under and not twenty-five rods away from an insurgent trench. Finding no convenient stump or tree for an anchorage for the rope, one of the daring fellows, naked and unarmed, crawled up the low bank to the foot of the embankment of the trench, and, lying on his back, threw a noose over a stout bamboo upright in the revetment of the work. Then scuttled back to the river's edge, and the two caught up sticks and stones and bombarded the enemy with that queer ammunition. So successful were their daring that of eighteen armed men originally in the work but four were left when a party of comrades from the Yankee regiment came over on the raft whose crossing their nerve had made possible. This is the story of Privates White and Trembly, Twentieth Kansas Infantry, and their names will go on the roll if the recommendations of General Wheaton and General Funston, eye witnesses to the feat, be heeded.

Another incident is the deed of a surgeon of the First Montana, Major F. J. Adams. Of eight men of that regiment holding an advanced point, two hundred yards from a blockhouse, on the Tuluan River, seven were wounded, and the surgeon deliberately went to them, and with quick skill dressed their wounds, with, perhaps not a storm, but certainly a shower of Remingtons and Mausers flicking up the earth around him as he moved from man to man.

The Buccaneers.

The original "buccaniers" were a wild and picturesque gang. To the waist they were generally clothed in a sun-burned and weather-beaten skin, and they wore pantaloons of coarse linen, dired and stiffened with the blood of bulls and pigs, and held up by a belt of rawhide, stuck full of deadly knives. Their apparel terminated with pigskin boots and no stockings, and they carried a long-barreled firelock, loaded with ounce balls of lead. They were animated with a common hatred of the Spaniard, which, in their eyes, justified any attack upon his person or property, and by a wild sort of attachment to each other in their perilous lives, which led to their being known as the "Brethren of the Coast."

When the Spaniards drove them into the career of marauders upon the sea, the word buccaneer took a new meaning, though they were also known as freebooters. This was a mongrel English word, "buiten" being Dutch and "bueten" German for plunder. Of this work the French made "tributer," with the s silent, and then softened it to "filibuster," which the Spaniards modified into "filibustero." So we finally got the word back, with a new meaning and a special application, as "filibuster."—From the West Indies, by Amos Kidder Fiske.

Why He Wouldn't.

"Will you be kind enough to take that sack off the seat?" said a gentleman who got into a train.

"No, sir, I don't propose to do anything of the sort," replied the traveler, who was sitting on the other side of the seat.

"Do you say that you are going to let that sack stay there?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"In case you don't remove that sack I shall be under the painful necessity of calling the guard."

"You can call the guard, the engine driver and all the porters if you want to. Perhaps you had better stop and telegraph to the general manager about it."

"The guard will put you out of the train."

"I don't care if he does. I am not going to take that sack from the place where it is."

The indignant passenger went along the train, and soon returned with the guard.

"So you refuse to move the sack, do you?" asked the guard.

"I do." (Great sensation.)

"Why do you persist in refusing to remove the sack?"

"Because it's not mine."

"Why didn't you say so at once?"

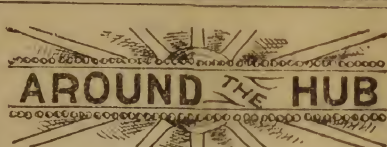
"Because nobody asked me."—Tit-Bits.

Korean Postage Stamps.

An evidence of Uncle Sam's ability to meet the world's every need is the fact that he supplies several Governments with postage stamps. It has recently become known that the Korean stamps are printed in this country. The United States consular reports describe them as of four denominations and all alike except in color and value. In the centre is the national emblem, an ancient Chinese phallic device; at the corner of the centrepiece are four characters, signifying the spirits that, Atlas-like, uphold the earth, while in each corner of the stamp is a plum blossom, the royal flower of the present Ye dynasty, which has held the throne more than 500 years. Each stamp bears inscriptions in three languages—Chinese, Korean and English. At the top are ancient Chinese characters and at the bottom their Korean equivalents. On the right are Korean characters and on the left Chinese, giving the denominations, while just below the centre is their English translation.

Washington Loses a Historic Tree.

The woodchoppers were at work the other day in the grounds east of the White House porch, Washington, and before evening had cut down one of the historic trees that had until last winter flourished since it was planted by Andrew Jackson. It had been badly injured by the great windstorm that passed through Washington during the administration of President Cleveland, but the cold weather of last winter seemed to have killed it. It was a hard maple, and was planted in 1825.



[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

Things are gradually assuming a finished appearance in the vicinity of the famous West Boston bridge here, where important changes have been under way for some time. The temporary bridge, which is to accommodate the traffic across the river during the construction of the new bridge, is practically completed, but there are several things to be done on it before it can be opened to travel and the old bridge closed. The plans for one thing are still delayed by the question of a draw, as the final outcome of the fight for a drawless bridge will affect every part of the project somewhat. An earnest effort is to be made at the next session of Congress to get a bill through giving the war department the right to obstruct navigation on the Charles river, as it is thought that the war department officials are not of necessity opposed to the building of the bridge without a draw, but think it is beyond their authority to allow any navigation whatever to be obstructed. If this effort is successful, the commission will then be able to proceed with the construction of the bridge.

The recent death of Joseph Alfred Smith, so long the "Mr. J. A. Smith" of the famous old Museum at the Forrest Home, Philadelphia, marks the last exit of another of a band of players which will always maintain a place in the history of the American stage, and about which cluster tender memories, that will be transmitted to successive generations of Boston theatre-goers. Mr. Smith was not what could properly be called a great actor, but he was a good actor, and there was an individuality, as well as a finish, in his delineation of the fop, which all who ever saw him—and who of the older citizen folk who visited Boston has not—will easily remember. He has gone to join his old associates, and if the spirits of the departed are privileged to see and know one other, the meeting between him and them on the last stage of all will be a joyous one. Think of the stories they will have to relate, of the triumphs, and also the reverses, in which they mutually shared!

John Lawrence Sullivan, who was formerly one of the few demigods in this town, has forsaken Boston for good or bad, and will not be a candidate for mayor in 1899. Mr. Sullivan, following the example of many who have once too often entered the pugilistic arena, has opened a saloon in the metropolis, thereby imitating the example of that other distinguished actor and author, James Joseph Corbett, who is doomed to go through life under the burden of having been born outside of Boston. Perhaps Sullivan may acquire a fortune. Perhaps, and that would be stranger still, he will retain it, and, when he goes on that long journey from which no ex-champion returns to announce that "there is one more fight left in me yet," he may bequeath to his native city a fund to provide typewriting machines and stenographers for deserving prize-fighters.

One of our noble body of aldermen here has just distinguished himself by opposing a motion to give a reception to Dewey on the plea that he wanted no Boulangerizing. His nervousness of the possibility of Boulangerizing his country is touching in its sincerity, and his feeling of loneliness when that vote was taken (it was 11 to 1) was almost enough to cause him to wash his hands of the whole business, and let the nation go to the demagogue bow-wows its own way. However if anything in the shape of Boulangerism should overtake us, he can proudly tap his waistcoat over the region of his heart, and with a sad smile of knowing it all from the first, proclaim that he sounded the note of warning in ample time for us to avoid the yawning abyss. He has made himself at least solid with posterity.

William Durant, the veteran treasurer of the Boston Transcript, who has been for 65 years associated with that newspaper, has just celebrated his 83rd birthday, and the Transcript reports its "grand old man" as enjoying "all the comfort and happiness which good health, many friends and a prosperous and honorable life can bring." As the Transcript touches Boston's best life so Mr. Durant has been associated with the men in her commercial life for half a century best worth knowing. That he may see as many more birthdays as he will enjoy is the wish of everybody.

It is pleasant news to record that Colonel Henry A. Thomas, postmaster of Boston, has gained steadily in mental and physical strength since he has been in the sanitarium, whither he was taken a few weeks ago, and friends who have called think he will be completely recovered in a month's time. It is not likely, however, that he will go back to his work in the post-office very soon as the mental strain might put him just where he was before.

Arthur C. Silman, the talented young actor who is widely known as "the Denman Thompson of vaudeville," begins a brief engagement at Keith's Aug. 14 in the charming one-act play, "Back Home," which is a sort of miniature "Shore Acres." Any person visiting Boston who fails to see Silman's great act will miss a rare treat, indeed.

OBSERVEE.

PLANTS TIRE OF MONOTONY.

Fame Awaits the Man Who Can Fathom the Reason.

Of late years much has been learned of the manner in which nature works; but the amount of secrets which nature has carefully locked up is in vast proportion greater than the little scraps of knowledge we have been able to secure. But variation is one of those mysteries yet unsolved. It is not an uncommon thing to find a plant or tree, which for years has borne flowers or fruit according to rule, as one might say, all of a sudden send out branches of a character often widely different from that of those which have preceded them. It is more remarkable, as a fact, that when these different branches are cut from the parent tree and rooted as cuttings or preserved by grafting, this wandering from the original form continues hereditary, and can be reproduced innumerable, just as the parent plant can. Many new roses have been raised in this way. Some of them have been of the most distinct character. In fact, those who watch for these variations, or, as they are technically called, sports, can secure as many new varieties as those who look for new variations from seedlings.

Fruit trees are especially subject to these variations. Sometimes a pear tree will have a branch with fruit which look as if they might be apples, and again apple trees have been known to produce pear-like fruit. Not only is this difference in form, but also in color. Plum trees that for years will bear nothing but the normal purple-fruited plums, will send out branches occasionally with yellow-colored plums, and others may differ also in form—that is to say, we may have round, yellow plums instead of egg-shaped, purple ones. One of the most striking instances of this is in the case of the nectarine. A well-informed biologist simply says he does not know what causes these wild wanderings from normal forms—he merely tells the student there is a chance or him here in original investigation which may bring you fame if you can work out the cause.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Human welfare is largely concerned with the desire for manly independence and the power of retaining it. To whatever extent this desire is weakened and this power diminished, true happiness suffers and character declines. The aims that are often so avishly given in defiance of this truth are no just title to be called benevolent, for, while they nourish the body, they impoverish the soul.

The race of mankind would perish did they cease to help each other. We cannot exist without mutual help. All therefore that need aid have a right to ask it from their fellowmen, and no one who has the power of granting it can refuse without guilt.

Love is the purification of the heart from self; it strengthens and ennobles the character, gives higher motives and nobler aim to every action of life, and makes both man and woman strong, noble and courageous.

No amount of intelligence will compensate for the absence of a generous spirit; yet it is also true that generosity without intelligence very seldom fulfils its own intentions or effects much real benefit.

Vanity, avarice, greed, envy and malice can destroy every human grace, embitter a whole life, make shipwreck of one's faith, besides causing strife, enmity and untold suffering.

The real life you live sets its mark on you in the eyes of any man or woman worth knowing, and all your finery and education and charity can never cover that fatal seal.

There are indubitable evidences that the good in the world is stronger than evil; a great, slow, steady progress of the good, forever gaining on the evil.

The development of the best within us is often due to our failures than to our successes.

Spanish as It Is Spoken.

What seems remarkable to me is the ease with which Americans pick up Spanish and the confidence they seem to have in their linguistic abilities. Many of them appear to think they are more master of Spanish than would be possible for any Spaniard to become master of English. Mr. — has only been in Manila a few months, not more than a half dozen all told, and the ease with which he rattles off Castilian is something amazing, as the following will show: Mr. — (to a jeweler on the Escolta)—"Me wachee muccho brokee, muccho dirtie, mo wantee fixe, you sabe, see?" Jeweler—"Yes, I understand. The gentleman over there will fix your watch."—Manila Freedom.

How Not to Clean Slates.

The schoolboy's ancient method of cleaning his slate stands at last condemned. Mr. Fisher, one of her Majesty's Inspectors of Elementary Schools in the Southwestern Districts, observes in his annual report that "with regard to one point which comes under the head of discipline—namely, the practice of spitting on slates—a word of warning is needed. It is an unpleasant practice in itself, but it is also dangerous to health, and I see that in a recent issue of the British Medical Journal it is stated that the bacilli of diphtheria and it might be added, of tuberculosis, may easily be spread thereby."—Pall Mall Gazette.

An Arabian Sign of Love.

If an Arab girl falls in love with a young man who does not seem to notice her favor she sends him a branch of clove blossoms, which is interpreted: "A maiden is sighing for thee."



[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

Men may come and men may go, in Wall street as elsewhere—in fact, they come and go more frequently there than elsewhere, as a rule—but Russell Sage the dean of New York's financial world threatens to go on forever. To find a leader in the Street as active in mind and almost as active in body at the age of 83, as the average man of 55, is practically without a parallel in this field of activity, where the nervous tension is so severe and unremitting. And Russell Sage was 83 years old last week. The men who cordially hate Mr. Sage are many. But without undertaking to either defend or condemn his business methods, the splendid vitality of the man commands respect. The famous financier developed from a farmer's lad, at 83 and the master of millions is still found matching his clerks in his hours of labor and absorbed in directing the affairs of vast railroad and other transportation systems, cable and telegraph companies, banking and trust corporations. Many men as we have said hate Russell Sage—but they will hardly deny that he is a very remarkable old gentleman.

The recent upsetting of the Astor pedigree is more serious than is apparent on the surface. William Waldorf Astor is not the only man affected. His personal sorrow counts for little. Many of the American people—especially those who have seen the sights of New York during their autumn trips in the metropolis when the five-dollar inducement is offered—have a delusion that Mr. Astor is an ordinary man who was named after an extraordinary hotel. Scores of people in this grand republic have acquired pedigrees while they waited, and they view the revelations in the Astor case with deep concern. Pedigrees are guaranteed to take the place of character, and with character and pedigree both gone, what availeth it for a man to have more money than he can spend without working overtime.

The talk of Augustus Van Wyck as a Democratic candidate for the presidency is now renewed, notwithstanding the chill given to his boom by the Bryan whirlwind raised by Hogg, the Texan, at the Tammany Fourth of July mass-meeting. His speech against trusts is being circulated in the east and south by a Tammany emissary, and the anti-Bryan conference at Saratoga is expected to place the ex-judge in an attractive light to southern Democrats. The fact that Van Wyck was born and reared in Virginia is to be worked for what it is worth. It is deemed particularly fortunate that "he still retains in its pristine purity the rich accent of the south." Whether the south will succumb to that charm remains to be seen.

The policeman here who robbed the dead body he was taking to the hospital has earned a deservedly bad eminence among his associates, for, while there are not a few dishonest men on "the force," it is charitable to believe that their sinister operations are mostly confined to the quick, add that generally the dead are respected. It is well known of all men that the New York police force is called "the finest," but strangers in New York think twice before dying, without witnesses, in the presence of a policeman.

The Dewey arch here will cost \$200,000, and yet be only a temporary affair. What a mistake to spend all that money in such a way! Either the arch should be so constructed that it could be turned into a mass of living flames, or build it of solid marble, to remain for ever the triumphant monument of this hero's return to his native land. We might well take a leaf out of Paris' book in the matter of civic decoration. Frenchmen are past masters in that art, while the average American has everything to learn concerning its least detail.

After this, let no one sneer at Controller Coler of New York as a man of no ability. He has actually persuaded Governor "Teddy" Roosevelt to accept his own side of the controversy with the state civil service commissioners over the management of affairs in his office. To intimate publicly that a civil service commission can err in policy or judgment is considered by many persons a very hazardous, not to say heinous, proceeding, but Controller Coler has done it and lives.

Young William K. Vanderbilt objected to being photographed, and when a newspaper man snapped a kodak at him, he made a vigorous but unsuccessful assault on the kodak. The newspaper man won, and after making a hole in Mr. Vanderbilt's coat he got away with his picture.

The recent railway strike in this city has cost the treasury of Greater New York \$35,000. Cheaper and far better to prevent them than to take care of them. The policy of "Nothing to arbitrate" is both foolish and costly, all around.

Brooklyn's water question has reached an acute stage. In order to supply her need it is proposed to put in a 48-inch main from Milburn reservoir to Spring creek, an undertaking estimated to cost about \$10,000,000, and to take about a year and a half to finish.

KNICKERBOCKER.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

Up-to-Date Nursery Rhyme—He Told the Truth—Would Fain Be Conquered—No Exclusive Information—Inquiring Tommy—His Idea of Them, Etc., Etc.

flush-a-by, baby, and leave all to me; That you're well married, mamma will see. Sleep then in peace, for my baby girl Shall some day wed the lord, duke or earl. Rare pearls and diamonds for bosom and ear, An income from papa of a million a year; All these shall be yours, without a doubt, So slumber in peace while mamma looks out.

—Chicago Daily News.

No Exclusive Information.

Teacher—"What can you tell about Alfred the Great?"

Johnny Flip—"Only just what's in the book, ma'am."—Pack.

He Told the Truth.

Employer—"How is it, James, this you are so late this morning?"

Office Boy—"I—I—didn't know you were coming so early, sir."—Golden Days.

Inquiring Tommy.

"What are you doing, Tommy?" "Standin' before the lookin'-glass," said Tommy; "I wanted to see how I would look if I was twins."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Would Fain Be Conquered.

Carrie—"You could get him, Maude, if you try."

Maude—"Yes, I know; but I'd prefer to marry a man who could get me if he would try."—Pack.

His Idea of Them.

Hawkins—"I didn't see from all accounts that the naval chaplains did much."

Tucker—"Oh, I don't know; I read a good deal about converted yachts."—Richmond Dispatch.

Cheaper in the End.

"Why is it you never entertain Jones any more? You used to say that he could sit down any time and give you all the news of the day."

"So he could, but after figuring on what he ate and drank I found that I could save money by taking three or four first-class newspapers."

Thoughts of His Melancholy School Days.



She—"Ah, now's de time when de leaves begins to turn—"

He—"Yes, de leaves of de geographys, rithmatics, and de rest of 'em!"—Collier's Weekly.

Heroic Measures.

"Yes, sir," said the scholarly man, "I'm going to do it. I'm going to make Shakespeare popular—the reigning topic of the day."

"How?"

"I'm going to name a new game after him; a game in which the players wear the most astonishing costumes you ever saw."

His Musical Tastes.

"What's become of little Tommy Traddles, that bushy-headed boy with the wonderful talent for music? Did his taste develop into anything practical?"

"Yes, indeed. I saw him in the city a few days ago. He was ringing a big bell in front of an auction store."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Chance to Appropriately.

First Literary Hack—"What a graft the first fellow who wrote had! All ideas were brand new, and he had only to pick and choose."

Second Ditto—"Yes; but then there were no other fellows to steal from. On the whole, I guess we are about as well off as the chap was who blazed out the literary path."—Boston Transcript.

His Practice.

"Say, you knew Deacon Hardway's boy Hen, who went up to the city to study medicine, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes, I knowed Hen well. What about him?"

"He killed himself day before yesterday." "You don't say! What was the matter? Couldn't he git no outside practice?"

The Beauty of It.

Muggins—"What have you there—Browning? You don't mean to say you enjoy reading that stuff?"

Sweetlow—"Stuf? Why, sir, it is beautiful."

Muggins—"But do you really understand what he is driving at?"

Sweetlow—"Of course I don't. That's the beauty of his writings."—Boston Transcript.

Might Have Been Worse.

"Father ill and can't work! Tut, tut! That's a very serious matter for all of you, my little man."

"Yessir, but it might have been wuss."

"Worse! Why, he's the breadwinner, isn't he?"

Yessir, but it might have been mother, and she's the rent an' oil an' tea an' clothes an' sugar an' milk an' meat winner."—Pick-Me-Up.

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Roll of Honor.

The soliciting of subscriptions to the PEABODY STAR began this week, and will be continued till the entire town has been carefully canvassed.

The paper everywhere is received with cordiality, and our canvassing-tours promise to be prolific of incident and instruction, and to be otherwise profitable. We believe that the beginning of this paper, insignificant as it may appear to some today, is the opening of a new chapter in the history of our town. For this reason everything connected with its inception has a peculiar interest for us, as it may have for many of our readers.

The first business-man to agree to advertise in THE STAR was Mr. Herbert Gardiner, the harness-manufacturer. Mr. Gardiner has very practical ideas on the subject of newspapers, and expressed them freely and frankly at our first interview. After the distribution of our first edition Mr. Gardiner said to our representative: "You have given us a bright, readable, newsy paper." Praise from Sir Hubert is praise indeed.

The first request for a continued insertion of advertisement came from a lady—Miss A. L. Cassino, of the attractive dry and fancy goods store on Main street.

The first advertiser to take space larger than that occupied by those who accepted our regular card offer, was Mr. Follansbee, of the W. H. Carter Drug Co., whose announcement will always be found in the same corner of the paper, by itself, fresh every week.

The first copy of the first edition was delivered to Mr. J. S. Reed of South Peabody.

The first subscriber to the STAR was Mrs. G. H. Rand, 54 Lowell street, who had kindly words for the paper, and ended her greeting with the words: "I believe such an enterprise should be well supported."

The first subscriber on Foster street was Mr. T. J. McDonald, the hair-dresser.

The first subscriber on Chestnut street was Mr. J. S. Shaw.

The first subscriber on Main street was Mr. S. H. Ware, the grocery and provision dealer.

The first subscriber on South Washington street was Mr. J. Sherry, proprietor of one of the best-stocked stores on the street.

The first subscriber outside of this town was Mr. S. F. Tracey, of 13 Grove street, Salem.

Thus, the good work goes on. We are glad to number among our first subscribers so representative a professional gentleman and citizen as Rev. Dr. Safford. Long and extensive newspaper contacts have made him discriminating in his judgments of newspaper work, and we confess the strength of his ideals, expressed in an interview, left a profound impression.

Our work is being cut out for us. We shall earnestly strive to satisfactorily perform it.

Too Early.

One of Gen. Otis's telegrams says he has captured letters written by a high insurgent authority, who exhorts the inhabitants of the Philippines to hold out a little longer, because, besides other reasons given, the United States government will be overthrown! It is a far cry to the next Presidential election, but there is no doubt that later on such news might help McKinley to a re-election. He will never be elected on his Philippine record, however.

BRYAN.

While the press of the metropolitan east is very unanimous in insisting that Bryan is fast losing ground among the Democrats, we have a very well-defined feeling that this statement is kept on the rounds in order to effect what it predicts. We do not get the truth from the West. When the Boston Herald says that, in its opinion, Bryan is "inevitable," things cannot be going so badly for him as the Herald news columns represent. Bryan is easily the most popular civilian among the masses today. Aside from his free-silver

extravagances, the Republican party would be glad to have him in its ranks. He is an ideal American. On every point but one he is worthy of any man's loyalty. His idea that this country, independent of the position of any other great nation, should go into the unlimited coinage of silver at a fixed ratio, savors too much of a suggestion from an unbalanced mind. America is not yet prepared to give up trading with the rest of the world on the best terms.

George Fred Williams.

Where the press of Massachusetts does not condemn and ridicule Mr. Williams, it is silent. And yet we must confess our admiration for the man. When Sherman Hoar and he were in public life a few years ago, the daily papers were full of praises for those promising young men. Mr. Williams we hold in just as much esteem to-day. What we desire, of all things, in our public men is sincerity, and we are glad to say we believe that Mr. Williams is a Bryan and a silver man from conviction. We have more respect for an honest man even if he is wrong, than for a dishonest man who happens to be on the right side of some public question.

Peabody's Business Men.

Aside from any advantage, financially, that may accrue to the publishers of this paper therefrom, it will be generally conceded that the array of advertisements in the first two issues of THE STAR is most creditable to the enterprise of Peabody business-men. Of course our rates are low, but it was a triumph to secure them under any circumstances. A town is often judged by its paper, and by the representation of its business men in that paper. We are sure that all concerned will welcome judgment based on any test.

We consider it a part of our work to help in keeping Peabody trade in Peabody, and we are willing to give a practical example of our doctrine. So long as we receive a fair measure of patronage from Peabody advertisers, we shall not solicit advertising from firms outside of our town. If any other town paper ever made such a proposition, we are ignorant of it.

A Terrible Drain.

The way Peabody money goes to Lynn on Saturdays takes one's breath away. And it's not all for beer, either! It seems as if it might be a subject worthy of a conference between the town authorities, the Board of Trade, the business men, and, perhaps, the ecclesiastics. If anything can stop this awful drain, even in a measure, it should be done at the earliest possible moment.

Poetry.

The poem "through death to life," on this page, is published by request. If any reader of the STAR has a favorite selection or original composition we will insert it with pleasure.

Free for One Year.

To every bride married in Peabody between the 1st August and 31st December, 1899, we will send the STAR free for one year.

To the reader of this issue of the STAR who discovers the largest number of typographical errors in it, we will send the paper free for a year. Punctuation and grammar are not to be included in the counting of errors. The errors must be summed up, and a marked copy of the paper sent to the editor, to prove the figures.

Peabody's Mark Hanna.

—The following clipping from the Essex County Republican will be both amusing and interesting to many of our readers:

Ex-representative Nicholas M. Quint, of Peabody, is a man who became very much liked during his service in the House. He is a man whom nothing disturbs and his bland smile and pleasant ways made him many friends. In appearance, he is one of the most robust of men and has a striking resemblance, physically, to Mark Hanna, of Ohio. Nicholas M. was in Washington during the inauguration of President McKinley and went to the inauguration ball. During the evening the President's wife came in with a large party of distinguished guests and took seats. Mr. Quint was standing by when the word was passed around that Mark Hanna had arrived. An usher caught it quickly, and before the astonished Peabody solon had a chance to think, he was offered a seat with the guests of the evening. This he accepted with some astonishment, but with perfect good grace and ease, and for some time was the cynosure of all eyes and erstwhile the Chairman of the Republican National Committee. When the joke became apparent, history does not record at what point he broke off the conversation with Mrs. McKiuley.

Through Death to Life.

HAVE you heard the tale of the Aloe plant,
Away in the sunny clime?
—By humble growth of a hundred years,
It reaches its blooming time;

And then? A wondrous bud at its crown

Bursts into a thousand flowers.

—This floral green, in its beauty seen,

Is the pride of the tropical bowers;

But—the plant to the flower is sacrifice,

For it blooms but once and—in blooming, dies!

Have you further heard of this Aloe plant,

That grows in the sunny clime—

How every one of its thousand flowers,

As they fall in the blooming time,

Is an infant tree that fastens its roots

In the spot where they fall to the ground,

And, fast as they drop from the dying stem,

Grow lively and lovely around?—

By dying, it liveth a thousand fold

In the young that springs from the death of the old.

Have you heard the tale of the Pelican—

The Arab's Gimel El Bahr!—

That lives in the African solitudes,

Where the birds that live lonely are?

Have you heard how it loves its tender young,

And toils and cares for their good?—

It brings them water from fountains afar,

And fishes the sea for their food.

In famine it feeds them—(what love can devise!)—

The blood of its bosom, and feeding them, dies!

Have you heard the tale that is told of the Swan—

The snow-white bird of the lake?

It noiselessly floats on the silvery wave,

And silently sits on the brake;

For it saves its song till the close of life,

And then, in the calm, still even,

'Mid the golden rays of the setting sun,

It sings as it soars to heaven.

And the blessed notes fall back from the skies—

'Tis its only song, for in singing it dies!

You have heard these tales. Shall I tell you one?—

A greater and better than all?

Have you heard of Him whom the heavens adore,

And before whom the hosts of them fall?—

How He left His choirs and anthems above

For earth with its wailings and woes,

To suffer the pain and shame of the cross,

And die for the life of His foes?

O, Prince of the Noble! O, Saviour Divine!

What sorrow or sacrifice equal to Thine?

Have you heard of this tale—the best of them all—

The tale of the Holy and True?

He dies—but His life now in untold souls

Springs up in the world anew;

His seed prevails, and is filling the earth

As the stars fill the sky above.

He taught us to give up the love of life

For the sake of the life of love.

His death is our life—His life is our gain—

The joy for the tear—the peace for the pain.

O hear these tales! ye weary and worn

Who for others do give up your all;

Our Saviour has told us the seed that would grow

Into earth's dark bosom must fall,

Must pass from the sight and die away,

And then will the fruit appear;

The grain that seems lost in the earth below

Will return manifold in the ear.

By death comes life, by life comes gain;

The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

POST OFFICE, PEABODY, MASS.

Office Hours—6.30 A.M. to 7.30 P.M.—Week-days.

U. S. RATES OF POSTAGE.

Letters, 2 cents per ounce; Papers and Magazines, 4oz. for 1 cent; Merchandise, 1 cent per ounce; Books, Circulars, Etc., 2 oz. for 1 cent.

SPECIAL DELIVERY.

Matter intended for special (immediate) delivery should bear a 10 cent special delivery stamp in addition to regular postage.

MONEY ORDERS.

Issued and paid week days from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. ONLY.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

Mails close for Boston, N. Y., South, West and Foreign, 6.30, 8.20, 10.20 a.m.; 1.40, 4.30, 6.30, 7.20 p.m. Salem, Lynn, Beverly and local points, 7.45, 10.20 a.m.; 1.40, 4.30, 6.30, 7.20 p.m. Northern New Hampshire, Vermont, Canada, East and West, 6.55, 8.20, 10.20 a.m.; 1.40, 4.30, 7.20 p.m. Eastern New Hampshire, Maine and Maritime Provinces, 7.00, 10.20 a.m.; 3.25, 4.30, 7.20 p.m. Danvers, Boxford, Georgetown, Haverhill, Newburyport, Amesbury & Salisbury, 7.00 a.m.; 3.25, 7.20 p.m.

Mails arrive from Boston, Foreign, N. Y., Western and Southern, 7.07, 8.30 a.m.; 1.00, 5.00, 7.00 p.m. Eastern New Hampshire, Maine and Maritime Provinces, 7.07, 9.06 a.m.; 1.00, 5.00, 7.00 p.m. Danvers, Boxford, Georgetown, Haverhill, Newburyport and Amesbury, 7.07, 9.06 a.m.; 1.00, 5.00, 7.00 p.m.

CARRIERS' DELIVERY.

GENERAL DELIVERY, 8.45 A.M. and 1.00 P.M.

BUSINESS DELIVERY, 7.30 A.M. and 5.00 P.M.

THOMAS H. JACKMAN, P. M.

Communications.

A word to those who will probably write communications for this paper.

1st. Authorship will be kept sacred—the editor alone will be in possession of the author's name, which must accompany every communication.

2d. Anyone may write for this paper on subjects of home, society, industrial, ecclesiastical, town, state, or national interest. Letters from workmen will be treated with the same consideration that letters from their employers would receive.

3d. Personal animosities, scandal, offensive or otherwise injurious gossip will find no outlet in these columns.

4th. Write plainly, in ink if possible, and on but one side of the paper.

5th. We hope the reader will ever bear in mind that the thoughts given expression to in this column are not those of the editor.

6th. Be brief—be brief—be brief.

STREET AND SIDEWALK.

Editor Peabody Star:

To my overwhelming surprise I notice that here in Peabody the banana-peddler and the bike-mounted street-light adjuster sometimes—perhaps often—abandon the street, and take to the sidewalk, much to the annoyance and discomfort, and not a little to the consternation of the slow-going impecunious citizen plodding to or from his post of duty; and therefore I desire to respectfully inquire whether I am right or wrong in my belief that the sidewalks along our public ways were established and are maintained for the sole use, behoof, and convenience of the pedestrian-traveler, and not in the remotest degree for the accommodation of the biker, male or female, or the handcart-pushing fruit-vender, no matter whether of alien nativity or to the manor born? And in case it should be the decision of the proper authorities that the views held by me concerning this matter are woefully and dangerously unsound, I would gladly be informed whether or not it would be my duty in the street to turn out—even at the risk of going "to the wall,"—whenever encountering in my peregrinations such an impediment as a stalled electric, or a loaded haycart, or—by no means an impossible occurrence in these days of the "passing" of the Puritan—a moving meeting-house? Obligated, because of my cramped and hampered pecuniary status, to employ my pedal extremities as a motive-power, am I to learn that I have no rights which the silent and elusive scorcher and the bawling and howling slave of the padrone are bound to respect?

And finally, sir, one of "the plain people,"—a humble citizen of this enlightened Commonwealth,—begs and beseeches permission to propound this interrogatory: Is there, anywhere under the canopy of Heaven, a court of any kind,—Inferior, Superior, or Supreme,—that would be likely to award him compensation for the injuries which he would most certainly sustain in case he should some day be run down and trampled under foot at a street-crossing by a team of galloping bobtails, dragging a flashing tally-ho furnished with a liveried bugler, and carrying a squad of yelling roysters representing Our Gilded Lazzaroni,—the result of the impact being the fracture of every bone in his anatomy, and in fact the conversion of his whole corporeal system into a pile of animal pulp?

Like Brutus,—or was it Marc Antony?—"I pause for a reply."

A PERTURBED PILGRIM.

Worse than Death.

Editor Peabody Star:—Poor Kehoe is learning that the way of the transgressor is hard. In jail and out—in jail and out—without any hope in this world. I wonder if life is not worse than death sometimes? E. H.

The Tax Rate.

Editor Peabody Star:—The assessors have completed their calculations, and the result is \$18.40 per thousand for the year! It is a heavy tax, and yet I do not see how it could have been avoided. I am not a kicker, and believe that our officials are just as patriotic and desirous of economy as any men in our town. It is the easiest thing in the world to censure people, but not so easy to suggest something practically better. We have something to show for the money we spend.

Success to you! B.

Summer Requisites.

A fine assortment of Summer Requisites—such as

SPONGES,
HAIR BRUSHES,
COMBS, SOAPS,
PERFUMES, AND
TOILET ARTICLES

Always on hand at

**The W. H. Carter
Drug Co.,**

44 Main street, Peabody.

New Landscape Gardening Literature.

The author of this work possesses the rare art of condensation in a high degree, so that the reader secures a great deal of information in small compass. Every paragraph is short, terse and to the point, giving perfect clearness to the discussions at all points. In spite of the natural difficulty of presenting abstract principles, the whole matter is made entirely plain even to the inexperienced reader.

The illustrations are mechanically and artistically very excellent. Besides, all mean something and have some vital connection with the text. The principles here so carefully analyzed are of such broad application that the book will be useful to a large class of readers; not only to professional landscape gardeners, owners of home grounds, suburban residents, park and cemetery superintendents and teachers, but also to architects, landscape painters, photographers and art lovers and students in general.

LANDSCAPE GARDENING—A treatise on the general principles governing outdoor art; with sundry suggestions for their application in the commoner problems of gardening. By J. A. Waugh, professor of horticulture, university of Vermont and state agricultural college. Illustrated, 12 mo., 150 pp., cloth; Orange Judd company, New York. Price postpaid, 50 cents.

EXPANSION IN BUSINESS.

Trade of All Kinds Increasing in Unprecedented Volume.

All signs indicate the maintenance of general trade and industry in an unprecedented midsummer volume. Specially indicative of this are the continued very heavy bank clearings; returns, largely increased railroad earnings, reflecting a traffic in grain and merchandise generally far in excess of a year ago; reports of activity in numerous lines of manufacturing industry, notably in all branches of iron and steel and kindred lines, woolen goods, boots and shoes and cotton goods and advices from leading markets of a satisfactory opening of the regular fall demand, with heavy shipments of goods on orders. The firmness of money at many centers is itself an additional evidence of the expansion in trade now in progress.

With the exception of food products, the price situation is generally one of maintained strength, advances being most numerous in the line of manufactured goods or in raw materials for manufacturing industry. Cereals are all lower on the week, reflecting the generally favorable crop outlook, and also some indifference as regards foreign buying of wheat, though export demand for corn has been apparently stimulated by recent price reactions.

All classes of iron and steel are either firmly held or tending upward, notable in this respect being all grades of pig iron, steel rails, structural material and bar iron and steel. Other metals are rather quieter, and tin shows some reaction from the high prices reached last week.

Wool is still moving upward in sympathy with improved demand for the manufactured article, but buying is more closely confined to manufactures, speculative dealing being apparently less noticeable.

Activity in building is reflected in very firm prices for lumber at the east, while at the west further advances, particularly in white pine, are noted.

Cotton is steady, pending further developments in the crop situation. The boot and shoe trade continues in good shape, and hides are slightly higher on the week, with the finished product firm.

Fall trade is opening well at the east. Boston reports wool firm, and slight existing differences between buyers and sellers.

Contrary to the usual customs, wheat supplies in this country and Canada increased during July to a trifling extent, it is true, but still nearly sufficient to offset the slight falling off shown in European supplies.

Motorman Got Tired.

New York, Aug. 8.—A car of the Flat-bush avenue line, Brooklyn, bound for Bergen beach, in charge of Motorman Hogel, yesterday ran into the rear end of another car, injuring 13 persons, three of whom were taken to the hospital. It is alleged that the motorman had taken the seat behind the brake of the car to rest, leaving the car to William Hannigan, a shop hand. The speed of the car became too great and got beyond Hannigan's control, and before either of the men could stop it there was a crash. After the accident Hannigan disappeared, but the motorman was arrested and was held in \$2500 bail.

Even too much well-water will make one sick on a hot day.

The new recruit finds hardtack a hard tackle.

PEABODY PARAGRAPHS.

—Did you see the Cadets ?

—The tax rate makes em' squirm.

—Better put a collar on that dog, or the police will collar him.

—Schools open one month from Monday.

—Men's \$3 boots, \$2.25—at Jacob Traub's.

—Chief of Police Wiggin gathered in a few unlicensed canines Tuesday.

—Remember that A. L. Cassino has the agency for the Gordon Dye Works.

—Charles Hinckley has purchased the J. B. Thomas milk farm on the Salem Turnpike.

—Mr. and Mrs. William Poor of Wallis St. were made the happy parents of a son and heir August 4th.

—Mr. Flint, 25 Walnut street, has just received an invoice of American sardines, the fine flavor of which equals the imported article.

—**Wanted.**—We would like to have copies of the first issue of THE PEABODY STAR. Please send to the office, 21 Lowell street, Peabody.

—Among the recent arrivals in town this week was a son, born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hobart Wednesday noon. Congratulations.

—Col. Cyrus T. Batchelder is inspector of meat, fish, vegetables and fruit for the first year under the new law. A good appointment.

—The muster committee of the St. Joseph and Father Mathew C. T. A. Societies has issued invitations for Labor day to the various hand-engine associations of New England.

—All advertisements and communications should reach our Peabody office, 21 Lowell street, by Thursday noon; after that hour, they should be sent to our Boston office, No. 40 Appleton street.

—Two extra trains of twelve cars each passed through town Wednesday morning. The trains contained the annual picnic party from Lowell Mills, otherwise designated as the Annual Wash bound for Lynn Beach.

—Mr. McCarthy, the courteous and efficient manager of Raymond's periodical store, has kindly consented to handle the STAR. Miss Masterson will also sell the paper at her store and lunch room, 14 Lowell street.

—According to Chief of Police Wiggins' report for July, there were 21 arrests—divided as follows:—Drunkenness, 6; Larceny, 5; Liquor nuisance, 5; Breaking, Entering, and Larceny, 3; Assaults, 1; Non-Support, 1.

—In printing the name of the manager of the Eastern Butter and Egg Co., last week, we made a mistake. There is no mistake, however, about the quality of the teas and coffees that Mr. Marshall is offering his customers.

—Mr. Patrick Kirane, 86 Walnut street, has a most interesting family of six bright children, all girls. In complexion they present most remarkable contrasts—ranging from the most striking brunette to the purest Albino.

—Mr. C. J. Keefe, the well known restaurant keeper on the Square, while bicycling Wednesday evening on Beverly Bridge, collided with Mr. William Hayden, another Peabody rider, and got a severe shaking up—together with painful bruises on a knee and hand. Both riders were able to ride home.

—At a recent meeting of the new Social Society of the South Church the committee appointed to select a name voted to call the Society, which was formerly known as the Brooksbie Club, the Social Union. The new society will commence to hold regular meetings in September and at that time will open the season with an entertainment and supper. We predict a successful season for the new organization, as it will take in all of the young ladies and gentlemen of the church and provide a good entertainment for them at every meeting.

—A pretty home wedding took place Wednesday evening at the home of Miss Lydia Andrews on State Street, the contracting parties being Miss Andrews and Mr. E. D. Osborne of Winthrop. The ceremony was performed by Rev. C. W. Blackett of the Washington St. Methodist Church. Miss Andrews was attended by Miss Lora Winn of Winchester and C. W. Hathaway of Winthrop acted as best man. After a short reception Mr. and Mrs. Osborne left on a wedding tour to the White Mountains. On their return they will make their home at Winthrop, where Mr. Osborne is principal of the Winthrop High School.

—Caliahan liquor case to-day.

—Dancing at Sauntaug park to-night.

—Mr. Joseph Peabody was 77 years young on Tuesday.

—The photographic exhibit at the Institute Library will close next Saturday.

—The new trolley wire on Foster street was not constructed any too soon.

—Ed. Osborne, the popular clerk at apothecary Lee's, will be pleased to see his friends at camp.

—The thermometer business will remain in town whether or not a change is made in ownership.

—The lamp-posts in front of the town hall are to be put in order, and electric lights placed on them.

—A young man named Coffey had an arm broken while at work in P. Lenox & Co.'s morocco factory Thursday. Attended by Dr. Kennard.

—The Geo. W. Pepper Co. are the sole distributing agents for "Cuban Daisy," one of the finest little cigars in the market. 4 Elm street, Peabody.

—The Boston Herald this week contained a very interesting sketch, with portrait, of Mrs. Sally Batchelder, mother of Col. Cyrus T. Batchelder. The occasion was the 15th birthday of the lady.

—A lobster weighing eight and a quarter pounds adorned a marble slab in Daley's fish market on Tuesday. It was a beauty, and the largest seen here for a long time. By the way, this is one of the few stores that are really creditable to the town.

—One of the sights on our streets early Tuesday morning was a huge ten-ton boiler, mounted on a truck the tires of which weighed over 300 pounds. Eight horses were harnessed to the truck. The destination was Danvers insane asylum, which is being fitted up with six new boilers of the same size.

—The second corps of Cadets met at their army this morning, marched to the train in Salem, and embarked for Boxford, passing through town in the train. They looked well in their new accoutrements. They will pitch tents to-day, and remain in camp for a week. The Peabody contingent is composed of the following:—Sergt. Ed. F. Nichols, corpl. F. L. Roberts, corpl. C. H. Simonds, musician Walter Williams, musician Felix Miller, privates Ed. Carlin, Albert Reed, Ed. Blaney, Chas. Jones, Fred. Tibbetts, Ed. Clarke, Fred. Strout, George Ferren, George Whitaker, Ed. Osborne, Frank Hodgkins.

—We are glad to learn that Mr. J. S. Shaw's health continues to improve, and that his business feels the stimulus of this improvement. Mr. Shaw has been nearly four years in his present place of business, corner of Wallis and Walnut street. His products go to Salem and Lynn, and are among the very choicest of their kind. Ten men and three teams are employed in busy times, and the premises occupied by the business are necessarily extensive—providing stabling accommodations, wagon sheds, etc., as well as for the bakery and store.

Letters Advertised at Peabody Post Office.

For week ending Aug. 9, 1899.

Craig, R. Alec. Griffiths, C. E. Chancey, Miss M. B. Middleton, Mrs. O'Connell, Wm. F. O'Keefe, John Dunlop, Miss Katie Peabody, Mrs. Minnie T. H. JACKMAN, P. M.

Butter!

Yes, everyone keeps it, but we are making a reputation for Butter. We ask for just one order.

WARE, 24 Main street.

Popularity of the Kennebec Line.

The popularity of the Kennebec line of steamers was attested last Saturday evening when fully 800 persons left Lincoln wharf, Boston, on the Sagadahoc and the Lincoln for one of the many delightful summer resorts along the Kennebec river or in the Boothbay harbor region. The Sagadahoc was the regular steamer which, with the Kennebec, leave Lincoln wharf every weekday evening at six, while the Lincoln, which runs direct to Wiscasset and Boothbay Harbor tri-weekly, made an extra trip to accommodate the large Saturday night crowd of Maine-bound passengers. The Kennebec line runs nine steamers each week to Maine, and this extra boat made ten for last week. The special vacation excursions, which include a round trip ticket good any time this season and three days' hotel board at Popham Beach, Mouse Island or Boothbay harbor, are just the thing for vacation seekers. Write Frederick A. Jones, agent, Lincoln wharf, for particulars.



J. S. REED,
Lunch and Pool Room,
South Peabody, Mass.

Lunches, Temperance Drinks, Pastry, Fruit, etc. Bicycle parties entertained.

SOUTH PEABODY.

—Shoe business booming.

—The Rockdale Cycle Club ran to Rial Side Saturday last, spending two days there.

—Mrs. David Twiss, who was reported as quite ill at her home, is slowly convalescing.

—Miss Mabel Prime, who was injured in the bicycle accident August 1st, is slowly improving, and will be about again soon.

—Messrs. F. W. Lord & Co., shoe manufacturers, are doing an extensive business, and are putting out a fine, handsome shoe. They employ about 150 hands.

—Bartholomew Pond is getting to be quite a camping-out place. Eight or ten families are there this year—some in cottages and some in tents. It makes a very pleasant retreat for summer parties, and is easily reached by cars.

—Pick up a Salem paper, and you can read at any time: "Wenham Lake one inch higher," or "Wenham Lake has fallen a half-inch." Why should not we record the doings of Brown's Pond? Its waters have slipped away to the tune of 12 inches lately, and still we have some left.

—Like all youngsters, the little son of Mr. J. Sherry of Washington street, centre, is very ambitious to become possessed of a watch. Not long since, his father observed him taking the paternal watch out of the pocket of a vest that was hanging up. "You can't have that till I die," said the father. The boy thought a few seconds, looking wistfully at the watch, and then flashed out: "Die now, pap; die now."

—If the Board of Health of our town would ride through So. Peabody in the vicinity of Brown's Pond some murky day, when the atmosphere is heavy, they would be treated to a "pig smell" of vast proportions. Inhabitants of this part of the town are continually protesting, but without result. We now respectfully call the attention of the town authorities to the matter through the press. Why not stop this nuisance, and let So. Peabody taxpayers breathe the same air of freedom (from taint) as people in other parts of the town? Will the authorities come over and help us?

—If anyone wishes to see a large and thriving business, he will be delighted with a visit to the Vaughan Machine Shop. This establishment is located on the B. & M. line on what is known as Vaughan's crossing, and is one of the most extensive plants of its kind in the world. The product is machines for use in the leather industry. As an instance of the extent of the transactions of this firm, I may say that the other day representatives of a New Zealand leather industry called on them and negotiated a large purchase of machinery. A pretty good tribute to the deserved fame of one Peabody industry.

And This Is Spain!

St. Sebastian, Spain, Aug. 10.—The Republican and Socialist parties have agreed to organize a campaign demanding the expulsion from Spain of all the religious orders. Senors Salmeron and Iglesias and other Socialists are prominent in the movement.

Our George Being Lionized.

Naples, Aug. 10.—Admiral Dewey is kept busy returning the visits which have been made to him on board his flagship, the Olympia. Americans are arriving here daily from various parts of Italy for the purpose of paying their respects to the admiral.

Altgeld's Sentiments Unchanged.

Chicago, Aug. 7.—John P. Altgeld denies that he has said in an interview that "the ratio might be abandoned and that the (Democratic) party might weaken on the ratio." Mr. Altgeld says that both at St. Louis and at Louisville he said that "to abandon the ratio would be to abandon the cause." These, he says, are still his sentiments.

Elwood Haynes and E. L. Apperson made a trip in an automobile from Kokomo, Ind., to New York in 30 days. This is said to be the longest automobile trip on record in the United States. The distance is approximately 1050 miles.

GRAND FAIR
4 Days
SEPT. MIDDLESEX EAST
27-30. AGRICULTURAL ASS'N.

Everything considered, every man thinks he's a proper liver according to his own lights.

When the bass-drummer of the Salvation Army corps backslides does he become an ex-pounder of religion?

Strangely enough fish tales are longer than the fish themselves.

PEABODY PEOPLE.

—Mr. and Mrs. Rufus H. Brown are at Waterville, N. H.

—Mrs. E. W. Coombs is at South Orleans, this state.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Poor are in Peace Dale, R. I.

—E. H. Porter and a number of friends spent last Sunday at Ipswich, going over the road in carriages.

—Miss Mary Wood, of Bresnahan's dry goods establishment, has returned from a vacation spent at Gloucester.

—Mrs. G. E. Parker, Miss Myrtle Parker and Miss Elva Brooks will spend the balance of the season at Bridgetown, N. S.

—Miss Alice V. A. Masterson, accompanied by Miss Katie McCarthy of the Salem Observer staff, is at the Maxwell House, Ogunquit, Me.

—Mr. James C. Linehan, Mr. Thos. Shea, Mr. Chas. Davis and Mr. James Millea left Tuesday for the races at Old Orchard.

—Miss Mary McCarthy, principal of the Endicott school, returned on Monday, from a week's rest at Rial Side. Miss Kate Murray of Peabody and Miss Lizzie Hurley of Salem accompanied her.

—Mr. Albert Steele of this town is seeking rest, from his arduous labors at the Harvard Medical School, at the "Algonquin," St. Andrews, N. B. Mr. Steele has nearly completed his course at the Medical School, and will soon appear a full-fledged Doctor. He is a recent graduate of our Peabody High School.

Situation Looks Grave.

Puerto Plata, Aug. 8.—Senor Alvarez, the minister of finance, and Senor Cordero, with 100 men, went to Monte Cristi and united with 700 men who had been assembled in behalf of the government for restoration of order. Armed steamers are watching the coast to prevent the landing of an insurrectionary expedition should such a thing be attempted. The governor of Monte Cristi has 3000 men under arms for the preservation of the peace. The situation is considered grave.

Young, but Wanted to Die.

Haverhill, Mass., Aug. 8.—Dora Dow of Seabrook, N. H., aged 17, who was visiting this city, attempted to kill herself last evening in a field off Grove street by shooting. She wandered away while the family with whom she was staying was at supper and later was found in a rear hallway of the house with a bullet wound near the heart. She wanted to die, she said, but gave no reason for it. She will probably recover.

Russia Will Resent It.

Pekin, Aug. 8.—M. de Giers, the Russian minister, has addressed a note to the Chinese foreign office warning that body that the conclusion of an alliance with Japan would give great offense to Russia, and that the consequence to China would be most serious.

Barred from World's Wheel Meet.

Montreal, Aug. 8.—Members of the National Cyclists' association will not be allowed to race at the world's wheel meet here. That is the announcement made by Secretary Sturmy of the International Cycling association, who arrived here yesterday.

Victims Averse to Appearing.

New York, Aug. 10.—Almost all of the testimony elicited at the meeting of the Mazet investigating committee yesterday was for the purpose of showing how frequently men are robbed in this city while paying visits to sections of the city where groups gather after the midnight hour. Mr. Moss had difficulty in obtaining witnesses. The men who had been victims of this sort of crime appeared averse to appearing before the committee and telling about it. Nevertheless Mr. Moss was able to secure account after account of robberies alleged to have occurred in disorderly houses in this city. Occasionally the witnesses under oath told of facts which appeared to show collusion between the police and the feminine robbers.

Trying to Eclipse the Sun.

New York, Aug. 10.—The building trades section of the Central Federated union last night made arrangements for requesting all members of that organization not to buy The Sun, also asking them not to purchase other newspapers from any newsdealer or newsboy who handles The Sun. Arrangements are being made for a labor parade to take place next Saturday, and to be followed by a meeting in Cooper Union, when the matter of the difference of opinion with The Sun will be aired.

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FALSE PROPHET.

Arrest of Filipino Fakir for Inciting and Robbing Natives.

PROPHESIED MANILA'S FALL.

Great Excitement Among Credulous Natives—McArthur's Latest Victory—Rebels Well Protected but Lacked Ammunition—United States Troops Suffered Greatly From Heat but Did Not Falter—Minor War Notes.

Manila, Aug. 10.—Captain Deems, with a provost guard, has captured a noted Filipino fakir, with several aliases, who, by means of ventriloquism, has persuaded the natives that he has supernatural powers. He raised much money, ostensibly for the insurrection, which he kept for himself. Our soldiers surrounded his house and cornered 30 Filipinos. Many others escaped. The troops also captured \$1000.

Immanuel, as the fakir is generally known, has been predicting the fall of Manila. His "prophecies" have created excitement among the natives who believed them.

Reports from rebel sources say 150 Filipinos were killed in General Hall's engagement at Calamba and in the subsequent skirmishes.

Manila, Aug. 10.—Details of the movement forward of General MacArthur's troops show that the Americans advanced five miles in the first five hours, and at 2 o'clock had advanced six miles along the railway, stretching on each side of it for two miles, and resting at night three miles from Angeles, which will be made a northern base of operations, instead of San Fernando, where a garrison of 600 men has been left.

The Filipinos were surprised, expecting the American forces to move against Iloilo. They followed their usual tactics of holding their trenches until they became too warm, and then retreated in disorder. They are now falling backward toward Porlo.

The Twelfth and Seventeenth regiments had the sharpest engagement. The country our troops passed over is covered with rice fields and bamboo thickets, the hardest possible ground for marching. The mud in places is knee deep.

Angeles is one of the richest towns north of Manila, and is considered to be a better base of operations than San Fernando. The forces at San Fernando consisted of the Iowa regiment, the Seventeenth regiment, the Ninth regiment, the Twelfth regiment, Bell's new Thirty-sixth regiment, a battalion of the Sixteenth regiment, troop E of the Fourth cavalry and 15 guns.

The movement was planned some time ago, but was delayed by rains. Finally two days of sunshine dried the rice fields sufficiently to warrant the attempt.

The position of the Americans had long been unpleasant. The rebels almost surrounded the town, and fired almost nightly into it, the Americans not replying except on extreme provocation. It was necessary to keep 500 or 600 men on outpost duty constantly.

The American loss in the fighting about San Fernando is between 30 and 40. The loss may possibly exceed these figures, as the line is five miles long, and it is impossible to hear from every point. Our troops are now about Angeles waiting for the artillery, which has the greatest difficulty in moving owing to the wet ground.

The attack was opened at 5 o'clock in the morning, a battery of the First artillery shelling Bacolor on the left. Simultaneously Bell's Thirty-sixth infantry struck Bacolor from the rear and drove the rebels out. Armored cars, each with a six-pounder and two gatling revolving cannon on board, then moved out on the railroad track in the center of our lines.

Soon afterwards these guns did sharp execution. Battery K of the Third artillery and 100 men of the Iowa regiment made a feint towards Mexico, while the main body of troops, consisting of the Iowa regiment, the Seventeenth regiment and a battalion of the Twenty-second, under General Wheaton, on the right, and the Ninth regiment, Twelfth regiment and Bell's regiment, under General Liscum, on the left, advanced steadily, pouring their fire into the rebels and receiving a heavy fire in return.

The rebels were well protected by trenches, and seemed not to lack ammunition. They were unable, however, to withstand for a length of time the hail of shots our artillery and infantry poured in on them and retreated, leaving dead and wounded on the field. A dozen prisoners were captured by our troops.

The reports indicate that the Ninth infantry suffered the most, though the casualties of all the regiments are not yet reported. The weather was extremely hot and our troops suffered greatly but there was no faltering. A company of the Sixteenth regiment went to the relief of Bell's regiment yesterday afternoon.

Plattsburg, N. Y., Aug. 10.—President McKinley has nothing to add to the statement made by Secretary Root in regard to the campaign in the Philippines, but there is no doubt that the president and the secretary are in accord and favor pushing operations with all possible vigor. There is reason to believe that Secretary Root will soon have a conference with General Miles for the purpose of deciding whether changes ought to be made among the officers in command of the American forces in the Philippines, in accordance with the expressed determination to push the campaign there with all possible vigor.

Burlington, Vt., Aug. 10.—Troops E, C and F of the Third United States cavalry, stationed at Fort Ethan Allen, left yesterday in two special trains for Seattle, where they will go on board transports for Manila, to take up active service in the Philippines. The horses went in one section and the officers and men in the other.

The war department probably will take from the navy the Wasp, which figured in the Spanish war as one of the auxiliary fleet. If found suitable she will be used in the Cuban customs service.

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HOW MOTHER DUFFIELD GOT THE BETTER OF THE BOOM.



had not noticed, had scarcely faded when another light, which he at once perceived, filled the heavens in the direction of Swanton, a sleepy old county seat with a population of about 5000 souls.

Latterly a new influence had manifested itself in Swanton. The young people had surrendered themselves to it completely, and even their elders, bred to slow thought and action and to a distrust of innovations, were weakening under it. I had all happened within a few months. One day a well-dressed, smooth-spoken stranger had put up at the Swan House, and had hired a horse and buggy and had driven about the country asking mysterious questions of the farmers. Then he disappeared, but shortly returned with a man whom he introduced as a capitalist. That sort of personage was unfamiliar to the Swantonians, and they spent much time in speculating upon his probable past and possible future.

There was a lurking suspicion that the presence of the strangers boded no good, which became active when they were joined by an engineer and showed a disposition to prowl about other people's property. But this being followed by proposals to purchase land at liberal figures, the resentment died out. It was only an acre here and another there, with an option on larger tracts, but \$200 an acre for \$50 land was an effective antidote to distrust. The cupidity of the farmer was quite as well understood by the keen city men as his hesitation and suspicion, and they had no difficulty in getting what they wanted.

Natural gas was the ostensible object of their search, and Swanton was in two minds about the desirability of discovering such a commodity. That it was not a familiar agricultural product was to its discredit, but there were those who were sanguine over the easy acquisition of fortune and the establishment of a prosperous and populous city. The editor of the Weekly Banner, after a talk with the capitalist, unhesitatingly said that Swanton's golden opportunity was at hand.

The madness began to get in its work when the Buckeye Improvement and Development Company opened spacious offices on Jefferson street and the sound of drills woke the echoes through the peaceful countryside. Deals were made, openly and surreptitiously, and enterprises and rumors of enterprises quickened the sluggish blood of even the most conservative.

Already gas had been found in small quantities in several wells, but the excited community would be satisfied with nothing less than a "gusher." One was expected in the big well on old man Hartman's place at the edge of town. There has been difficulties from salt water and from the breaking of machinery, but the experts were sure that gas would be found in immense quantities. Indeed, it had been making considerable commotion for several days. Squire Duffield said he was "mighty glad that he didn't live near the pesky thing; he didn't want it on his farm; he preferred a good crop of wheat."

This light, which seemed to indicate a tremendous fire, confirmed his previous judgment. "Some fool has dropped a light cigar and started the thing off," he argued, "and it's spread to the bull town. I declare ef I wasn't so heat out, I'll drive in an' see what's happenin'."

"By gracious, maybe it'll burn the bank up—I'm goin'."

"Jake, Jake, hitch up Jinny quick's ever you can! I'm goin' to town," shouted the Squire; and five minutes later he and his hired man were urging the unwilling "Jinny" toward Swanton. The distance was five miles, but "Jinny" could be counted upon to cover it in an hour and to get back in half that time.

The country grew brighter and the rising increased as the mare trotted bravely over the smooth pike. It's queer," muttered the Squire; "the fire don't seem to change. We see it better 'cause we're gettin' closer, but it don't get bigger nor act like an ordinary fire."

Every time the Squire thought of his \$3000 he touched "Jinny" with the whip.

"It don't seem to be spreadin' much; they're keepin' it well toward Hartman's place," he said, as they got near town; but Jake couldn't hear him for the fierce roaring of the flame. The mare was so frightened by the time they had come within a half mile of the well that her master determined to put her up and to proceed on foot. "How far has the fire spread?" he shouted in the ear of the hostler who came out to take her.

"No further'n Hartman's well," screamed the man grinning.

Squire Duffield couldn't believe that. Accompanied by Jake he went to see for himself. It was true, a

mighty column of flame shot up into the air, the earth trembled and people looked weird and ghastly in the uncanny light as they read one another's lips, for no voice could be heard; but there was no conflagration.

"How'll they ever put it out?" Jake's lips asked.

"How?" the Squire's lips repeated as he shook his head.

Up to that night Squire Duffield had ranked as an ultra conservative among the boomers, but the sight of that tremendous manifestation of power had shaken him out of his old ideas and habits. He felt dazed and uncertain for several days, when he became restless and had an irrepressible desire to go to town and hear more of the wonders that were coming to pass. All of the farmers near town were planning to plot their land for house lots or factory sites and the Squire sighed, reflecting that his land was too far from town for any such purpose.

There was to be a shoe factory, a plate-glass factory, an optical glass factory and ever so many other works that would employ hundreds of men and bring in thousands of dollars. The greatest enterprise of all was to be the rolling mill which the suave and imposing Major Gloss was exploiting. It was reported that the company which he said he had formed represented a capital of half a million dollars. A billion could scarcely have impressed the Swantonians more. Squire Duffield's brother-in-law had sold his farm at a fancy price for the site of the new mill, and massive buildings were being erected for the accommodation of the machinery, the largest and heaviest of its kind in the world, which was being brought from Farnaceton, Major Gloss assuring the Swantonians that he could not think of remaining in a place where there were only 40,000 people when he saw opportunities presented by a city with such a future as Swanton. The rolling mill and the Buckeye Development and Improvement Company were the biggest things in sight, and some people intimated that the two were one; that is, that the same men were promoting both.

"Well, what of it?" returned the boom-mad speculators. "Ain't they prominent men and capitalists? Of course, they want to be on the inside wherever there are millions to be made, and they're lucky who can get in with 'em."

There was a wild scramble for this privilege—it was the stock exchange transferred to a virgin field. Swanton never had seen so much cash or dreamed of so many notes, deeds and legal documents of various sorts as floated about in these days. The County Recorder had to hire extra deputies and clerks, notaries and real estate dealers sprang up on every corner. A pawnshop was started to enable the boomers to turn their last possession into cash. Loutish country boys and commonplace town clerks were alike strung with the mad desire for speculation, and older heads were lost with equal precipitation. "Paper" was induced readily and unquestionably, and promptly discounted by the bank, which had hired an extra room and three times as many employees as ever had been required before.

Ready-made houses were brought to town in sections and set up like ridiculous toys on twenty-five foot lots in Snyder's subdivision, a worthless piece of swampy land between the creek and the canal which the Buckeye Development and Improvement Company had bought and plotted, there also being the ready-made houses. Mass meetings were held in the town hall and in the public square and enthusiasm was without bounds.

Squire Duffield could withstand the allurements of the craze no longer. His hoarded \$3000 and all the money that he could raise by mortgaging the land, including what he had acquired through frugality and industry and the homestead that had come to him from his father, were invested in the rolling mill and in allied enterprises promising a speedy return of dollars for cents. Farm work was neglected for the first time in his life—it was not worth while to grub a living laboriously from the soil when a fortune was to be had by such facile means.

The Squire's sons were swept off their feet, and from steady, hard-working young fellows, took to driving recklessly about the country at all hours of the day and night, drinking and gambling and pursuing a general mode of life detrimental to their manners, morals and finances. Miss Fannie, the Squire's only daughter, saw at last the coveted avenue of escape from social isolation and household drudgery and adopted late rising and dawdling over her toilet as the first requisites for a life of refined and elegant leisure.

Only Mrs. Duffield, untiring in her industry, frugal in her habits and homely in her disposition, took no pleasure in her changed prospects. Despite the querulous objections of the family, she clung to her accustomed routine of household duties, made as many pounds of butter a week as usual, looked after her garden, sold eggs and poultry, and in all ways conducted herself as if she never anticipated living upon a higher social plane. It was a day of sore trial for her when it was decided, in view of the growing importance of the family, to remove to town and occupy the mansion of the late Judge Bigman. Reluctantly the good woman went over and

over the place, doing last offices and laying injunctions upon the tenant's wife who was to succeed her, about what to do and what not to omit. Her lack of pride and of adaptation to her bettered fortune disturbed the rest of the family sadly, but their removal was marred by a far more ominous occurrence.

There had been for several days an ugly rumor that the gas was giving out. The Squire pooh-poohed the report, but a week later it was not to be thrust aside by any such contemptuous methods, and there was no denying that the Hartman well was less strong than formerly. But what did that signify? It would be an easy matter to sink more wells and find more gas.

Before this could be done, however, the capitalists back of the Buckeye Development and Improvement Company withdrew from the field, leaving the Swantonians in a tangle whose labyrinthine difficulties they could not understand—except as to the depressing detail that they were pledged for more money than they could pay or could earn in a lifetime. On the heels of this calamity came an interruption in the rolling-mill project. The building was there and the machinery was there, but the business halted. Major Gloss was absent in some vague locality on unknown business, and no one else had authority, means or ability to proceed. It did not become known for some time that this rolling-mill machinery existed only for effect in boom towns and that it traveled from one to another in pursuit of this end. Since it left Swanton it had been in a dozen other booms, but never had turned a wheel for work.

The fabric which Squire Duffield and his sons and daughter had reared in fond anticipation crumbled into dust, and their consternation when an appreciation of their predicament was forced upon them was pitiable.

"I am ruined, utterly," wailed the old man. "Not an acre of land, not a dollar, can I call my own. I don't see anything left for us but to go to live in Snyder's subdivision, and I'll have to try for day's work."

At this prospect Miss Fannie lifted up her voice in anguish, and the boys, having nothing to suggest but their debts, went out to drown their troubles in drink while they still had a little credit.

But Mrs. Duffield looked more cheerful than she had done since she left the farm. "Oh, it ain't so bad but that it might be worse," she remarked, philosophically, as she went on with her darning.

"How could it be worse?" the Squire demanded, turning roughly upon her. "Well, I've got a little money saved up," she replied calmly. "I've been married thirty year, almost, an' you never interfered with my doin' as I liked, father—leastways, not till we come to town to be grand folks—so I've saved up considerable. Whenever I had a hundred dollars, I've given it to Brother Dan to invest for me, knowin' him to be a careful and an honest man, and I've got a matter of 'most \$7000 out at interest, besides high on to a hundred dollars in my stockin' that I hadn't given him yet, so I guess we might make some arrangement 'bout the mortgage an' move back to the old place. We'll get the rest of it paid off if we leave gas and improvements alone, I guess."

And perhaps there was a sparkle in the old lady's eyes.

"But how did you get so much money?"

"Butter an' eggs an' garden truck. I wasn't never ambitious, you know."

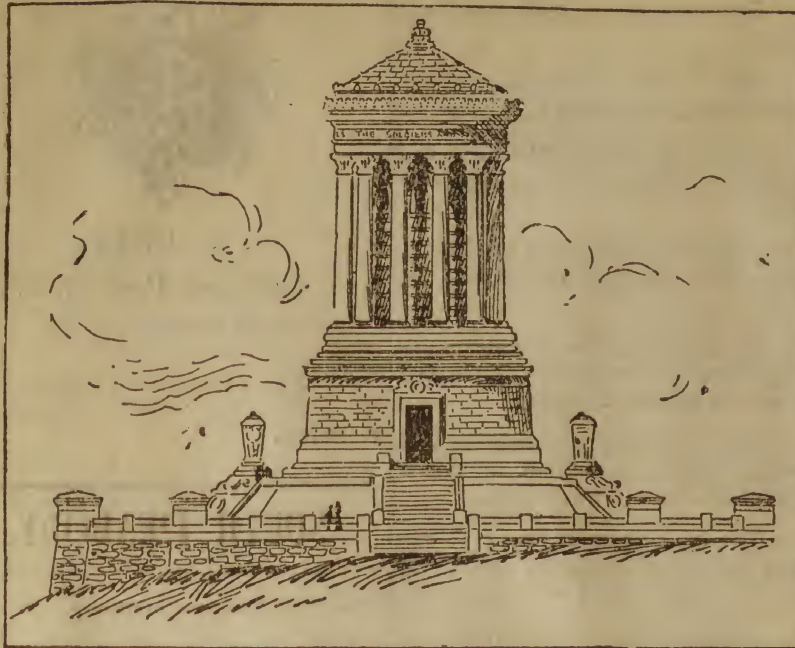
And the Squire had the grace to say, "Mother, you've saved the family, an' I shan't never go against your advice in anything again."—New York Press.

Hunting Pecaries in Texas. "Hunters have been known to undertake the foolhardy task of hunting pecaries on the plains of Texas," said an old ranchman in the New York Sun, "by killing one in a drove and getting to a safe place in a tree, when the entire drove will at once gather about the tree and wait, with every eye fixed upon the hunter, for the vengeance their instinct or reason or whatever it is tells them is inevitable. Well provided with ammunition, hunters have been able to pick off, one by one, every member of a drove, and then make an escape from a tree, but it is a dangerous risk for a hunter to run. Every pecary but one in a drove may fall before the hunter's bullets, but the solitary one will remain on guard until he dies of starvation. If the hunter has no ammunition and one pecary is left alive, it becomes a question of which has the more endurance, the hunter or the pecary. Plainsmen are a fearless and often reckless lot, but they never hunt pecaries. There are too many terrible stories as to how such rash undertakings have terminated."

"Physically as well as morally," said Joe Parker, "the pecary seems to be an abnormal sort of creature. It has the general appearance and habits of the hog, but the hoofs and the three stomachs of the cow. On its back it has a gland which secretes a musk, and three minutes after a pecary is killed its flesh will be entirely preguented with the secretion. Just what this composite construction of the pecary is for—a reminiscence of the hog, the cow and the muskrat—no one seems to have exactly found out yet. But one thing is certain—it is tough and absolutely without fear. But they are harmless as doves if you treat 'em right. You can go out any time, over yonder in the Big Valley, and sit right down on the edge of a feeding drove of pecaries and watch 'em all day, if you want to, and they won't touch you or notice you so long as you don't rile 'em."

The last mule-car has disappeared from New Orleans.

NEW YORK'S FIRST CIVIL WAR MEMORIAL.



DESIGN FOR SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT.

The monument to be erected on Riverside Drive, New York City, to the memory of the soldiers and sailors who fell in the Civil War, is in the form of a temple of fame, and will be eighty feet in height, built of pure white marble. It will cost \$250,000.

Mount Tom, the site for the new monument, is a round-topped rock at the foot of West Eighty-third street. It is the most elevated point on the New York side of the Hudson for many miles, and when the monument's height of eighty feet is added to this landmark the effect will be magnificent.

There has never been a monument erected in New York in honor of the soldiers and sailors of the Civil War, despite the fact that the members of the Grand Army of the Republic were unremitting in their endeavors to secure a fitting memorial; but finally the Legislature was induced to authorize the city to issue bonds to secure a fund for the building of the monument.

International Athletic Sports to Be Held Annually.

The great international athletic tournament is over and England is the winner. It was held at the Queen's Club and the Americans made a game fight, but were beaten, 5 to 4. The Harvard and Yale boys will have a chance to retrieve themselves next year if the Englishmen decide to come to this country for a return contest.

Not in many years have Britishers taken such an interest in track and field sports. What were said to be the cream of Uncle Sam's amateur athletes were sent over to do battle with the pick of the country, and royalty and commoners were alike deeply interested in the outcome. Many thousands witnessed the contests, and fabulous prices were paid for seats. Several hundred Americans were late in securing boxes and as high as \$50 a seat was offered, but the

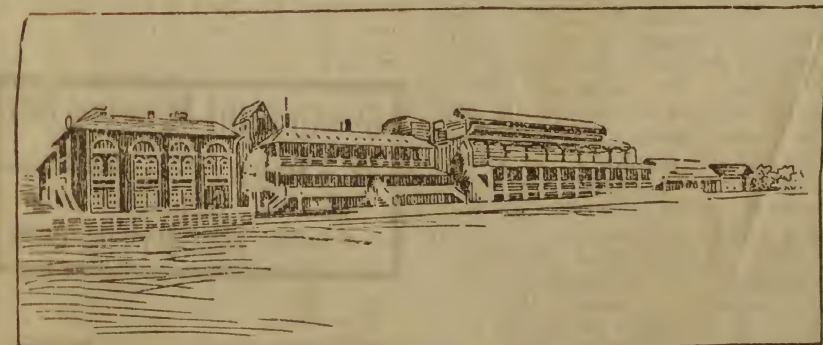


THOMAS E. BURKE. (Harvard's star performer, who was in such bad form that he lost the half mile race, the English athletes thereby being enabled to win.)

supply had long been exhausted and the money didn't tempt the holders.

The crowd which assembled was a notable one. Two hours before the first event was called the spectators began to arrive, and by four o'clock every seat on the field was taken and spectators were lined up four deep around the entire track. In all eight thousand persons were present.

To an American the appearance of the field was a revelation. Brilliantly decorated stands, with colored awnings and innumerable flags gave the event quite a carnival-like appearance, such as is seldom seen at an American college meeting. This was, however,



THE QUEEN'S CLUB, LONDON. (Where the contests between the American and British athletes took place.)

quite in accordance with the ordinary custom in England.

A pleasant feature of the day was the presence of the London Victoria Military Band, which throughout the

afternoon enlivened the occasion with popular airs.

The Harvard and Yale supporters filled two sections in the stand opposite the finishes, but with the exception of a single cheer on the occasion of Fox's win in the hurdle race there was none of the organized shouting that is a feature of the Harvard-Yale contests.

Judging from announcements made by several speakers at the dinner given to the athletes after the games were over, it is evident that the two



ROBERT GREEN INGERSOLL.

English universities contemplate a return visit to America next year. The members of both teams were in excellent health and spirits, and made the dinner the liveliest ever given in London. They joined in all the popular airs which the band played, and when American national tunes were played, all stood in their chairs singing and cheering.

The Americans came in for great applause from both the Englishmen and Americans present, Fox, Rice and Palmer being especially honored, while Davidson, as the victor in an event which all Englishmen feared would go to America, was greatly acclaimed as the saviour of the day. Then came brief speeches from the captains of the teams, Vassal saying he hoped to go to America and give them revenge, and, despite the assurance which his neighbor, Roche, had given him all during the dinner that the climate had nothing to do with

theological discussions with men of national and international reputations, the most notable one being with Mr. Gladstone. He delivered lectures on the subjects which made him well known in all parts of the country and they drew overflowing audiences. Colonel Ingersoll was sincere in his convictions and it was due to them that in 1877 he refused the post of Minister to Germany. Colonel Ingersoll has enriched English literature by the eulogies which he delivered at the graves of his friends and by the patriotic addresses which he made on national occasions. The eulogy which he delivered at his brother's funeral is considered his finest effort, and his address spoken in New York City on Memorial Day in 1888 has become a classic. One of his finest compositions is a prose poem entitled "Life."

Colonel Ingersoll was a man of large sympathy. He was naturally a philanthropist and had many plans for the improvement of the conditions of the poor. He earned great sums of money, both as a lecturer and as a lawyer, but he let them go like water. It was his habit to keep money in an open drawer, to which every member of the family was free to go at any time and take what was wanted. His home life was one of remarkable happiness, and he was never so happy as when surrounded by his devoted family and by his friends who thronged his house from all the walks of life. He was a constant student of Shakespeare, whose works occupied the place in his home where in most homes in this country the Bible rests. He was never more eloquent or earnest or impressive than when talking of the master playwright. He never tired of delving in Shakespeare's works and finding and displaying beauties hidden from the careless reader. Wagner was another object of his ceaseless admiration.

lowed Captain Vassal, both made modest and appropriate speeches, thanking the Englishmen for their cordial reception and courteous treatment and asking that they be allowed soon to try again.

Sketch of the Career of Robert G. Ingersoll.

The death of Robert G. Ingersoll at his summer home at Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., removed a unique character from the world's stage. He did not leave life as he had wished; he wanted to die slowly so that he could note his feelings and give to the world a farewell message before he crossed the threshold of the dead.

Colonel Ingersoll was the son of a Congregational minister. His boyhood was spent in Wisconsin and Illinois. He was educated in the public schools, studied law, and opened an office in Shawneetown, Ill., with his brother Eben, who represented the Peoria district in Congress from 1864 to 1872, and who died in 1879. Robert G. Ingersoll was Colonel of the Eleventh Illinois Cavalry in the Civil War, and made an exceedingly good record as a soldier. He was captured by a force of Confederate cavalry, but he was paroled and he returned to his command. He was Attorney-General of Illinois in 1866.

Colonel Ingersoll's first attempt at oratory was a failure, but when he again essayed to speak he was successful, and finally developed into one of America's greatest orators. His speeches were marked by an extraordinary facility of phrasing and an unusual power of graphic portrayal. The speech which he delivered at the National Republican Convention in 1876, nominating James G. Blaine and giving him the title of Plumed Knight, attained for him national fame.

His chief notoriety, however, rests upon his attacks upon the Christian religion. He wrote a number of books and minor works, and several volumes of lectures. He participated in several

"Honor is Purchased
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Deeds, not words, count in battles of peace as well as in war. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. It has won many remarkable victories over the arch enemy of mankind—impure blood. Be sure to get only Hood's, because

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Judging By Appearances.
It isn't always so easy a matter to judge by appearances as one might think. A young woman who prides herself upon being a good judge was recently led into giving her decision upon perfect strangers. She was to tell who and what they were. It was at a summer hotel, and in regard to most of the guests she was reasonably sure, some she was a trifle uncertain about, but in the case of one man she had not the slightest hesitancy in saying that he must be a clef gyman. She was disillusioned when she went to see the performance of a sleight-of-hand personage in the evening—he was her thought-to-be clergyman.—New York Sun.

Water Bloodhounds.
In South America there exists a kind of fish which may be described as a fresh-water locust. The creatures are not more than four or five inches long but their danger lies in their enormous numbers and insatiable voracity. They are veritable bloodhounds that fairly fill the waters and attack all comers in droves and swarms. If any foreign object drops into the stream it is at once surrounded by thousands, and if alive it is reduced to a skeleton in a marvellously short time. Horses in wading a stream have been so terrorized by the attacks of these unseen foes that they have fallen over, and horse and rider have been drowned.—London Mail.

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It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Tired, Aching, Burning, Swelling Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

African Rivers.
It is a distinguishing feature of most African rivers that they contain no water for at least eight months of the year. It is true that water can almost always be found in a river bed by digging for it, but in outward appearance a river is usually a broad belt of sand lying between high and precipitous banks. Many and many a coach has been upset in one of these drifts, as they are called. The descent is always steep, frequently so steep that the brakes cannot hold the coaches.

They start going down at a crawl, and then the coach gathers way and goes on with a rush, the mules are driven into a heap anyhow, and one wonders that they do not get their legs broken; but they usually land all right, while the coach, practically unmanageable, goes down like a sort of toboggan jumping from stone to stone, and swaying like a ship in a sudden squall, and may or may not arrive right side up at the bottom. In fact, the passenger who has gathered his ideas of coaching from a trip to Brighton or a drive to Virginia Water, finds that he has a lot to learn about the subject when he gets to South Africa. Still, on the whole, it was wonderful how few accidents did occur, and if one considers that the coaches ran night and day, and that when there was no moon it would sometimes be too dark to see the mules from off the coach, it reflects great credit on the drivers.—Gentleman's Magazine.

The Old and New Ways.
Only the literary man, the stickler for form and precision, says de-f-i-c-i-t. He is right. But there is not a financier, a bank president, a merchant, a broker or any man in any practical way connected with money who does not say either de-f-i-s-i-t or de-f-i-g-h-s-i-t. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, the leading financier of the United States, if not of the world, says de-f-i-s-i-t.—New York Press.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 93,241]
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—For some time I have thought of writing to you to let you know of the great benefit I have received from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Johnson Saved from Insanity by Mrs. Pinkham

Soon after the birth of my first child, I commenced to have spells with my spine. Every month I grew worse and at last became so bad that I found I was gradually losing my mind. "The doctors treated me for female troubles, but I got no better. One doctor told me that I would be insane. I was advised by a friend to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial, and before I had taken all of the first bottle my neighbors noticed the change in me.

"I have now taken five bottles and cannot find words sufficient to praise it. I advise every woman who is suffering from any female weakness to give it a fair trial. I thank you for your good medicine."—MRS. GERTRUDE M. JOHNSON, JONESBORO, TEXAS.

Mrs. Perkins' Letter.
"I had female trouble of all kinds, had three doctors, but only grew worse. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills and used the Sensitive Wash, and cannot praise your remedies enough."—MRS. EFFIE PERKINS, PEARL, LA.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

THE VALUE OF ATHLETICS.

Girl Who Was a Physical Wreck Restored to Health.

As a "strong woman," the seventeen-year-old daughter of a West End avenue millionaire of Kansas City is the latest marvel. It was last June that the young lady in question was graduated from college a physical wreck. It was thought that she was going into a decline, and many specialists were consulted, but there seemed no organic disease, simply a strong tendency toward nervous prostration. Drugs were ineffective, walking was exhausting. Ordinary gymnastics, such as are usually practiced in schools for girls, did not seem to do any good.

More in a joke than anything else the young lady called at the studio of a professional athlete and informed him that she wanted to be a "strong woman." It did not look very promising, as she was slight, weighing less than ninety pounds, and was weak and ill. But there is nothing this athlete will not try, and so he put her through his twenty-five different sets of dumb bell exercises with the lightest bells, adding to their weight as her strength increased, until she could swing five-pound bells with perfect ease.

Taking a set of bells home, she began exercising before breakfast, and soon found the work delightful and easy; her appetite increased and she began to long to do greater feats. For variety's sake her instructor allowed her to learn several weight lifting exercises, and found to his astonishment that she could actually do them, and do them gracefully and firmly. From one feat to another she went, until now she has mastered every sort of a strong woman feat, and her teacher himself gazes on her with astonishment. The young lady has a most wonderful back, and the muscular development of the entire body comes to its support. One of her tricks is the lifting of a big bar bell from the floor with one hand, turning it and holding it high above the head without a tremor. This same bar bell she then places upon the floor and lies down flat on her back, with the bell at her head, and raises it with both hands until it is straight above her head, then holding it with one hand only, rises to a sitting and then a standing position, with the bell high above her head still. This bar bell weighs 100 pounds.

Another feat the muscular young lady does with the same bell in connection with the "Roman chair." This chair has a strap across the seat, into which she slips her feet, then she leans over the back until her head rests on the floor, reaches over her head for the bar, and rises with it to a standing position on the seat of the chair, with the bell high over her head, then descends in the same manner and lays it on the floor above her head again. These feats require enormous strength, as any one can easily ascertain by trying them. Some of her friends belonging to a yacht club have been inveigled by her brother to come home with him and visit the gymnasium on the top floor and try some of these feats. But with all of their boasted athletic achievements she easily outdistances them all.

The Romance of a Woman Philanthropist

Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, whose many years ago acquired a national prominence as a philanthropist, died at Littleton, N. H.

Mrs. Thompson was born at Lyndon, Vt., February 21, 1821. She was the daughter of a farmer named Samuel Rowell. When she was nine years old she became a maid of all work in the house of a neighbor, receiving twenty-five cents a week as wages. Even under these circumstances she managed to educate herself, almost entirely unaided. She was a very beautiful woman when, in 1841, she made a visit to Boston, and was there seen by Thomas Thompson, a wealthy man of the city. He was so impressed by her appearance and bearing that he sought her acquaintance, and early in 1844 married her.

Mr. Thompson was a well-known philanthropist, and much of his income was spent for benevolent purposes. He died in 1869, and the income of the whole of his immense estate was left to his wife. She followed her husband's example, contributing liberally to all kinds of charities and donating large sums for purposes of national interest. Mrs. Thompson spent more than \$100,000 in providing openings in business for men with families, hundreds of business men now in comfortable circumstances owing their start in life to her. She gave \$10,000 to pay the expenses of a commission authorized by Congress to investigate the yellow fever. She founded the town of Long Mont, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, and gave 640 acres of land and \$300 to each colonist. F. B. Carpenter's well-known painting, "Signing of the Emancipation Proclamation by Lincoln in the Presence of His Cabinet," was bought by her and presented to Congress. In consequence of this the freedom of the floor of the House was granted to Mrs. Thompson.

In 1855 Mrs. Thompson gave \$25,000 for the advancement of scientific research. She was a strong advocate of an international republic, and a journal advocating her views was started in England. She was also an earnest upholder of temperance and gave large sums to that cause.

Mourning Costumes.
It is not really mourning to wear white, even during the summer, immediately after the death of some relative. There should be worn instead black muslin, black lawn, black mous-

seline de soie, and all the other thin materials in dead black. These should be made without any white trimming whatever, and, if possible, should be trimmed only with the same material. After six months a nun's veiling trimmed with rows of dead-black ribbon or a lustreless crepe de Chine may be used. This, however, would not do for a widow; though after six months it might be worn by a woman who had lost some near relative. These crepe de Chine gowns trimmed with ruchings of the same, and with some black mousseline de soie around the waist, make very beautiful gowns—gowns, too, that are usually most becoming. The princess style is very good in this material, and the mourning effect may be heightened by trimmings of crepe. The crepe and crepe de Chine, caddy enough, are very effective together; it might be supposed that the two materials have so much in common that they would not look well together, but such is not the case. There are some dead-black mourning silks that are very good, light in texture, and of so dead a black, that they look well with the crepe veil.—Harper's Bazar.

The Feminine Conscience.
There has been no time since the invention of letters when man has not made it his duty to expose and deplore the lack of conscience in woman. It is a familiar topic in all literature, in all ages and in all nations, and special attention has been directed to the proofs of woman's lower moral tone as evidenced by her untruthfulness in statement and her dishonesty in money matters.

And yet how hard it is at times to reconcile our most firmly established theories with actual facts! What becomes of the theory under notice when confronted with the fact reported from Chicago last week that two women in that city, Mrs. Cyrus McCormick and her daughter, Mrs. Emmons Blaine (let their names be held in honor!), believing that they had each more than a million dollars' worth of taxable personal property, voluntarily reported this circumstance to the assessors and had their names placed on the tax-books as liable for their proper taxation. To call such an illustration of honesty unusual or unprecedented does not do it justice. Is it not absolutely unique and wholly beyond the range and scope of the masculine conscience?

Would it not be well to revise our estimate of woman in respect of her conscience until we are able to quote an instance of the censorious sex emulating the example of these two good American women in Chicago?—Editorial in New York World.

Laurels For a Woman Telegrapher.

Miss Elizabeth Cugley, probably the oldest woman telegrapher in the world in the point of service, has abandoned the key and will hereafter superintend the force of seven operators at Union Station, Harrisburg, in which office she has received messages for forty-five years. Her health has been somewhat impaired of late, and in recognition of long and faithful service the promotion was made.

Miss Cugley began her career as a telegraph operator in Lewiston, her home, forty-five years ago, and she received the message calling out the Logan Guards at the place in response to President Lincoln's first call for volunteers at the outbreak of the Civil War.—Philadelphia Press.

Long Lace Mittens.

Women with thin or red arms will welcome the news that the long lace mitten is the grand chic thing for full dress, and the elbow mitten—also of lace—the newest thing for afternoon gowns made with elbow sleeves. These mittens, when worn with a ceremonious evening gown, are longer than the longest gloves, running quite to the under arm seam and joined to the shoulder with short jeweled chains. There is a hole for the thumb, which serves to hold them in place about the wrist and hand. They are shaped like the silk mitts worn eight and ten years, but fit more perfectly, as they are made to order. They afford a most delightful chance to show off one's handsome rings.

Gleanings From the Shops.

Much garniture composed of beads, spangles, crystals and jewels intermingled.

Hand-painted gauzes and mousselines de soie for evening gown in exquisite floral designs.

Light blue sunshades with lacquered sticks to match with large empire bow on the handle.

Gowns of mauve crepe trimmed with a deep fringe of steel beadings and motifs of real lace.

Detachable fronts made of all light silk and washable materials trimmed profusely with lace.

New assortments of safety bar and circular pins for the hair studded with semi-precious stones.

Much brown chiffon veiling with small chenille spots as well as different white varieties with and without dots.

Small mantles in various forms fashioned from the same material of which the gown is made simply or elaborately trimmed.

Long stoles, cut like a circular cape in the back, of eoru gimpure lined with white satin and trimmed with black velvet ribbon bows.

Many costumes showing panels, guimpes, tunics, revers and other trimming features composed of white satin overlaid with cream lace in light and medium weaves.

Women's kimono dressing sacques made of white or light-colored lawns trimmed in contrast with loose flowing sleeves and low collar for warm weather, negligee wear.—Dry Goods Economist.

Our Great Country.

The most curious feature in the case of the miner recently imprisoned for nearly seventy hours in the Gaylord coal mine at Plymouth, Penn., was his peacefully falling asleep in his tomb as soon as he realized that he would be difficult to imagine a more serene nervous system. There were plenty of chances, too, that the miners might not get the poor fellow out alive. When, finally, he did emerge he behaved just as a hero ought to behave—quietly, with less thought of himself than of his distracted mother, who at the moment was at home praying for him. An adventure like that, together with the outbreak of one of the old Kentucky feuds, and the exciting train-robber chase in Wyoming a few weeks ago, make us realize that we still keep in this country the elements of the dramatic and the picturesque. And yet our foreign visitors will look us over superciliously and declare that we are utterly commercialized and prosaic?—Collier's Weekly.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.
Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic, clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin today to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

A Hickory Coffin.

A man who recently died in New York had made his own coffin forty years before in the New England state in which he then lived. The coffin was made of lumber from a hickory tree that grew on his own place. When it was finished he had it stored away in the attic.

When the man died the coffin was sent for. It was well made and in good condition; but the man had so grown that it was too small. The survivors bought for him a modern coffin of red cedar, but they had the hickory coffin taken apart and placed inside the modern one, so that after all the man was buried as he had desired to be—in his own hickory coffin.—New York Sun.

A Protest Over a Duel.

A dramatic author and his critic once fought a duel. The author was a poor shot, his opponent a good one. The first one fired and missed, but the journalist took careful aim at the other's hat and pierced it. Upon this the dramatist flew into a rage, passionately protesting against its unfairness, adding: "If you had told me what you were going to do I would have put on an old hat."

To Cure Constipation Forever.
Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Puzzling, Indeed.

When Lord Curzon was appointed viceroy of India a relative of his at Hongkong handed in a message with the single word, "Congratulations." It was, however, intimated to him that the word was above regulation length, and that he would have to pay double the ordinary half-guinea charge per word. Not caring to do this, he altered the word to "Felicitous," and in that form the message was despatched. The viceroy received the message, but was puzzled to understand why some one had been at the expense of wiring him from the far East the enigmatical words, "Feline Cats."—New York Press.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

What does it do?
It causes the oil glands in the skin to become more active, making the hair soft and glossy, precisely as nature intended.

It cleanses the scalp from dandruff and thus removes one of the great causes of baldness.

It makes a better circulation in the scalp and stops the hair from coming out.
It Prevents and It Cures Baldness

Ayer's Hair Vigor will surely make hair grow on bald heads, provided only there is any life remaining in the hair bulbs.

It restores color to gray or white hair. It does not do this in a moment, as will a hair dye; but in a short time the gray color of age gradually disappears and the darker color of youth takes its place.

Would you like a copy of our book on the Hair and Scalp? It is free.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expect from the use of the Vigor write the Doctor about it.
Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.



A tasteful appearance in dress often comes as much from good laundering as from the quality of the clothing. Good laundering requires good soap and Ivory Soap is the best.

The fading of delicate shades is frequently the ruin of an expensive garment. Any color that will stand the free application of water can be washed with Ivory Soap.

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When Sigbee Feels Like a Whale.
In an address at Fall River, Captain Sigbee, of the Texas told the following story illustrative of the fact that naval men made no pretense at being orators:

"It is a very difficult situation for me," said Captain Sigbee, "to be required to make a speech, and I am in the situation of the old sailor who was very fond of tea, and was devoted to the people who served it. But this old sailor had no society manners, and had never attended an afternoon tea. He was afraid of the ladies, but in some way he was forced to go to an afternoon tea. He went almost in despair, and when he got back to his ship his mates said:

"'Brown, did you go to the tea?'"
"I did."

"How did you feel there?"

"I felt like a sperm whale doing crocheted work." (Laughter and applause.)

Nevertheless, Captain Sigbee makes a very able address.—Boston Globe.

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

P. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known P. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Signs Of It.
"I declare," said the attenuated cloud, as he passed swiftly by his heavier companion on the summer breeze, "you look prosperous."

"Yes, indeed," replied the other. "I have been saving up for a rainy day."—Life.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.
To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No. 10—Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 60c. or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Japanese government reports show that 159 persons not employees were killed on railways in that country during the year ending with March, 1898. Of these deaths, 92 are described as suicides.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.
Candy Cathartic, pure and pleasant forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

The students of the University of Tubingen have been deprived of one of their favorite amusements. Ever since the sixteenth century it has been their custom to shout "Jokele sjen!" at the men who brought rafts down the Neckar. There are to be no more rafts, the last having passed Tubingen a few weeks ago.

No-To-Bac For Fifty Cents.
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. \$1. All druggists.

Eighty-four per cent of the entire state of Idaho is public land, amounting to more than 44,000,000 acres.

I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of lungs by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—LOUIS LINDAM, Bethany, Mo., January 8, 1894.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.

You Will Realize that "They Live Well Who Live Cleanly," if You Use

SAPOLIO

Officers in the French Navy.
In France's Navy there are forty-five admirals to 1,760 officers and 41,536 men. In the army there are 340 generals to 21,485 officers and 540,000 men, while the marines have seventeen generals to 2,105 officers and 52,305 men. The marines complain of the inequality in the proportion of generals, they having but one to about 124 officers, while the army has one to fifty-five.

Lazy Liver

"I have been troubled a great deal with a torpid liver, which produces constipation. I found CASCARETS to be a good remedy for this, and secured each relief from the constipation. I purchased another supply and was completely cured. I shall only be too glad to recommend Cascarets whenever the opportunity is presented."
J. A. Smith,
320 Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken or Grip. 10c, 25c, 50c.
CURE CONSTIPATION.
J. A. Smith,
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York.

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

ADWY'S READY RELIEF
For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, flatulency, indigestion, weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pain around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the use of ADWY'S READY RELIEF will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effects a permanent cure.

A CURE FOR ALL
Summer Complaints,
DYSENTERY, DIARRHEA,
CHOLERA MORBUS.

A half to a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharges continue, and a tumbler saturated with Ready Relief placed over the stomach or bowels, will afford immediate relief and speedily effect a cure. **ADWY'S**—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Flatulency and all internal pains.

Prevented.
Malaria in Its Various Forms Cured
There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers, aided by **ADWY'S READY RELIEF**, so quickly as **ADWY'S READY RELIEF**. Price, 50c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.
ADWY & CO., 55 Elm Street, New York.

STOPPED FREE
Permanently Cured
Insanity Presented by
DR. KLINE'S GREAT
NERVE RESTORER
Positive cure for all Nervous Diseases, Palsy, Epilepsy, Spasms and St. Vitus' Dance. No need of Nervousness after first day's use. Treatise and 50c. trial bottle free to all patients. They receive express charges only if they receive. Write to Dr. Kline, 149 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa.

CARTER'S INK
Is what Uncle Sam uses.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C.
Successfully Prosecutes Claims.
Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. System Civil War. 15 identifying claims, fifty since.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY: gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Box of test medicine and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box 2, Atlanta, Ga.

RHEUMATISM CURED—Sample bottle, 4 days' treatment, 10c. Box of test medicine, 10c. Green's Sons, Box 2, Atlanta, Ga.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

Central House

First-class accommodations.
Rooms and board by day or week.
Steam heating and electric lights.
Steam and electric cars pass the door.
C. W. CLARK,
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Bread, Cake and Pastry.

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PEABODY, MASS.

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C. A. THOMAS,

Agent for Pickering's

COAL

ON THE SQUARE.

STATIONERY.

PEABODY, . . . MASS.



Special Bargains

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AUGUST.

Don't fail to see the Bargains we offer during this month.

ALONZO RADDIN,

52 Main Street.

A. L. CASSINO,

Dry & Fancy Goods,

42 Main Street, Peabody.

Agent for Gordon's Dye House. A fine line of Home-made

* APRONS *

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PORTER & LORD.

Fire, Life, Accident, and Companies' Liability Insurance.

23 Lowell St., Peabody.

Opp. Town Hall.

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WHOLESALE RETAIL

* Hardware *

SPORTING GOODS AND FISHING TACKLE.

Seeds, Fertilizers, Farm Implements, Paints Oils and Brushes. Jobbers of

Curriers' and Morocco Tools and Supplies.

TELEPHONE 514-4.

13 and 15 Lowell St., Peabody.



Agents for American Steel Split Pulleys. They prevent the necessity for taking the shafting apart, and are not affected by a damp atmosphere.



NOT NEEDLESS.

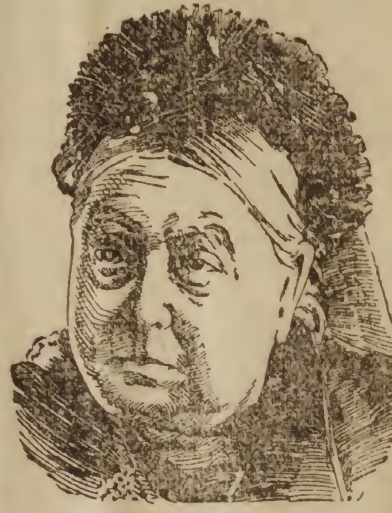
Chamberlain's Words Regarding War in Transvaal.

DOMINANCE IS THREATENED.

England Will Not Wait for a Redress of Grievances—The Queen's Speech Which Gave Rise to the Statement: "The Position of My Subjects in the South African Republic Is Inconsistent With the Promise of Equal Treatment Whereon My Grant of Internal Independence to That Republic Was Founded."

London, Aug. 10.—Parliament was prorogued yesterday by royal commission. The house of lords met and summoned the commons to the bar, and the proceedings terminated with the reading of the queen's speech. That part relating to Transvaal affairs was as follows:

"We have received a petition from a considerable number of my subjects residing in the South African republic praying my assistance to obtain a removal of grievances and disabilities of which they complain. The position of my subjects in the South African republic is inconsistent with the promise of equal treatment whereon my grant of internal independence to that republic was founded, and the unrest caused



QUEEN VICTORIA.

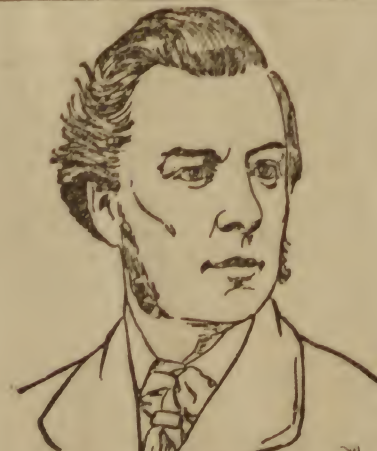
thereby is a constant source of danger to the peace and prosperity of my dominions in South Africa. Negotiations on this subject with the government of the South African republic have been entered into and are still proceeding."

Replying to various questions in the house of commons yesterday Joseph Chamberlain said no official confirmation had been received of the report that the Transvaal had declined to agree to a joint inquiry into the effect which the franchise reforms will have on the outlanders.

Several regiments, he added, were about to be dispatched to South Africa for the defense of Natal, in response to the request of the Natal government, and preparation was being made for all contingencies.

Later, replying to T. P. O'Connor, Mr. Chamberlain deprecated a resumption of the debate on the Transvaal situation, which, he pointed out, while serious, still remains doubtful. The colonial secretary added that he sincerely hoped that the report saying the inquiry proposal had been rejected was untrue. While he regretted the necessity of answering Mr. O'Connor, it would be a fatal mistake to allow the latter's views, that a war was entirely needless, that the government ought to express willingness to wait, maybe 15 years, for redress of the grievances of which they complained, to be considered. He added:

"The representative opinion of even the small minority in the house of commons or anything but the most insignificant minority in the United Kingdom on the government's policy, have been clearly expressed. We recognized the grievances of the outlanders and have said these grievances are not merely themselves a serious cause for interposition, but are a source of danger to the whole of South Africa. We say our pre-



JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN,
Colonial Secretary of Great Britain.

dominance is menaced by the action of the Transvaal in refusing to redress the grievances or give consideration to requests hitherto put in the most moderate language of a suzerain power. We say that this state of things cannot be tolerated. We have put our hands to the plough and won't draw back. With that statement I propose to rest content."

The editorials in the morning papers take a rather pessimistic tone in dealing with the references to the Transvaal in the queen's speech and that of Mr. Chamberlain.

Troops will be dispatched on Aug. 21 to replace those sent from Cape Town to Natal.

It is said that after parliament rose most important telegraphic dispatches were received from Sir Alfred Milner at the colonial office.

is on foot among the burghers to send petitions urging the Volksraad to make further concessions. The Liverpool regiment sailed for Natal yesterday. While the transport was leaving the bay the crew of the United States cruiser Chicago loudly cheered the troops, who replied vigorously.

ALL ARE PROSPEROUS.

But South Still Leads in Textile Mill Construction.

Boston, Aug. 10.—The American Wool and Cotton Reporter says: The first half of the year 1899 has slightly surpassed the last half of 1898 in the number of new and proposed textile enterprises entered into in the United States. Thus the total number of new enterprises launched in the first six months of this year was 116, against 107 in the last half of 1898, and 155 in the first half of 1898. The south continues to lead in new mill construction, and the number of new enterprises compares very favorably with those of any half year for a long time. The number of new enterprises in the north is considerably greater than that of the last half of 1898, but it is decidedly less than that of the first half of this year. North Carolina, as usual, leads the list of new enterprises, with a total of 32. Georgia comes second, with a total of 26. South Carolina and Virginia each show seven, Texas six, Rhode Island five, New York, Massachusetts and Tennessee four, Alabama, Maine and Pennsylvania three, Mississippi, New Jersey and Louisiana two, Connecticut, Missouri, Maryland, New Hampshire and Vermont one each.

The record of "enlargements and improvements" shows up very favorably as compared with last year. The textile mills of this country are today running full, almost without exception, and more new machinery has been ordered during the past six months than for a like period in many years. One result is that the various machine shops are enjoying a period of remarkable prosperity, several of them being overrun with orders.

FATAL LIVE WIRE.

Curious Electrocution at Insignificant Omaha Fire.

Omaha, Aug. 10.—Four firemen lost their lives here last night at a blaze on an upper floor of the Mercer Chemical company's building. The fire in itself was insignificant, the fatalities resulting from contact with a live wire. Two firemen suffered severely from shock.

When the fire had been brought under control, the firemen set to work to lower the big extension truck, upon which they had been working. Suddenly there was a sputtering and succession of flashes, such as occur when a connection is made with a live wire carrying a high voltage of electric current. The men who were working at the crank lowering the ladder writhed in agony a moment, and then fell to the pavement, limp and apparently lifeless. In lowering the ladder it had come in contact with a live wire, carrying a current of 2000 volts.

The injured men were carried into an adjoining building, and doctors used every means known to revive them. Charles Hopper soon revived and, saying he was all right, started to walk away. He had gone only 50 feet when he dropped dead. Otto Gelske showed signs of reviving, but when only partially rallied sank back and expired. Joseph Adams and George Benson never showed any signs of animation. They were doubtless dead when picked up.

WILL ARRANGE DETAILS

Shoe Men Complete National Organization at Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, Aug. 10.—The shoe manufacturers who have been in session here yesterday decided to form a permanent national organization, and after electing officers adjourned, delegating the completion of details to the newly elected board of directors. The resolutions presented by the committee on permanent organization embodied the following recommendations: That a national organization be effected, its object to be to foster and promote the boot and shoe industry in the United States; to reform abuses, to promote uniformity and certainty in the customs of the trade; secure freedom from unjust exactions, promote confidence and a more large and frequent interest among those engaged therein. The preparation of a constitution for the national body, the fixing of a time and place for the new organization's next meeting and sundry other matters were referred to the board of directors.

WILLING TO SPEAK.

Alleged Will Perhaps Take Hand in Kentucky Politics.

Lexington, Ky., Aug. 10.—What purports to be a statement by ex-Governor Albig of Illinois of the political situation in Kentucky is printed here. It vigorously assails Goebel and the convention which nominated him, and says that it seems as if a new Democratic state ticket would be the salvation of Senator Blackburn. He expresses a willingness, under certain circumstances, to make political speeches in this state.

Mrs. Baker "Off Her Trolley."

Boston, Aug. 10.—Three thousand people paid 10 cents admission to People's Temple last night to see Miss Jewett and the Baker family. Mrs. Baker furnished the sensation of the evening. While J. W. Hutchinson, the white-haired anti-slavery singer, was singing his song, "The Brotherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man," Mrs. Baker experienced religious exaltation. She dropped her little son, Willie, who had been sleeping in her arms, and strode around the platform rolling her eyes and waving her arms. A dozen people conducted her to a seat. Rev. Mr. Adams presided, and among the other speakers were Rev. Justin D. Fulton and Miss Jewett.

Negro Should Leave the Country.

Quitman, Ga., Aug. 10.—At the regular meeting of the Georgia State Agricultural society here the race problem came to the front. Pope Brown, president of the society, and a prosperous planter, asserted that the white man and the negro were now at the parting of the ways, and said the former should assist the latter in his efforts to leave this country.

HARD LUCK.

Potent Cause of Defender's Bad Defeat of Yesterday.

WORST IN HER HISTORY.

Columbia Favored by Breezes Has Walk-Over—The Montreal Bicycle Tourney—Trial for World's Supremacy Opened at Queen's Park Track—Boston Gains in Race for Base Ball Pennant.

Newport, R. I., Aug. 10.—The New York Yacht club succeeded in keeping its hold on good weather for the second day's run—a cruise to Newport. The run was a distance of 43 miles, and while full of interesting brushes, was not quite as satisfactory as the first one, for while the yachts ran the last half of the 43 miles in a constantly increasing south-west breeze, the first half of the day was fluky and many boats received more than due credit for a seemingly glorious victory.

It is no disparagement of Columbia to say that her defeat of Defender by over 22 minutes was due more to bad judgment and hard luck of the latter boat than to actual superiority. Still the new boat showed herself very able in a broad reach with a constantly increasing breeze, and made an average of 13 knots in the run along shore from Watch Hill to Point Judith. So rapidly did she drop Defender that when she gybed round the whistling buoy off Point Judith her rival was hulled down to the westward over five miles astern. On the run up from Point Judith, dead before the wind, the Columbia gained a minute or two more, so that at the finish the old Defender had received the worst beating in her history.

There was never a moment during the day that there was not wind enough to fill the sails, while the last 15 miles was sailed in a grand breeze from the southwest. All Newport saw the finish at Brenton's Reef lightship, the cup defender of 1893, Vigilant, leading the fleet over the line after a warm contest with the schooner Colonia of 15 miles or more.

The brush between these two boats, and the great luffing match between Amorita and her great rival, Quisetta, as well as that between Hildegarde and Constellation, claimed attention after Columbia had jumped so far in ahead of Defender.

For miles and miles the sloop Vigilant sailed abreast of the schooner Colonia, neither getting the advantage until after rounding Point Judith whistling buoy. From here in, before the wind, Vigilant pulled away and gained something more by changing her spinnaker from starboard to port. At the finish there was 55 seconds between the boats, but as the Vigilant started six minutes ahead, the Columbia beat her easily on the run, although the boats sailed in different classes.

Amorita and Quisetta had another of their famous luffing matches, and sailed miles off the course towards Block Island before the swinging off for home. Amorita, on the last 10 miles, pulled away and won easily, while Quisetta was beaten by the new Latona.

Hildegarde and Constellation, the two largest yachts in the fleet, had another great tussle, Hildegarde finally winning.

The yachts started at 10:30 in a fairly strong westerly breeze, all breaking out spinnakers on crossing the line. The first three or four miles was quickly sailed, but half an hour after the start the wind began to slacken and soon some were almost becalmed. Half a dozen stood over into the Long Island sound, among them Amorita, and nearly all gained by this move, as they held the westerly breeze strongly until the shift came to the southwest about 1 o'clock.

All during this soft spell of two hours, Columbia seemed to be specially favored, for she carried a breeze right through, and she gained rapidly on Defender. The latter, too, made a mistake in getting too near the Fisher Island shore, so that when the wind did come round the Columbia caught it half an hour ahead. It was at this time, as the boats passed the entrance to Fisher Island sound, that Columbia made the great gain that gave her such a lead. From Watch Hill to Point Judith she fairly flew over the water.

All the boats went well on this reach along shore, and looking back every yacht seemed fairly buried in canvass. The home stretch of seven miles from Point Judith to Brenton's Reef lightship was made dead before the wind in a freshening breeze. The entire fleet was over the finish line within an hour after the Vigilant, and at 6 o'clock the flag-ship had dropped anchor in Brenton's cove.

Montreal, Aug. 10.—The world's cycle championship meet of the International Cyclists union opened yesterday on the Queen's Park track. The weather was fair and not too warm, and there was but a slight wind. Ten thousand persons saw the races. There was only one world's championship event on the day's card, that at one mile, amateur, and it fell to Tom Summersgill of the Leeds (Eng.) Athletic club, who won in a bruising finish from Earl Peabody of Chicago and John Gaidow, the Scotch champion. Time, 5:43 2-5. The most important professional event was the half mile. McCarthy of St. Louis, Nat Butler of Boston, Carman, the Canadian rider, McCarthy of Toronto, Major Taylor of Worcester and Angus McLeod of Toronto, were the six men who got into the final. There was a hair-raising finish between McCarthy of St. Louis and Major Taylor. The decision was so close that a part of the crowd on the stand back of the wire refused to accept it, claiming that Taylor had won. The time was 1:00:1-5. In the two-mile tandem professional a new world's competition mark of 3:47 3-5 was made by the Butler brothers, the previous record being 4:01 2-5, made by McDuffee and Tyrell at Boston. The half-mile amateur was won by Wilson of Pittsburgh, who beat Drury of Montreal handily.

Boston, Aug. 10.—Boston won the second game of the final series from the Cleveland Harlequins. Nichols twirled for the champions, while Knepper, the German recruit, was in the points for

the visitors. The home team found Knepper a rather difficult proposition to solve for hits or runs until the eighth inning, and then they tore off five hits and three runs, which settled matters.

The Lake Front tourists got away with a good lead in the first inning by good, hard batting. Nichols was touched up for five hits, and the three runs which ensued were well earned on hitting by Harley, Quinn, Sullivan, Tucker and Lockhead. The visitors did not "pulling away" from Nichols' fast ones, as the balls were served up without a break and with few curves. After the first inning Cleveland failed to score, though they made one or more hits in six of the remaining eight innings, and had men left on third and second bases a few times.

WILL ALWAYS BE FRIENDLY.

But Increase of Navies is the Best Peace Conference.

Berlin, Aug. 10.—According to the Berliner Tageblatt, Emperor William received Congressman Foss of Illinois and United States Naval Attache Beehler on board the Hohenzollern last Wednesday at Kiel. The emperor began the conversation by expressing a belief that Admiral Dewey had not used the words attributed to him, suggesting the possibility of a war between the United States and Germany. Mr. Foss replied that he had just come from Trieste, where he had had long talks with Admiral Dewey, who had shown no hostility toward Germany.

The emperor then declared his conviction that German-American relations would always remain friendly. Germans



EMPEROR WILLIAM.

in America, he said, would take good care that no aggressive or hostile policy should be pursued toward Germany. Then, referring to the growth of the German and the American navies, the kaiser said:

"Formerly it was the strong German army that chiefly preserved the peace of Europe; but the future of nations lies on the ocean. The increase of the German fleet involves no threat to any other power; for the stronger a nation is at sea the more others will hesitate to begin hostilities. The increase of navies, therefore, is in reality the best peace conference."

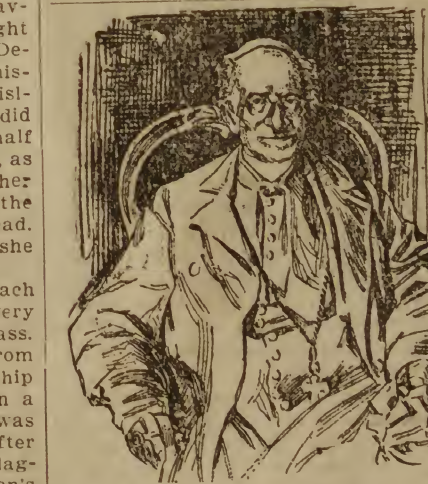
The Tageblatt does not vouch for the verbal accuracy of the foregoing, but asserts that it is a faithful reproduction of the gist of the emperor's remarks.

CONFLICTING REPORTS.

Pope Leo Is Very Sick and Is Well and Busy.

Vienna, Aug. 10.—The Allgemaine Zeitung says that the pope is ill, in consequence of the great heat, and has had several fainting fits. Dr. Lapponi, his physician, was hastily summoned.

London, Aug. 10.—The dispatches from Rome to the morning papers do not confirm the alarmist statement of the Allgemaine Zeitung regarding the health



POPE LEO XIII. FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

of the pope. On the contrary, they assert that he is busy preparing an encyclical on the peace conference, which will urge the necessity of the holy see regaining complete temporal liberty in order that it may promote the work of peace and arbitration.

SAW JOHN THE BAPTIST.

Strange Delusion of Evangelist in Mental Break Down.

Providence, Aug. 10.—Joel Bassett, one of the best known evangelists in this city and superintendent of Bethany mission, has broken down mentally under the strain of carrying on his work under adverse circumstances. For 10 years past he has been engaged in mission work among the sailors and longshoremen. By occupation he was a druggist. He contracted the liquor habit and sank by degrees to a low level. Conversion led him to so into evangelistic work in the line which had been his failing. Tuesday night there was a meeting at the mission. At its close his friends saw that he was suffering from delusions. He thought he had seen John the Baptist. His actions led his wife to take steps to have him cared for, with the result that he was placed in an asylum last night.

Longest Homing Test Yet.

Philadelphia, Aug. 10.—Ten homing pigeons were shipped yesterday from this city to Laredo, Tex., preparatory to trying for a record fly of 1600 miles. It will be the first time a race of that distance has been flown.

A. T. DODGE.

Horseshoeing

And

GENERAL JOBBING.

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MACHINISTS,

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THE PEABODY STAR.

VOL. I. NO. 3.

PEABODY, MASS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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Steam heating and electric lights.
Steam and electric cars pass the door.
C. W. CLARK,
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THE SAMSON HOUSE,

Is a new house, and first-class in every respect. Headquarters for Commercial Travellers and Theatrical Troupes. Special attention given to bicycle riders.

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½ minute from depot. All lines of electricity pass the door.

W. J. DALEY & CO.,
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Meats, Vegetables,
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Fish of all Kinds.

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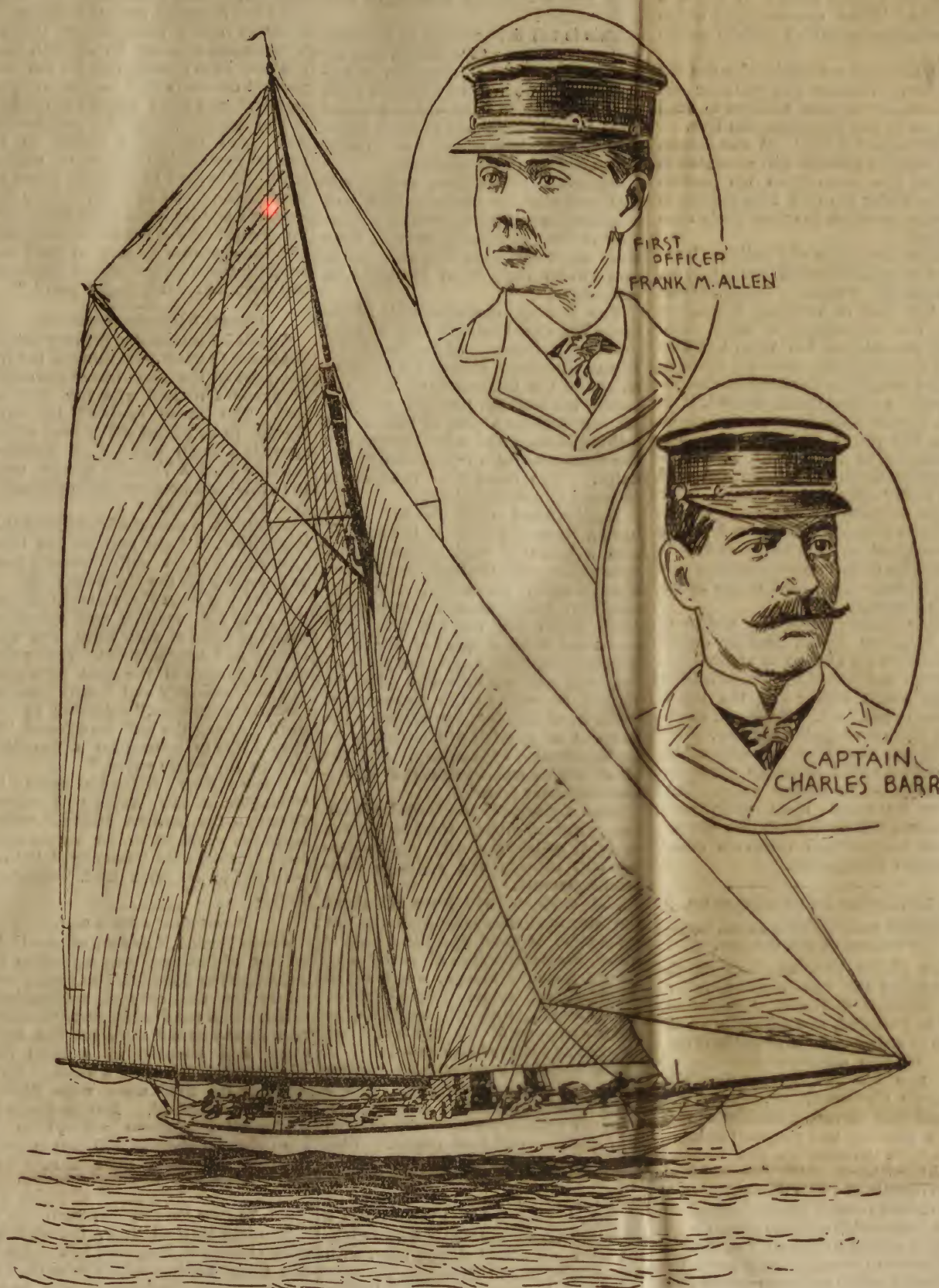
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"On the Square."

THE AMERICA'S CUP DEFENDER, COLUMBIA.

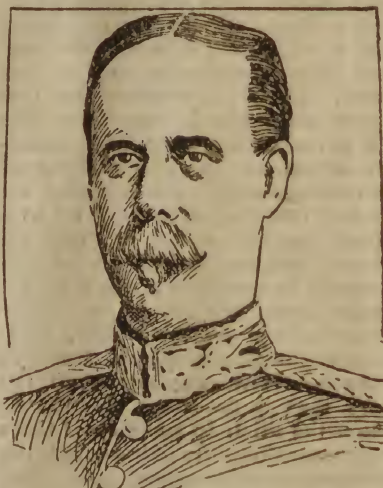


Details of the Race Between Columbia and Shamrock.



MEMORABLE contest may confidently be expected when Sir Thomas Lipton comes over here in the fall to get the America's Cup. The race will be the tenth since the proud day when the eagle first acquired a right to perch upon that trophy. But it is not time to be frightened yet. The British papers are doing their best to scare us, but we should keep up our courage for the present. That the Shamrock, Sir Thomas Lipton's challenger, is a dangerous craft is hardly to be doubted, but that she will defeat the Columbia is not yet a foregone conclusion. We have been told that the Shamrock had a concealed centreboard, and that this was what would beat us. We have read that she had a way of putting her chain cable up her sleeve and taking it out for the purpose of the race; that she had a hollow keel in which all sorts of dangerous expedients could be concealed, and that she was in general a craft more filled with mys-

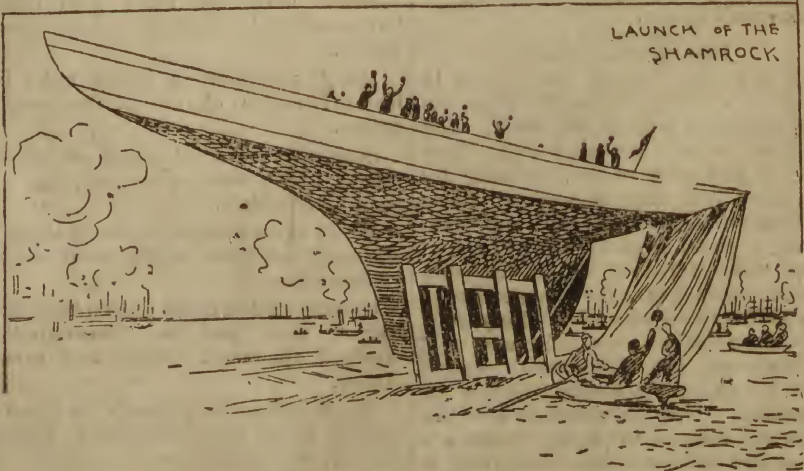
with something approaching exactness. The dimensions of the Columbia have been obtained from men who have had means of learning them, and are trustworthy. They put the yacht's length over all as 131 feet; beam, 22 feet 2 inches, and draught, 19 feet 10 inches. Her painted water line measured 89 feet 6 inches, and it was



SIR THOMAS J. LIPTON.
(Challenger for the American's Cup.)

believed that she would float, when all rigged, at about 89 feet 8 or 9 inches. The following table of dimensions of the two yachts is taken from the London Daily News.

	Columbia.		Shamrock.	
	Ft.	In.	Ft.	In.
Length over all	131	4	132	2
Water-line length	89	10	89	6
Beam	24	2½	24	6
Draught	20		20	



(A sail was dropped over the stern to prevent photographers getting a picture of the lines of the yacht.)

teries than our own Fenimore Cooper's Water Witch. But the lines of a yacht, like murder, will out. Her dimensions may be kept secret, yet they, too, will ultimately be known

Displacement—Columbia, 143½ tons; Shamrock, 147 tons. Sail area—Columbia, 13,940 square feet, Shamrock, 14,125 square feet.

The Columbia, which is the third cup defender designed by Nathaniel

Green Herreshoff, is owned jointly by Commodore J. Pierpont Morgan and C. Oliver Iselin, both of the New York Yacht Club. Roughly speaking, she will cost to build and run about \$225,000 for the season, of which the Herreshoffs will receive about \$110,000, which includes the hull, rigging, sails and extra spars.

The Columbia in C. Oliver Iselin has a capable amateur manager. His famous racing flag, the black and red swallow-tail, has been carried triumphantly to victory on the Titania, Vigilant and Defender. No patriotic American doubts he will be successful this year. He has in Mrs. Iselin the most charming mascot in the world. His aids are Woodbury Kane, Herbert C. Leeds and Newberry D. Thorne, all excellent yachtsmen.

His skipper, Charles Barr, is one of the smartest in the world. He is a Scotchman, but has long been naturalized. He is the only man of foreign birth who will sail on Columbia. He is thirty-five years old, and was born at Gourrock on the Clyde. In Chief Mate Allen, Captain Barr has a thoroughly smart, able and experienced officer.

The crew of Columbia hail from



WM. FIFE, JR., THE DESIGNER.
CAPT. HOGARTH. CAPT. WRINGE.
(The Shamrock's designer and her two skippers.)

Deer Isle, Me., and a better lot of seamen never broke a biscuit. There are thirty-nine all told, and ten of them sailed on Defender. Many of them have been captains and mates of coasting vessels. They are a lithe, agile lot, and handle the Columbia to perfection.

The Shamrock's skippers, Hogarth and Wringe, are men just a little over thirty years of age, and yet both have been sailing in class matches for several years. Hogarth has had charge of most of Fairlie's successful boats, and Wringe made another boat of Ailsa when he took her over from Jay. The designer has, therefore, complete confidence in them. The crew con-

sists of no fewer than fifty men, thirty Scotchmen and the rest Englishmen—four officers, boatswain, two boatswain's mates, carpenter, carpenter's mate, sailmaker, nine leading seamen, twenty-seven able seamen, two stewards and two cooks. In addition, Tom Ratsey and six sailmakers will



THE HULL OF THE COLUMBIA.

look after the canvas. Of the ship's company, only ten have not sailed in America's Cup contests before.

The contests between two such yachts as Columbia and Shamrock, manned by such men, cannot fail to be of magnificent interest.

Simplicity of Tagal Women.
The natives of the Philippine Islands—that is the pure bred natives or aborigines—are called Tagals. They are of the Malay race and are about as wild and unsophisticated as any of the savage peoples of the world. They are not an ill-favored race, and some of the women are very pretty.



TAGAL PEASANT GIRL.

The illustration is made from a photograph of a native Tagal peasant girl. Her family evidently has had the benefit of contact with civilization, as her dress indicates. Some of the Tagal women dress elaborately, but in the country places, it is said, they are wholly unconscious of the feeling of modesty as applied to dress so common with the women of Europe.

A Strange Spring.
Perhaps the most extraordinary spring in the world is that which gushes up from the trunk of an oak tree at Ouchy, Switzerland. The tree is an old one and of immense size,



and it is a mystery just how the water ever forced its way up through the trunk from a hole through which the little stream of clear, cool water, bubbles out as from a faucet. The villagers regard this tree as endowed with miraculous properties and many visitors come to Ouchy to see the strange sight.

The Main Thing to Learn.
"To make a success at this business," said the experienced traveling salesman, "there is one particular feature at which you should strive to become an expert."
"And what is that?" anxiously asked the young drummer.
"It is to be able to explain satisfactorily to the firm when you come in off of a bad trip just why you haven't sold more goods."—Ohio Journal.

In the vicinity of Norfolk, Va., about 1500 acres are devoted to the culture of radish.

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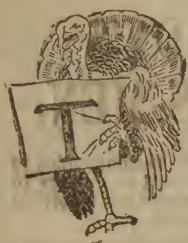
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THE BEST GOODS AT
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Lowest : Possible : Prices
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BEZ SAMUELS' DANCING TURKEYS.

Disciplining a Cruel Boy Showman.

BY C. A. STEPHENS.



Round and Square Dances and the Highland Fling!

HERE were seven turkeys, all large ones, six bronze and one white. On a board over the wire front of their cage was painted the announcement: "Seven Dancing Turkeys; Exhibited For the First Time; Round and Square Dances and the Highland Fling!"

The exhibitor was a sallow-looking boy about fifteen years of age, with a droop of his left eye. In connection with his cage of "educated turkeys," which he was showing at the county fair, he had a peanut stand. The peanuts were excellent, for he had a stove, kept hot with a coal fire, and roasted ovenful after ovenful. The stove and fuel-box were partly hidden from the public eye by a curtain at one end; and both stand and cage had just behind them the high board fence of the fair grounds.

Few people knew the owner. Those few called him Bez Samuels. He had been at the fair the year before with a "whirling table," which, after the first day, had been excluded by the management as something too nearly akin to gambling.

But this time he had brought a flock of educated turkeys, which spoke so well for his patience and skill that his show was admitted to the grounds without question.

During the first day the cage did not attract much attention, for the people were interested in other novelties; but soon they began to talk about it.

Bez's plan of exhibiting was not the usual one. He had no tent, but merely a slide curtain inside the wire front of the cage. Whenever the passing

Some discussion ensued; then we went back to ask him how he had trained the turkeys.

The fellow looked at us attentively, and then gave an account of the "gift" he possessed of communicating his "will" to birds and animals. It required months, he said; but kindness and perseverance accomplish wonders.

We said to him that it was truly a wonderful gift, and left, well satisfied that he had not told us the truth.

"He's a fraud," remarked Tom, as we walked away. "If he had said flatly that he did not wish to tell us about it, I shouldn't have blamed him, for of course it's his secret. If he wants to keep it, he has a right to. I wouldn't spy round to find it out, either; but now that he has gone on and told us such a falsehood, I'll find out his trick if I can."

I have always felt ashamed of the artifice to which we resorted, for I do not think that it was quite honorable, even with the motive of exposing a deception. What we did was to go outside the fair grounds fence and come round in the rear of the cage. Bez's "show" was placed on one side of the grounds near the fence. Through a chink in the upright boards we watched his operations for an hour or more. It was some time before we gained the least hint as to the true nature of his guilt, but we noticed that the cage had a double bottom, or rather two bottoms, almost three inches apart, each of sheet iron, and that when Bez wished to set the turkeys dancing, he thrust the iron rod between the two bottoms and rattled it against them. But this was no adequate explanation, and we were still in the dark.

Three or four successive exhibition of the dance were given while we were watching. Probably the poor

caught him at it. Get the boys together and expose his trick and cruelty."

The manner in which the Franklin County boys exposed Bez was described in the Franklin Gazette, in its account of the fair, the following Saturday. I give the item verbatim:

"Prominent among the side-shows was a cage of wonderful dancing turkeys, exhibited by one Bez Samuels, a youth not unknown to fame, who also regaled the multitude with fresh-roasted peanuts. The dancing exploits of the turkeys were really astonishing, and proved a 'feature' at once. A turkey taught to dance a Highland Fling was a novelty which immediately attracted public attention.

"The exhibitor expatiated upon the patience, kindness and peculiar gift requisite for training turkeys to such high art in the Terpsichorean line.

"But alas for Bez! It was discovered that his peculiar gift consisted in putting live coals from his peanut-roaster under the thin iron bottom of the cage in which the poor birds were confined.

"Now the people of Franklin County are great admirers of roast turkey, particularly toward Thanksgiving; but the idea of roasting the turkey alive did not appeal to them. Not much was said at the time, but very early the following morning, when as yet few people had arrived at the fair grounds, a select party, headed, it is said, by one Mose Evans, called round upon this gifted Samuels, took him summarily in hand, and having removed his shoes and stockings, popped him bodily into his own cage. Our special constable, who would doubtless have interposed, appeared not to regard Bez's protestations, the visiting vanguard proceeded to fire up beneath the cage.

"It is hinted that in the matter of the Highland Fling, Bez far outdid his turkeys for a space of at least five minutes, and would have undoubtedly leaped much higher had the top of the cage permitted. He sang, meantime, upon a very elevated key.

"He was finally let out with a hint that travel would probably prove the best balm for his heated soles. This advice he acted upon with such promptness that our reporters were unable to overtake and interview him."

A GOVERNOR ON NEWSPAPERS.

Evidence of Clear Insight on the Subject Possessed by Few Officials.

One of the first numbers on the programme for the convention of the National Editorial Association, held at Portland, was naturally an address of welcome by a prominent citizen. On this occasion the organization was honored by the fact that Oregon's Governor, Mr. Geer, performed that service. Besides a very hearty greeting and eloquent enlargement upon the beauties and wonders and hospitalities of his State, his address contained these thoughtful and just remarks about present aspects in the conduct of the public press:

"The calling to which you belong has grown to be one of the most important in which men can engage, the nature of your influence being such that its effect for good or evil is almost incalculable. Fortunately, however, while the newspaper field of the United States has broadened with the growth of the country, its general tone has been elevating, and many of the great moral triumphs of this generation have been the direct result of the concentrated, earnest efforts of our newspapers, great and small. Indeed, as a public educator on important and vital questions, the modern newspaper has become a power in the land, which as a rule it is not safe to either ignore or antagonize. This is true because of the tendency, in later years especially, toward a perfect independence in the discussion of public questions. So much so, in fact, that it would be difficult to find a leading newspaper in this country that has not at some time during the last decade gone counter to its party on some important question. This spirit of independence, which is perceptibly growing, sometimes throws all the leading papers together in the support of or opposition to some public question, affecting the welfare of the people; and when such a crisis arrives, the newspapers triumph, and the people's interests are secured. As a means of disseminating information among the people, the reliability of which is becoming more firmly established as the requirements of the people in this respect are growing more exacting, the daily newspaper has come to be an indispensable factor. As a vehicle of public discussion it has become universal and invaluable."

What He Couldn't Sell.

A gentleman was walking with his little boy at the close of the day, and in passing the cottage of a German laborer, the boy's attention was attracted to the dog. It was not a King Charles, nor a Black-and-tan, but a common cur. Still, the boy took a fancy to him, and wanted papa to buy him.

Just then the owner of the dog came home from his labors, and was met by the dog with every demonstration of joy. The gentleman said to the owner: "My little boy has taken a fancy to your dog, and I will buy him. What do you want for him?"

"I can't sell dat dog," said the German.

"Look here," said the gentleman, "that is a poor dog, but as my boy wants him, I will give you \$5 for him."

"Yaas," says the German, "I know he is a very poor dog, and he ain't wort' almost nuffin', but dere is von leetle dink mit dat dog vat I can't sell—I can't sell dat dog of his tail when I comes home at night."—Weekly Witness.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

FARMING FOR WOMEN.

An Adamless Eden Where Fair Maidens Are Taught Agriculture.

The English peeress who has given her name to the Lady Warwick hostel believes that a certain, though moderate, means of livelihood can be obtained by women in dairying, the growing and marketing of flowers and fruit, the cultivation of tomatoes and mushrooms and the keeping of bees and poultry.

This is the first section of her agricultural scheme; the second and ulterior object is the formation of settlements of women in different parts of the country to carry out in practice what they have already learned at the hostel, and thus infuse new vitality and interest in rural districts.

Adamless Edens these settlements will probably be characterized, but, as a surplus million of women will appear in the next English census, some Edens must be Adamless, and surely they will be happier in communities than alone.

The leading characteristic of the Lady Warwick hostel is that it gives practical training. At the Dairy Institute, Reading, students will learn all about the treatment of milk and cream, the making, packing and preserving and marketing of butter, the making of hard and soft cheeses and the treatment of by-products of the dairy. The same plan precisely is followed in poultry raising.

Horticultural students will each have a "practice plot" in the garden, also a piece of wall and portion of greenhouse, and they will cultivate on a small scale, vegetables, salads, cucumbers, tomatoes and mushrooms. Bush fruits and orchard trees will also come in for a share of attention. Neighboring fruit farms, market gardens and seed grounds will often be visited, as well as the museums at Oxford and London, the latter for the purpose of acquiring knowledge in horticultural entomology, or the identification and treatment of injurious and other insects.

Bees are kept in the hostel garden for practical object lessons in the study of apiculture, with demonstrations by experts and visits to their establishments.

The students will learn all about the chemical character of soils, the properties of good and bad drinking water, the composition of sandy and clayey rocks, drainage, weather and its relation to crops. Bookkeeping, too, is taught, with due attention to the preparation of the profit and loss account and the balance sheet.

The hostel is a charmingly commodious and spacious dwelling, with a large refectory, library, drawing and common rooms, dormitories, divided into cubicles, and bath-rooms. Students can have separate bedrooms by the payment of an additional fee. A well-built iron room, about forty by twenty, in the garden is fitted up as a gymnasium, and there is a grass tennis lawn and a field of one acre, with an asphalt tennis court.

The fees, inclusive of board, tuition and residence, are \$250 a year; \$400 to \$600 a year is paid by those who take special courses and occupy separate bedrooms. There are three terms in the year of ten weeks each.

Wash Materials for Outdoor Costumes.

Wash materials are in favor for all sporting costumes. They are worn even for riding habits, and for golf and bicycling there are quantities to choose from. Those in the heavy linen are the best, although the material in the ready-made ones is very coarse. There is a shade of red that is very smart, also a very dark blue and a linen that looks like covert-cloth—this last is particularly good for a riding-habit. These linens are so heavy that they do not fly up as a thinner material would do, and yet are not too weighty enough to be disagreeable to wear as so many of the heavier linens are apt to be. They are all made in the same style, without any trimming whatever, the rows of machine stitching giving all the finish that is necessary around the hem of the skirt. In many cases there is not even this style of trimming, the stitches that are necessary in the hem being allowed to show through. This, however, is not a style that can be recommended, for just the one row of machine stitching looks badly; when there are several rows it makes a finish.

With all these linen skirts the shirtwaists are worn, there being a craze at present for the white shirtwaists. There is much in favor of this craze, for so many of the materials that are supposed to wash fade and shrink in a most depressing manner; whereas the white may always be relied upon.—Harper's Bazar.

Silk Petticoats Stay.

It has been stated from time to time in the fashion books that the silk petticoats was on the wane. The dealers do not appear to pin their faith to any such rumor, judging by the increasing elaborateness of these articles displayed in the shop windows. Furthermore, recent letters from the Mecca of all fashionable women declare that the silk petticoats are used and no other kind, except for mourning wear.

Petticoats are made much longer than heretofore, training slightly in the back. They are cut to fit over the hips and flare at the hem. Some are lined and some are not. If lining is used it must be of thin tinted muslin or thin silk.

Skirts are combined in colors now to a greater extent. Pale yellow, with touches of a deeper yellow, and lavender ribbon are joined by insertions of lace. There are white taffeta skirts with white lace flounces, and rosettes

with dozens of ends in pale blue baby ribbon, and so on through countless fancies. Pink silk is made up with graduated ruffles in graduated shades of pink, until the skirt looks like a bunch of carnations.

A Woman's First Duty is at Home.

"A woman who is not strong, and yet has to perform the multifarious duties of house-mother and homemaker, must learn to recognize her limitations or she cannot get through her task with satisfaction to herself or her family," writes Elizabeth Robinson Stevil in the Ladies' Home Journal. "She must learn to economize her strength and not fritter it away in doing unnecessary things, which some else can do as well, that she may have enough left for the important demands that no one else can satisfy. She must balance the claims of charity, society and her own household, and resolutely refuse to be pushed beyond her powers of endurance. It is hard to shut one's ears to what seems a call of duty, but to the wife and mother home is the first duty, the special field given her to cultivate, and her part may be only to train and support the workers whose business and duty lie outside in the world."

Frances Willard's Monument.

It will be interesting to every White Ribboner to know something of the appearance of the place where the ashes of Frances Willard and her mother rest. The stone selected by Miss Gordon to be placed at the head of the grave is a small boulder of granite, brought from a Vermont quarry near the childhood homes of Miss Willard's father and mother.

The front is smoothed to receive the inscription, but the rest of the blue gray stands in its native beauty just as it came from the Vermont hills.

Side by side on the stone's face are the names of mother and daughter with the dates of their birth into the earthly and heavenly life. Below the mother's name is the title by which she was familiarly and fondly known, "Saint Courageous," followed by the words, among the last she uttered, "I should like to pronounce a benediction on the whole world."

Below Miss Willard's name is "Founder of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union." "She made the world wider for women and more homelike for humanity." "How beautiful to be with God."—Boston Globe.

The Life of a Shop Girl.

Annie Marion Maclean, of the University of Chicago, took a position as a shop girl and held it two weeks recently for the sake of sociological study. She received \$2 and five cents commission on her sales for the first week, and boarded in a home for working girls for \$3.50 a week. Her earnings the first week were \$4.95, her expenses \$4.79. During the two weeks Miss Maclean worked as a shop girl she worked 175 hours and received \$11.88—a little more than six cents an hour.

To Care For the Wee Ones.

The late Marie Hilton, founder of cradle homes in England, left in London three houses, which now barely accommodate the flock of wee ones that are daily brought for the kind ministrations of the nurses. From eighty to a hundred children are taken, at ages varying from three weeks to five years.

Dewey Swords For Paper Cutters.

The newest paper knives are "Dewey swords." They are replicas in miniature of the swords worn by naval officers, with the ornate hilt, the regulation scabbard, tassel, etc. The steel itself when drawn from the scabbard is about five inches long.

Style of the Fall Hats.

A large majority of the fall hats are poke shaped to quite a degree. The brims flare instead of being tied down, and the crowns resemble elevated tam o' shanters. They are picturesque, though, and will doubtless find much favor.

The Latest White Washing-Dresses.

The newest white washing-dresses are of ribbed linen pique, which are, in fact, freshly evolved editions of the old-fashioned pique resembling the damask of our best table cloths.

Worn With Light Gowns.

Gray kid shoes with stockings to match are worn with light gowns in place of the white ones so long popular.

For the Outdoor Maid.

Sanburnt straws are most fetching and can be worn late in the fall.

Novelties Seen in the Shops.

Much bright-blue hosiery with open-work, silk embroidered insteps.

Real tortoise-shell combs set with indestructible pearls in various forms. Sailor suits for girls with deep triple collars in contrast and strapped seams.

Many patterns in India silks in tasteful styles at end-of-the-season prices.

Separate coats of black or white taffeta to be worn with lace, net or light-cloth skirts.

White satin boleros in jaunty shapes showing intricate appliques of black jet beadings.

Cycling and driving gloves in black, brown, gray and tan, with silk-stitched openwork backs and three clasps.

Black and white parasols in empire design lined with delicately tinted chiffon, with large bow on handle to correspond.

Gowns constructed from venise or some other medium weave of lace embellished with ruffings of chiffon in cream, gray, ecor or some delicate shade, having sashes to match edged with the same chiffon.—Drygoods Economist.

FRANKLIN AS PEACEMAKER.

The Philosopher Ahead of His Time in His Abhorrence of War.

The last paper in Paul L. Ford's "Many-Sided Franklin" series treats of the philosopher "As Jack of All Trades." In this connection he shows him to have been ahead of his age in his abhorrence of war and eagerness to mitigate its miseries. No one would have been better pleased than he by the Tsar's proposal of disarmament.

He argued in favor of the abolition of privateering, claiming that "the practice of robbing merchants on the high seas" was "a remnant of ancient piracy." In 1783, in the framing of the treaty of peace with Great Britain, he advocated that the misery of war should be henceforth limited to the actual belligerents, and proposed to accomplish this result by an article to the following effect:

"If war should hereafter arise between Great Britain and the United States, which God forbid, the merchants of either country then residing in the other shall be allowed to remain nine months to collect their debts and settle their affairs, and may depart freely, carrying off all their effects without molestation or hindrance. And all fishermen, all cultivators of the earth, and all artisans or manufacturers unarmed, and inhabiting unfortified towns, villages or places, who labor for the common subsistence and benefit of mankind, and peaceably follow their respective employments, shall be allowed to continue the same, and shall not be molested by the armed force of the enemy in whose power by the events of the war they may happen to fall; but, if any thing is necessary to be taken from them, for the use of such armed force, the same shall be paid for at a reasonable price. And all merchants or traders with their unarmed vessels, employed in commerce, exchanging the products of different places, and thereby rendering the necessities, conveniences, and comforts of human life more easy to obtain and more general, shall be allowed to pass freely, unmolested. And neither of the powers, parties to this treaty, shall grant or issue any commission to any private armed vessels, empowering them to take or destroy such trading ships, or interrupt such commerce."

The proposition ran so far in advance of public opinion that the British envoys refused even to consider it; but later it was made part of the treaty the American commissioners negotiated with Prussia, and in that form received better appreciation in Great Britain, a leading review asserting that it was "The best lesson of humanity which a philosophical king (Frederick II), acting in concert with a philosophical patriot (Franklin), could possibly give to the princes and statesmen of the earth." In yet another way Franklin was far in advance of his own times, for in maintaining that "All wars are follies, very expensive and very mischievous ones," he asked: "When will mankind be convinced of this, and agree to settle their differences by arbitration?"

Origin of Life Insurance.

The practice of insuring human lives first came into use two hundred years ago—to be exact, on October 6, 1699. On that date the Insurance Society for the Benefit of Widows and Orphans was incorporated in London, its statutes and by-laws being framed in accordance with the views set forth in a book, which was published in 1661, and which was entitled "Natural and Political Investigations in Regard to the Current Lists of Births and Deaths."

John Graunt, a wealthy Londoner, was the author of this book, and the founder of the movement. Dr. William Ashseton, was so impressed when he read it that he at once took steps to form a life insurance company. He succeeded, but not without much difficulty, and among the provisions of this first company were the following:

A married man, not more than thirty years old, could be insured for £1000, one not more than forty for £500, and one not more than sixty, for £200.

The company flourished during the first year, but soon afterward the directors learned to their cost that the expenditure was much in excess of the receipts, and consequently they raised the rate considerably. This did not help them much, however, and the result was that Parliament finally came to their relief by granting the company an annual subsidy of £3000 pounds. From this time forward the company did a good business and it was not long before similar companies were started throughout Europe, as well as in this country.

When Antarctic Bergs Thaw.

A thaw among Antarctic bergs is not often met with even in the height of summer; but to show that such a thing does occur occasionally the experience of Ross may be mentioned. On the occasion when he was considerably within the Antarctic Circle the thermometer stood at twelve degrees, but in the bergs all around there were evidences that they had suffered a partial thaw some time previously, for great icicles hung from their sides. On another occasion outside the Circle he saw a complete thaw attended by sounds like the discharge of heavy artillery, as the huge masses split and fell apart. But, although the bergs are seldom melted in high latitudes, they have another way of disposing of themselves; they run into one another and break up into small junks, which strew the sea for miles around. The dense icepack formed is one of the greatest dangers to navigation in those regions; indeed, the struggles of men with the everlasting icepacks form the main part of the history of South Polar exploration.—London Globe.

crowd raised fifty cents. Bez opened the curtain and gave a brief performance. Of course, many saw it who had paid nothing; yet as many newcomers were constantly arriving, the plan worked well.

During the forenoon of the second day of the fair, my friend, Tom, and I and ten or a dozen other young people contrived the fifty cents requisite to see the turkeys dance.

There was a rattling sound as Bez pulled the curtain aside, and immediately those seven turkeys began to hop, first on one foot, then on the other, constantly shifting and moving around the cage. One could scarcely say that they executed a regular figure, but they went round and round, hopping in a very curious and ludicrous manner. Moreover, it was hard to guess the motive for their antics. The bottom of the cage inside the wire appeared to be of old zinc or sheet iron. Occasionally Bez either struck the bottom of the cage or rattled beneath it as if with an iron rod, "To change the time of the dance," as he explained.

At once, then, the turkeys began to leap higher, using their wings to assist them. At every hop they rose to the top of the cage, a height of certainly six feet. Their feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground at all, so rapidly did their leaps succeed each other. Up, up, up and around they went in a maze of leaping and flapping! "This was the Highland Fling," and no one who saw it could help laughing.

After a minute or two, Bez pulled the curtain, and thanking us, declared the performance over. Nearly every one went away remarking that there never was such a turkey dance, and in the course of ten minutes another fifty cents were collected. People wondered how a bird so stupid as a turkey could ever have been trained to go through such a performance. Music had nothing to do with it; Bez had merely rapped on the floor as a signal for the dance to begin, and had rattled louder for the "Highland Fling."

"It must have taken no end of time and patience to teach them," I remember saying to my companion.

"Maybe; but I doubt it," he replied. "I don't like the looks of that 'Bez,'" he continued. "I think it's a trick!"

turkeys were getting tired; for we observed that during the last dance Bez had to rattle vigorously two or three times. After a few minutes another fifty cents was subscribed; we could hear the crowd calling out, "On with the dance! Keep it going!" Then we saw Bez step back between the cage and the fence, so as to be concealed from the spectators by the curtain. As he poked the fire under his oven he slyly threw three hand-shovelfuls of the burning coal from the stove between the two sheet-iron bottoms of the cage. Then he rattled with the shovel, and stepping out, pulled open the curtain. In a moment the turkeys were dancing smartly; we could hear them hop and flutter very plainly.

I smile even now when I recall the look of mingled triumph and disgust on Tom's face as he glanced at me to see if I, too, had comprehended.

"That's his gift!" he whispered. "The cruel little scoundrel! That's the way he's taught the poor things to dance—by roasting the bottoms of their feet! I'll wager that he blistered them more than once before he 'educated' them to hop a Highland Fling!"

"But he doesn't seem to put in hot coals every time," I said.

"But that part is plain enough," replied Tom. "He has got the poor creatures in such terror of a scorching that the very sound of the shovel or poker will set them hopping."

It was pretty evident that we had divined the nature of Bez's gift. As we stood there we could hear him taking glibly of the different fairs at which he had exhibited his turkeys. "Next week I shall show them to the people of Franklin County at their annual cattle-show at F." we heard him add.

"Yes," said Tom, "I am much obliged for that bit of information. I have a cousin living there who is a lively sort of fellow. I'll drop him a hint as to what's coming. Something will be sure to follow."

As we went past the postoffice Tom stepped in, bought an envelope, and sent the following note:

"DEAR MOSE—Look out for a fellow with seven dancing turkeys at your cattle-show next week. He's tricky and cruel. He will tell you he has a peculiar gift for teaching them; but the way he does it is by putting live coals in at the bottom of the cage. We



BEZ IN HIS SIDESHOW.

TALES OF BURIED HOARDS

BUSINESSLIKE ATTEMPTS TO FIND COCOS ISLAND'S TREASURE.

The Angel of Death Seems to Guard It as the Dragon Defended the Golden Apples—Clandestine Syndicates of Treasure-Hunters—Their Ill-Luck.

The enormous amount of gold that was found among the Indians by the conquistadores, the rich product of the mines in the Spanish colonial period, the successful raids of the pirates and the buccaners that used to haunt the Central American coasts, have naturally given rise to many tales of buried treasure, and one of them involves the Cocos Island, a small "spot" of ground belonging to Costa Rica, in latitude five degrees and thirty-two minutes and longitude eighty-seven degrees and two minutes, about 400 miles southwest of Panama.

The story goes, relates W. E. Curtis, that in 1821, during the revolution which separated the colonies from Spain, the wealthy Spaniards of Central America, hearing that their houses would be looted and their savings seized by the natives in rebellion, loaded a schooner with gold and gems and silver plate and sent it, in charge of a committee, to Cocos Island to be buried until the troubles were over. Each of the committee of six men had a chart of its location. One was killed during the revolution. Two died from natural causes before it was over. When peace was restored the three started for Cocos to bring back the wealth, but were never heard from again. Their boat is supposed to have been driven on the rocks of the island and all on board perished. This was about 1830.

No further attempt was made for several years to obtain the treasure, but then the heirs of the dead and the other owners of the property began to stir things up and organize expeditions for its recovery. Several parties went over with gangs of men to do the digging, but never brought anything home. Alleged copies of the chart were made and sold to speculators after the secret had become generally known, and through the hands of sailors found their way to all parts of the world. Clandestine syndicates of treasure-hunters were formed and expeditions were sent secretly from New York, San Francisco and London, as well as from Panama and Central America. There has been a good deal of fighting and a good deal of fever, for, although the island is an attractive place, it is as unhealthy as the Garden of Hesperides. The Angel of Death seems to guard the buried treasure of Cocos Island as the dragon guarded the golden apples there.

Captain Leadbetter, a graduate of Annapolis Academy of 1884, who has command of the harbor fleet of the Panama railroad, has been over there, but declares that it was in search of pleasure rather than treasure. He says that Cocos arises abruptly from the sea, with broken walls of rock that are almost perpendicular. There is occasionally a ravine, down which a stream of water rushes, or a strip of sandy beach, against which the surf breaks with great violence. The entire surface is covered with luxuriant vegetation, great spreading trees, strange plants and vines and beautiful foliage, which furnish a remarkable field for botanical research. There are many large streams also, and several small lakes, 300 or 400 yards across, deep reservoirs of pure, cold water bubbling up from the center of the earth. It is said to be the finest water in the Pacific.

According to these tales, Cocos Island must be an ideal place for a Robinson Crusoe. It has abundant fish and water fowls, turtles are plentiful and crabs of prodigious size, and the woods are full of wild pigs and goats that were abandoned by the early inhabitants and have multiplied. The great objection is the moisture. The island lies in what the sailors call the doldrums, a strip of sea a few degrees north of the equator, between the east and the west trade winds. In that region there is seldom any breeze, and sailing vessels always avoid it for fear of getting becalmed. The rainy season extends the year around, and the precipitation is so large as to be almost incredible.

Two or three years ago the Imperieuse, flagship of the British squadron of the North Pacific, with Rear-Admiral Palliser in command, came all the way from Vancouver to Cocos under orders from London to investigate the claims of one Charles Hartford, an Englishman who has a concession from the Government of Costa Rica to search for the treasure on commission, and had interested a capitalist by the name of E. A. Harris to become his "angel" and furnish him with funds. At the time of this visit the only inhabitants of Cocos were a German family named Gerster, the remnants of a colony of Germans who had come from Costa Rica, but abandoned the place after a few months' residence because of the unhealthy climate. They did considerable prospecting and found traces of lead and quicksilver, but no gold or treasure.

Two or three hundred sailors from the Imperieuse were sent ashore with picks and spades, and dug trenches in parallel lines six feet apart and ten feet deep at the place indicated by a chart which Hartford brought with him, but they found nothing. He showed them also a tunnel or cavern in the rocks, which they blew up with dynamite, without a sight of the \$300,000,000 of silver plate and jewels and gold. It rained torrents all the time, and digging was not only difficult, but dangerous, as there were several landslides. Hartford was left at San Jose de Guatemala, where he endeav-

ored to persuade the Captain of the United States steamer Alert to go down and continue the work, but the Imperieuse returned to Vancouver with nothing but a story.

Hartford's experience has been remarkable. One of the most businesslike attempts to find the buried treasure was made by a Mrs. Brennan, the widow of a ship chandler in Nova Scotia, who heard the tale and obtained a chart from a sailor. She went across the continent to Victoria, interested several business men of that city in the project, and in March, 1897, sailed for Cocos in the schooner Aurora, under command of Captain Fred Hackett. When they landed in Chatham Bay, on the northeastern point of the island, they were amazed by meeting a creature who seemed only half human. He was dressed like Robinson Crusoe in the skins of beasts, his hair and beard were long and tangled and his eyes were wild. At first he could not speak, but after they had allowed his wandering faculties to adjust themselves he told his story.

He said that some years before he had obtained a concession from the Costa Rican Government which gave him the exclusive right to search for the buried treasure, with the understanding that he should pay over half of all he found. He brought from Puenta Arenas a gang of men in the little gunboat Turalba and began excavations, guided by a chart which had been obtained from a descendant of the original committee that made the cache. After working several weeks without result the men became discontented and insisted upon returning to Costa Rica. The captain of the gunboat advised that they should be allowed to go, and promised to return with a new gang as soon as he could make the voyage. Hartford determined to remain, because he believed he had found the right location and feared to lose it again. But the Turalba never returned, and he had been alone upon the island, he could not say how long. For the first few months he kept tally of the passing days by making notches on a sapling, but finally gave it up, and had almost abandoned himself to despair when the Aurora arrived.

Mrs. Brennan and Captain Hackett were deeply interested in this relation, of course, and after a few days of conference obtained this proposition from the solitary islander:

"I, Charles Hartford, have an agreement with and permission from the Costa Rican Government to search for hidden treasure on Cocos island. I was landed by said Government on September 22, 1896 (I think), and that government agreed to come back for me inside of three months. I have not heard from said Government since, and being in a starving condition and with no means to obtain food and no way to get off the island, and having located the large treasure, I make this agreement with the captain and crew of the schooner Aurora of Victoria, B. C., to let them take half of the treasure of whatever nature, whether gold, silver or precious stones, for their side of the agreement, and to land me, Charles Hartford, at some convenient port in the United States with the other half of said treasure."

This document bears the following indorsement in the sailorlike hand of Captain Hackett:

"The information we came to the island for proving no good, we have hunted, dug and bored, and were about to return home when said offer was made and accepted."

Mrs. Brennan and Captain Hackett soon made up their minds that the treasure was beyond their reach, and induced Hartford to return with them to Victoria, where their experience was related to Admiral Palliser, and by him reported to the admiralty authorities in London.

Hartford has not been seen at Panama for some time, but is supposed to be in New York organizing another expedition.

Fell Over a Cliff, But Lives.

William Holcomb, a teamster, of Canaan, Conn., a few days ago fell from a cliff on Canaan Mountain, together with a pair of horses and a wagon containing wood. The cliff at this point is seventy-five feet high, and the bottom is covered with huge, jagged rocks. The man and horses struck in some stunted pine trees and escaped with scarcely a scratch.

Holcomb was descending on the South Mountain road with a heavy load of cordwood. Half way down the mountain the road skirts the dangerous cliff, with a dimly board fence serving as the only railing. The heavy rains of the day before had undermined the roadbed, and when the team reached this spot the wagon slipped and the horses were unable to hold it.

When the load struck the fence Holcomb endeavored to save himself by jumping. Just as he leaped the wagon fell, and the impetuous threw Holcomb in a backward somersault down the cliff. He struck in a pine tree thirty feet from where the wagon and horses landed.—New York Press.

New Opening For the Sweet Potato.

The American sweet potato has a new field opening for it, and may eventually displace corn, potatoes and rice as a starch producer. Experiments made with this vegetable by the Department of Agriculture at Washington developed the fact that it contains about twenty-five per cent. of starch. Assuming a yield of twenty bushels or 1200 pounds of wheat per acre, thirty-five bushels or 1960 pounds of corn, and 200 bushels or 11,000 pounds of sweet potatoes, the yield of starch is estimated to be: From wheat, 684 pounds; corn, 1235 pounds, and sweet potatoes, 2640 pounds.

EXTRAORDINARY PLEA FOR A BOY.

New York Magistrate Thinks Petty Larceny the Fault of Insufficient Wages.

Magistrate Crane, when a youth by the name of Louis E. Wilson was brought before him recently charged with petty larceny by a photographic supply company asked the prisoner to tell his own story. "I did it," said the boy with evident sincerity, "but I'll never do it again." The firm's representative said it was desirable to make an example. When the Magistrate was informed that the boy's wages were \$5 a week, he said:

"Five dollars a week is not enough for this boy to live on. It is no great wonder that he stole."

"I began on \$2 a week, and swung myself up to \$1200 a year," said the firm's representative.

"You can't tell me anything along that line that I do not know," the Magistrate broke in. "I have passed through that kind of experience right here in New York. I had nobody to help me, and I had to get along on \$2 a week myself, the best way I could. In my case, my employers paid no more attention to me than if I were a dog. I know that my services were worth at least \$50 a week to them, and they paid me \$2."

"There were days when I did not eat at all. There was one day—I shall never forget it—when I handled \$2500 in cash for my firm, though I did not have the price of a meal all day. I confess that that day only the knowledge that I had a mother who believed in my absolute honesty restrained me from stealing. The firm was one of the largest and most influential in this city. I was pretty near the rock upon which this youth floundered you see. Shall I now condemn him because I managed to steer clear of it? You are a business man, I can understand your position; but I am a Magistrate, and I am a Magistrate who has passed through the hardships against which this boy is now battling for his life. I hesitate, as a man and a Magistrate, to send this boy down town with the stamp of a criminal upon him."

"I will pay the amount of this peculation," the Magistrate ventured.

The offer was not accepted.

The Magistrate then asked that the president of the company be brought before him. This was done and after a conference with Magistrate Crane the charge was withdrawn.—New York Post.

Diversity of Crops.

For several years prices have, quite generally, been unremunerative and production consequently limited. Farmers have refrained from hiring help and have contented themselves with what could be produced by the family. I know of no farm that is yielding to its fullest capacity; yet some are producing more than twice as much per acre as adjoining farms equally good.

To illustrate: A farm of 200 acres, 160 of which are improved, receiving careful treatment and above the average condition of farms in the vicinity, has a cash income of from \$600 to \$700 yearly as the result of the work of two men. An adjoining farm of forty acres, with the same labor, average about \$500. A "river" farm of forty acres, with a little more work, gives about \$1000.

Small holdings, diversity of crops and profitable prices will more than double our production without any increase in the area of improved land.

France, with nine times our population to the square mile produces over eight bushels of wheat per capita for the five years ending with 1897. Our production for the same period was but little more than seven bushels per capita.—North American Review.

Scholars Surprised the Principal.

The principal of one of the public schools was very much surprised one day not long before school closed. It is the custom in some of the schools when a stranger, or more likely the principal or one of the trustees enters for them to say to the school at large:

"Good morning, children." Then the children as with one voice still answer:

"Good morning, sir."

It may have been this custom which brought about the surprise for the principal. The children in the primary school had been sewing and the work was done remarkably well. It was warm, uncomfortable weather, and the children had done so well that the teacher thought they should be rewarded by the approbation of the principal, and she sent for him to come to her room. When he entered the sewing was around everywhere, and the room looked so much more like a dressmaker's shop than a school that he exclaimed involuntarily:

"Why, hullo!"

"Hullo!" responded every little mite in the room, and so spontaneously that teacher and principal turned away that the children might not see them smile.—New York Times.

Primitive Industry in Constantinople.

There are no large manufactories in Constantinople, Turkey; everything that is made here is made in the country village fashion, and is of inferior quality. Carpentry is very poor, owing partly to the bad wood used and partly to the careless, unskilled labor. Much of the wood on the market seems to be cut at the wrong time of the year, and the workmen have no idea of turning out goods with exact measurement and finish. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that in this great city there are few doors or windows that are well fitting. Consequently there is room for the introduction of doors, windows, sashes, and all the furnishings connected therewith. There might also be a market for wood dressed for flooring, house-building and other purposes. Correspondence in the New York Tribune.

A GRAMMARLESS LANGUAGE.

Necessity of Americans Learning the Simple Tagalog Tongue.

It is time to direct attention to a branch of learning which, from an American point of view, has but recently acquired practical importance.

All American universities teach foreign tongues. No longer content to give instruction in Greek and Latin, they pay heed to many modern languages. In the list is Spanish, a knowledge of which would be of the greatest use now to many Americans who before the last war had no occasion to regret their ignorance of it. But there is still another language which should be taught at every American seat of learning boasting a department of philology. It is Malay, the mother tongue of millions of people who came beneath our flag by virtue of the Treaty of Paris.

The Malay language is the vernacular of more than forty million people. Professor R. Clyde Ford, of Albion College, pronounces it "soft and melodious, rich in expression, poetical in idiom and simple in construction." It has another feature which ought to commend it to the student—it is almost without grammar. "The vocabulary," says Professor Ford, "is full of subtle distinctions and fine gradations of thought and meaning." It is written in the Arabic characters, but it had an alphabet of its own before the Mahometan invasion and conquest of six or seven centuries ago.

In explanation of the statement that the language is almost grammarless, it is stated by the Albion professor that the Malay language has "no proper articles, and its substantives may serve equally well as verbs, being singular or plural, and entirely genderless." All this may be rather confusing to a novice, but we have the assurance of Professor Ford that the language is "easily learned, and has much to repay for so doing." It certainly must have many surprises.

Several examples are given of the poetic character of the language. Thus, a friend is a "sharer of your joys and sorrows"; interest is the "flower of money"; strolling to take the air is "eating wind"; a coward is "a duck without spurs," and to be drunk is to "ride the green horse."

As nearly every Malay is quite content to speak his native tongue, and does not know how to write, it might answer every purpose to employ the English alphabet in the textbooks for its study. For the purposes of communication it would be quite immaterial what alphabet was employed. For instance, if a Malay dealer in agricultural implements were asked the price of plows, it would be the same to him whether the fact that "hala," the word for plow, was earned from English or Arabic characters, provided only the right pronunciation were given to it.

Which of the universities will be the first to enter this new field of earning?

She's a Journeyman Harnessmaker.

Four years ago, when Abram Wheeler and his bride, just out of the high school in Rochester, N. Y., went to make their name and fortune at Tucson, Arizona, Mrs. Wheeler had no more knowledge of how to make harness than any other girl in the East who has never been in a harness shop three times in her life. Harnessmaking was Abram Wheeler's trade, and he opened a shop in Tucson. The country was new and strange to Mrs. Wheeler, and there was not a person within 2000 miles of Tucson, except her husband, whom she had never seen or heard of before. Therefore she spent a good deal of time sitting with him while he worked. Little by little she came to help him, and in a year or two she was a great help. Mr. Wheeler became interested in copper mines, and while he was away at the mines his wife ran the harness shop. She took out several patents for hames and collars for use on teams of six and more horses drawing heavy ore wagons, and last winter she sold one patent for \$1200. She has become a journeyman harnessmaker, and nowadays while her husband is opening a copper prospect, more than a hundred miles from home, Mrs. Wheeler makes harness, buys the shop material and looks after her two infant children, who are kept in a cage-like affair of the mother's invention, in one corner of the harness shop.

New Mexico's Sheep Industry.

The great advantages of New Mexico for sheep as well as goat feeding are the dry air and the difference in temperatures in different parts of the Territory, from the snow-clad mountains, in which the animals can find cool ranges in the summer, to the low plains, almost on a level with tide water, where they can feed and breed in the coldest winter. The increase of the flocks from natural causes in New Mexico, for these reasons, is said to be greater than in any other part of the world. Last year the yield of lambs was ninety-five per cent. There are 4,000,000 sheep on the ranges of New Mexico, which number would be almost doubled by the natural increase if so many animals had not been sold for slaughter. The wool clip was 15,000,000 pounds, and the most of it is still held by the ranchmen and traders, waiting for better prices.—Chicago Record.

His Second Edition.

"How is your new book doing?" asked the innocent subscriber.

"Second edition just gone to press," replied the author.

"How many copies in the first edition?"

"Well," replied the author, in a whisper, "we printed twenty-five copies; but the second edition will carry fifty easy!"—Atlanta Constitution.

CHEMICALS IN TEXTILE GOODS.

The Adulteration of Fabrics is Productive of a Variety of Evils.

The common cry in England whenever alarmists pointed out the increasing danger to English trade of German competition used to be that the German goods were cheap and nasty, and that as soon as the customers found it out they would return to the old market. According to a report just published in England, drawn up by Dr. Dixon-Mann, professor of forensic medicine and toxicology in Owen's College, at the instance of the Home Trade Association of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, it would appear that not only are English goods, such as cotton sheets, blankets, woollens and other stuffs of the cheap and nasty order, but that the substances used to give them weight and appearance are in many cases highly noxious in their effects on the health of the wearers.

The articles examined comprised shirtings, sheets, flannelette, blankets, dress linings and bedtickings. In many of these foreign substances in large quantities were found. One fabric, an Oxford shirting, contained nearly one-third its weight in Epsom salts. "The adulteration of fabrics with these substances," says Dr. Dixon-Mann, "is productive of evil in a variety of ways. For example, zinc chloride is a corrosive, and consequently when a fabric adulterated with it is worn next to the skin it is liable to cause irritation and inflammation, and to give rise to certain forms of skin disease." Some of the substances used in adulterating possess the property of absorbing moisture from the atmosphere, so that fabrics containing them are always damp. Some examined on a fairly dry day contained one-fifth their weight of water. Although these adulterant mineral substances may be removed by steeping and washing in pure water, they are not so easily got rid of where soap is used; and then the fabrics containing them are frequently worn and used in the state in which they are purchased.

The loss in weight and substance which these adulterated substances undergo when washed amounts in some cases to as much as one-third, and the fabrics are thereby changed from an apparently stout, serviceable material into mere rags. This is notably the case with the cheaper cottons produced for the Eastern markets, and it no doubt accounts in a great measure for the way in which American are displacing English cottons in the Chinese market.

This question of the adulteration of textile goods is of serious importance to the reputation of English manufacturers, for in the end it means the loss of their markets as soon as a rival with a better and unadulterated article appears on the scene; and a market once lost in that way is seldom regained, at least not without great effort and after a considerable lapse of time.—New York Sun.

A Whale's Head on a Mountain.

A fossil whale's head, the remains of oysters and other things of the sea have just been unearthed in Monterey County at a place 2500 feet above the sea level and eighteen miles inland from the present coast line. The whale's head was found on the Finch ranch, near Jamesburg, and not far from Tassajara Springs. It is the almost perfect specimen of a whale's head from where it joins the vertebral column to about midway the length of the jaw, with the eye-socket and part of the ball plainly discernible. The petrification is of the right side of the head, measures thirty inches in length, eighteen inches in width and twelve inches in thickness and weighs 350 pounds. It was discovered by a resident of the Jamesburg region, John Clenford, and was so tightly embedded in the sandstone formation of the ridge of the mountain that its contour was disguised slightly in removing it.—San Francisco Call.

The Dumdum Bullet.

The Dumdum bullet secured its name from the Indian arsenal by whose officers it was devised, and the name should not be spelled in two words or even hyphenized, as a great many people appear to think. Dumdum is a town and a military station about four miles northeast of Calcutta. It was the experience in the Sudan, and also in the Spanish-American War, that the new magazine rifles, whose small calibres allow them to have greater accuracy and greater carrying power than the old weapons, were faulty in one important particular. The small calibre bullets have slight effect on those struck by them, and it was to obviate this difficulty that the Dumdum bullet was devised. The bullet is one from which part of the nickel or copper covering is removed, so that the force of the impact spreads the soft lead, making a missile that inflicts a severe shattering wound.

A Way to Keep Apples Sound.

Mr. E. H. Daniel has a number of perfectly sound apples which he has kept over from last year. Mr. Daniel's process is a good one and may be regarded as something new in the way of preserving fruit. He has a cellar which is kept at the same temperature all the year; and he has discovered that by putting apples in it in such a way that they will not touch each other they may be kept sound for months and possibly years. He also has a method by which he will, in the future, buy eggs at the times of the year when they are cheap and keep them for months when he can receive a handsome price for them. He finds that by permitting pure fresh water to run over eggs constantly they may be kept sound for months. He will likely try the experiment this season, as he has a system of waterworks by which he can easily keep a large supply of them.—Princeton (Ky.) Republican.

THE ORACLE.

There's a school-marm what is stoppin' up to home; an', oh, you bet! She's a warm one at the meal-times when she's takin' to the set. She's plum chock-full o' ideas on most everythin', I guess, An' she's got no trouble, either, any noshun to express; You should see our boarders starin' when she's foalin' in the mood To tetch 'em up with somethin' that is just espeshul good; When she tells 'em that the world was made original from gas, That the monkey is our cousin—an' she sez it boid us brass—(How we lost our tiddy by settin', slidin' down the cellar-doors 'Sted o' actin' like the monkeys, who kep' jumpin' on their fours. An' to hear her talk o' forrin lands—I swan it's just a treat! An' o' savij fies when people ain't pertikler what they eat; An' there's some that kill their mothers when they get too old to work, An' cut 'em up in little bits, an' toast 'em on a fork; An' other things, on their food is short, an' bitter is their plight, Will tek 'em eat just mud-pies for to balk their appetite. Oh! an' that 'at all—there's wonders like Flazovius on fire, An' laver bilin' down the sides an' makin' folks expire; An' they find their bodies lyin' almost as good as new, An' put 'em in the dime-machines to testify it's true. It's most 'a good 'a show to hear our school-marm talk, you bet! Sez Mother, 'cos the boarders do not o'er their vittles fret; An' she likes her ideas splendid, 'cept when they spin to waste The difference 'twixt butter and Mar's olymargarine.

—Robert Easton, in Puck.

PITH AND POINT.

"Yes," he said, "when I was young I was eagerly sought after." "What reward was offered?" asked the sweet girl.—Tit-Bits.

Maud—"Do you like to have men flatter you?" Ethel—"Oh, I don't mind, if they happen to be photographers."—Harper's Bazar.

My manuscripts my carrier pigeons are, For if in sunny weather or in rain I send them forth, let it be near or far, They never fail returning home again.—Lile.

She—"He says he loves me; yet he has only known me two days." Her Friend—"Well, perhaps that's the reason, dear."—Philadelphia North American.

Johnny—"Pa, what is meant by 'descriptive writing'?" Pa—"Descriptive writing, my son, is that part of a book that is generally skipped."—Stray Stories.

"Freddy," said the teacher, "you have spelled the word 'rabbit' with two 't's.' You must leave one of them out." "Yes, ma'am," replied Freddy, "which one?"

Briggs—"It makes me uneasy to owe a cent." Griggs—"I'm glad that I don't feel that way." Briggs—"Why?" Griggs—"Why? I'd have the St. Vitus's dance."

Yeast—"Half the world don't know how the other half live." Crimsonbeak—"Yes; I guess that is about the proportion that mind their own business."—Yonkers Statesman.

"What makes you naughty so much of the time, Willie?" asked the indulgent father. "Why, you see, mamma gives me a nickel every time I promise to be good," replied the youngster; "and she never asks me to promise to be good until I have been naughty."

A young lady of very extraordinary capacity lately addressed the following letter to her cousin: "We is all well, and mother's got his Terrix; brother Tom is got the Hupin Kaugh; and sister Ann has got a babe; and I hope these few lines will find you the same. Rite sune. Your affectionate kuzen."

"What did you say the baby's name is?" asked the visitor. "William Henry." "How old is he?" "Over a year. He was born in May, 1898." The visitor pressed his forehead and reeled. "What's the matter?" "A boy!" he gasped. "Born in May, 1898! And not named Dewey!"—Harper's Bazar.

Valuable Advertising Hints.

No advertising surpasses the pleased patron.

There isn't a good advertising rule that is not a bad advertising rule occasionally.

All other things being equal, the catchline that is descriptive is apt to be the best.

The bane of most business announcements is a superfluity of adjectives and adverbs.

In proportion to returns, circulars are probably the most expensive style of advertising extant.

The advertiser who has learned to prune down his own advertisements has started on the road to intelligent advertising.

Without good judgment, all the technical knowledge of advertising theories and methods that a man possesses will be of little value.

A whole page ad, in two issues of a paper, would be better than a half-page in four issues for impressing the people with the idea that something really great is going to happen.

The way an ad. looks and the way it sounds amount to very little compared to what it actually says. What you say is of first importance. Then comes the manner of saying it; then the appearance. If an advertiser gets these points in proper sequence, he will have gone a long way on the road to good advertising.

No advertiser of experience makes a hard and fast plan, permitting of no deviations. While a plan is a good thing, it should be sufficiently flexible to enable the advertiser to change it to suit the new knowledge he is constantly acquiring, or to meet conditions that may arise. Especially in the case of the untried advertiser will changes from original plans often be found necessary.—Printers Ink.

The Peabody Star,
PUBLISHED -- EVERY -- SATURDAY,
BY THE
Peabody Star Publishing Co.,
A. MORELAND FULTZ, Manager.
G. H. ALDRICH, Editor.
Devoted especially to interests of Peabody.

OFFICE:
21 Lowell St., Peabody, Mass.
Boston office, . . 40 Appleton street.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:
One Dollar and Fifty Cents per year
One Dollar for eight months.

FIVE CENTS SINGLE COPY.
Communications of any length, poetry, stories, etc., if accepted by the editor, inserted under conditions.

[ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE, PEABODY, MASS., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.]

REMOVAL TO PEABODY.

We are hastening arrangements for the removal of our printing office to Peabody, but as it is somewhat of an undertaking, it will yet be several weeks before the plant will be established here. Printing contracts with Boston houses will have to be closed up and other necessary work done before closing our Boston business.

All advertisements and communications should reach our Peabody office by Thursday at noon. After that hour they should be sent to the Boston office, 40 Appleton street.

We take this opportunity to express our obligations to Mr. George Holman, for excellent work done on the first issues of this paper. Mr. Holman is a ready writer, and has what Horace Greeley would call a "nose for news." We hope his other business interests will permit him to occasionally contribute to our columns.

Our Peabody office is now open every day in the week, Sunday excepted, and we shall be glad to see any friend of the paper who may call.

While our work is being prosecuted quietly, it is being done thoroughly. The paper is settling down on a very satisfactory basis, each week seeing a decided and gratifying gain. After this week the town news will be more fully reported for the readers of the STAR, and the promise of a new town paper sustained.

Our South Peabody column is edited by a bright young man of that section, and is highly appreciated by our readers.

Remember! Every reader is invited to write for this paper.

BRYAN.

Bryan stock is decidedly on the up grade, and it now looks like a re-nomination for him, in addition to a reiteration of the Chicago platform—with a few additions to make it up to date. Croker, of Tammany fame, having declared for Bryan, has helped his boom, but whether it will add many voters to Bryan's column in New York, is another matter. They have a way in that State of stabbing political friends that always makes the Democratic vote uncertain. A united Democracy would make things in the Empire State look bad for the Republican candidate, but we do not look for Democratic unity in any eastern state. Some of the hitherto solid southern states may also move into the doubtful column.

COL. CURTIS GUILD

Will probably succeed in securing the Republican nomination for the Lieutenant-Governorship, as the drift of sentiment seems to run in his direction. In Peabody there is very little interest shown in the matter, so far, but the advent of September will dispel this lethargy, and we shall all feel more interest in the contest for the nomination. So far as the Peabody Republicans express themselves, however, they favor Col. Guild.

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

Although the daily press is scattering broadcast news of the existence of diphtheria in Peabody, we are glad to say there is no cause for alarm. The board of health—composed of Messrs. H. E. Stockwell, Thomas J. Relihan, and John Shanahan—are dealing with the matter promptly and effectively. Clean, dry surroundings, and a calm demeanor are wonderful aids in resisting and overcoming this vile disease.

"IF I KNEW HOW."

Some people would advertise if they knew how to write an attractive advertisement. If you tell the average business man that there is no reason why people should trade with him in preference to others in the same business, he will immediately give you many reasons why it would be advantageous to give him your custom. That is the way to write your advertisement.

DISARM!

The starving Russians are again looking to America for food. Disarmament would reduce war taxation, and the perils of national famine would be greatly lessened. Give the soldier and sailor a chance to become producers.

ROOSEVELT

Says he will not accept a nomination for the Vice-Presidency. This is a wise decision for one who has an eye on the highest office. The second place is not a stepping-stone to the first. But 1904 is quite a distance away.

Communications.

A word to those who will probably write communications for this paper. 1st. Authorship will be kept sacred—the editor alone will be in possession of the author's name, which must accompany every communication.

2d. Anyone may write for this paper on subjects of home, society, industrial, ecclesiastical, town, state, or national interest. Letters from workingmen will be treated with the same consideration that letters from their employers would receive.

3d. Personal animosities, scandal, offensive or otherwise injurious gossip will find no outlet in these columns.

4th. Write plainly, in ink if possible, and on but one side of the paper.

5th. We hope the reader will ever bear in mind that the thoughts given expression to in this column are not those of the editor.

6th. Be brief—be brief—be brief.

Perturbed Pilgrim Answered.

Editor Peabody Star:

"A Perturbed Pilgrim" in his letter last week depicted a condition of things that does not prevail to an extent worthy of notice. If there is a town in Massachusetts where there is less to condemn in the control of the streets, I should like your correspondent to name it.

The whole aspect of town affairs appears to me to be eminently satisfactory, the members of our town government being especially strong in business and executive ability.

The town is well-policed, with one exception—there should be one or two additional men on the day-force. The beats are too large to be adequately covered by two men.

The record of police work published in your last issue shows that our town guardians are alive to their duties. Our streets are quiet and orderly, fairly well lighted, and safe to travel on day or night. The lawbreaker is usually apprehended with promptness. The illegal liquor-seller finds no resting-place here.

This is as it should be, but let us acknowledge it. Peabody is a pretty good town, after all. What the residents, business men and citizens should do is to join in working up a healthy public sentiment. I rejoice in your pluck in coming out here with your paper, and enclose \$1.50 as my subscription toward it for a year. Let the people rally round its town paper, as one means of elevating the town, with its nearly 11,000 inhabitants, to its proper place.

A PEABODY PATRIOT.

THE MELTING MOOD.

The query, "Are we here or there?" Is, if you please, a quiddity; But kindly tell us how to bear This terrible torridity,— This horrible humidity. We suffocate; the stifling air Blights all things to aridity. We fume and fret in wild despair, And beat our brow, and tear our hair, And vent our dismal discontent In observations eloquent Of bitterest acidity. Our Piccadilly quits its stiffs, Forgets its dignity and wits To most absurd flaccidity. Ice cream we crave; and cooling drinks At pharmaceutical soda-clinks.

We sample with avidity. Our spirit yearns for skating-rinks On Farce floes. What bliss if we Were scudding 'cross Kamtchatka Sea; Or wallowing through Zembla snows, Bear-stalking with the Eskimos; Or, ballooning towards the Icy Pole— Perhaps to land in Symmes's Hole— With Andree, of intrepid soul! Disdainful of timidity! Down with the mercury! We cry; And to the baserment low we hie, With laudable rapidity, To save us from fluidity; For otherwise to act would be, In such a dire emergency.

The acme of stupidity. If we, Old Prob, are in thy care, Grant us, forthwith, this fervent prayer: Forward a blast of Arctic air,— A blizzard of frigidity!

A PERTURBED PILGRIM.

Lights are good police. They are frequently preventives of crime. Give us plenty of light!

PEABODY PARAGRAPHS.

—Cucumbers, 1c. each, Trask's, Main street.

—West Peabody is to have free postal delivery.

—Walton's morocco factory closed for repairs.

—Diphtheria exists at 18 Church and 141 Andover streets.

Myers, junk-dealer, lost a valuable horse through sickness on Wednesday.

—Bad boys are bathing in Spring Pond. Please let us take it straight, boys!

—The Rev. James J. Murphy has gone on a retreat to Brighton Seminary.

—The Rev. George A. Hall of the South Congregational Church is in New Hampshire.

—Albert Winchester of Pierpont was taken ill Tuesday with pneumonia, but is recovering.

—The Morrell ham, sliced or whole, looks the daintiest, and pleases the most delicate palate. Daley's, 21 Main street.

—Jacob Traub, 13 Central street, is selling a fine low-cut shoe for ladies at \$1.60—worth \$2.25. Vici kid and turned.

—The chicken thieves in town are learning that their depredations are not looked upon as jokes, by any means. Some are in the toils of the law, and others are wanted.

—The Union Veterans will not attend the N. E. League muster nor the muster at Point of Pines Sept. 9. They will be represented at the Labor Day parade at Centennial.

—The best family flour in the market is the King Arthur. It is purer, quality and strength sustained and it goes further than any other. Handled in Peabody by Bursley & Crehore.

—Salem Willows has been the scene of a number of disgraceful occurrences recently—the result of picnic parties taking the rum-bottle with them. Strange that so many people cannot enjoy an outing in a rational way!

—"Talk" about Tea and Coffee does not build a permanent trade. A grocer must keep his goods up to the mark. The tea and coffee sold by W. O. Batchelder & Son, 138 Main street, is guaranteed to be always the best at the lowest prices.

—Mr. Jas. Carlin, S. J., of Woodstock, Maryland, College, has been visiting his relations in town. Mr. Carlin comes of a family noted for intellectual attainments. There are four boys and two girls in the family and every one of them has graduated from schools with honor.

Letters Advertised at Peabody Post Office.

For week ending Aug. 16, 1899.
Averill, George Hogan, Miss Theresa Bagan, Mrs. James Ogharplan, Asadoro T. H. JACKMAN, P. M.

Justices of the Peace, Peabody.

Amos Merrill, 38 Main st.
A. T. Brown, 72 County st.
J. J. Cahill, 11 Jacobs st.
J. H. Fallon, Danvers Bleachery,
F. E. Farnham, 8 Allen's Block.
G. C. Earrington, 8 Allen's Block.
J. J. Ganey, Tremont st.
C. H. Goulding, Central st.
B. G. Hall, 5 Allen's Block.
S. S. Littlefield, 57 Franklin st.
E. McCarthy, 28 Northend st.
W. N. McCarthy, 28 Northend st.
H. M. Osborn, 97 Central st.
L. P. Osborn, 55 Central st.
G. F. Osgood, 110 Central st.
E. M. Poor, town hall. Res. 6 Liberty st.
Levi Preston, 48 Washington st.
Arthur W. Sim' 22 Main st.
Chas. E. Seone, 44 Franklin st.
Geo. W. Taylor, West Peabody.
Frank C. Merrill, 38 Main st.

The Street Lights.

We do not intend to allow THE PEABODY STAR to become a medium for indiscriminate condemnation of public officers and departments, as we believe there is a time and a method for public discussion of public men and affairs. But the condition of our street lighting demands the attention of the proper officials immediately. The service is bad and growing worse. Complaints come to us from every section of the town, and there is a growing feeling of impatience among our residents who suffer inconvenience from this condition of things.

The whole system will have to be overhauled, we understand, before it can be made thoroughly satisfactory. But cannot something be done to mend matters in the meantime?



[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

It was predicted that the profusion of diamonds coming from the South African mines would so lower the prices of those gems as to place them within easy reach, but the trend is not that way at all. The report of the appraisers' stores shows that during the fiscal year ending June 30 there were imported here precious stones to the value of over \$20,000,000, and this has called attention to the sudden rise in the price of diamonds. It is said in Maiden lane that diamonds have been advancing steadily since the beginning of the year; that the price is now from 30 to 40 per cent. higher than it was in January, and that it is very difficult to get orders filled at Amsterdam at all. Those who indulged themselves in the costly luxury of these precious stones a year ago made, it seems, a good investment. A flawless single carat diamond worth then \$85 or \$90 should bring about \$120 now. The great factor in the diamond situation is the attitude of a vast syndicate.

Music without beer was formerly looked upon as an impossibility. A visit to the summering concerts given in an uptown hall affords evidence that the accompaniment of liquid refreshment is not absolutely necessary to the New Yorkers who wish to enjoy music informally. All kinds of appropriate refreshments are provided at this place, but the number of persons that take advantage of the opportunity offered is comparatively small. Most of the men take advantage of their privileges and smoke. The concerts are worth a visit merely for the sake of realizing that there is another public in New York in the summer besides that seen in the roof gardens.

"I have noticed the greater politeness of Southern men to women," said a New York girl. "I was in a Southern town for six weeks, and I never once got on a trolley car without having the conductor take his hat off to me. He waited so patiently, then bowed so politely when I got on, that the contrast to the New York 'step lively' was overwhelming. One thing about the conduct of these conductors made it especially agreeable. Many of them belonged to the best families in the town." That can't be truthfully said of our cable car commanders!

Three hundred delegates from all over the country attended the convention of the National Retail Butchers Mutual Protective association. J. F. Callanan of this city, president of the eastern division, said the meat industry represented more money than any other industry, and if harmony prevailed among the retailers they would be able to fight the trust and beat it. The general sentiment was in favor of organizing with retailers in other trades to fight the department stores. At many of these stores, meat departments have been started.

The newest thing in strikes is that of the caddies of the Harbor Hill golf club, Staten Island. They were paid 30 cents a round, but demanded 40 cents. They ask the extra dime because they have such long waits while the golfers visit a hotel for refreshment. When they were refused they booted the golfers for a time, and then spread over the links, riving the direction flags and disks, smashing the sandboxes and slinging stones over the course. The upshot is yet in doubt; the boys have reason, but there are more boys.

The people of this city are intensely concerned in the question of rapid transit, and the best minds and most ceaseless energies have long been grappling with the problem. The necessity of some prompt remedy for the congestion that occurs so often on all the present up and down-town lines is so apparent that no argument for greatly increased facilities is needed. Any enlargement or improvement on existing lines seems likely to prove inadequate, and it is probable that the building of an underground road is assured.

There is a deadlock in the board of aldermen over the appropriation of \$150,000 for the Dewey arch. It is a shame to the city that public enterprises of a patriotic nature always meet rebuffs in our municipal body. Who can forget the recalcitrancy about Grant's tomb? But sooner or later things right themselves. Perhaps the hesitancy is the doubt among the members as to "how much there is in it" for each one or his favorite.

Mr. William Waldorf Astor is now an Englishman, a countryman of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the librettist of "Pinafore." Mr. Astor might have been "a Roisian, a Frenchman, Turk or Proisian, or perhaps Italian; but in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations" he became an Englishman. It is his own business, New York is not at all cast down, though he casts her off.

Jacob Bebus, who introduced the tea rose to the New York markets, and who had dealt in flowers for 30 years, died recently. He was said to be the first wholesale florist in this city. He supplied most of the flowers for Charlotte Cushman's funeral and for many years the Delmonicos relied upon him for decorations of important social functions.

KNICKERBOCKER.



[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

At last the Baker family are domiciled in this city. The father who was postmaster at Lake City, S. C., was murdered by a mob of white men last winter, and his wife and five children have been cared for in Charleston since. Lillian Clayton Jewett, a white woman of this city lately set about getting this family north. There is divided opinion among the Boston colored people as to the advisability of this and much bitter feeling has been aroused, but the fact is accomplished. It has been denied that they were brought here to be put on exhibition, but already they have appeared at Music hall, Providence, and on the platform of People's temple (10 cents admission) and other public places, and it looks as if the conservative element of our colored people were right in advising that they be left where they were. But anything for notoriety!

The messenger boys of the Boston District company hold a position in their controversy with that corporation which commands the respect of the public. They "went on strike" as an emphatic way of bringing their demands to the attention of the company; but they did not persist in the use of that method. They promptly accepted the offer of mediation on the part of the state board and returned to work. They have behaved in manly fashion. A square deal all around is the essence of arbitration, and that is what these boys ask. There really seems to be no good reason why the Boston District company should not treat its messenger boys as well as the Mutual District company treats its boys; why it should not pay equal wages for equivalent work.

It looks as if the automobile vehicles will ultimately come into general use. They are the fad at Newport and when that aristocratic resort sets the fashion it must go. Those seen on our streets are not things of beauty, and it must be a wrench to the esthetic taste of the Bostonese to compare them with the neat turnouts with sleek horses and liveried coachmen. Imagine a string of ungainly machines spinning along the milldam! Yet 'tis a progressive age, and nobody likes to have it said that he is behind the times. Those who are old fashioned enough to prefer a horse and buggy may soon expect to become an object of scorn to the enthusiastic motorists. Perhaps it will be well enough for common folk to use electric.

The other day a big freight steamer—one of the largest that ever entered our port—started for Liverpool heavily laden, and just off Boston light struck some hidden obstacle which caused her captain to bring her back to the quarantine station. Divers discovered that her bottom plates were injured, but not so seriously as to prevent re-arranging the voyage. This incident has re-awakened attention to the necessity of improving the sea approach to this port. Now that Boston has become the greatest grain shipping port in the United States, all impediments to navigation should be removed, at any cost. The Chamber of Commerce is moving in this matter, and good results may be counted on.

Speaking about ocean freight, to foreign ports, the Winifredian took out the largest cargo ever shipped in one vessel. Statistics are dull, but these are interesting: 800 head of cattle, 305,000 bushels of corn and oats. It took 350 cars to move this grain from the west. Then there were 6000 quarters of beef, hauled in by 60 cars, and a big miscellaneous cargo. It is almost incredible the amount of these Leviathans of the sea can stow away. The monetary value of the cargo exceeds \$1,000,000.

The number of visitors at Crescent beach on a recent Sunday was estimated at 100,000 and the number of bathers 5525. These people gathered from greater Boston, of course, but this city furnished the great majority. When are considered the many other resorts and home attractions, it would seem that all Boston (or what is left since the summer exodus to seashore and mountain) must spend its Sundays out of doors, at the parks, the beaches, on steamship excursions or at the Common and Public Garden. It is doubted if any other city in the country offers so many attractive and cheap opportunities for outings. But then the morality of it!

The Chinese laundryman's lot is not a happy one. It is not uncommon for a gang of young hoodlums to dash into a laundry at a late hour in the evening, seize the unlucky Mongolian, rob the till and vanish down the side streets. They are never caught. In fact, the police appear rather apathetic in such affairs. The ruffianly element seem to regard the Chinaman as legitimate prey, while the young women of the Sunday schools hustle in efforts to Christianize them. What must the followers of Confucius think of it all. They don't say, but keep a discreet silence, and "washee, washee" night and day.

Amelia Summerville, who became conspicuous in several of Rice's productions, is billed to appear at Keith's on Monday, Aug. 21, in a one-act comedy sketch that has been highly praised in other cities. Miss Summerville is noted as being one of the handsomest women on the stage.

Summer Requisites.

A fine assortment of Summer Requisites—such as

SPONGES,
HAIR BRUSHES,
COMBS, SOAPS,
PERFUMES, AND
TOILET ARTICLES

Always on hand at

**The W. H. Carter
Drug Co.,**

44 Main street, Peabody.

SHAW'S BAKERY

Bread, Cake and Pastry.

Walnut Street,
PEABODY, MASS.

DISTIN.

Gentlemen, don't forget that Mr. Distin,

TAILOR,

can get you up a good-fitting garment at a reasonable price.

27½ Main St.

For 15c.

—TRY—

One cake of Armour's White Soap.
One cake of Armour's Tar Soap.
One large package Washing Powder.
All for 15 cents.

C. E. FLINT,

25 Walnut street.

John F. Carbrey,

CIGAR
MANUFACTURER,

19 Mason street, Peabody.

J. F. C.

The best 5c. Cigar on the market.

DANIEL B. LORD,

Plumber

Headquarters for the famous

WELLSBACH GAS LIGHT.

Use no other. Always get the best. It is cheaper in the end.

19 Foster street, Peabody.

Telephone 523-2.

GEO. E. MEACOM CO.,

Apothecaries,

No. 126 Main Street,
PEABODY.

JOE LEVIN,

CUSTOM TAILOR,

Suits Made to Order.

Ladies' and Gent's Clothing,
Cleaned, Altered, Repaired, Pressed,
and Dyed. Also, Gent's Furnishing
Goods for sale. Corner Chestnut
and Lowell Sts., Peabody.

JOHN H. NASH,

Harness Maker,

Carriage Trimming a
Specialty.

All work promptly attended to. Satisfaction guaranteed.

No. 36 Foster Street, Peabody.

Hamblet & Hayes,

Wholesale and Retail

HARDWARE

Sporting goods and fishing tackle, seeds, fertilizers, farm implements, paints, oils and brushes. Jobbers of Carriers' and Morocco Tools and Supplies.

TELEPHONE 514-4.

13 and 15 Lowell street, Peabody.



Agents for American Steel Split Pulleys. They prevent the necessity for taking the shafting apart, and are not affected by a damp atmosphere. The four main points are lightness, strength, perfect balance and durability.



Fully Guaranteed.



M. E. Lynch,

No. 26 Foster St., Peabody.

Plumbing, Heating and Tin Roofing. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Asssnee's Sale.....

—OF—

Boots, Shoes, and Rubbers,

The assignee's sale at BUCKLEY'S, 21 Foster street, is still on, and the opportunity to buy summer, fall or winter goods at extraordinary prices is yet open.

Some Prices :

Men's Boots, \$1.10.
Women's Boots, \$1.10.
Children's Boots, 40c.
J. J. CONNORS, Assignee.

CURTIS' ANTI-PAIN POWDERS.

Guaranteed to cure Headache, or money refunded, at

Curtis' Drug Store,

Main St., Peabody.

WILLIAM H. FELLOWS, House Painter Glazier and Paperer.

DEALER IN

Windows, Doors, Blinds, and Wall Papers.

Sashes, Builders' Hardware, Ready-mixed Paints, and Painters' Supplies, Paper Bags, Wrapping Paper, etc.

65 Walnut street, Peabody.

PHILIP E. REIDY, Registered Pharmacist,

11 Walnut street, Peabody, Mass.



Did you see our flyer ?

Now is the time to get your

SHOES

At cost. Just "WALK OVER" to

RADDINS', Main Street

PEABODY PARAGRAPHS

—Welcome clouds.

—Even the ice melted yesterday.

—We are indebted to Mr. Lyman Osborn, collector of taxes, for courtesies received at his hands. It is a pleasure to have business relations with such an official.

—No ladies' shoe has ever surpassed the now famous "Tri-on-fa," manufactured by the Hurley Shoe Co. of Lynn. It has a strong combination—beauty of shape, beauty of finish, lasting quality, easy to the foot, and reasonable in price. Manning has it.

—A homely face looks pretty when the teeth are cared for; a pretty face is worse than homely when the teeth are neglected. The best thing in the market to keep teeth and gums pure, clean, healthy and sweet, is Grosvenor's Tooth Liquid. At 35 Main street.

—Mr. M. L. Sullivan, attorney-at-law, Salem, has brought suit against the town of Peabody on behalf of George W. Johnson, in the sum of \$1,000. Mr. Johnson claims a reward, offered by the town a year ago, for the discovery of an incendiary. As there were other claimants, the Selectmen did not make an award. The town counsel will take charge of the case.

—Mr. Wm. H. Tweed, carriage painter, is engaged on a light dray for Ropes Bros. of Salem, making it a thing of beauty which may be exhibited at the cattle show next month. The shop having recently been raised, it gives much-needed additional room, and Mr. Tweed is better prepared than ever to fill all orders for carriage painting, plain or ornamental. As a landscape and marine artist his work leaves nothing to be desired.

—The Oolah Club, which was formed January 10, 1896, for social purposes, manages to make its club headquarters in the Thomas Block attractive and comfortable even in warm weather. It is composed of some of the best of our young men, and is deservedly esteemed by our citizens generally. Three of its members are in business on their own account. Mr. Jeremiah F. Crean is president; Mr. Patrick L. Daley, vice-president; Mr. John S. Shea, secretary; Mr. Garrett F. Nagle, treasurer; Mr. Edward J. Millea, collector.

Will Fill the Bill.

The track committee of the Middlesex East Agricultural Association are highly pleased at having secured the services of Eben Edmands as superintendent of track and grounds.

Mr. Edmands is highly recommended by nearby practical turfmen, not only as a man of much executive force, but also as a practical track builder, and the committee are assured that his supervision of the track will be characterized by judgment and skill.

Since Mr. Edmands assumed control, practice spurts have been made in much less time than was thought possible, but the improved condition of the track under his care will bring the fast ones pretty nearly to their track record.

As the half-mile track at Agricultural Park is considered by horsemen one of the best if not the best in New England, it cannot under Mr. Edmands' care fail to add to its popularity with each succeeding event.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

St. John's Catholic Church.—First Mass at 7 o'clock A.M.
Children's Mass at 9.
Mass at 9.30.
High Mass at 10.30.
Vespers and Benediction, 3 P.M.

First Baptist Church.—Preaching service at 10.30 a.m. The pastor will exchange with Rev. Mr. Blackett of the Methodist Church.

Bible School at 12 M.
Junior B. Y. P. U. at 3 P.M.
Young Ladies' Meeting at 4 P.M.
Young Men's Meeting at 6 P.M.
Evening service at 7.

South Congregational Church, Rev. George A. Hall, Pastor.
Morning service, 10.30 A.M.
Sunday school, 12 M.
Christian Endeavor, 6 P.M.
Evening service, 7 P.M.
Rev. Michael Burnham will preach.

Washington St. Methodist church, Rev. C. W. Blackett, pastor.
Sunday, preaching at 10.30 by Rev. Mr. Moody, of the First Baptist Church.

A short sermon by the pastor at 7 in the evening.



J. S. REED,

Lunch and Pool Room,
South Peabody, Mass.

Lunches, Temperance Drinks, Pastries, Fruit, etc. Bicycle parties entertained.

SOUTH PEABODY.

—Boston is revelling in a tax-rate of \$13.10. Peabody isn't.

—We expect a great influx of visitors next week, owing to the racing at Rockdale Park Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. There will be \$2400 given for prizes.

—What good are the electric lights in our streets if they are out a good part of the time?

The writer counted four lamps out of seven that were out one night this week. Mr. Superintendent, come up to So. Peabody some evening, and we will prove it to you.

—Hose 5 has one of the finest gramophones obtainable. It is loud and distinct, carrying music and recitation a great distance. The records used are unusually fine, and afford a rich treat to all who are privileged to enjoy them.

—Will the conductors of the Lynnfield cars please extinguish the lights as they pass by the lane that runs down to the poor house? "Couples" on "bikes" seem to get tired when they get there, and delight to sit down and "talk it over," but the lights on those "dreadful cars" keep them in the air all the time. Funny how they brave the dark, isn't it?

A RIDER

—Mr. Samuel Southwick of So. Peabody, employed as a driver of one of R. F. Dodge's teams, met with a painful accident while about his duties last Friday morning. He drove up to a house, as usual, to take an order, and, while stepping from his team, his foot caught in the reins, and he was thrown violently to the ground, breaking his collar-bone and shaking him up generally. He is able to be out with one arm in a sling, but has not yet resumed work.

—A valuable addition to the residential part of the town is the home of Mr. Parker, of the firm of Brewer & Parker, shoe manufacturers, Lynn. Mr. Parker has bought the residence of the late J. H. Beede on Lynn st., and has made extensive improvements on it—making it a most beautiful country home. Residents of this section of the town welcome such desirable neighbors.

—Those who ride a bicycle evenings should be careful as they pass under the electric lights of our streets, or they will be captured. The "bug fiends" are out with their nets every evening, and run along "star-gazing" for bugs, seeming to think every rider is going to steer for the sidewalk so they can have the streets to do the "bugging" in. Be careful girls, and don't get your head in one of those nets with a long pole on it and a man at the other end.

—A good show is running this week at Sauntau Park by the colored minstrels. The jokes are really laughable, and the singing good, especially the rendering of the song, "Chimes of Trinity" by the middle-

man, Mr. Donergan. The effect of this song, with the powerful chorus, is very fine. Mr. Symonds, as an endman and a manipulator of the "tambo," is also a feature. A genuine cake-walk helps to make this one of the best shows of the season.

—Did you ever visit the "chicken factory" at Messrs. Wood & Page on Lynnfield St., So. Peabody? Well if you have not been sure to enter it on your itinerary. Hen-fanciers would be in their glory here for in every direction during the hatching season can be seen the big incubators "setting." Chickens all the way from the egg to large size can be seen, and it is very interesting, too. "Brooders" are also an interesting feature of the premises. As soon as the eggs are put on two feet in the form of chickens, they are given to the machines that are to mother them, and are soon as happy as if they owned a bicycle or had one of the Boston Post free-ride tickets. A visit to South Peabody that does not include a sight of this thriving business, would be incomplete.

—As the 10.30 car from Lynnfield reached the hay-scales on Lynnfield street Saturday night, the bell signal sounded to stop, and the motor-man responded immediately with the brakes. Before the car was brought to a stop, however, Mr. Frank Rad-din stepped off and fell violently to the ground, and was rendered unconscious. The railroad men and some of the passengers worked over him for some time, but failed to restore him to consciousness. He is seriously injured, to what extent is not known, but there is no doubt that the skull is fractured. Dr. Foster is the attending surgeon. No blame is attached to conductor or motorman, as they were clearly not at fault.

—Come to South Peabody if you want country in all its glory. Cows and horses are allowed to pasture in the streets and on the lawns. Hens roost on front piazzas, and hogs root round "permiscus like." The writer was riding through the southern part of the town the other night about 9 o'clock, and ran plump into a cow. Now, I am not afraid of cows, but if I had known I had to hit one, I should have selected a fat one for the purpose. As it was, I thought I had run into a slat fence. I warn riders also to beware of the gentleman cow who roams with this herd, or they may get more "butter" than they will relish.

DIED.

Aug. 11, 1899, Hannah Brown, of South Peabody, aged 73 years.

Mrs. Brown was born in England, coming to this country at an early age, and marrying Otis Brown, who is also deceased. Buried in Lynnfield.

Aug. 14, 1899, Michael Hamilton, aged 51 years, 10 months.

Mr. Hamilton died at his home, Goldthwaite Place, after an illness of three weeks. He moved to Peabody ten years ago. He leaves two daughters, both married, and one son. Two sons, both well known, have died in the past two years. Mass was held at 9 o'clock at St. John's church, from which he was buried Wednesday morning. The pall bearers were—Messrs. Jeremiah Sullivan, Thomas Shea, John Fitzgerald, Michael McCarty, Michael Bresnahan, and James Mahar.

Tuesday, Aug. 15, 1899, at 5 Dustin street, Peabody, Margaret Helene Rennie, daughter of James and Catherine Rennie, after an illness of six hours (convulsions), aged 13, 5 mos., 14 days.

One's Meat Another's Poison.

Washington, Aug. 15.—E. S. Holmes, Jr., an expert of the statistical bureau of the department of agriculture, has just completed a report embodying the results of a tour of the flood devastated region of Texas and making a careful estimate of the damage done, the aggregate of which he places at \$7,414,000. The number of farms submerged is estimated at \$100, with a total area of about 1,350,000 acres. Of this area there was about 503,000 acres under cultivation. While the crops over a very large area were practically destroyed, the effect of the rains on the upland crops will be highly beneficial.

All Have Paid Their Fines.

Jefferson City, Mo., Aug. 15.—All the ousted insurance companies have paid the fines of \$1000 each assessed against them under the anti-trust law, except four. The time expired yesterday, and as those failed to pay, they are forever barred from doing business in Missouri.

Would Be Absolutist.

Madrid, Aug. 15.—General Weyler has denied the report that he is Republican but he thinks federalism is theoretically acceptable. He also says he would be an absolutist if a king worthy of the name existed.

GRAND FAIR Agricultural Park
READING and WAKEFIELD.
4 Days
SEPT. MIDDLESEX EAST
27-30. AGRICULTURAL ASS'N.

ALL A-WHEEL.

Complete Harmony Between Cyclists and Jupiter Pluvius.

RADIATING RUNS FROM BOSTON

Racing Events at Charles River Park—Motor Too Much for Duffie—Great Finish in Semi-Finals and Finals—President Keenan's Idea of the L. A. W. and Its Mission.

Boston, Aug. 17.—Weather gods and wheelmen have dwelt in the most complete harmony thus far in the 20th annual meet of the League of American Wheelmen, and while storm signals have been displayed at the local weather bureau, tornadoes predicted from the signal service towers in Washington, the visiting and local members of the great organization have enjoyed thoroughly delightful trips in Boston and suburbs. There were runs yesterday to many important and historical points, and the city entertained the visitors with a band concert and fireworks on the common last evening. Bicyclists are in evidence everywhere throughout the city and suburbs.

The racing program, which is an important part of the meet, began at the Charles River park. Two events were of great interest, the one-third mile national championship for professionals and the quarter-mile national championship for amateurs. The former went to Tom Butler by a few inches over Major Taylor in a sensational finish. The amateur event was captured apparently by E. W. Peabody of Chicago, with Albert Tallander of Paris second and Lester Wilson of Pittsburgh third. Five riders had finished in a bunch, and it was immediately claimed that Ben Goodson of Australia had crowded the others on the home stretch. After appeal to the referee it was announced that the final was a dead heat between Peabody and Tallander, and it will be ridden again.

The racing conditions were excellent, but the attendance was small. Eddie McDuffee started behind motor pace for a five-mile exhibition, but quit at three miles. Several other events, of local interest chiefly, combined to give a fairly good program. The Associated Cycling clubs of this vicinity is conducting the racing.

The two national events furnished the only excitement of the afternoon. In each the contestants represented wheelmen from all over the globe, but the foreign professionals were not the equal of the New Englanders.

In the one-third mile professional the field was put into four heats, and those qualifying went into the semi-finals. In the first heat Major Taylor had an easy win; time, 49 seconds. In the second heat Tom Butler, by taking the lead, thought he had a good thing, but McCarthy of St. Louis beat him at the tape; time, 44.3-5 seconds. In the third heat Nat Butler was expected to win, but after leading the bunch all the way Hammer of Philadelphia won; time, 44 seconds. The fourth heat went to Frank Butler easily in 44.3-5 seconds.

The semi-finals were made interesting by a Butler in each. In the first one Frank Butler and Major Taylor loafed in the rear, watching each other. Then McCarthy shot out and stirred up the rest. It was a great finish, Taylor getting the heat by half a length, Butler second and McCarthy third; time, 46 seconds. In the other semi-final Frank Butler pedaled for dear life all the time and won in 44.2-5 seconds, with Hammer second and McLeod third.

The prettiest fight was in the finals with two Butlers against Taylor. At the pistol Frank Butler shot ahead, drawing McCarthy and McLeod after him, leaving Taylor watching Tom Butler. Rather than risk the result, Taylor, at half the distance, spurred. He caught the leaders in the stretch, but Tom was with him and the finish was at a terrific clip, the major losing by a few inches. Frank Butler brought up the rear.

The quarter-mile amateur championship had enough entries to keep everybody guessing. Moran of Chelsea, who has been doing great work, finished third in the first heat, but couldn't qualify in the semi-finals.

The two-mile multicycle handicap was an easy affair for Pouch and Wilson of Louisville, the limit men. Their handicap was not reduced during the first mile and then other machines slackened up to making good running for second and third places. This brought Taylor and Casey against two Butler boys, and the last half mile was a warm one. Taylor's machine won out for second place.

The other races had no special interest. One of the features of the day outside the runs and racing was the untiring efforts of a large delegation from Milwaukee to persuade the league to meet in that city next year, and there seems to be little doubt that the movement will be successful.

During the day President Keenan talked interestingly to the newspaper men, and said that the L. A. W. was in a most satisfactory condition. The great aim in the future must be centralization of power and thus benefit the majority of the members. The league has lost its "boom" membership, and is now on a healthy basis, with a membership of about 60,000.

Will Go to Milwaukee Next.

Detroit, Aug. 17.—Milwaukee was victorious in the contest for the next convention of the International Typographical union by a vote of 64 to 78 for Birmingham, Ala. A report from the committee on laws, favoring the levying of a special assessment upon members of not more than 50 cents in any three months by the executive council whenever the strike fund of the union shall fall below \$20,000, was adopted after much argument.

Will Not Put Up a Ticket.

Boston, Aug. 17.—Secretary Winslow of the Anti-Imperialist league, in an interview, said that while it was not likely that the league would organize a national party and put a ticket in the field, it is proposed to call a national convention in October for the purpose of demonstrating the opposition of the people of the country to the present policy of the administration.

IRA FOSTER,

DEALER IN FINE

Flour, Grain, Meal, FEED, HAY AND STRAW.

Central street, Peabody, Opp. B. & M. R. R. Freight Yard.

H. E. RAYMOND,

Dealer in

Newspapers, Magazines, AND CONFECTIONERY.

Cigars and Tobacco.

6 ALLEN'S BLOCK, . . Peabody.

JACOB TRAUB,

13 Central street, Peabody.

Opp. B. & M. Freight Yard.

Boots, Shoes, AND Rubbers.

A fine line of sample shoes constantly on hand. Boots and shoes made and repaired. Satisfaction guaranteed.

C. E. Flint,

—DEALER IN—

Groceries and Provisions,

25 Walnut street, Peabody.

Try us to-day on SARDINES.

HARRY E. STOCKWELL, Funeral Director and Embalmer.

Office—cor. Lowell and Chestnut St
Residence—45 Central street.
Telephone connection.



Thomas Block, Peabody Square, Cigars, C. J. Keefe & Co., have a finely equipped lunch room. confectionery, fruit, tonics, etc.

BURSLEY & CREHORE,

DEALERS IN

Fine Groceries

Staple and Fancy.

Corner Central and Walnut streets, Peabody.

Ice cream and Frozen Pudding

Watkin's Ice Cream Co.

Orders left at Donnell's Grocery promptly filled.

F. M. DAVENPORT,

Dealer in

Boots, Shoes, and Rubbers,

98 Main street, Peabody.

Repairing neatly done.

A Lover's Ruse.

Won Her by Stratagem.



OME, Harry, brace up! You are looking as if this free mountain air didn't agree with you."

"I wish it didn't. I wish it would dry me up and blow me away, or an eruption of the earth would send some huge rock down upon me, and end it all!"

"On, nonsense, old man! You are a little dyspeptic. Come, face your troubles like a man. I know what the matter is; I've seen it all along, my boy! Let her go, I say, with her villainous-looking foreigner."

"Of course you've seen it. Everybody's seen how she has gone on, and I've borne it all, and said nothing until last night, when, as I had a right, I asked an explanation, but I wish I hadn't; I'm sorry she explained it, for it's all over now, and she's free to have that confounded baron; I wish he'd accidentally shoot or drown himself!"

"That never would do, Harry, for she would go mourning all her days after him, in that case, and you wouldn't stand half the chance you do now. I wish you would make up your mind to let her go. She isn't worthy of you, I'm sure."

"Yes, she is. You don't know her, Fred. She is gentle and good, but very ambitious. She can't help it. You see I understand her. All her family are very ambitious."

"Oh! that's it, is it? Probably that's the way she explained her behavior to you last night?"

"No such thing, Fred. She doesn't understand the real motive which has induced her to do as she has done. It is all owing to her bringing up. She sees a better chance than I can offer and falls in love with that, and there stand her father and brothers, ready to encourage the thing. I see how it is."

"Then what do you intend to do?"

"I'm in hopes she will become disgusted with her baron before it is too late. He isn't much of a fellow, and if it wasn't for his title and money his chance would be small enough."

"Then you don't think she loves him?"

"No, I'm sure she does not."

"Well, all I've to say is that Imogene Lacy is a vain, mercenary girl, unworthy of the affection of my friend, Harry Hammond."

"You don't know her, and that is why you talk so."

"Well, perhaps I don't; however, I've a plan to propose, which will show you which way her heart turns; and if she cares anything for you she will turn her back square on the baron and his money-bags."

Doctor Frederick Mason opened the door of his room and looked out, when he examined the windows, and, finding the coast clear, resumed his seat, and for some time the two sat earnestly talking in low, guarded tones.

"The view is very fine there. See how the soft rays of the moon glimmer over the lake, and the shadow of the overhanging trees; oh, how beautiful!" and Miss Lacy passed and gazed in silence at the scene before her. The baron bent his dark eyes upon his fair companion, and in low, soft accents, said:

"You have de great love for de nature."

"Oh, yes. There is so much of wondrous beauty to worship in the work of the Divine Master. A scene like this fills me with a deep joy, stills the worldly emotions of my nature, and whispers to my inward sense 'peace be with thee.'"

"And you listen to de voice of de nature, and you be still and happy; but when I look at you I cannot hear the voice of anything but mine heart crying forever that it loves you. Is there no answer in your heart?"

Imogene stood with downcast look, and made no answer. No light of love beamed in her eyes, nor blush mantled her cheek. She was fully conscious that her heart gave no extra throbs, and yet she was considering how to answer encouragingly. She waited so long that her companion spoke again:

"Have you no word for me?"

"You are very kind," she said, softly, with a little sigh.

"And you. Will you be kind to me?"

"How can I be otherwise?"

"And you will be my wife?" he asked, eagerly bending down toward her. Imogene extended one hand toward him. He caught it in a warm clasp and said, quickly:

"I have your promise?"

"Yes," was the low reply, and, turning away from the moon-lit lake, she said:

"Let us go now."

There was a lonely bit of woodland through which they must pass to gain the main walk, and, scarcely had they entered this when a dark figure sprang before them.

"Your money or your life!" was the demand, in rough accents, and with a shriek Imogene turned to her companion for protection, but he was quite busy in handing over his ready money, and paid no heed to her terror. The highwayman pocketed the baron's effects, and then turning to the lady he politely requested her to hand over her jewels, but she was quite unable to do so, for, overcome with fright, she had sank upon the ground.

The robber presented a pistol at the noble baron and requested him to rid the lady of her superfluous ornaments, and pass them to him.

"For de life he must have dese," said the trembling baron, stooping over Imogene, and removing her bracelets, necklace and earrings. "I have no arms to fight for you. Pardon me," and he gave the jewels to the robber; then, taking one of Imogene's hands, he said:

"Now we may go."

"Not so easy to tell tales. Stand off there until I silence your tongue."

Imogene, glancing up, saw the pistol glimmering in the moonlight, knew that the baron dropped her hand and fled away, and then a new figure appeared upon the scene, and a voice exclaimed:

"What are you doing, you villain?"

and she knew it was Harry Hammond, who grappled with the highwayman, and forgetting everything else, she sprang to her feet and rushed forward, crying:

"Harry! Harry! He will kill you!"

and as a long knife shone in the faint light, and seemed to descend upon her discarded lover she fainted.

When she recovered her consciousness she found herself reclining upon a grassy mound, with Harry beside her, bathing her temples with cool water from the lake by which she had stood so recently.

She lay quiet a little while, feeling quite safe and happy, and then beginning to realize her situation, she endeavored to arise.

"Where is the robber?" she asked, looking about her.

"I am sorry to say he succeeded in making his escape."

"He may come back with others. Oh, let us get away from here."

Harry assisted her to rise and attended her to her home; and as they were about to part (Harry refusing all offers to enter), he handed her her jewels, saying:

"I succeeded in recovering these for you."

Looking up to thank him, she noticed that his head was bound with a handkerchief.

"Oh, Harry! are you wounded?" she exclaimed.

"It is nothing serious. Good evening," and he went away.

The next morning a messenger from Mr. Lacy came to request the presence of Mr. Hammond to lunch; and Dr. Mason sent back word that if Mr. Hammond kept quiet he would probably escape brain fever.

No doubt the comforting information that the baron had been made the recipient of a package containing his money, which he had so obligingly allowed himself to be robbed of by the highwayman, and a grateful letter and a visit from Mr. Lacy, assisted the sick man in his recovery. For three days afterward Dr. Mason thought him sufficiently recovered to ride out, and a little perfumed note, that reached him on his return home, completed the cure and enabled him to answer it in person at the dinner table of the Lacys.

Imogene was tender and kind, and before the evening was over had an opportunity to confess her repentance, and Harry went home that night the happiest man in the town.

"Well, Harry, you don't look as if you would like to be crashed by a rock or otherwise disposed of. How is it? Shall I congratulate you?"

"Yes, my bold robber," replied Harry, seating himself in the doctor's room.

When the autumn months had sent the country visitors back to their city homes Dr. Mason received the wedding cards of Mr. and Mrs. Hammond.

Boy Sets Fire to a Lion.

A cigarette, a lighted match carelessly tossed away, a thoughtless youth, a lion and a crowd were all that were required to develop a first-class panic in Lincoln Park "Zoo" Sunday. The youth smoking a cigarette lounged at the edge of the strongest cage in the menagerie where Leo, the biggest of the lions, lay dreaming, his crisp and shaggy mane comfortably snuggling against the bars of his den. The usual Sunday throng crowded as near the cage as they could and watched the royal sleeper.

Meanwhile the youth's paper smoke went out and he applied a match to it for a fresh light. Blowing a cloud of smoke toward the slumbering king of beasts, the smoker carelessly flipped the burning match away. It fell still burning on the lion's mane and in another instant Leo sprang into the air with a volley of real leonine roars that sent the crowd pell-mell toward the exits. Women and children were trampled under foot by frightened men and the agonized beast continued to bellow like a circus callopie. Finally Headkeeper Cy DeVry arrived, soothed the ruffled lion into lamblike docility, and the crowd ambled away, nursing nothing worse than a few bruises and scratches. The cigarette youth escaped.—Chicago Record.

Found a Snake Fighting Her Mirror.

Mrs. Charles Cole was attracted the other morning by a peculiar hissing and rapping in her bedroom. On investigation she beheld a large black snake swinging from the top of the dresser by its tail and viciously fighting its reflection in the mirror. Mrs. Cole called for her husband to come and kill the reptile, but when he appeared he could not strike at the swaying serpent that continued the combat with the shadow in the glass, unmindful of his presence, for fear of shattering the costly mirror. He then procured a long pole and succeeded in disengaging its coils from the mirror frame and hurling it out of the open window through which it evidently entered. The fall to the ground from the second-story room stunned but did not kill the snake, and when Mr. Cole descended the stairs and reached the yard to accomplish its death, it swiftly glided away in the grass and escaped.—Cincinnati Inquirer.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Whistle Away.

Whistle away, my merry boy, With happy face and heart of joy; If it will help you to be strong, Whistle a tune when things go wrong. And whistling lightens it for you, If e'er your task is hard to do, Whether it be sowing the seeds, Hoeing the corn, or pulling weeds, Gathering fruit, or raking hay, Or driving cows, whistle away.

Whistle a tune, if you can't sing, And that should seem the next best thing That you can do, perhaps 'twill cheer The hearts of some who chance to hear. Better to whistle than to pout, And scold, and fret, no one can doubt; So keep a merry heart, my lad, And thus make other people glad. Do all the good you can each day, And as you toll, whistle away. —Farm, Field and Fireside.

How They Got Out.

The owner of some cows was very much surprised to find every morning that his three cows every night got out of the shed in which they were securely fastened over night. He thought some one must let them out for mischief.

One day, however, he happened to be in the shed when the door fastened so that the animals should not come in, when he fancied he heard some one trying the door, which, like most cow sheds, was fastened by a latch, underneath which was a little round hole, so that when inside you could put your finger through the hole to lift the latch.

Through the hole a long red tongue appeared, and in a minute the latch was lifted and in walked one of the cows! The mystery was explained. But after that the farmer contrived a new fastening for the door of the shed.

Belgium's Beasts of Burden.

From time out of mind the dog has been a beast of burden in Belgium, and until very recently has had no champion. It is very picturesque, of course, to see a dog hitched to a peasant's two-wheeled barrow, with his shining brass milk cans, and attended by the milk-woman in the lace cap of tradition; and I have just seen a case where the dogs were well harnessed and showed signs of being well fed and cared for, but such cases are pitifully rare. As a rule the barrows or carts are far too heavy for the dogs that drag them. The load is more often than not a full one of damp sand; the peasant, nine times out of ten, urges the dogs with a heavy pointed wooden shoe or a whip with a formidable lash. The harness is composed of strong string, which as a rule cuts the animal's flesh with every pull he gives or else the knots with which it has been tied inflict numerous wounds on his emaciated body. And yet passers-by of all classes and creeds, men, women and children, priests and police, are indifferent to the pitiful yelping and howling of the poor dogs, almost kicked to death by brutal masters. "The dogs are used to it," is the only argument.—Correspondence in Chicago Record.

A Native American Game.

In the front rank of sports for boys is the native American game lacrosse. In common with baseball and football, it has the advantage of being a team game as opposed to such individual games as tennis, and it cultivates the speed and agility necessary to the sprint runner, and the lung power and endurance of the long-distance cyclist. It is less dangerous to life and limb than any game of nearly equal activity, and, from the spectator's standpoint, is the most interesting and brilliant of all the sports.

Possessing all these advantages, it is hard to see why lacrosse is not more generally played by our boys.

The Canadians excel at the game because their boys get their lacrosse sticks as soon as they are strong enough to hold them, and small sticks are provided which even the youngest can wield. In England and Ireland there are teams by the dozens, and thousands attend the matches. Yet in the United States, which is really the home of the game, there are hardly more than a score of teams. Happily, interest in the game is growing, but as yet it is played only by the young men.

The materials required for the game consist of the goals, a solid rubber ball, a lacrosse stick for each player, and a "lot." The only one of these that requires explanation is the stick. The shaft of tough hickory is very light and strong. It is strung with heavy gut, which is not tight like that on a tennis racket, but is strung more loosely, so that it gives when struck by the ball. This enables the player to catch handily. With this stick all the play is made, touching the ball with the hands being strictly barred.

The object of the game is, as in football, to attack your opponents' goal and at the same time defend your own; but the scoring is done by driving the ball through the goal, and not over it, as in that game. The goals are set out at each end of the field, generally about one hundred and ten yards apart, and there should be at least fifty feet of open field behind each for play behind goal. Two seven-foot sticks about one and a half inches in diameter, set firmly one foot deep in the ground and just six feet apart, constitute a goal. The English players have added a great improvement to the goal, however, which is gradually being adopted in this country and Canada. It consists of a bag of stout netting, stretched from the goal posts and from a cross-bar between them to the ground at a point about seven feet back of the goal. The object of this net is to remove a source of frequent disputes as to whether the "shot"—for so the throw which sends

the ball through the goal is called—went through, or just to one side or above the goal. It is almost impossible for the umpire to tell whether the ball passed just six feet above the ground, or six feet and half an inch. The first would be a "goal," the second "no goal," but on such decisions as this many a match has been won, and many an umpire's reputation lost. The net eliminates all this, for if the ball goes through the six-foot square opening it will be found in the bag, and nobody can blame the bag.—St. Nicholas.

Boy Kings of England.

We of today always think of a king or a prince as being a creature with nothing much to do but to enjoy life and be waited on. Kings and princes do not enjoy life any more—in fact not as much—as we common mortals do, though they may take their ease and dress in silks and plush. Now, there was a time when even kings could not take their ease, but lived in a constant state of turmoil and danger. Hundreds and hundreds of years ago there reigned in England a boy king called Edmund. He was only eighteen years old when he came to the throne, and he was the first of six boy kings whose reigns were short and turbulent. Edmund was called the Magnificent, because he tried to improve the dress and the living of the times; but, unfortunately for him, he had a violent temper, which soon ended his reign and his life.

In those days the king's palace consisted of a few sleeping apartments and a great dining hall, where everybody from the king to the meanest servant, dined at the same table. The king, however, was at one end on a raised platform, which distinguished him from the others who sat below.

It was the custom then, and a very beautiful one, to allow any poor wayfarer who might be passing to come in, warm himself and take his place at the table. One night King Edmund, after he had eaten heavily and in a surly mood, noticed among the company at table a noted outlaw and robber called Leof. This man had been banished from England, and when the king saw him sitting there he few into a mighty rage at the man's presumption, and he commanded him to depart.

Leof said, "I will not depart." Whereupon the foolish king, instead of ordering the servants to put him out, himself seized the bold robber and tried to throw him out. Leof had a dagger concealed under his long coat and he stabbed the king. In a minute all the king's retainers were upon the outlaw and cut him to pieces, but not before the king and several of his servants were killed.

Then came Edred, another boy king, who was very weak of body but strong of mind. He fought many great battles against the Danes and Norsemen and beat them off, but he only lived to rule nine years.

Then Edwy, fifteen years old, became king, but he was ruled by a monk named Dunstan, who watched over him like a guardian. The handsome young monarch had married his cousin, the beautiful Elgiva, although he was so young. Dunstan did not approve of this marriage, fled the country and secretly worked up a plot to get rid of Edwy and put his younger brother Edgar on the throne. Not content with this Dunstan caused the beautiful girl queen to be seized and her fair face branded with a red hot iron, and then she was sold into slavery in Ireland.

The Irish people, however, were then, as they are now, a warm hearted race, and they determined to restore the poor queen to her husband. First they cured her of the awful scar on her face, so she was as beautiful as ever, and then sent her on her way back to England. But on the way home she was killed. When the king heard of her fate he died, too, of a broken heart.—New York Herald.

Travels of a Valuable Tin Box.

Mayor Foulk of Piedmont, W. Va., has received a letter from William Boyce of Philadelphia, stating that while repairing a car in the freight yard in the city he found under it a tin box containing a number of papers belonging to the town of Piedmont. At the mayor's request it was forwarded, and found to contain, besides other papers, \$795 worth of uncanceled coupons of the water bonds, representing bonds to the amount of \$5300. The coupons had been detached from the bonds sold by the council in 1897, and were for three years. The box was taken from the safe by some unknown party the first part of last year, placed under the freight car, probably while standing in the Piedmont yards, and has since been carried all around the country until found.

A Very Young Officer, Indeed.

It has just been discovered that one of the young lieutenants recently appointed in the army has yet to celebrate the fifth anniversary of his birth. The discovery created a good deal of talk in army circles and set every one to asking why the president had nominated such a child to a command in the army. It was then explained that the young man was 19 years old, having been born on the 24th of February, 1880, and therefore only had a birthday once in four years. He is beyond doubt the youngest man in the United States army so far as birthdays go.—New York Mail and Express.

Comes Natural.

"So you are a school teacher," said Mr. Pitt to a new acquaintance. "Then you train the young idea how to shoot?"

"I don't need to do that," replied the pedagogue. "My school is in the tenth district of Kentucky."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

SAYS HE'S A WATER-WITCH.

A Western Farmer Who Claims to Have Supernatural Powers.

Frank M. Withee, a pioneer farmer, of Yankton County, South Dakota, has, in a most mysterious manner, located water upon his farm as well as upon farms of other Yankton County farmers. He was very much in need of water for his large farm. He had bored for water five times to the depth of 100 feet and seven times to the depth of between forty and seventy feet, but without success.

In his predicament he remembered an old story that if a water-witch holds a forked stick in her hand whenever she passes over water the willow stick will be drawn toward the earth. He also recalled another story of his youth that ants always go to water, and wherever there is a collection of ant hills there is water beneath.

He resolved to play water-witch. Here is the story of his experience:

"I cut a forked willow stick, the limbs forming the fork being as large as a lead pencil, and went out to an ant village on my farm. I grasped the prongs of the willow fork and bent slightly forward in order to give the witch all possible chance to work, providing she was with me.

"Well, that willow stick began to turn gently in my hands. It was just a mild force that was exerted, but it frightened me, and I was on the point of dropping the stick and getting out of that spooky locality as fast as I could, when I happened to think that I came down there to find water, and there was no sense in running away.

"I knew from the pressure on the stick that there was but little water in any beneath the ant village, and I went along until I reached a slight rise in the ground. I finally stood on top of a small ridge.

"When I bent forward the prongs of that fork began to twist in my hand. I clutched it with all my might, and the bark came off in my hands, but the third, or upright limb, turned entirely over and pointed straight toward the earth. I afterward took a twelve-inch well augur and sank a hole on that spot. At a depth of seventy feet I found water, and it is twenty-six feet deep.

"In all the time that we have used it the amount in the well has not been reduced a barrel seemingly, and is as pure and sweet as spring water.

"Since discovering that I possess the witch I have located a dozen wells in widely separated localities, and never failed to be absolutely correct in pointing out good water."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Talkers are no great doers.—Shakespeare.

Simple duty hath no place for fear.—Whittier.

Slumber is more sweet than toil.—Tennyson.

Suspicion's but at best a coward's virtue.—Ottway.

Self-trust is the first secret of success.—Emerson.

Speaking truth is like writing fair, and comes only by practice.—Ruskin.

The humblest man or woman can live splendidly. That is the royal truth we need to believe, you and I, who have no "mission" and no great sphere to move in.—William Gannett.

There is no firmer chemistry than that by which the element of suffering is so compounded with spiritual forces that it issues to the world as gentleness and strength.—George S. Merriam.

Be not diverted from your duty by any idle reflections the silly world may make on you; for their censures are not in your power, and consequently should be no part of your concern.—Epictetus.

The true moment at which to call upon one's self to take any new step in virtue is at the fainting point, when it would seem so easy to drop all and to give all up; when, if you do not, you make of yourself a power.—J. F. W. Ware.

If thou art desirous with right faith to know the true light, put away from thee vain and evil joys, and also the vain sorrow and the evil fear of this world; that is that thou lift up not thyself with arrogance in thy health and in thy prosperity, nor, again, despair of any good in any adversity. For the mind is ever bound in misery if either of these two evils reigns.—King Alfred's "Boethius."

Trans-Caucasus Mail Expeditions.

To cross the Caucasus range, which divides Europe and Asia, and on the snow-covered peaks of which no animal could find footing to draw either wagon or sled, the Russian Government employs the prisoners who have been sentenced to compulsory labor. Three or four of these are always dispatched together, loaded with heavy mail sacks, watched and aided from time to time by Cossacks, who frequently cut out a way for them with pick and shovel. They climb the steep, sinking at times to the knees or waist in the snow. A harder task could not be devised, even as a measure of punishment for the worst of criminals. The job of the officer in charge of each of these trans-Caucasus mail expeditions does not subject him to any envy on the part of his comrades in the army.

A Nation of Meat Eaters.

When meat is considered, one instantly comes to the conclusion that it is a very fortunate thing that the United States is far and away the greatest producer. For we Americans consume eleven billion pounds every year, or 147 pounds for every person—considerably more than the average individual weight of the population. Of this immense meat ration five billion pounds are beef, four billion pounds are pork and eight million pounds are mutton.

LOCKJAW AND ITS CAUSE.

Analysis of Cartridges Used in Toy Pistols Would Be a Good Thing.

The prevalence of lockjaw since the Fourth of July led Henry Glick to address a letter to the New York Times in which he suggests that an investigation on the part of experienced physicians of the cartridges or caps used in toy pistols might do much to prevent the spread of the disease. Many of the recent victims of tetanus have brought on the malady by injuries resulting from the use of toy pistols. "If by experiments," says Mr. Glick, "the cause can be traced to the powder or cartridge, the remedy is at hand, and if the incubation of the germ can be checked before the alarming symptoms arise all cases of tetanus may not necessarily become fatal."

This subject was called to the attention of a well-known specialist on jaw and jaw diseases, who has treated many cases of tetanus with good effect, having studied it for many years. He said that the idea of an investigation such as that suggested by Mr. Glick seemed to him a good one, but he had not heard of any such being set on foot.

"Is there any method by which it would be likely to be done, except in the case of some individual physician sacrificing time and effort to it?" he was asked.

"No," he replied, "I don't know what there is. It certainly would be a good thing to determine just what is contained in the cartridges and powder used, for a clean instrument never causes tetanus. It is an infectious disease, and its germ is never found in maiden soil, but only in soil that has been worked."

"A man stepping on a clean knife or running a clean nail into his foot would not be in the slightest danger of tetanus. It is the rusty nail, out of some old fence or railroad tie that is coated with tetanus germs, and a splinter can produce the disease just as readily as a nail or knife. The germ is carried into the blood and all through the body, and to the fourth ventricle of the brain, on which it acts. But even after it has been disseminated through the body the malady may be cured."

"Very few physicians understand the treatment of tetanus. As a rule, they use poultices instead of using ice packs, which keep down the temperature and prevent the spread of germ life. At Bellevue Hospital I don't think they have used the ice packs, but they could do so without the slightest danger of that method interfering with their use of the serum. I have found the ice pack notably effective in stopping the germ incubation."

"When a wound is made which later causes lockjaw the skin is apt to close up before the surgeon gets the wound thoroughly cleaned out. If he could eradicate all the pus by cutting wide and deep, there would be no result in tetanus. As a rule he doesn't make a large enough cut to get all the germ out, and the disease spreads."

Mexican Proverbs.

There are many fine epigrams and proverbs in Spanish, says a writer in the Philadelphia Inquirer. Many of them cannot be translated so as to preserve the terseness and aptness of the original. Many, of course, are the same as the English proverbs, simply change the simile. They are used with all possible variety of application. A gentleman who was seated near a group of young ladies in a railway station, busy with their farewell kisses, stood it as long as he could and then protested: "Don't count your money in the presence of the poor." Following are some of the proverbs not uncommonly heard in Mexico:

"He who never ventures will never cross the sea."

"There is no gain without pain."

"Flies cannot enter a closed mouth."

"A cat in gloves will never catch rats."

"To the hungry no bread is dry."

"A book that is shut makes a scholar."

"The good laundress washes her shirt first."

"When the river is passed the sail is forgotten."

"He who has little has little to fear."

"Do not trust your money to those who keep their eyes on the floor as they make an outward sign of piety."

"Wind and good luck do not last."

"It is good fishing in troubled waters."

"A frugal, rich father and a spendthrift son."

"No word is ill-spoken if it is well-understood."

"A tongue may inflict a deeper wound than a sword."

Editor's First Obligation.

That a newspaper is not primarily a public institution is ably argued in the Attica (Ind.) Ledger, which contends that it is not the editor's duty to bear the expense of booming town and every business enterprise in it. Such gospel should be generally proclaimed. The newspaper man's first obligation is to make a competence for himself and his family—just as in the case of the druggist or the hardware dealer or the goods man.

Printing Office Grows.

"Ah me!" sighed the old printer. "I've had a hard row since the editor died. People seem to know what I was made for. At first they used me for a sheller, and now they're using me as a gridiron!"

"Don't growl!" replied the editor. "for you haven't suffered as much as I have. Last summer they used me for a baseball bat, now they're using me for an axe handle."—Atlanta Constitution.

“One Year's Seeding,
Nine Years' Weeding.”

Neglected impurities in your blood will sow seeds of disease of which you may never get rid. If your blood is even the least bit impure, do not delay, but take Hood's Sarsaparilla at once. In so doing there is safety; in delay there is danger. Be sure to get only Hood's, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Biliousness

I have used your valuable CASCARETS and find them perfect. Couldn't do without them. I have used them for some time for indigestion and biliousness and am now completely cured. Recommend them to every one. Once tried, you will never be without them in the family. EDW. A. MARX, Albany, N. Y.



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens or Gripes, 10c, 25c, 50c.
CURE CONSTIPATION.
Selling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, 321
NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

Noise and Nerves.
In order to save the life of a very rich woman the big bell on the British House of Commons was silenced for ten hours recently. Only in desperate cases are great bells silenced. The ordinary torture is permitted to go on so long as a sick person is not on the verge of death. As for people who are only nervous, they are never considered.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?
Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Powder, a powder for the feet. It makes Tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot, Callous, Aching and Sweating Feet. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

The Biggest Plow.
The ordinary farmer would hardly recognize as a plow a giant machine now in use in Kern county, Cal. This is without doubt the biggest plow in the world. It cuts a furrow four feet wide, and was originally built for the purpose of making irrigation canals. Even for this huge undertaking it was found too unwieldy. To start the plow in motion 80 teams of oxen are required. So the farmers of Kern county manage to do their work without the aid of the prize plow and keep it on view merely to show what western enterprise can accomplish.

A. M. Klein, a well known Parisian musical critic, declares that no less than 6000 operatic scores "have inundated the musical world during the last century and a half."

To Cure Constipation Forever.
Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Circumnavigated a Continent.
Sir Alexander Armstrong, K. C. B., who died recently at the age of eighty-one years, was one of the very few men left who had circumnavigated the American continent. He was surgeon of Captain McClure's ship Investigator, which worked its way to Banksland from the northwest, and whose crew was rescued by the Resolute and later taken back by the North Star through the northeast approach to the Arctic. Dr. Armstrong succeeded in keeping his ship free from the scurvy for two years and three months, at that time a record. He rose to be Director-General in the British Navy.

A Utilitarian.
"Ah," said the man who is sometimes morose and visionary, "if I only had the wings of an eagle and the heart of a lion!"
"Another touch of dyspepsia!" murmured the family physician, in tones of sympathy. "My dear fellow, what you need is the stomach of a goat."—Washington Star.

Pain Conquered; Health Restored by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 92,649]

"I feel it my duty to write and thank you for what your Vegetable Compound has done for me. It is the only medicine I have found that has done me any good. Before taking your medicine, I was all run down, tired all the time, no appetite, pains in my back and bearing down pains and a great sufferer during menstruation. After taking two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I felt like a new woman. I am now on my fourth bottle and all my pains have left me. I feel better than I have felt for three years and would recommend your Compound to every suffering woman. I hope this letter will help others to find a cure for their troubles."—MRS. DELLA REMICKER, RENNELAER, IND.

The serious ills of women develop from neglect of early symptoms. Every pain and ache has a cause, and the warning they give should not be disregarded.

Mrs. Pinkham understands these troubles better than any local physician and will give every woman free advice who is puzzled about her health. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass. Don't put off writing until health is completely broken down. Write at the first indication of trouble.

QUEEREST OF LETTERS.

Written in Lead on Thin Slabs of White Stone.

"The queerest letter I ever saw in my life," said a Washington newspaper man who was in New Orleans recently, "was shown me at the home of an army officer now on duty in the war department. It is written in lead on a couple of thin slabs of grayish-white stone, each about six inches long and two inches broad, and its story is rather romantic. When General Crook was chasing the Apache Chief Geronimo across southern Arizona in 1885, the officer to whom I refer commanded a company of infantry, and while the main command pushed west along the Gila river he took a couple of troops and struck out southward on a reconnoitre.

"They had been gone about two weeks, suffering all manner of hardships and living exactly like the Indians themselves, when the captain decided to send one of his men back with a verbal report. He was anxious to embrace the opportunity to also dispatch a letter to his sweetheart, who was then a young belle in Washington society, but there was not a scrap of paper of any kind in the party, nor as much as a morsel of pencil. Knowing she was eagerly awaiting news from the front he raked his brain and finally noticed some smooth fragments of limestone that had chipped off from a nearby ledge.

"That solved the problem. He selected two flat pieces, drew a pistol cartridge from his belt and scrawled his letter with the point of the bullet. Laying the stones face to face, so that the writing would not be rubbed off by abrasion, he tied them firmly together with strips of a handkerchief and inscribed the address on the outside. Nothing remained but to affix the stamps, which the trooper promised to do as soon as he struck camp. He put the parcel in his blouse, got through in safety, although he had several hairbreadth escapes, and mailed it at Maricopa. It required eighteen cents' postage, and the date mark is still quite legible. I need hardly say that the lady prizes this strange epistle above all the souvenirs which now fill her beautiful Washington home."

Trolley cars are now used for funeral purposes in Chicago.



An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, Syrup or Pico, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY., NEW YORK, N. Y.
For sale by all Druggists.—Price 50c. per bottle.

Seventy-One Descendants.

It is a curious fact that the Queen should have an equal number of grandchildren and great grandchildren—thirty-two of each—which, together with her seven children, makes the number of her descendants seventy-one.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, and vigorous, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-drug, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c. or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Fooled by a Young Woman.

A good looking young woman who said she was the daughter of a western broker who had failed in business sold tickets in Allegheny City, Penn., recently at 10 cents each, entitling the buyers to have their shoes shined by this bright and fashionably dressed young woman. She appealed for patronage on the ground that she was thus working her way to New York, where she would finish her musical education. It was promised that she would fulfill her obligations as a boot-black at a certain barber shop. The maiden fair is estimated to have sold about \$50 worth of bogus pasteboards in Allegheny, as some of the victims confessed to buying twenty and thirty of the promises. For several days an interested crowd of Alleghenians went to the barber shop, but the "lady bootblack" failed to appear.

Notes From London.

There is a glacier in Switzerland which moves at the rate of four inches in every 100 years. We have no glaciers in this country, but we have four-wheeled cabs.—Pearson's Weekly.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

A simple method for resuscitation from asphyxia is reported by Dr. W. Freudenthal. He introduces the index finger into the mouth and moves it to and fro over the epiglottis, causing an effort to swallow, which is immediately followed by a return of respiration. This has proven successful when the older methods have failed, while it makes severe traction upon the tongue unnecessary.

Little is accurately known of the changes of sandy sea coasts, on account of the lack of permanent base marks for surveys. More than half a century ago a line of oak posts was set up along seventy-five miles of the Dutch coast, and in forty-six years, as shown by these posts, the sea has gained an average of 155 feet along the coast of North Holland. Between Helder and Petten it advanced landward an average of 160 feet.

Acclimatization of Europeans in the tropics is regarded by Dr. Koerfer as simply a matter of diet. Nature has made food to conform to climatic conditions, from the fish oil polar zone, through the pork fat temperate zone, to the olive oil and vegetable tropic zone, and to preserve health in hot climates one must leave fat pork, meats and alcohol behind. In a tropical experience of several years, Dr. Koerfer has met with no case of sunstroke.

Dr. R. Peterson publishes in the American Journal of Medical Sciences an interesting article on the transplantation of nerves. Several cases are instanced. In one, a man having suffered severe injury to the wrist by a circular saw lost sensibility in the hand. Five months later four centimetres of the sciatic nerve of a young bloodhound was attached to the end of the median nerve and a similar operation performed upon the ulnar nerve. In twenty-four hours sensibility was apparent in the thumb; in three months almost complete throughout the hand. Twenty cases are recorded of nerve transplantation. The length supplied varied from three to ten centimetres, but the variation did not affect the results. No case recovered entirely, but as a rule it was greatly improved.

Here is an interesting experiment to show the expansiveness of heated air: Take any kind of a bottle having a flat rim at the mouth of it. Put it first in water that is quite warm, thoroughly warming the glass. Empty all the water out of the bottle and immerse it to the neck in the hot water, holding it there until the air inside the bottle is of the temperature of the water. Then fill a saucer or shallow dish with water and stand the bottle upside down in the dish. As the expanded air in the bottle contracts in cooling, the water from the dish will rise to fill the vacuum inside. Just to the extent that the air in the bottle is heated will the water rise in the neck and shoulder of the bottle as the heated air cools. Using a thermometer in the water and experimenting from say 100 degrees up to the boiling point, one may make a very interesting series of scale marks on the side of the bottle. For instance, if 100 degrees will raise the water one inch in the bottle, 125 and 150 degrees will raise it proportionately higher. The lines and the registrations on the bottle may be made with a pen if the side of the bottle be thoroughly dried.

Travelling Facilities in Constantinople.

The wagons that are used in the capital of Turkey, Constantinople, whether for horse, oxen or buffalo traction, are of the simplest village construction. But only a small proportion of the burdens are at present carried in those carts. Most of the heavy loads are carried on the backs of porters—hamals—or suspended from poles carried on the shoulders of groups of hamals. It is surprising how great a load one of these men will carry; one hamal has been seen to walk away with a cottage piano on his back. Great use is made also of horses and donkeys; in building operations the rubbish from the foundations is carried away in baskets strung in pairs over a horse or a donkey; bricks and wood are similarly carried, slung in ropes, and when the planks are very long one end is fixed to the donkey's saddle and the other trails behind in the street. It is needless to say that no elevators are used for raising materials to the workmen on the walls.—Correspondence in New York Tribune.

Switzerland's Railway King.

A man unique in Switzerland, Adoll Guyer-Zeller, has just been buried in the little manufacturing village of Bauma, which was very nearly owned by the deceased financier and promoter. M. Guyer was the only railway king Switzerland possessed, and it was due to his marvelous zeal that most of the important railways of Switzerland were built. His greatest work was the Jungfrau railway, a project which had been pronounced impossible by modern engineers. When unable to find financial backing he decided to build it with his own money, and himself had defrayed all expenses thus far. A large part of the road is finished, but M. Guyer did not expect to complete it before 1903. Now, the question is, Who will finish his life work? Aside from his railways he was greatly interested in manufacturing concerns. His death will be felt greatly by the Greek Nation, whose Consul-General he was for the German and Italian cantons of Switzerland.—Zurich Correspondence Chicago Record.

In 1896 the Erie Canal carried to tidewater 1,489,000 tons of vegetable food; in 1897 it carried only 744,000 tons.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

Uncle Paul—The French Version—"Fine By Defect and Delicately Weak."—Very Appropriate—From Headquarters—The Fashion With Women, Etc., Etc.

It is true that you have quit, Uncle Paul? Can't it be you've lost your grit, Uncle Paul? Oh, you're plunged in deepest gloom, it we've lost our dear old Com. Are you in the has beens' tomb, Uncle Paul? Was it done with British gold, Uncle Paul? Were you bought or were you sold, Uncle Paul? We will wait until we hear—Choking back the bitter tear—That they've laid you on your bier, Uncle Paul?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The French Version.
Francis—"Parbleu! Why do Hamlet and Laertes fight a duel in the play?"
Pierre—"To determine if Hamlet be fat or lean, monsieur."—Detroit Journal.

"Fine By Defect and Delicately Weak."
Hicks—"You may laugh at Fenderson, but nevertheless he has a fine mind."

Wicks—"I'll go further and admit that it is microscopic."—Boston Transcript.

Very Appropriate.
The Milkman—"I am going to buy a horseless milk wagon."
The Housekeeper—"Yes, it will be so appropriate—goes so well with the powless milk you sell."—Cleveland Leader.

Knew Something Was the Matter.
"Your office boy tells me that he walks in his sleep."
"Indeed?" replied the old merchant. "That probably explains why he insists upon sitting round all the time he is awake."—Detroit Free Press.

From Headquarters.
"Oh, I'm so glad we have got a real baby in the house, papa."
"I thought you would be glad, dear."
"Now I'll be able to learn the real baby stare."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Fashion With Women.
"I don't see why a woman is always holding up her skirt with one hand," growled Bickett.

"I suppose," replied Mrs. B., "it's because she has no trousers pocket to carry her hand around in."—Chicago News.

Bobby's Conundrum.
Bobby—"What is that which occurs once in a minute, and twice in a moment, but not once in a hundred years?"
Tommy—"I don't know. I'll give it up."

Bobby—"The letter M."

Asking the Impossible.



The Fox—"You seem to mistrust me. What can I do to gain your confidence?"
"Well you might become a vegetarian."—Life.

Her Chance.
"Do you," said the notary, "swear that you will tell the truth, the whole truth, and—"
"Oh, how lovely!" the fair witness interrupted; "shall I really be allowed to talk all afternoon if I want to?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Merely a Suggestion.

As they emerged from the dark corner of the piazza and entered the brilliantly lighted hotel, trying to look unconcerned, her dearest friend beckoned her to one side.
"If I were you," said the dearest friend solicitously, "I would insist upon George using a better quality of dye on his mustache."

The Bright Child.

When the freckled girl took a seat directly across the car from the bright child, the others were oppressed with forebodings.

But they had not long to remain in suspense.

"There's a complexion with a pattern in it," exclaimed the bright child, almost at once.

Hereupon the others breathed more freely, for it was likely that the worst was over.—Detroit Journal.

A Valuable Book.
"Now, here is a book!" exclaimed the seedy man, as he dashed into the banker's private office.

"Don't want no books!" shouted the banker.

"But this is one you can't help being interested in."

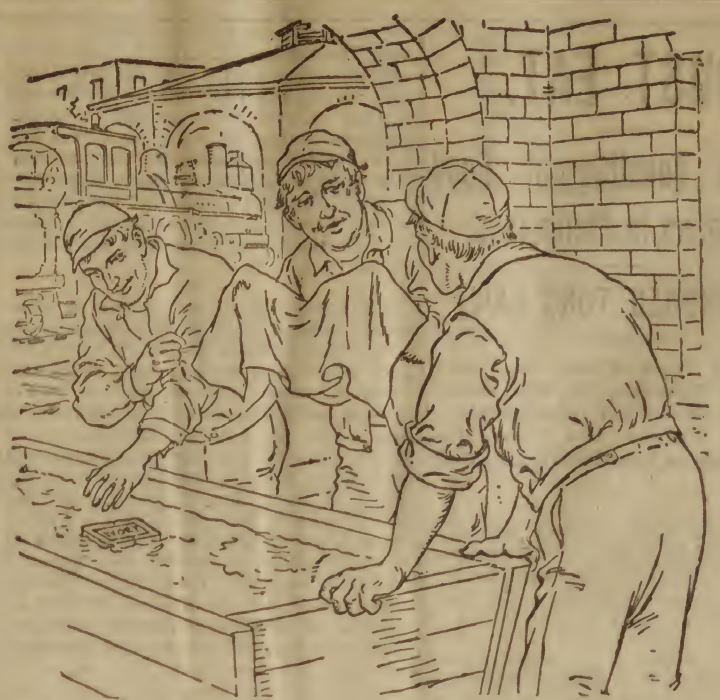
"Haven't time to read books, and—"

"But I am sure you will take this book," persisted the seedy man.

"Look here, sir, do you intend to leave this room, or must I—"

"Don't need to call the janitor; I'll go. This is your book, though."

"My book?"
"Yes, your pocketbook. I found it in the hall." Then he vanished.—Chicago News.



Cleaning up at the shop after a long, dirty run, is a severe test of soap quality. The pores of the skin need opening, the oily exudations from them demand instant removal, for health and cleanliness. Ivory Soap meets the severest tests squarely, does what you expect. It floats, produces a copious lather, white and pure. Loosens the dirt and grease, rinses thoroughly and leaves the skin soft and clean. Economical because best.

IT FLOATS.

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\$100 Reward. \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one readable disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is a starb. Hall's catarrh cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. A starb being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's catarrh cure taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Enlisting With Ballast.

Clarence Baker, a barber of Lincoln, Neb., after five attempts to get into the United States Regular service, has been accepted. He was examined in the morning and was found to be four pounds under weight. He was told to drink as much water as his stomach could comfortably hold and return after dinner. His weight was satisfactory at the afternoon examination, and he was accepted.

Only one per cent. of the telegrams over seas are concerned with family or private matters. The rest are commercial, journalistic or official.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, \$1. All druggists.

The Trousers Were Entangled.

It was a queer mixup that met his fond mother's gaze as she stepped into the boudoir of her only "hopeful," to tell him that it was time to tip his hat to Slumber and hie himself to breakfast and to business. The room looked like a clothing counter during a fire sale. The bed was a tangled mass of trouser legs, and it was with difficulty that the startled mother found the peaceful, sleeping face of her only son.

Her expression hardened into a look of earnest disapproval, for the accent of inebrity was only too plain—so she thought. But she was mistaken. It was only an accident. The gas was burning low when he went to his room that night, and in attempting to turn it up he had made a mistake and turned it out. For lack of matches he had disrobed in the dark. Consequently he did not see the eight pairs of trousers that were lying in a pile on his bed after a return from the presser's. Those eight pairs of trousers ran up a good-sized tailor's bill during that one-night stand with their restless owner. When he awoke one pair was wound around his neck, and the immediately surrounding country looked like a fricassee of pantaloons.—Detroit Free Press.

An Instance in Point.

W. D. Howells says genius is nothing but hard work. This being the case, riding on a tandem with a fat lady must be genius.—Chicago Times-Herald.



Does your head ache? Pain back of your eyes? Bad taste in your mouth? It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation, headache, dyspepsia, and all liver complaints. 25c. All druggists.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use the BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the Whiskers.

50 CTS. OF DRUGGISTS, OR R. P. HALL & CO. NASHUA, N. H.

"THE CLEANER 'TIS, THE COSIER 'TIS." WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT SAPOLIO

Cold Water for His Rival.

An amusing incident, caused by the jealousy of an elephant recently occurred at the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris. A large elephant, which used to be the centre of attraction, exhibited for a long time signs of dissatisfaction at the success of a new arrival, a young camel recently added, which naturally attracted the visitors. At last he filled his trunk with water and discharged it over the people standing looking at the baby camel. Needless to say, this method of throwing cold water on their admiration for his rival caused even his victims to laugh, when they grasped the situation.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic, cleans your blood and keeps it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin today to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

An Egyptian Sharp Shooter.

At the battle of Firket, in the Sudan, a company of camel corps were lining a ridge of rocks, with a corresponding ridge held by the dervishes some three or four hundred yards to their front. An Egyptian sergeant named Capsoon had found a sort of natural embrasure in the rocks, and, calling an English officer's attention to his prowess, he shot down dervish after dervish as he showed himself. The company then charged the dervish position and cleared them out, and the fruit of Capsoon's skill at arms stood revealed; his bar was nearly a dozen killed dead. This almost equals what one has heard of Boer marksmanship.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.
Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Every German soldier carries a four ounce religious book with the rest of his personal equipment. NES3

Fits permanent cure. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 831 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Pico's Cure for Consumption. Relieves the most obstinate coughs.—REV. D. BUCHMEYER, Lexington, Mo., Feb. 24, 1894.

CARTER'S INK

Is what all the great railways use.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3 & \$3.50 SHOES UNION MADE.

Worth \$4 to \$6 compared with other makes. Indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers. ALL LEATHERS. ALL STYLES. THE GENUINE HAVE W. L. DOUGLAS' NAME AND PRICE STAMPED ON BOTTOM. Take no substitute claimed to be as good. Largest makers of \$3 and \$3.50 shoes in the world. Your dealer should keep them—if not, we will send you a pair on receipt of price. State kind of leather, size and width, plain or cap toe. Catalogue C Free. W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.

ASTHMA POSITIVELY CURED. CROSBY'S SWEDISH ASTHMA CURE does this. A trial in English and French. COLLINS BROS. MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

PIN MONEY quietly made. Ladies send for our FREE OUTFIT. No money required. BROWN, P.O. Box 134, New York.

RHEUMATISM CURED—Sample bottle, 4 days treatment, postpaid, 10 cents. ALEXANDER REMEDY CO., 36 Greenwell St., N. Y.

Is afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

PICO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

MUST EAT.

Enormous Quantities of Food
for Soldiers in Philippines.

ONE HUNDRED TONS DAILY.

Everything from Flour to Fancy Smoking Tobacco—A Toothsome List—Brush With Insurgents—Jimenez Thinks His Time Has Come to Go to San Domingo—War Notes.

Washington, Aug. 17.—The commissary department is now working busily to provide food and subsistence for the new army in the Philippines. The bulk of the material must be purchased in this country and shipped from San Francisco. When it is realized that 200,000 pounds of food will be consumed every day by the men in the Philippines, some idea can be gained of the quantity which will have to be provided. The commissary department is constantly purchasing supplies and shipping them across the water, not only by government transports, but by private steamship lines and every available mode of transportation.

The first order for the new army of 50,000 men has been made up by Commissary General Weston. This is only preliminary, and similar orders will follow, so that there will be no intermission in the supplies. One of the largest items on the list is 7,000,000 pounds of flour. With this go 400,000 pounds of hard bread, 30,000 pounds of crackers and 30,000 pounds of ginger-snaps. The first order for coffee amounts to 750,000 pounds. Five thousand cases of corned beef and 115,000 pounds of codfish form two important items.

The canned goods in the order include everything which a first-class grocer usually sells. Tomatoes head the list to the extent of 150 tons. In the list also are 2500 cases of green corn, 200 cases of lobster, 4000 cases of salmon, 500 cases of fancy soups, and canned peaches, pears and apples in large quantities. Other items are 27,000 pounds of chocolate, 2000 cases of condensed milk, 1000 cases of condensed cream, 3000 cases of evaporated fruit, and 5000 cases of oatmeal.

A welcome addition to the commissary stores, which are placed on safe, will be 3000 barrels of ginger ale in bottles. All kinds of dainties are prepared for the men. Fifty cases of mushrooms are included, as well as several thousand pounds of candy in half-pound boxes.

Among the standard articles of diet issued in rations are 50,000 gallons of vinegar, 17,000 pounds of pepper, and several thousand pounds of cheese. Five hundred cases of baked beans are added to help out the order of un-cooked beans.

Rice and sugar are purchased principally in the Philippines, although some quantities of finer sugar are included in the order. Fresh beef is sent from Australia to Manila in refrigerated ships. The meat is frozen and is said to be of excellent quality. It will take 130 tons of bacon per month to supply the troops.

One of the items of this big order is 75,000 pounds of plug tobacco. There will also go with this consignment 11,000 pipes of assorted kinds, and several thousand pounds of fancy smoking tobaccos in tin cans and packages.

Manila, Aug. 17.—The Twelfth Infantry left Calicut at sunrise today and advanced up the railway. Captain Evans' battalion deployed to the right of the track and Captain Woods to the left. Two companies remained on the track with the artillery. The insurgents were found well entrenched in front of the town. At a distance of 1000 yards the Filipinos, with an estimated force of 1500, opened fire. The enemy sent heavy volleys against the whole American line. Most of their shooting was high. Colonel Smith kept the whole line moving rapidly, with frequent rushes. The insurgents attempted to flank Captain Evans, and therefore two companies were sent to the right and drove them back. Unable to stand our continuous volleys the Filipinos abandoned the trenches and retreated through the town northward. It appeared that they had only received their supply of ammunition this morning. Had they been attacked sooner they could have made little resistance. The intense heat caused much suffering among the Americans.

Havana, Aug. 17.—General Jimenez will probably leave Havana for San Domingo today, going by a south coast steamer from Batabano. He will be accompanied by two friends, and will travel unarmed. In his judgment the time is now ripe for him to place himself at the head of the movement in his favor. The dispatch which Pedro Luberas, former Dominican minister of the interior, sent from Santiago to the revolutionists, emphasizing the importance of denying the prosperity of the movement in favor of Jimenez, the latter interprets as merely intended to check the horde of Cuban and American adventurers who are eager to embark for San Domingo.

On the same principle he explains a telegram received yesterday, telling of the defeat of the insurgents. This report, he said, is probably false, as the advice he has received personally from his representatives tell of nothing but successes.

Stories to the contrary, he is satisfied, are put out in an endeavor to injure his cause and to prevent his friends from co-operating with him. He declares that had he consulted only his personal wishes, he would have started long ago, but he has been guided entirely by his friends, who have felt that the best policy for him was to remain in Havana. Now his presence is needed at the scene of action.

Washington, Aug. 17.—Secretary Root has been in consultation with the officers of the quartermaster's department with a view to expediting the movement of the Philippine reinforcements, and as a result he has directed that four additional transports be chartered. They are the Pueblo, Belgian King, Columbia and Charles Nelson. These four ships have a capacity of 2550 men. It is expected that all of them will be ready to sail for Manila by Sept. 10. It is secreted

tary Root's desire that the entire body of reinforcements for General Otis' army may reach the Philippines for service during October at the latest. It is now believed that all of the 10 regiments will have landed at Manila by the time the dry season opens. A short and successful campaign by this new army would obviate the necessity for sending any additional volunteers to the Philippines.

Plattsburg, N. Y., Aug. 17.—It is probable that one of the five new regiments to be raised under Secretary Root's recent order will be recruited at Plattsburg barracks. According to semi-official authority, one of the regiments will be raised in New England, and the recruits will be sent here to be organized and made ready for service. This regiment, with the Twenty-sixth regiment already here, will then form a sort of New England brigade. Colonel Rice, it is said, may be assigned to the command of this brigade. Lieutenant Colonel Duval is mentioned as his successor as colonel of the Twenty-sixth regiment in case Colonel Rice is made a brigadier general.

Chicago, Aug. 17.—A special from the City of Mexico says: The federal troops under General Torres surprised and routed the Yaqui Indians between Potam and Medano. The Indians left seven killed and a large number of wounded. The loss to the federal troops was one killed and one death from sunstroke. The rebellion is now practically at an end.

London, Aug. 17.—The Times editorially protests today against the cantankerous comments of the German press on the report of the Samoan commission, and says: "They are ridiculous, misplaced and cannot in any way be encouraged by the German government."

Boston, Aug. 17.—The medals authorized by the United States government in recognition of the service rendered by the men who cut the cables at Cienfuegos during the late war were awarded to 20 men on board the U. S. S. Nashville at Charlestown yesterday.

SHERIFF DID HIS DUTY.

Mob Balked in Lynching Attempt and Leader Arrested.

Little Rock, Aug. 17.—Five brutal assaults by negro men on white women have occurred in Little Rock in the past 24 hours. The victims of the assaults are all highly respected white women of this city. They are Mrs. Belle Aiken, Mrs. Milton Young, Mrs. Kennedy, Emma Longcoy and a young woman whose name is withheld.

All the assaults occurred in the suburbs. The first was that on Mrs. Aiken. She was passing by Twenty-first and High streets when the negro seized her and dragged her to the woods. She resisted and cried for help. A passerby frightened the negro away after he had severely beaten his victim.

A few blocks from the scene of the first crime Mrs. Young was assaulted in about the same manner. The negro knocked her down with such force that a rib was broken, causing serious internal injuries. He choked and beat her about the head and on the side. The negro finally seized her purse and fled. Mrs. Young is in a precarious condition. Her clothing was torn almost entirely off in the struggle.

An hour later Mrs. Kennedy was attacked at her home near West End park. She was knocked down, beaten and choked. Her child ran for assistance and the negro fled. Mrs. Kennedy's injuries are very painful.

Emma Longcoy, 11 years old, was attacked and beaten by a negro half a dozen blocks from West End park.

The fifth assault occurred on a well-known young woman at Twentieth and Cross streets. She was knocked down and badly beaten.

Governor Jones has offered a reward of \$100 each for the arrest and conviction of the guilty parties. Four negroes have been arrested as suspects and lodged in jail. They each answer the description given by some of the victims. They are Ed Wright, Joe Gardner, Will Morgan and James Randle. Wright has been positively identified by Mrs. Kennedy as the man who assaulted her. As soon as darkness fell men began flocking toward the jail, and by 10 o'clock 2000 were on the streets. About 11:30 o'clock an attempt was made to storm the jail. The leader of the mob was arrested by Sheriff Kavanaugh on a charge of inciting a riot and lodged in jail. The sheriff has placed a heavy guard at the jail.

GENTRY STILL KING.

Wins Grandest Pacing Match Ever Puffed Off in This Country.

Rochester, Aug. 17.—The grandest pacing race, perhaps ever witnessed in this country, was pulled off at the Rochester driving park yesterday, and as a result the little bay stallion from Goshen, N. Y., John R. Gentry, is still king of the light harness racers. More



JOHN R. GENTRY.

than 8000 persons assembled to see the three great pacing stallions of the American turf, John R. Gentry, 2:00 1-2; Joe Patchen, 2:01 1-4, and Searchlight, 2:04 1-2, wage a battle royal for the supremacy. The first heat was the best of the race. The time of the two heats was 2:02 1-4; 2:04 1-4.

Brief Bridal and Long Widowhood.

Newburg, N. Y., Aug. 17.—Mrs. Mary B. Clasy died here yesterday, aged 74. She was a widow for 67 years. In 1832 she married Captain Frederick C. Clasy, commander of the whale Meteor, sailing from Nantucket. Two weeks after marriage, her husband sailed and was crowned in an encounter with a whale.

HANDICAPPED.

Absence of Labor's Cross Examinations Bad for Dreyfus.
LIFE ON DEVIL'S ISLAND.

Prisoner Wept When His Awful Sufferings Were Recounted—Audience and Even Captain of Guard Melted—Significant Testimony of Widow of Suicide Colonel Henry—Admitted the Forgery—Roget's Testimony a "Vitriolic Diatribe"—Dreyfus' Present Counsel a Poor Substitute for Labori.

Rennes, Aug. 17.—The general impression left by yesterday's court-martial proceedings is unfavorable, owing to the absence of those cross-examinations as M. Labori would have submitted M. Lebon and M. Guerin to, and owing to the facts that General Roget's arguments received no reply. This, however, it is hoped, will prove damaging when M. Demange cross-examines him, although M. Demange cannot be said, up to the present, to have shown up to any great advantage.

The feature of the day's proceedings was the story of the sufferings of Dreyfus on Devil's Island, his prison, off the coast of French Guiana. Dreyfus wept in court when the clerk read a document recounting the details of his incarceration.

The proceedings opened with the application of M. Demange for an adjournment.

This was followed by the deposition of M. Guerin, the former minister of justice, who, however, only repeated the evidence he had given before the court of cassation.

M. Lebon, the former minister of the colonies, a big, red-bearded man, then testified in justification of his instructions to treat Dreyfus rigorously, declaring that the extreme stringency only dated from the time he thought an attempt would be made to rescue the prisoner.

Colonel Jouaust, president of the court martial, asked Dreyfus if he had any questions to put to the witness, and he replied in an emotional voice:

"No, I am here to defend my honor. I do not wish to speak of the atrocious suffering, which, for five years, I, a Frenchman and an innocent man, suffered on the Ile du Diable."

M. Demange here asked that the official report of the treatment of Dreyfus on the Ile du Diable, which was published in the newspapers last week, should be read. The clerk of the court did so, and, in a sympathetic tone, recounted the harrowing tale of Dreyfus' mental and physical sufferings and inhuman treatment on the island.

Dreyfus at first watched the faces of the judges with his usual composure, but gradually, as the story proceeded, and incidents of his awful existence were brought up before him, his eyes grew dim and tears glistened in his eyes. Then they slowly trickled down his cheeks. Dreyfus could stand it no longer, and for the first time during his trial gave way to his emotions and silently wept.

The faces of the audience expressed sympathy with the prisoner's emotion, and even the captain of the gendarmes sitting beside Dreyfus turned and gave him a look of commiseration.

Gen. Mercier, who, with M. Lebon, was seated in the front row of the witnesses' seats, listened to the reading of the report unmoved, while Col. Jouaust followed it with an air of bored tolerance.

M. Lebon afterward returned to the stand and added a few more words in justification of his conduct, and then Col. Jouaust ordered the next witness to be brought in.

All eyes were turned toward the door on the right of the stage, and a moment later, the form of a woman, dressed in deep mourning, appeared in the doorway, and, accompanied by a non-commissioned officer, advanced to the platform.

It was the widow of Col. Henry, the French officer who committed suicide in prison after confessing to forging certain documents in the case. With pale face and hand upraised before the crucifix, she took the oath to tell the truth.

She admitted the frequent visits of Esterhazy to her husband, and declared her husband told her he had forged one document "in order to save the honor of the country." She gave her evidence in a very matter-of-fact manner, and was in moving the sympathetic figure the anti-Dreyfusards have tried to make her. Her evidence, however, was of very little weight.

Gen. Roget, in uniform, followed. His evidence was a vitriolic diatribe against Dreyfus from beginning to end.

General Roget spoke for three hours without adding any new facts, only reiterating in the most forcible terms what has been bandied about in the anti-Dreyfusard press for a year past. The most interesting part of his testimony was his attack upon Colonel Picquart, which will undoubtedly lead to the confrontation of the two men.

He treated Dreyfus without mercy, both in words and attitude. In fact it seemed at times as though he would provoke the prisoner into striking him. The general's manner was most passionate. In his outburst at the end of his testimony he uttered the most ruthless attack, with the air of one delivering a pleasant Sunday school address, leaning over the front of the witness rail, slipping from a glass of water, wiping his lips and mopping his brow with perfect self-satisfaction. But again and again he would halt turn in his chair, and pointing his finger at Dreyfus would repeat some cruel accusation, at the same time fixing his eyes on the accused man, his body inclined forward like that of a cobra awaiting the moment to strike.

Dreyfus, however, steadily returned his gaze, sometimes throwing a glance at the president of the court, as though appealing for permission to reply. Once, when General Roget had lunged one of these darts, he stopped and deliberately paused. One could see the fire in Dreyfus' eyes, and in his tightly-clenched jaws could be divined the struggle that was going on within him. The captain

of gendarmes, seated beside Dreyfus, watched him closely.

The seconds passed like hours, and the spectators held their breaths. General Roget seemed purposely to prolong the silence in order to make a deeper impression. It was a perilous moment. But Dreyfus won the battle over his passions, and when Roget's voice was at length heard again everybody knew the danger was past, and a deep-drawn sigh of relief came from the audience.

Colonel Jouaust then addressed the prisoner, asking him if he had anything to say in reply to General Roget. Dreyfus replied:

"No, my colonel. It is frightful that, day after day, for hours, I should thus have my heart, my soul and my very entrails torn out without being permitted to reply. It is a terrible torture to impose upon an innocent and loyal soldier. It is a frightful thing, frightful, frightful."

This outburst caused a great sensation. The audience, profoundly stirred, began to applaud, but the applause was quickly suppressed. Colonel Jouaust pointed out to Dreyfus that the court had given him an opportunity to speak at the end of every deposition.

The court then adjourned. As the prisoner passed out in front of the seats assigned to the representatives of the press, his face was pale, but animated. He seemed to be in a state of great nervous excitement, and in a furious temper.

Maitre Mornard, who represented Madame Dreyfus in the revision proceedings before the court of cassation, has been summoned to replace Maitre Labori until the latter is able to return to his post. M. Mornard is expected to appear in court today. He is, however, a poor substitute for Labori.

TILLMAN TALKS TERRIBLY.

Says Boston Is "Head and Centre of All Devilment."

Greenwood, S. C., Aug. 17.—The second day of the farmers' institute was enlivened by a speech from Senator B. R. Tillman. At the beginning of his talk, Senator Tillman pitched into the white-cappers who have been terrorizing a portion of this country for the last 10 days and whipping inoffensive negroes.

The senator called them white cowards, and said they were a disgrace to the county. He thought that if the Tolberts, the Republican party leaders in this section, were still stirring up the negroes they ought to be dealt with. If you want to uproot this evil and kill the snake go kill the Tolberts, but don't abuse the poor, innocent black wretches, said the senator.



SENATOR TILLMAN.

"The Yankees," continued the senator, "are watching us closely, and the eyes of the whole world are now on the race problem in the south. They will take advantage of everything of this kind to abuse the south. You are just playing into the Yankees' hands. They are waiting to cut down our representation in congress because of our new election laws, but otherwise there is little bitter feeling now between the two sections. This sort of thing, if continued, will arouse bad feeling."

"Why just look at that Jewett woman coming down here and taking away the silver postmaster's family. She comes from Boston, the head and center of all devilment. The Yankees are ready to take up any such devilry as this white-tapping business, and you people ought to put a stop to it."

Senator Tillman denounced the war in the Philippines and closed with some choice invectives against newspapers.

WOUND UP IN ROW.

Delegates Withdraw in National Colored Women's Association.

Chicago, Aug. 17.—At the very end of the convention of the National Association of Colored Women of America serious trouble arose over the election of officers, and the final crash came in the withdrawal of all the delegates from the New England states. The unpleasantness started over the re-election of Mrs. Terrell of Washington as president of the association, a motion prohibiting re-election of officers having been previously carried. Mrs. Terrell was re-elected after a long struggle. An attempt was made to propitiate the New Englanders by proposing that a new office of assistant secretary be created and Miss Carter be chosen to that position by acclamation. Mrs. Ruffin of Boston stated that there was no such office provided for in the constitution. In spite of this the delegates chose Miss Carter to the office of assistant recording secretary. Miss Carter said she did not want the office and would not take it. The New England delegates, she said, had been unfairly treated, and she announced the withdrawal of the northeast faction, comprising the New England states and its 1000 members, from the association.

Has Long Been in the Air.

Fall River, Mass., Aug. 17.—The indications in local mill circles point to the formation of a cotton mill combine, with its financial end in New York, which will absorb \$35,000,000 worth of Fall River manufacturing property. The trust movement appears to be spontaneous in its origin. It has been felt here for weeks, and even months, and promoters seem almost ready to tell all about it. In event of a combine of the mills the prices to be paid for the stock will be based upon the earning capacity of each mill per spindle. A mill trust will be welcomed by many and deprecated by some, but middle men will view it with distrust until its selling agencies are fixed upon.



SWALLOWED IT WHOLE.

Populists Nominate Ticket and Endorse Chicago Platform.

Des Moines, Aug. 17.—The Democratic state convention nominated the following ticket: For governor, Fred E. White; lieutenant governor, M. L. Bevis; judge of supreme court, A. Van Wageningen; commissioner, W. H. Calhoun; superintendent of public instruction, B. P. Holst. The Populists' state convention also met and endorsed the above ticket. All the nominees are Democrats except Calhoun, who was the Populist candidate. The Chicago platform was endorsed in its entirety. White was the candidate on the fusion ticket two years ago, being defeated by Governor Shaw, who is the Republican candidate again. The convention was very turbulent throughout and the business was transacted with difficulty, but the results are satisfactory to the radical silver element, which was in control. It is not probable, however, that the sound money element will make an attempt to maintain a separate organization this year. The platform, after endorsing the Chicago platform, "in the whole and in detail," expresses admiration for the loyalty to William J. Bryan.

INVOLVED IN MYSTERY.

Dead Man Was Sober, an Athlete and Held Prominent Position.

Wickford, R. I., Aug. 14.—The body of the unknown man found on Scarborough beach Friday morning with the hands tied has been identified as that of Frank H. Shaw, 38 years old, who was employed as a railway inspector on the Brooklyn Elevated railway. The body was identified by R. H. Thomas of Brooklyn, who is a brother-in-law of the deceased. Thomas stated that Shaw left his home in Brooklyn on Aug. 7, supposedly to attend to his daily duties. Since that time nothing has been seen of him, and the railway people had instituted an inquiry as to his whereabouts. Shaw was not addicted to the use of intoxicants. He was an athlete. The affair is as much involved in mystery as ever.

Octogenarian Charged With Murder

Boston, Aug. 17.—What may possibly develop into a murder is now being investigated by the police. Mary Ann Pinton, 40 years old, was found dead in her bed at 410 Commercial street, and marks and contusions on her body caused the police to make an investigation. It seems that the woman was acting as housekeeper for Joseph Leavey, 78 years old. One of the inmates of the house claims to have been aroused about midnight and to have heard the heard the woman say, "Don't kill me, Joe." Leavey was placed under arrest, charged with the murder of the woman.

Will Fill the Bill.

The track committee of the Middlesex East Agricultural Association are highly pleased at having secured the services of Eben Edmonds as superintendent of track and grounds.

Mr. Edmonds is highly recommended by nearly practical turfman, not only as a man of much executive force, but as a practical track builder, and the committee are assured that his supervision of the track will be characterized by judgment and skill.

Since Mr. Edmonds assumed control, practice spurts have been made in much less time than was thought possible, but the improved condition of the track under his care will bring the fast ones pretty nearly to their track record.

As the half-mile track at Agricultural Park is considered by horsemen one of the best, if not the best, in New England, it cannot under Mr. Edmonds' care fail to add to its popularity with each succeeding event.

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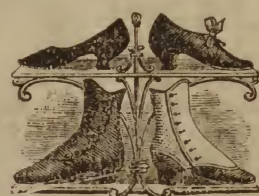
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THE PEABODY STAR.

VOL. I. NO. 4.

PEABODY, MASS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1899.

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THE "OPEN DOOR" TEA SALOON IN NEW YORK



Art's Tribute to Dewey

Roman in Design and Pierced With Side Openings.

In the triumphal arch and colonnade which is to be erected at Madison Square for the Dewey celebration, New York City is to have a work which, in the opinion of the National Sculpture Society, will surpass anything that has before been realized for such a purpose in sculpture decoration.

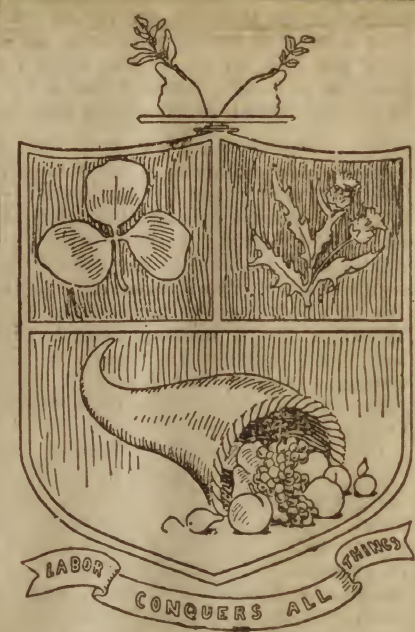
In general plan the arch will resemble the Arch of Titus. The Roman design is altered, however, to fit it for location at the intersection of four streets by having the main piers pierced on the east and west axis of the arch by smaller openings, as is done in the Arc de Triomphe in Paris. This leaves really four piers to the arch, for the decoration of which a series of bas-reliefs and groups is suggested, depicting the call to arms, the battle, the return of the soldiers and peace. At the sides of these groups may be placed heroic figures of great American naval officers. Secretary Long, at the request of the society, suggested for representation in those places the name of Paul Jones, Decatur, Hull, Perry, McDonough, Farragut, Porter and Cushing. Over the main entrance will be a bas-relief symbolizing the commercial importance of New York. For the group surmounting the arch has been suggested a ship with a figure of Victory in the bow drawn by four sea-horses. The plans include also a reviewing-stand which shall be a part of the general scheme of decoration for Madison Square. It is planned to have it decorated with groups symbolic of Greater New York and the five boroughs, and with flags to make it contrast in color with the masonry and sculpture effects of the arch.

The work on the part of the artists which will be involved in carrying

Arms of the Shamrock's Owner.

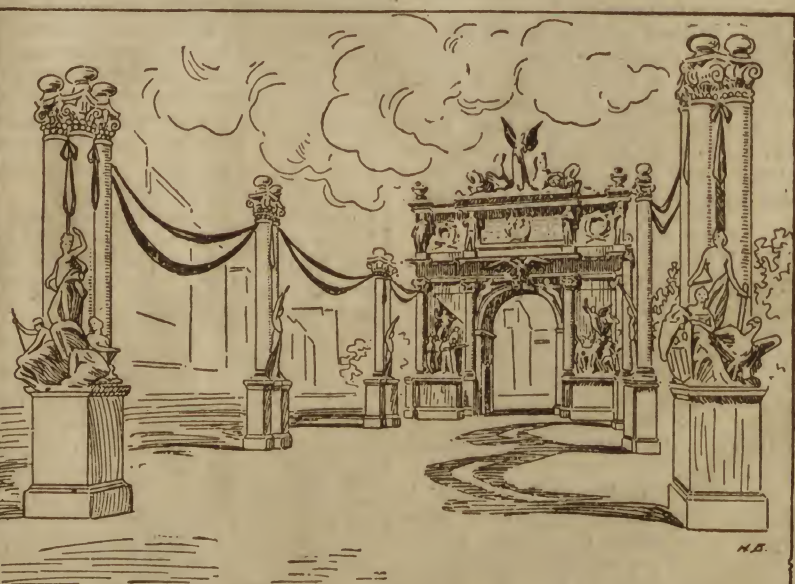
Of course, it wouldn't have been the thing for Sir Thomas Lipton, tea merchant, Cup challenger and recently appointed Baronet, to come over here on the Shamrock without a coat-of-arms. He might as well arrive without a yachting cap. So he has had a coat-of-arms made, and, honestly, he deserves great credit for the democratic and unassuming way in which he has complied the emblem.

For the crest he has designed two horny hands of labor, one bearing the flowers of the tea plant the other that of the coffee plant. These betoken his



SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S COAT-OF-ARMS.

humble origin and his means of success in the world. Fidelity to his native country induces him to place upon the shield the Shamrock of Ireland, as well as the Thistle of Scotland, the country in which he made his first money. At the bottom of the shield is the horn of plenty, and his motto, "Labor Conquers All Things." It is truly a fitting autobiography in pictures.



DEWEY TRIUMPHAL ARCH AND ARCADE.

out these plans is offered to the city free of charge. At a meeting of the society called to consider the means of doing the work in the short time remaining, the roll was called for pledges of work and co-operation. Every member who was present at the meeting pledged himself without reserve to the work. It is said that the artists in carrying out the plan will give to the city professional service amounting in value to \$150,000 or \$200,000.

While passing Whitehall the other day a stranger to London asked a policeman if he could point out the window through which King Charles passed out to execution. The policeman asked: "Who was he?" "King of England, of course," was the answer. "But when was that?" "Over two hundred years ago." "Ah, ah! that was long before my time, sir. I only entered the force in 1862," was the policeman's reply. "Sorry I can't tell you."

NOVEL RIVAL TO THE LIQUOR SHOPS.

Practical help to the poor, the ignorant, and the sinning, this is the watchword of the day. The latest evidence of its working in the East Side of New York is the establishment of a tea-saloon at 76 Allen street. The Church Army is sponsor for the new undertaking, which is managed by Colonel H. H. Hadley, an enthusiastic worker in humanitarian affairs.

Colonel Hadley has many sympathizers in his belief that hundreds of people drink beer because it is the drink most easily obtainable, and that if other liquors were as cheap and as easy to get, the consumption of intoxicating drinks would be greatly reduced. This is the experiment being tried at The Open Door, which is the name of the new temperance venture. The house taken for the mission was one of the worst homes of vice in the crowded neighborhood. It was used to conceal so many kinds of law-breaking that its frequenters had to be protected from visits of the police by a system of private alarms. In addition to this they had secret means of egress, so that escape was possible in case of a raid. Colonel Hadley secured a three years' lease of this disreputable building, cleared it of its old tenants, freshly painted the dingy interior, and wrought a material as well as a moral transformation. The first floor of the building was altered from a bar of the lowest order, where crime and hatred were nursed, into the humanitarian substitute, the tea-saloon.

The effect of a bar is still retained, but over the shining counter no more deleterious drink than well-made tea ever passes. The equipments which rest on the counter as accessories to the drinks are bowls of sugar, pitchers of cream, and saucers of sliced lemon. Tea is served either hot or cold, to suit the desire of the patron, and it is also supplemented with a sandwich or a piece of pie or cake. The prices charged for these enjoyments range from one cent for plain tea to five cents for tea with solids, and the price is the same whether the beverage is hot or iced. As it is the custom in the neighborhood where the tea-saloon is established for families to use the "growler" for bringing drink from the saloon to the home, Colonel Hadley has tea on draught to sell by the quart for outside consumption. He has even planned an improved can for carrying it, with a central compartment for tea and an outside one for ice, with faucets arranged for drawing off either tea or ice water.

In the back of the tea-saloon is arranged an assembly-room, where it is the custom to hold mission meetings every evening, consisting largely of attractive music, and into these meetings the patrons wander in increasing numbers. Upstairs the house is divided into twelve rooms, all of which are furnished, and are rented to desirable applicants at one dollar a week.

The tea-saloon is open from 6 a. m. to midnight; its patrons are increasing daily; and it is expected that it will be a formidable rival to the liquor saloon, and will prove the strongest weapon against alcoholism that philanthropy has ever wielded in defence of the weak and ignorant.—Harper's Bazar.

A reasonably active man walks about 297,200 miles—more than ten times the earth's circumference—in eighty-four years, just trotting about his house and office.

PAINTING FLAGSTAFFS. How the Poles on City Sky-Scrapers Are Redecorated.

The flagstaffs which seem to be an indispensable part of the modern office building often extend to an extraordinary height above the street level. The tallest in the city are those which have been erected above the domes, at the top of the two towers on the Broadway facade of the Park Row Building. The top of the dome is 390 feet above the sidewalk, and the trucks of the flagstaffs, which



HOW FLAGSTAFFS ARE PAINTED.
(The left-hand figure shows the weight carried by stirrup. The right-hand shows it carried on the chair.)

are fifty-seven feet in length, are therefore about 450 feet above the street level.

A few days ago the foot passengers down Broadway and across the City Hall Park were watching with great interest the figure of a man who was engaged in painting these lofty poles, and the question naturally arose as to how this perilous work was done. The answer will be found in the accompanying engraving, which shows one of these aerial artists at work. His slimming apparatus is one of the very simplest kind, and consists of two short lengths of rope, each of which is provided with a slip noose which encircles the flagstaff. The upper rope carries an ordinary "bo'son's chair"—a plain piece of board which forms a seat astride of which the painter sits—and the lower rope ends in a simple foot-stirrup. In climbing the pole, the weight is first thrown on the foot-stirrup, thereby releasing the noose of the upper rope, which is then slid up the pole. The weight is now thrown on the seat and the stirrup noose, being released of weight is drawn a few inches up the pole. By thus throwing the weight alternately on either rope and slacking the other, the painter is enabled to climb to the top of the pole. The painting is done from the top downward; the order of dipping the ropes being, of course, now reversed. Underneath one end of the seat is hung the paint pot, and a dab of putty for filling up cracks and knot holes is stuck conveniently upon the same end of the seat.

The Best School.

The best and cheapest school of journalism is the country newspaper office. No one can become a banker or a broker or a merchant by attending a commercial college. No more can a college course in journalism fit you for newspaper work. Theory is one thing; practice is another. If you aspire to enter the higher ranks, work on a country weekly as a starter. There is the best possible training for a young man who desires to become an accurate writer and a reporter of events. In the city one rarely if ever meets the people he writes about, and there are no consequences to be feared on that score. But in the country there is a personal accounting in store for the scribe who garbles or errs in statement of facts. This knowledge drills the habit of accuracy into one as nothing else will.

The Cemetery Problem.

There are no less than forty-eight cemeteries in New York City and its vicinity, where lie buried the bones of over 4,000,000 men, women and children. Over 18,000 are buried annually in Calvary, about 5000 in Potter's Field, 4500 in Greenwood, 8000 in Holy Cross, 7500 in the Lutheran, about 2000 in Mount Olivet, about 1600 in Most Holy Trinity, over 1800 in Woodlawn, about 1800 in Cypress Hills and nearly 4000 in the Evergreens. The combined area of our cemeteries is 3600 acres. The total acreage of our parks is only 6600. By adopting the practice of cremation we might increase the park area, as well as improve the water supply.—Victor Smith, in New York Press.

A Sad Case.

Dr. Chargem—"Your friend needs vigorous treatment; I never saw a man in such a state of mental depression. Can't you convince him that the future holds some brightness for him?"

Sympathetic Friend—"That is unfortunately impossible. He has drawn his salary for three weeks ahead and spent the money."—Pearson's Weekly.

Japan has considerably more than half as many inhabitants as the United States, though our country is twenty-two times its area.

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Repairing and Wheels Built to Order.

7 Lowell St., Peabody.
"On the Square."

LIEUTENANT BOBBIE.

A True Story of a Thrilling Incident of the Campaign in Porto Rico.

By Milt Saul.



THE alcalde had called to leave a bunch of flowers for the "young Americano," but the sentry who guarded the door to the officers' quarters had orders to admit no one.

"Now, will you be gone, you Spinaach?" said Laird, the sentry. The reply of the alcalde, being in Spanish, was lost to the sentry, but the motion of the hand which held the flowers was thoroughly understood, and the bunch was transferred from the alcalde to the sentry, and from the sentry to the orderly, who took it upstairs where a huge tableful of like bunches adorned the apartments of Lieutenant Bobbie.

"Do you think," said Sentry Laird to the alcalde after the floral offering had been made and accepted—"do you think for a minute that Lieutenant Bobbie done the Hobson act for the likes of you? 'Twas for the battery M of the Seventh that worruk was did last night, I can tell you those, and you're not the first Spickety that has been here to-day to lave a booky for him doin' it."

The sentry had the best of the alcalde in the matter of language, and that worthy official of the city of Ponce withdrew to make room for the tall officer in the American uniform who wore two stars on his shoulder straps.

The tall officer passed into the building, the alcalde walked away with an injured air, and the sentry stood with his rifle at salute for many minutes after the officer had disappeared up the stairway.

The plaza of Ponce was gorgeous in the brilliant moonlight. The dark green foliage of the immense, wide spreading trees shimmered and reflected the rays of the silvery moon. The palms waved gently in the night breeze, which was a spring of the Eastern Trades that swept continually over the island. The Eastern Trades are the balm of life to Porto Rico, and supply her with a delicious, cool atmosphere which is the envy of her sister islands of the West Indies.

But down in the sheltered plaza, only this tendril of the great Trades came stealing, like vibrations of the tropical night. It lifted the leaves of the paladiums which grew under the spraying fountains, and caused the drops, sparkling like diamonds and rubies, to run in crooked little courses across the giant green leaves as they were slowly wafted up and down, back and forth with the breath of the gentle zephyr.

Then, further down near the center of the square, the breeze caught up the smoke from the row of torches and blew it in the faces of the musicians who formed the military band, and who were rendering the regular evening concert in the plaza.

The band had played the national anthem. A group of officers, all in white uniforms, their snowy caps clasped tightly to their hearts, stood at one end of the plaza where the promenade turned, while the music of the anthem was surging in a grand chorus of harmony. The populace, grown familiar with the inspiring strains of the noble air, had learned to salute the hymn by removing their hats like the soldiers, and stood rigid and erect till the last notes had died away.

As the last notes of the band died away another far off musical tone came floating on the night breeze to the plaza. It was a bugle call, and the notes were strange to the group of officers. They listened in silent wonder to the calling of the distant bugler, for they knew the strange notes did not come from their camps.

Not so with the native populace. They streamed from the plaza at the first shrill blast of the call. Hundreds went hurrying through the streets in the direction whence came the musical alarm. It was a queer sight for the Americans to observe the unusual activity in the little people who were notoriously indolent and lazy in the affairs of every-day life. Men with broad-brimmed hats and bare feet took the middle of the streets as the easiest route for quick passage. Little fellows with flaming red shirts began to appear in the hurrying multitude, and in the brilliance of the night they looked for the world like great flecks of bloody foam on a swift tide.

While the officers were watching the throng in increasing wonder, another shrill bugle took up the call in the street just off the plaza and almost within touch of the group. One long blast followed by three short ones in quick succession was the call, and the two bugles spoke to each other with these signals across the low-roofed houses. The natives were now in a perfect frenzy of excitement. Women dragging children were frequent in the great stampede. When the wonder of the Americans was at the extreme limit a hand pump on wheels, dragged by a dozen or more of the little men in the red shirts, went flying by and was swallowed up in the shrieking crowd which parted to let the outfit get in.

"It's a fire in their bloody old town," said Newbill, one of the group of officers.

"And I hope it will burn 'em out

good and proper," said Lieutenant Brislow. "Who ever saw such another excitement over a little blaze?"

While they were still talking of the great frenzy of the natives and laughing at the fact of having once seen the people of Ponce in a hurry, the crowd came surging back. As the rear end of the column reached the corner near the Americans, the people began running into the plaza, yelling in their queer lingo, driven mad entirely by some unseen power which was forcing the crowd back from the side street where the first bugle sounded.

The Americans did not understand the words which the people were crying out. Frightened Spanish in the mouths of mad Porto Ricans is a language which even the polished West Pointer cannot grasp in the utterance thereof. When the cause of the madness was made known to them by an interpreter, there were other faces than the brown ones of the natives turned ashen gray in the pale moonlight, and other hearts than the faint ones of the yellow people chilled in the grasp of the blighting fear.

"Come with me, my friends," said Nadal, the interpreter from General Henry's headquarters, "the magazine of the artillery camp is on fire. The horses have been cut loose and the powder will go off in a moment. We will be killed here. Come!"

He gathered a stupefied American army officer in each arm and fell in with the throngs who now ran from every quarter, yet all bent toward the same street, that which led out into the open country and the mountains.

As the group of officers melted away, a red light began to flare up in the sky over the southern quarter of the town. The surging crowds, the brilliant moon, low red-roofed houses and the growing flames in the southern sky all combined to make a picture that beggars the power of words to describe. Then, as if the horrors of the night were not complete, a troop of unbridled and plunging horses dashed into the narrow street which was already choked with the population of the town. Scores were trampled under the flying hoofs.

With the advent of the horses into the scene the plaza became deserted almost instantly. Save for one slender figure in a snow white uniform the walks were cleared as if by magic.

The solitary figure ran forward to the street where the maddened animals were and, with a skill born of long practice, caught the halter of one of the beasts and with a few steps of desperate hauling and jerking, drew the animal from the street to the sidewalk. It soon grew quiet, and the slender figure in white clung to the halter rein.

That was Lieutenant Bobbie. The nerves which later that night carried him through a siege of fire and bursting shells were even then growing rigid and tense for the deed which he contemplated.

It was short work for Lieutenant Bobbie to mount his captive. Less still to turn him in the direction of the red glare in the sky. There was a short struggle as the rider kicked the trembling steed in his sides with his white canvas shoes. Then the horse and rider dashed down the side street and left but an echo of flying hoof beats in the deserted plaza.

I witnessed the flight of the populace from another point of view. I heard the first call of the volunteer fireman's bugle, and saw the gathering of the crowd from the veranda of the Hotel Francois in Comercio street near the magazine. I saw the firemen run to the gates of the enclosure of the artillery camp, and then turn and flee back through the narrow street as if pursued by the fiend himself. I witnessed the flight also of the artillerymen from their quarters. They were half clad, and the fear on their faces was not less than that on the countenances of the red shirted firemen.

I stood as if petrified as the horses dashed over the helpless crowd in the street. As the street began to clear I went out to where a body lay in the dust, senseless from the stroke of an iron-shod hoof. At the point of my pistol I halted a cabman who was driving furiously past, and compelled him to assist me in getting the senseless body into the coach. I had just given directions for the coach to go to the great hospital on the hill when Lieutenant Bobbie rode up.

"It's in my battery," he shouted to me as he rode past the coach, "and I'm going to do what I can."

Sergeant Hein, of the ordnance department, had spoken of the shrapnel and the dynamite stored in the camp of that battery—enough, he had said, to blow the entire town to atoms. So that I felt it was little good Lieutenant Bobbie could do. I watched him till he turned into the gateway of the camp and for a few moments after he had disappeared I gazed at the spot where I had last seen him. An explosion of small magnitude called my attention to the rising flames, and in a few seconds after the detonation the horse which Lieutenant Bobbie had ridden in the gateway came flying out, riderless and neighing with fright. The coach had left me, and with the passing of the maddened horse I was left alone in the silent street.

Half an hour later, when a dozen of us had recovered our nerves far out on the edges of Ponce, we decided to return and search for the remains of Lieutenant Bobbie. Eight terrific explosions had occurred back there in the battery's quarters, but we knew something had been done with the dynamite and the shrapnel, or else the whole city had been in ruins by that time.

The streets were quiet as the tomb as we came into the plaza. The glare in the sky had subsided, and not a sound was to be heard save the foot-steps of our party as we crept toward the camp gate. We entered the gate on tiptoe, as if heavy foot might set off something that had not yet exploded. We found Lieutenant Bobbie and four privates, whom he had gathered into his heroic service, fighting the flames which had all but eaten away the magazines. Hundreds of revolver cartridges were popping in the red embers of the ruins, but the din of the explosions were unheeded by the blacked heroes. Lieutenant Bobbie was industriously chopping away at a blazing post which stood in the center of the camp. The entire destruction of the isolated post would have amounted to absolutely nothing in the general losses, yet the slender figure in the burnt and smutty uniform, hacked away at it with a determination that proved unconsciousness.

A huge pile of boxes and barrels covered over with tarpaulins told what had become of the dynamite and shrapnel. They had dragged out the deadly casks in the nick of time, and the explosions we had heard were the last of the shells, which, fortunately, did not harm a member of that heroic band in bursting. They had saved Ponce without the loss of a man.

When the great tropical sun came up out of the blue waters of the Caribbean Sea next morning we were just getting Lieutenant Bobbie into bed. His fevered imagination and disordered fancy led him to hover between two evils, and he voiced his fears to them, all unconscious of the fact that we were within hearing. He wandered in the past.

"It's all right if you prefer Powers. Then, I shall go with my regiment." He then, as he fell into a refreshing sleep, "We put the stuff in the camp general, because we had no other place to store it. How the fire started, I don't know."—Atlanta Constitution.

SLAUGHTER OF SONG BIRDS.

Only the Rural Resident Can Realize the Diminution in Number.

Dealers in mounted birds or their plumage deny that song birds are included in the list of those that they offer for sale. This assertion is a difficult one to disprove, as the plumage used by women for personal adornment is transformed completely through the application of brilliant dyes. The denial by domestic dealers that they cause the destruction of American song birds is in the main correct, for the preparation of the plumage and skins of birds on a large scale is a foreign industry and most of those that are sold here are imported. That does not alter the fact that the United States supply these foreign houses with an immense amount of the raw material that they return to this country subsequently in the finished product. It is well known that English and German taxidermists place large contracts in this country for the plumage and skins of birds and that they are responsible for the slaughter that has been in progress for the last fifteen years. No one who is not a permanent rural resident can form an idea of the diminution in the number of the various species during that period. Formerly the song of wild birds was heard in all parts of the woods; now it is heard only within the limits of private grounds or of public parks. Formerly in the autumn there were large flights of song birds southward; now only scattered individuals are seen in migration. The beautiful little terns or seagulls that used to impart such animation to the coast waters have disappeared totally. They have all been destroyed for their plumage. The same is true of many other species. Heretofore at the South during the winter song birds have been assured of a certain measure of security; but now agents of foreign taxidermists, residing in Southern towns, are large purchasers of the bird skins and plumage which every negro with a gun is engaged in acquiring. Swallows and martins are taken with bird lime, and the firelight is used to kill certain fowls too wary to be approached by day. All of this contributes to the adornment of women.

Fine Specimen of Cheek.

Here is the latest one in street car stories. A Detroit railway car was running swiftly along Porter street the other night when a man hailed it as it drew near a corner. The car stopped and the man stepped onto the rear platform. He rode several blocks before the conductor came out and then he pulled out his watch and asked him:

"I just wanted to see if I could find out the time from you?"

The conductor took out his watch and told him the time. Then the other thanked him, motioned to him to stop the car and dropped off at his destination, just five blocks from where he had got on, not a cent the worse off for his ride.—Detroit Free Press.

A Floating Church in England.

Floating churches are not so uncommon as they used to be. The most interesting in England is the church on the fens at Holme, near Petersborough. It is a houseboat, thirty by nine feet. None of the parish lives more than a mile from the river, and the church has the advantage of being movable.

PRAIRIE DOGS MULTIPLY.

Becoming a Pest in Western Nebraska—Means of Extirpation.

The rapid increase in the number of prairie dogs in Western Nebraska has caused the experiment station connected with the State University to experiment with a view to suggesting means for their extermination.

Few persons realize the amount of damage done by the prairie dogs, and hence no organized force has been exerted against them. These pests have become such a nuisance in Sheridan County and other parts of Nebraska, especially in the northwestern part, that the people are actually becoming alarmed.

Ten years ago there were but few prairie dogs in the vicinity of Rushville, and these, it is claimed, were in the same "town." Little attention has been paid to the damage done by them until within the last three or four years. But since then they have increased with alarming rapidity, migrating to new places and starting new towns. As an example of how fast they multiply mention may be made of a "dog town" located just north of Rushville. Three years ago this town covered less than 100 acres, and at the present time it extends over nearly four sections of land. Within a radius of four miles of Rushville there are no less than nine "towns," covering as much as 3500 acres of pasture, which is rendered almost useless.

The damage done by these little pests consists in killing out the grass in their "town." And as that part of the country in which they exist is almost entirely used for grazing purposes, it is necessary that the land be saved against their ravages.

For the purpose of exterminating the prairie dogs various methods have been tried, some with complete success, whole towns having been entirely killed out. But what has been successful in one case has not been in another and the "dogs" continue to thrive.

The most important and practical methods of extermination consist in the use of poisonous gases, and different diseases and poisons.

Among the poisonous gases used, carbon bisulphide is the most efficient. In fact, it is the surest method so far discovered. But on account of the price of material and the labor required to apply it this method has not been generally adopted.

In obtaining a virus to spread a contagious disease among the prairie dogs the great difficulty is to find one that will not affect domestic animals or human beings. Another difficulty met with is in feeding the virus to the animals, as it is liable to be exposed on the bait long enough to become weakened, before being eaten. Thus far no success has been attained along this line.

Great difficulty is met with in the application of poisons, as it is often almost impossible to get the little animals to eat it. In this experiment much time has been spent in the endeavor to discover how best to prepare the bait, so as to get them to take the poison. Some valuable results along this line have been found.

One Thing Lacking.

There are moments in some men's lives that may never be duplicated—moments of wild exhilaration, of that serene and glowing triumph over obstacles that hitherto have seemed insurmountable. To Hillier a moment like this had come, as, rising from the breakfast table, he approached his wife, and putting his hand in his waistcoat pocket, pulled out ten new crisp one-hundred-dollar bills which he placed before her.

"Eleanor," he said, the tone of his voice indicating a depth of emotion that, since he had come home the night before, he had succeeded in suppressing, "by one of those chance lucky turns in the market I have just made one thousand dollars, and I want you to go out and satisfy your craving for shopping. I want you to revel in department stores, dry-goods emporiums, dressmakers and milliners. Go out and have a good time. All your married life you have complained that you have never really enjoyed a single day's shopping, as you have always been cramped and fettered. Let this day be yours alone. If you see anything you want, but don't need, buy it. If there is anything you know you can get along without, buy it. Go out and revel for one day. Here, take the money. It is yours to blow in."

Mrs. Hillier took the bills from his hands and, counting them carefully, put them in a purse, while a slight look of anxiety crept into her eyes.

"You dear thing," she said, smiling, "it is ever so good of you, but do you know you haven't given me a cent for care fare."—Harper's Bazar.

Great Fashion Followers.

Of all the races peopling this mundane sphere not one has such an extraordinary spirit of imitation as that which inhabits the Philippine Islands. No sooner does a new fashion arrive from Paris, Vienna or Berlin in shoes, trousers, hats, shirts or neckwear, no matter how extravagant, than the Indian and the half-breed immediately adopt them.

The American troops had been in Manila only a few days with their brown suits before the stores on the Escolta were besieged by natives and half-breeds buying all the brown cloth obtainable, wool, cotton or silk, and in a few days they were all arrayed in suits of the same color as those worn by the army of occupation. They noticed the hats of straw or felt with a blue polka dot band, and in a few days all the Indians and half-breeds were wearing the same kind of hats as the Americans.—Manila Free-Press.

English locomotive exports last year amounted to \$7,400,000, as against \$5,900,000 in 1897.

LONG DISTANCE AUTOMOBILES.

The Proposal to Run Coaches From New York to Philadelphia.

History sometimes moves in circles. The implements of one generation are sometimes the toys of another. There is an automobile company in New Jersey that is illustrating both of these saws. It has just multiplied its capitalization of \$100,000 by twelve and it is going to run more automobiles, and run them further than any company in this country has ever done before. There are to be automobile establishments in various towns of New Jersey, and the President is quoted as saying: "We will establish a connecting system between New York and Philadelphia."

It is not clear whether this means that through automobiles will be run between New York and Philadelphia, or whether it simply means that one automobile will begin where another leaves off, so that a passenger who chooses can gradually work his way from the one city to the other. A line of coaches between this city and Philadelphia would be a movement in the historical circle which would nearly touch the starting point. There were wonderful old days when a coach called the Flying Machine used to make the distance between the two cities in a day and a half or two days, or some such apparently fabulous time, and now that the little space of years has been bridged over by the temporary device of the railway, there is to be a line of coaches again.

But it is hardly to be supposed that freight will be sent from New York to Philadelphia by an automobile coach, or that persons who are in a hurry to transact business will go that way at present, though even that may not be so far off, now that there is a line of automobile streetcars in New York. And so for the present those who take such a long ride will take it for amusement. Thus the coach which was the dire necessity of the former times becomes the plaything of the present.

That it is likely to become a pleasant plaything is obvious. A railway usually goes through the unpleasantest places that are to be found and of its own force makes pleasant ones unpleasant. But an automobile can travel by the best roads and in sight of the best scenery, and people can ride on it for amusement who would not think that it was any blessing to go to Philadelphia at all in any other way.—New York Tribune.

Portable Natural History.

An ingenious chart has been designed by a French publisher for simplifying the study of natural history. Few school pupils have the opportunity of visiting the great natural history museums, and even if they can do so they are overwhelmed by the enormous bulk of the collections. The new system of charts gives students exactly what they want to take away the dryness of the dulllest of lessons.

The charts have actual samples of raw materials fastened to them, as well as specimens which show the various stages of manufacture, and finally the finished product. The various articles are wired to the charts and explanatory legends give the necessary description. In the manufacture of linen, for example, specimens of flax are attached, and the series is continued until the bleached or finished linen is represented by a small square of cloth.

The charts are portable, so that if necessary the whole museum can be transported from school to school in country places after the fashion of traveling libraries. It is believed that in many out-of-the-way places where natural history specimens are not available these charts will give a new stimulus to study.—Chicago Record.

Quick Recruiting in New York.

The principal recruiting station in New York City is in Third avenue, opposite Astor Place. Here an average of fifty men are enlisted and shipped daily to San Francisco, en route for Manila. One day at 2 o'clock one of the men enlisted at this station was a wanderer in the city's highways. At 2.15 he stepped into the station and said he wanted to become a soldier. At 2.30 he was examined by the surgeon. By 3 o'clock he had passed all his examinations, physical and mental and moral, and his application was approved. At 3.15 he took the oath as a soldier of the United States army. At 3.30 he drew his uniform, sold his old clothes, hat, shoes and all, for seventy-five cents to the ancient Jew who for fifteen years has hung about the station for this purpose. At 3.45 the ex-wanderer stood forth in a spick-and-span uniform, an American "dough-boy," which is to say, an infantryman. At 4 o'clock he marched away with his fellow recruits toward the Grand Central Station, bound for Manila, there to join one of the regiments of regulars.—Leslie's Weekly.

Where It Always Rains.

If it were not for the virtues I do not know what Colon would be. There is no sewerage, and pools of filth abound in every block. Any town in any zone would be equally unhealthy, but the great discomfort is the humidity. The atmosphere is soaked with moisture. Everything drips. In other countries during the wet season the rain falls regularly at certain hours of the day.

You can expect a shower at Panama about 3 o'clock every afternoon during the rainy season and govern yourself accordingly. The rest of the day and the evening after 6 o'clock is delightful, and no one thinks of carrying an umbrella, but at Colon it rains all the time, and according to the old proverb, it never rains but it pours. It is the real thing by the bucketful. It seems as if the bottom had dropped out of the sky.—Chicago Record.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

The Inevitable—The Easiest Thing to Do—The Cruel Thing—Ought to Prove Comfortable—Where the Trouble Lay—Takes After His Dad, Etc., Etc.

The kicker kicks when he is warm; He kicks when he is cold; He kicks when skies are dark with storm And when a drouth takes hold. And if kind nature charged her laws To suit him, through and through, You'd doubtless hear him kick because His topics were so few. —Washington Star.

The Easiest Thing to Do.

"Imitation is the sincerest flattery."

"Ob, I don't know. Sometimes it is only a sign of laziness."

The Cruel Thing.

Pearl—"I wonder if Jack ever gave a ring to any other girl?" Ruby—"Well, it does look like it had been in a hand-to-hand contest."

Where the Trouble Lay.

Customer—"Haven't you made those trousers too short?" Tailor—"The trousers are all right; out—excuse me, sir—your legs are too long!"

Trying to Be Good.

"Jee Jimp is getting old." "Why do you say that?" "Because when he got back from fishing he said he hadn't caught anything worth bragging about."

There Are Many Others.

Mr. Shimpurse—"My dear, that outfit dress of yours needs washing." Mrs. Shimpurse—"I know it, but if I wash it, it will shrink so I can't get into it, and then I won't have any."

Ought to Prove Comfortable.

Viola—"I've just finished a unique sofa pillow. It's stuffed with old love letters."

Cody—"Indeed! How very nice and soft it must be."—Chicago News.

Positively Cruel.

"Did you know our horse balked yesterday?" "Gracious! What did you do?" "Hitched an automobile to him and dragged him home."—Indianapolis Journal.

Grounds For Reticence.

"What is his name?" "That's a secret." "A secret? What do you mean?" "He's a Russian and no one can pronounce it but himself."—Town Topics.

Takes After His Dad.

Dobson—"Did you ever observe how much Toucher's little boy is like him?" Jobson—"Yes; only yesterday the child asked me for a penny."—Ohio State Journal.

The Cause of a Quarrel.

Johnny Jones—"My paw's got more money'n yours has." Tommy Smith—"Well, if your maw wore as good clogs as mine, I bet he couldn't have, for I heard my paw say so."—Ohio State Journal.

Managed to Hit the Target.

First Office Boy—"What's the matter?" Second Office Boy—"I told the boss he thought he was a big gun." "What happened?" "He proved to me he was a rapid firer."—Detroit Free Press.

Too High by Half.

At a recent party in Shepherd's Bush a young lady began a song. "Ten autumn days have come, ten thousand leaves are falling." She began too high. "Ten thousand—ousand—" she screamed, and then stopped. "Start at five thousand," cried an auctioneer who was present.—Tit-Bits.

Why He Hurried Home.

"Doctor, how did you find your patients when your vacation was ended?" "They were all doing nicely." "Then why were you in such a hurry to get back?" "Because I didn't want to come home and start the business of building up a new practice."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Verdict in His Favor.

"I am writing an article," he said, "on 'The Way to Manage a Woman.'" "I suppose it will be a long one," she replied in a slightly scornful tone.

"No," he answered; "it will be quite short. In fact, it will consist of only two words—'Don't try!'" Then she knew him to be a man of sense and experience, in spite of his apparent youth.—Chicago Post.

The Difference.

"What's the difference," said Mr. Blykins, with the air of a man who is asking a conundrum, "between an error of judgment and a blame-fool blunder?" "I doubt whether there is any," said the friend.

"Yes, there is a heap of difference. One's a mistake you make when you are running a business yourself and the other's a mistake you make when somebody has hired you."—Washington Star.

The Beauty Was Paid For.

"Are you the society editor?" asked the large woman. "No, madam," said the one addressed, "I am only the court reporter." "Really? I am surprised! But perhaps you will do. Your paper said in its account of the affair at my house that floral decorations 'lent beauty to the scene.' I wish you would have your paper state the floral beauty was not lent. Everything was paid for."

MARRIED MAN IN WAR.

FEAR THAT HE MAY BE TOO CAREFUL OF HIMSELF IN DANGER.

This Idea Prevails in the Recruiting Stations, But It Is Not Substantiated by Officers' Records—Officers' Wives in the Way at Manila.

Married men are only enlisted in the regular army of the United States by consent of the Colonel commanding the regiment in which they apply to serve, or by special permission of the War Department. This requirement is conspicuously posted in the recruiting stations, and is generally known to applicants for enlistment before they appear for examination. Notwithstanding all, in the recruiting station on Third avenue, near Ninth street, of which Major Whitney is in charge, at least one hundred men are turned away every week because they acknowledge that they are married.

Men "desiring to enlist in the army of the United States for the term of three years" are required to declare—they are not sworn—that "I have neither wife nor child."

If it is discovered that a recruit has falsely declared himself single, he is put under arrest technically, and the department is informed. Action at Washington is prompt and always the same; it is directed that the man be discharged from the service "without honor." This is not a "dishonorable discharge," but it prevents a man from again enlisting in any branch of the service at any time and under any circumstances. The recruiting officer is held responsible for the expense incurred by the Government in the man's case. If it should happen that the recruit safely reaches San Francisco on his way to Manila, he is returned immediately to the recruiting station, and all expenditure on his account is charged up against the officer who accepted him. It is not often, however, that he is detected when so far on his way to his regiment.

"The other day I found myself with an enlisted married man on my hands," said Major Whitney. "He was sent here from the office at Newark—arrived in the morning, and seemed to be a promising recruit. In the afternoon his wife and mother-in-law turned up with an objection or two, and I called the fellow in. His excuse was that he 'didn't know' a man had to be single; and when I asked him why he wanted to join the army, he said he was sick and tired of his mother-in-law, who berated him half the time, and wanted to get any place away from her—he didn't care much where. I informed the department, and they ordered his discharge 'without honor' a few days later."

Married applicants always say, according to the Sergeant, that there is no one dependent on them; it is their unflinching argument when confronted with the requirement that shuts them out. Last week one such was followed to a recruiting office by a woman with a baby in her arms, who pleaded that her husband should not be enlisted, because he was her sole support. One of the clerks said he thought at the time that the woman would have a hard time of it when the man got her home and alone. The army seems to be the refuge, not only of men who have no means of winning their daily bread, but those who have tired of their wives or children. Sometimes they admit this freely; often they say they have put their children in good care, and are drawn to the service only because they are tired of the monotony of life as they have lived it.

One man told a recruiting officer that he wanted to go to the Philippines for the future he might find there for himself and family after his term of service had expired. He had a wife and two children, five and seven years old, who were to live with his mother until he should send for them; and he was quite ready to run all the chances of war, meanwhile keeping a lookout for a promising opening at the time of his discharge. He asked for service in a volunteer regiment, in the hope that he would be discharged within a year. As a matter of course, he was not accepted; but he was advised that the consent of a Colonel commanding any regiment would make his acceptance sure.

The War Department rarely gives special permission for the enlistment of married men; but the colonels often do. It is what Major Whitney calls a "constitutional right" of every man to get married; and enlisted men follow their own inclination in this respect. They are discharged, however, at the expiration of their enlistment time; and if they want to re-enlist they must have the consent of their old commander. A man who has done faithful service for fifteen years the colonel wants to keep; so he gives his consent. The form of enlistment paper is then changed; there is inserted a clause which releases the Government from all responsibility for the wife and family. No claim can be made by him for a pension on the strength of service; he reduces himself, in fact, to a single man in the eyes of the Government, and on this condition only is he re-enlisted.

Wives and children are left at home when the regiment moves; but they can rejoin it when it returns to its post, and there provision is made for them—involving no expense. Nowadays, by order of the department, they can buy fuel and provisions at the commissary stores at cost price to the Government. "That is all the Gov-

ernment concedes to the married enlisted men," said an officer. "It doesn't want them in the army. It won't accept them as recruits; and it discourages single men from being anything else. Obviously, it is a good thing—particularly in this time of war. The wife of an enlisted man isn't any use at all to the regiment; on the contrary, she is a restraint on her husband's daring. A man will think of his wife and child, you know, when there is danger near."

"I do not think," said an officer, "that a single officer put his wife and family before his duty on the firing-line. It cannot be shown, I believe, that more deeds of conspicuous daring were done by bachelors than by married men. Many—in fact, I might say, most—officers in the regular army have wives dependent on them; but it does not appear on the records that their family responsibility held them back from their duty."

Officers' wives, it was said, follow the army as far as it is safely possible. They took up their station at Tampa, when the Cuban expedition was being prepared; and when it left, most of them came North to live with relatives and friends. When the army was being brought back, the hotels in the neighborhood of Montauk Point were crowded with wives and children, who waited on the shore while the troops were being landed. It was made a rule with the wives that there should be no crying and complaining, and with a few exceptions, this was lived up to. The husbands were taken away just as soon as leave could be obtained.

Most officers in service in the Philippines, it was said, have their wives and families with them. Every transport leaving this port carries women and children to add to the colony in Manila.

"I hear," said an officer, "that the women are getting in the way in Manila. They are a brave lot, but occasionally they are disturbing to a soldier when an engagement is just in front of him. It is a wonder to me that the department doesn't make them all stay at home instead of providing for them on the transports."—New York Post.

Baby Asleep in a Snake's Coil.

Mrs. Daniel Eynon, the wife of a coal miner at Newport, Ohio, had a thrilling adventure with a large snake, and by her heroic action probably saved the life of her baby.

Her husband is employed at the Honk Mine, a desolate spot near Stillwater, and not far from Newport. He lives in a shanty in the woods and for the most part prepares his own meals. His wife and child, a bright girl, went to remain a few days with him and cook for him. Sometime during the night she was awakened by something lying across her face and thinking it was the baby's arm, she pushed it away and went to sleep again. In the morning when she awoke, she was horrified to see a large snake coiled around her baby's neck. Its head was elevated and its tongue darted out viciously.

The mother was paralyzed with fright, but believing that the reptile was about to strike the child, she grasped the snake with her hand near the head and threw it from her to the far end of the room. Then she screamed for help. Her husband came to her rescue and killed the reptile which was of a brownish hue and very thick in proportion to its length. It is believed to be a copperhead.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Chinese Indifference to Pain.

"A very curious thing about the Chinese is their indifference to pain," said Dr. E. Z. Simmons, the veteran missionary of Canton, who was in the city a few days ago. "We do a great deal of surgical work in the great City Hospital conducted by the united missions at Canton, and it was at first supposed that there would be endless trouble in persuading the natives to take anesthetics, but the doctors found, to their surprise, that anesthetics were rarely needed, and that their patients endured the most serious operations without flinching the fraction of an inch. The average Chinaman will resume the required position and hold it like a statue. When the knife touches his flesh he begins a slight, monotonous moan and keeps it up until the ordeal is over, but he gives no other indication of pain. Whether this is due to nerve-bluntness or stoicism, or a combination of both, I have never been able to determine, but the fact remains that the Canton hospital uses less chloroform or other than any other large institution of the kind on earth."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Biggest Crab in the World.

The largest crab in the world is now on exhibition at the Rutgers College museum, New Brunswick, N. J. It is a Japanese spider crab, and measures eleven feet from tip to tip. The crab has only recently been mounted. It was presented to the college in 1874 by the late Robert H. Pruyn, then United States Consul to Japan. For years it was neglected, although its value was appreciated, and lately W. A. Roebbing, an alumnus of the college, offered to pay the expense of mounting the giant shellfish. The shell measures twelve by fourteen inches. The pinches are armed with teeth that resemble the human molars, and the jaws at the end of the tremendous long legs measure six inches. The ten legs look very much like bamboo fishing poles. They are five feet long, and vary from three to eight inches in circumference. The curator of the museum says that there are only five of this species of crabs in existence, and that the next largest is in Germany. The one there is but six feet from tip to tip.

A STUBBORN OLD COUPLE.

THIS FAMILY HAS SPITED THE STATE FOR ELEVEN YEARS.

Refused to Pay an Old Debt and Were Dispossessed—Old Man Kept Sheriff's Posse at Bay With a Mallet, Helped by His Wife With Hot Water.

The following remarkable story is taken from the Atlanta Journal: About two miles from Wentworth, the county seat of Rockingham County, North Carolina, on the side of the road to Reidsville, live the queerest combination of man and wife, squalor, madness and stubbornness that ever puzzled the wits of landlords and county officers, against whom there is a constant waging of aggressive war.

Notwithstanding the advanced age of Clem and Eliza Wooten—eighty-six and seventy-three—and the exposure to which the last eleven harsh winters have subjected them, they are to-day as fiery and as pugnacious as when, in their palmy days, they kept a sheriff's posse at bay forty-eight hours, Clem cracking away with an old musket through the chink holes of an upper story and Aunt Eliza dashing formidable streams of hot water through the crevices in the wall.

Claiming the heaven-given promise of "eating the goose that pecks grass from the grave" of every man in public life at the time of their financial troubles, they are about to realize the fulfillment of their fancied pledge, for many have dropped out of the procession, some by death, some by business failures, and many are snowed under by popular franchise. Yet Old Man Clem and Aunt Eliza still hang on the Christmas tree and gloat over the misfortunes of their downfallen, imagined foes. It is a singular fact and one from which they are fond to draw when hurling anathemas upon humanity in general that never have they been forsaken in the matter of rains, even when districts within a radius of a mile were parched from heat and drought. They were always successful gardeners, but now their truck patches fairly bloom and smile in luxuriant beauty, while, as old Clem puts it, "Ah-h-h! They're all a burin' up. They won't make enough on Nubbin Ridge to feed the ole 'oman's chickens a week. But here's yo' cabbage an' yo' inghuns, an' thar's yo' co'n an' yo' snaps, higher'n yo' head, an' wa'r'm'ons an' mushm'ons—Ah-h-h, I've sho' got 'em!"

It is a long story of fraudulent transfer of realty to evade payment of an old debt and the subsequent triumph of the creditor in finding the fraudulent grantees in financial straits and purchasing the lands, tendering the old debt in part payment. Then follows eviction in the fall of 1883, their stubborn, spiteful and vindictive natures refusing all proffered homes or to buy a shelter from the approaching winter—for they had money and many household comforts. The provisions of the law were met and they were placed on the Reidsville road, in sight of their old home, and here, they declared, they would stay "till they rotted, just for spite."

Their spite, however, was of a too vigorous type, for, after spending the winter in an old wagon, sleeping between the feather beds, and cooking al fresco, with here and there beneath the scrubby oaks pieces of valuable furniture—mahogany sideboards, mirrored walnut chamber suits and bric-a-brac—they were adjudged nuisances and lodged in jail. There was no provision for the household goods, and, as a result, there is little left to indicate the prosperity they once enjoyed. Mules, chickens—a hundred or more—four barns of tobacco, forage provisions, bedding and 200 weight of dried fruit were lawful prey.

After a few months' incarceration, they were released, and, by order of the Board of Commissioners, placed on a tract of the county's land, near the Poorhouse. Nine years they lived there in peaceable possession, clearing new fields each year, and, after a few winters, improvising a rude brush harbor for shelter, which in time grew by constant additions to quite a cozy home. It was then permanence illumined their homes, and he served notice on the County Commissioners that he held color of title for all the adjoining lands of the county by seven years' peaceable and unmolested possession. He was his own counselor, however, and his dream of empire had a rude awakening, for, under a suit for possession, he was evicted again in November, 1897, he and his wife being carried bodily, like babies, half a mile to their present home. This step was not taken, however, until after their refusal to pay a rental of five cents per annum for the place or to allow any one else to pay it for them, the tendering of rent invalidating their claims to the land.

Under an open railshed, crouching over a few flickering embers, these old people weathered the horrors of the severest, the longest and dreariest winter ever before known here. The driving sleet and snows, the drenching rains and the biting winds have told a sad and harrowing tale of suffering on their rugged faces. It is no wonder that madness darts out from their every utterance. The only wonder is that they were not frozen, sleeping as they did upon the bare ground with such scanty covering and that drenched by every rain. They cannot be induced to accept a house for life with every comfort age can need. Stubbornness, pride and a general distrust of human motives are the authors of all their woes. They scorn with cynical gesticulation all expressions of sympathy, nor can advice be tendered there through a megaphone.

Calling to see them, I found the old crone drilling a pet chicken in some very remarkable fancy tactics. She said Clem had just stepped down the road to kill Frank Williams for hauling wood from their acres. Williams, I soon learned, was the agent of the legally recognized landlord, and expected to hear of a sanguinary conflict. It was not long, however, till the old fellow came in, with a bloodless ear on his shoulder, eyeing me suspiciously; and with a countenance bordering midway upon hellish diabolism and smiling welcome, he began to confide the plan of campaign against his oppressors. He would sue the bondsmen of each county officer concerned in his eviction; he had already gained all the county lands; and, by order of the court, he had been placed in possession of 1100 acres of land on which he now resides, and by the failure of the former owner to forbid prior to ten days' occupation of the premises, he was now in possession, and that wasn't all, for his itemized fortune amounted to half a million dollars, the disposition of which he was now arranging. He asked me, in consideration of the Journal's interest in him, to sign a lengthy and liberally signed document indicating a willingness to become a devisee under him to the amount of a hundred thousand dollars.

At present they are very comfortably quartered in a rude dirt floor hut, surrounded by such pets as hogs, cows and chickens, from which source, aided by the old man's occasional jobs, they derive their daily bread. However, the spectacle presented is one of dissolution, decay and spoliation. All the furniture lies scattered along the road beneath a sediment of mud and leaves. What was a fine cherry clock hung on a little oak till, piece by piece, it went to ruin, and now is stacked with the remainder of the plunder where they spent the winters—beneath the open sky. Looking at this, Aunt Eliza's eyes filled with tears as she said: "Oh, it was such a fine clock, but it was delicate an' couldn't stand it like us. I wish my old weather-beaten wheels could stop, like it, for I'm mighty tired er stayin' out in the cold an' rain."

It is an old and generally accredited story that, as a girl, Aunt Eliza was one of the prettiest girls, and consequently the belle of her native county, that she had danced with numerous men of State and national distinction, and had more than once figured in affairs of d'Amour with them. Questioned as to this statement of Madam Rumor, she diverted her wrinkled face, puffed away at her pipe in thoughtful silence and answered: "Naw! I never danced a step in my life, ner I wa'n't no belle, nuther. They say anything 'lept the pr'ars now, an' they don't take time 'er whistle them."

To casualists the whole is a ludicrous picture and diversion. From them originate some of the wild acts for which the fanatical outcasts are credited, such for instance as their recent action in "posting their lands" against all trespassers and felling huge trees across the road running "through their yard." They are now disposed to be more liberal, and announce their intention of allowing the road to remain open, but will establish a toll gate, which being across the main county road, will be a source of considerable revenue to them.

Still their life is only a life of waiting, conscious of being the human football of remorseless kickers and an ever abounding boomerang upon a civilized community. Upon the recommendation of the Grand Jury at the last term of court, the presiding Judge ordered them returned to the county lands from which they were moved, which order has not as yet been executed, the officer to whom it was directed having been advised by his attorney to ignore it.

Thus it is that they are kicked from pillar to post, one order after another picking them up after they have built a comfortable home, and lived in it all through the summer, drops them out in the sleet and snow and heaves the Levite's sigh that instead their hoary heads could not be pillowed in some friendly Potter's Field far away from the disturbing scenes that now cast a blot upon the fair page of a Christianized community.

An Albino Tree.

Much interest has been caused lately by the appearance of a horse chestnut tree in the Thiergarten. The numerous branches around the lower part of the trunk have a pure white foliage, such as is seen on trees growing in dark places, where no chlorophyll can develop on account of want of light. The same whiteness of the leaves is also noticeable in a few of the neighboring branches through the crown to the top. People are often puzzled as to the cause of the peculiarity, and many strange explanations are sometimes given. The singular appearance of the tree has been noticed regularly for some years. This particular tree, it seems, had been attacked by a swarm of caterpillars and other creatures of the same species, and the foliage had already been destroyed; but still masses of caterpillars continued to crawl up and down the trunk, and finally clung there in lumps. To preserve the beautiful tree, after other means had been tried in vain, a solution of acid was used, and the ground all around was watered with it, as well as the trunk and the branches, which were especially drenched. This treatment proved successful. The tree gradually recovered, and now stands in its full strength and freshness, but has ever since shown the already described whiteness in its leaves, which presents a by no means unpleasant contrast to the otherwise dark green foliage.—London Standard.

In Switzerland a favorite dish is boiled chestnuts mashed fine and served with whipped cream.

WESTON AND THE BUFFALO.

The Brave Soldier Mounted His Adversary and Dispatched Him.

Since the advent of General John P. Weston into the office of Commissary General there has been evident satisfaction among the subordinates and employees of the Commissary General's Department. He is loved by everybody. General Weston's army career has been eventful and interestingly full of exciting incidents, of which the following instance is perhaps as striking as any. It was told by an officer at the Army and Navy Club a day or two ago:

"There was in the army no more recklessly daring subaltern than was General Weston in his young days. In 1868, when a lieutenant, he met with General Sheridan on an expedition against the Cheyennes.

"One evening, after going into camp, a small herd of buffalo was sighted. The lieutenant had thrown off his saddle and put aside his arms. He caught up his belt, in which were revolver and knife, and leaped upon his bareback horse. After a race he caught up with a huge bull and emptied his revolver into his side. The bull faced him. Weston was several miles from camp and had no more cartridges.

"Determined not to be laughed at, he dismounted and drew his knife. He walked to one side of the bull and the animal turned. He began to run, but the bull kept his lowered head always toward him. He kept stopping and turning until the sweat poured from him. At last he managed to get behind the bull and with a leap landed upon his back.

"The buffalo, with a snort of terror, dashed forward in a mad, lumbering gallop. The soldier worked his way onto the brute's shoulders, fastened his fingers in the mane and began to hack away at the throat of the terror-stricken buffalo. It took time, but finally the knife went through the hair and hide.

"The brute gave a wheezing, roaring cough and fell forward, plunging its nose into the earth and throwing the rider fifteen feet in front. Weston was bruised and stunned, but the brute was beyond doing him any harm.

"In his early youth Weston was for a short time an iron molder in Louisville, Ky. Recently he visited the city. His fashionable friends wished to make much of him, but their visitor slipped away, and for a day could not be found. He passed that day with an old Irishman, a molder, now retired."

The Man Who Couldn't Be Flattered.

"Now, you," she said, as she turned over the leaves of the book for which she wanted him to subscribe, "are a man whom it would be useless to try to flatter. Do you know—?" she was a sweet, demure looking girl, with those big, sad eyes that seem to look right into one's heart—"do you know," she went on, "that nine out of every ten men will grant almost any favor within their power if one only tickles their vanity?"

"It is necessary that a person who seeks to earn a living as I am forced to earn mine, shall acquire a knowledge of human nature. I have become so proficient in this study that I can tell at a glance whether it will be best to flatter a man or to talk common sense to him in order to obtain his subscription.

"As I told you when I came in, you are not one who cares for flattery. You are above that. The foolish things I might say to the man in the next office and so obtain his signature would all be wasted on you.

"Ah!" she sighed, "I wish there were more such men in the world! Yes, there! No, on the next line below. That's right. You pay me \$1 now and the other \$2 will be due when the book is delivered. Thank you ever so much!"

As she was about to pass out to the street she turned and gave him one last sweet look out of her sad eyes.

When she was gone he worked away and smiles played o'er his countenance. The day was fairer for her having found him.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Army Officers Called "Mr."

People who are not versed in matters of Army usage often ask why certain Army officers are addressed as "Mister," and not by their titles. To the men who entered the service from West Point the custom is well understood, because they know that, no matter how much authority they may have, or how gay their uniform may be, they are simply "misters" until they wear two bars on their shoulder straps. A recent occurrence in the Army Building illustrated the matter. A man who had been a field officer in the volunteer service in the war with Spain had been appointed to a lieutenantancy in the new volunteer army, and had called at one of the offices at the headquarters on a matter of business. There the officer in charge presented him to a United States Army officer.

"Major Blank, allow me to present Mr. Smith—Mr. Smith, Major Blank." The volunteer officer hinted in a modest way, when the major had withdrawn, that it might have been well to let the fact be known that he also was an army officer. "Oh, that's all right," said the officer who had acted as host, "everybody is mister until he is captain."

Even in service the first and second lieutenant are addressed "mister" by officers of higher rank. The officer in the regular service also shows a preference for civilian's dress, which the volunteer officer does not always share. When not on duty, or home on leave or on his way to post the regular officer usually wears no part of his uniform, and prefers to appear as an ordinary citizen.—New York Tribune.

THINGS THAT OTHER PEOPLE DO.

The man who does his best to make the world a better place,

Whose heart is pure, who dare to look his neighbor in the face,
Is not the one who takes delight in holding up to view
And scoffing at the foolish things that other people do.

The man who gains the noble height
When fame and honor wait
Wins no delight from petty spite, he gives
No heed to hate,
For he has little chance to reach the distant summit who
Gives up his time to smudging things that other people do.

I like the honest man who tries to keep away from sin,
(Like the man who seeks to rise, but does no wrong to win—
The world is brighter for the day spent in his presence who
Can keep from finding fault with things that other people do.

—S. E. Kiser.

PITH AND POINT.

Tom—"Did your goldfish die a natural death?" Willie—"Yep; cat ate it."—Life.

Awkward Miss (with an umbrella) —"Beg pardon!" Polite Gentleman—"Don't mention it. I have another eye left."

Ethel—"What foolish things a young man will do when he is in love!" Edith (breathlessly)—"Oh, Ethel! Has he proposed?"—Puck.

"Just think of it," sighed the girl in blue the morning after her arrival at an inland resort. "Three hammocks and not an eligible man on the premises!"

Mrs. Oldham—"Doctor, what shall I do to prevent wrinkles from coming at the corners of my eyes?" Doctor—"Stop getting old, madam. Two dollars, please."

"Pardon me, but you look very much like a man I know." "That may be, but you must excuse me, for you look exactly like a man I don't want to know."—West End.

Little Nell—"What does the organist at our church have a looking-glass fixed over his head on the organ for?" Little Dick—"I 'speak that's so he can tell the choir when the clergyman is lookin'."—Tit-Bits.

"Can dogs find their way home from a distance?" is the question frequently asked. It's according to the dog. If it's one you want to get rid of, he can find his way back from the Philippines. If it's a good one, he's apt to get lost if he goes around the corner.

"I suppose," admitted the bachelor, thoughtfully, "that the baby is really charming, as you say, but to me she seems a little too young to be especially attractive." "At what age do you like them best?" "When of her sex," he answered guardedly, "about eighteen or nineteen."

"Well, I never thought that Jonesy would die a natural death," said Snuggles, when he had been told of the passing away of a man he had known. "I didn't say he died a natural death," said Dinwiddie. "You told me he died in bed." "But it was in a folding bed."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Little Louise was struggling alternately with her arithmetic and her natural history lessons for the morrow without making much headway. Finally she exclaimed: "I wish I were an Australian rabbit!" "An Australian rabbit?" said her mother, "why do you wish you were an Australian rabbit?" "Because they multiply so rapidly," was the reply.

Proverbs From the Chinese.

Man is made sharp by man; never alone,
As knives that cut are sharpened on the stone.

If you your children's benefit desire,
Keep them not always filled and by the fire.

Uncivil to a great man one may be,
But not to one of mean or small degree.

Cheap gifts to Buddha you may bring.
At least
'Tis safe enough, if first you bribe the priest.

As men seek shade under a tall tree's boughs,
So are we harbored in our home and house.

We gladly greet new friends, unknown, untried,
And throw, for them, our better ones aside.

Higher than eye can reach, or heaven is high,
Is man's desire, which leaps above the sky.

How easy on a distant pilgrimage
For one in prayers and incense to engage!

But masquerading by some lofty dome
Is less than showing kindness nearer home.

—Harper's Weekly.

Timber Over 1000 Years Old.

Sometimes timber has been known to last 1000 years. The roof of Westminster Hall is over 450 years old. In Sterling Castle are carvings of oak well preserved, after 300 years. The trusses of the roof of the basilica of St. Paul, Rome, were sound and good after 1000 years of service. Piles in a perfectly sound state were dug from the foundation of the old Savory castle, after having been down for 650 years. Timbers of tamarick wood in a perfect state of preservation have been found in the ancient temples of Egypt, in connection with stone work known to be at least 4000 years old.

When Not to Do It.

When you see a man going along a crowded sidewalk carrying an umbrella horizontally under his arm always knock the back end of the umbrella down, unless the man is larger than you are.—Southville Journal.

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TOO LATE!

—South Peabody and other important matter received too late for this issue.

—Copy for Advertisements should reach our Peabody office, 21 Lowell St., Thursday at noon.

The Essex County Republican is a neat, readable and able paper. It deserves well of the Republican party in this county.

—The PEABODY STAR is on sale every week in Raymond's stationery store and T. P. Masterson's dining room at the Square. In So. Peabody by Mrs. Brown.

To all readers who send us the price of one year's subscription to THE STAR—one dollar and fifty cents—we will send the paper to the end of the year 1900—sixteen months. Thus giving the paper for four months free.

—Any person in South Peabody who wants this paper regularly, and cannot obtain it in any other way, can have it left at their homes if they will send their address to the office of this paper. In one case, we are informed, a resident has come to the Square for the paper.

A notable move in Good Templary is the formation of John B. Finch Lodge in the Back Bay, Boston. Intellectually and socially it will hold a commanding position in the State. The Lodge meets at No. 200 Huntington Avenue Wednesday nights.

Otis and the Newspapers.

Gen. Otis, the incensed censor, says "Newspapers are not public institutions." Possibly. But the general won't be a public institution much longer if he doesn't attend better to business in the Philippines.

Very Like the Autocrat.

Every Monday readers of the Boston Herald are treated to brief but delightful philosophical essays of a decidedly Holmes-like flavor. One can read and re-read them with increasing pleasure, and we would suggest that these papers be embodied in a more-enduring form than the evanescent daily.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

Monday's Boston Globe contained a strong editorial on England's relations with the Transvaal. The title of the article was "Justice or aggrandizement," and of course it was condemnatory of England's position. In the same issue was another editorial supporting American pretensions and aims in the Philippines. We think our neighbor should have transposed the titles of the articles.

Apropos of our presence and doings in the Philippines, gentlemen—"justice or aggrandizement?"—which?

THANKS!

—Rev. Michael J. Masterson, Rector of St. John's Church, in subscribing for the STAR, sends us words of encouragement that are highly appreciated.

We thank our Boston and suburban contemporaries for their many kindly remarks about THE PEABODY STAR. The editorial department is especially commended. We want to make this one of the strongest papers, and confidently expect to succeed. One thing rest assured of. THE PEABODY STAR is a fixed star. Neither prejudice, nor the fears of some or the hopes of others, can affect its

future. We have passed beyond the stage of experiment, and are profoundly satisfied with the result of the work already done.

The Value of Spotter Evidence.

A Massachusetts judge has dismissed several cases in which illegal liquor-selling was charged, because the only evidence offered was that of hired "spotters." And we believe the action of his honor is to be commended.

Spotter evidence is no better or no worse than that usually offered by the defence in such cases. In fact, the attempts to secure convictions of illegal liquor-sellers by the evidence of spies, is a most prolific source of perjury. Both the spotter and the witnesses for the defence, generally, will swear unblushingly to false statements. The "spotter" is a dirty tool to work with.

What, then, is the best way to deal with illegal liquor-selling?

Well, one way is to elect a board of selectmen who are in sympathy with the popular vote against license. It is no use voting "no license" and then electing town officers who wink at violations of the law.

It is not enough, however, that the men who seek town office are sound on the temperance question. They must be men of business ability, of good judgment, of unquestioned character, freed from a spirit of religious intolerance. In other words, they must be men of balance who will command the respect of the majority vote. With such men in control of town affairs, illegal liquor-selling will be reduced to a minimum. And this without interference by the private citizen who wishes to see the law radically enforced, and also without the aid of purchased evidence.

The police force is what the board of selectmen make it.

HE OBJECTS.

Editor Peabody Star,—

Will you permit me to say that I do not see any basis for your statement in last week's issue, that Col. Guild has the support of Peabody Republicans. I think I am in touch with Republican politics here, and I can confidently say that not only has the Hon. Mr. Bates a showing for the delegation from this town, but it is well understood that the same is true of Salem, Beverly, and Danvers—where efforts are being made to belittle the prospects of Mr. Bates. It is the old Lodge tactics of bluff, and it is recognized by many of us. Wait till we count noses.

I believe with you, that the national administration has made mistakes in affairs relating to the Spanish war and the trouble in the Philippines, but I also believe that President McKinley will go down in history as one of our greatest Presidents. We are not so used to war as a nation that we could be expected to prosecute it without mistakes.

I should like to add a word about our candidate for representative. I do not believe Mr. Hall gave his consent to the use of his name in the Boston Herald in this connection. By the law of precedent and what I may call natural selection, Mr. B. B. Humphrey should secure the nomination, which, of course means an election.

A PEABODY REPUBLICAN.

[We have only to say we are willing to give both sides of any question that interests our readers, but in saying that Guild was a favorite with Peabody Republicans we only gave what we found to be the truth. Of course our correspondent, in his intercourse with other Republicans, comes to a different conclusion. We see no sufficient reason to change our announcement.

The reference to "Lodge" methods, so-called, is, to say the least, unnecessary. We do not know its import. We cannot trim our news to suit either politics or creed.—EDITOR.]

Tolerance is often regarded as a virtue. When there has been no liberty of opinion and action, it is a sign of progress if tolerance is accepted as a rule of action. But, after a time, men begin to object to the word "toleration." They say: "I will not tolerate or be tolerated. To tolerate another's opinions is to assume superiority to them." But, on further reflection, thinks the Christian Register, it appears that mutual toleration does not imply superiority on either side, but equality and liberty.

AROUND TOWN.

—Mrs. Harry Newton is passing a few weeks in Coventry, Eng.

—Mr. John E. Keefe is spending a vacation in Chester, N. H.

—Mr. John Meagher has bought a horse with a record of 2.15.

—The vacation season is on the ebb. Among those to arrive are our esteemed fellow-townsmen—Mr. James Hawley and Mr. Shea.

—The Naumkeag Directory—covering Salem, Peabody, and adjoining towns, and containing a list of the polls—is out for this year.

—Mr. Charles P. Kendall, the auctioneer, was thrown from his carriage on Beverly bridge, Salem, this week, and severely injured.

—It was thought the Enos Sheet Holder Co. would shut down for a two-weeks' vacation, but they will begin to rush orders again on Monday.

—Miss Josephine Samson, a teacher in one of the public schools of Montreal, Can., and her mother, Mrs. Adelaide Samson, have been visiting Miss Mary M. L. Samson, proprietress of the Samson House.

—West Peabody's rural mail delivery will begin next Friday, 1st September. There will be one delivery each day, and the circuit traversed will be 18 miles. Geo. Brown is the lucky man!

—Miss A. L. Cassino, who has been enjoying a brief vacation in New Hampshire, has returned, and will be glad to welcome old and new patrons to the attractive Boston store.

—The gold medal presented by Gen. F. H. Appleton, to be competed for each year by the graduating class of the High School, can now be seen in the Library room, where it has been placed in a glass case.

—The Annual Field Day of the Essex County Daughters of the Revolution will be enjoyed on Saturday next, Sept. 2, at Marblehead. Members of Bethiah Southwick Chapter who intend to join the outing, which promises to be a most enjoyable occasion, will kindly notify the secretary, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Keazer, 276 Washington Street, not later than Aug. 29.

—On Friday next, Sept. 1st, the new rules and regulations of the Board of Selectmen, controlling teamsters and expressmen will go into operation. Briefly, they are to the following effect: No one shall do an express or general transportation business in teams without paying a license of one dollar. Such license cannot be transferred without consent of the Selectmen. No person under eighteen years of age can have charge of any such team without special permission. Penalty for violating these rules is fixed at \$20 for each offence.

OBITUARY.

—Aug. 17, at 24 Endicott St., Francis D. Reynolds, aged 11 months, 26 days. Interred in St. Mary's Catholic Cemetery, Salem.

—Aug. 14th, at West Peabody, Mrs. Ellen Robbins, widow of James Robbins, aged 76 years, 2 months, 19 days.

Mrs. Robbins sustained a paralytic shock, while riding in a car some time ago, and she never recovered from it.

Rev. Mr. Anderson conducted the services at the late residence of the deceased on Tuesday at half-past one, after which the remains were interred in Oak Grove Cemetery.

Aug. 19, Elizabeth Magee, aged 2 months, daughter of Thomas and Ellen Magee, Walnut street.

Aug. 21, Mary Susie Frame, aged 1 year, 8 months, 3 days, daughter of William and Delia Frame, 284 Washington street. Buried from St. John's Church Wednesday.

Aug. 21, after a lingering illness, Dena A., wife of James F. Sullivan, aged 37 years, 1 month. The funeral occurred Wednesday a.m., services being held at St. John's Church. The pall-bearers were Messrs. Jeremiah Sullivan, John McCarthy, Jeremiah McCarthy, Jeremiah Lambert, Morris Sheehan, and John Cuff.

AROUND THE HUB

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

A prominent merchant of this city died recently at his summer home in Nahant. Mr. Samuel Johnson was a member of the firm of C. F. Hovey & Co. He was born in Boston in 1827. Mr. Johnson was one of the most successful business men of Boston, and at the same time was one of the most kind-hearted and generous. Few men had so endeared themselves to those with whom they came in contact, and he lived to see many of the charitable, educational and religious enterprises with which he was connected succeed in a measure which ensured their future usefulness. He accumulated a great deal of money in business and gave freely to objects which merited approval. He was especially interested in the work of the Congregational church.

The witness in the Bram murder case who was released on bail and who has now voluntarily elected to return to the custody of the United States authorities, and to receive his \$1 per diem, together with his board, at the public expense, furnishes another reminder of the operations of the law's delay in this case. There have been frequent expressions of sympathy for these witnesses, on account of their long detention, but, if they are all likened with this returned penitent, there would seem to be no occasion for further demonstrations of this character. The crime was perpetrated in June 1896. Bram is now serving a life sentence, but his counsel hope to secure a new trial, and meanwhile the witnesses are held at government expense, it would seem indefinitely. Such a case was never heard of before.

Anyone who goes around on excursions must have observed the tendency people have to rush to get aboard the steamer, car, or whatever the conveyance may be. And in nine cases out of ten the observer will admit that he is himself afflicted with the very natural impulse to be one of the first in the hustle but there is nothing gained by it. It was in the midst of a wild scramble like this that the fearful disaster took place at Mount Desert Ferry. Transportation companies might well take measures to protect their patrons under all possible contingencies; and if the people would school themselves to be more patient it would make their safety on such an occasion doubly secure.

The pictures of the White mountain region, which are being exhibited by the Biograph at Keith's, are attracting as much attention as any act in the delightful continuous vaudeville. Among the number is one of the six-horse tally-ho leaving the summit of Mt. Washington, the famous cog train crossing "Jacob's Ladder," the steepest incline on the mountain railroad; a panoramic view of Crawford's Notch, with a train winding about the mountains and the Willey bridge, and Frankenstein trestle with a train crossing. All the returning tourists are going into Boston's model playhouse to see these views.

The passenger engines on the Boston & Maine are being fitted up for the use of coke. This fuel has been tried on some of the suburban trains of the system, with very satisfactory results. It is about as cheap as coal and will save the road it is estimated \$100,000 in damages now paid on account of fires started by locomotive sparks. Besides, it relieves the passengers from the smoke and cinder nuisance attaching to coal. With the roadbed sprinkled with oil to lay the dust, the Boston & Maine managers expect to provide as clean a passenger service as the electric street cars furnish.

The proposition to take the Park square station as a market will stir up determined opposition among the Quincy Market people, who have enjoyed what outsiders term "a monopoly of the business." The rights of lessees have been sold in some cases for thousands of dollars. The lease of a stall has always been considered a very valuable franchise. The principal object of the new project, say its supporters, is to benefit the farmers of the southern and western part of the state, as well as to lower prices in general of market goods.

A conference has been held between the federated board of railroad employees and President Tuttle and other officials of the Boston & Maine, relative to grievances of the telegraph operators, trainmen and firemen, at which a satisfactory conclusion was reached, and there will be no strike. With regard to the grievances of the telegraph operators on the N. Y., N. H. & H. road, President Clark of the federated board stated that the matter had not been presented officially, and could not say if it would be laid before the board or not.

The suburban city of Everett has the small-pox scare and has it had. The compulsory edict was issued for a wholesale vaccination and now it is taken for granted that every one of the 23,000 citizens bears the convincing mark on the left arm. There are those who have strong prejudices against vaccination, but their feelings were disregarded. Many think the authorities were over-zealous, but in such a case "what can you do about it?"

OBSERVER.

WATERING FLYING ENGINES.

Four Thousand Gallons Taken in While the Train is in Motion.

Among the remarkable features of modern railway travel the one that always attracts attention is the trick of taking water by the engine while it is in motion. The American tourist has become accustomed to seeing the narrow trough, twelve to fourteen hundred feet long, at various dead level points along the road, and he knows that the strip of water which it contains is scooped up by the engine as it speeds over the tracks. But people from foreign countries often ask questions about the water between the tracks, and marvel when they hear the story about "drinking" the engine on the fly.

What seems a marvellous mechanical contrivance is an extremely simple thing. A pipe with a scoop end is fastened to the tender. It is C shaped, with the top end pointing in to the water tank and the bottom curled under the body of the tender. By a series of levers this end may be dropped until it reaches the level of the ties. When the engine reaches the trough the fireman drops the scoop end which is 3½ inches high and twelve inches wide, into the trough into which it sinks a distance of about six inches, or within an inch of the bottom. It may wobble slightly without doing any harm, because the trough is twenty-four inches wide. Dropping the end is all that is done, for the motion of the engine does the rest. The water rushes into the pipe and thence into the tank with a rush and a force which suggests to the uninitiated the use of powerful engines. "The most remarkable thing about the water taking scoop" said a New York Central Railroad official, "is the fact that the speed of the train must be reduced when the water is taken on. It reaches the ends in the pipe with such force that if the train were allowed to go at its regular speed the metal would be seriously strained, so we reduce the speed to about thirty miles an hour and have the best results."

While the engine is passing over the trough at the rate of thirty miles an hour it takes up about four thousand gallons of water—about as much as would be contained in one hundred spirit barrels.

Valuable Advertising Hints.

A good catchline is often half the battle.

It is always possible to learn something from watching the advertising of others.

To print announcements that are not believable is almost an absolute waste of space.

The best thing in an advertisement is specific information about the article advertised.

Most of the magazine advertising matter is as unreadable as the body of the magazines themselves.

The newspaper is likely to become constantly a better medium, for every year the number of readers of it increases.

The picture ought to suggest the subject of the advertisement, and the advertisement ought to appear to have suggested the picture.

Perhaps the worst fault of the neophyte advertiser is the struggle for originality at the expense of good judgment and common sense.

A slight misrepresentation in a single advertisement may often cast a shadow of doubt over all the advertiser's subsequent efforts, even though these be thoroughly reliable.

There appears to be a growing conviction among advertisers that a judicious use of white space is one of the most effective methods of displaying an advertisement. The contrast between the black type and the white paper is one that apparently attracts the eye at the first glance. It gives, also, an impression of easy reading—one of the best impressions, perhaps, that an announcement can give to prospective readers.—Printers' Ink.

Discovery of the Southern Icefields.

The home and origin of the southern iceberg are a matter full of romantic interest. In 1774 Captain Cook sailed down into the unknown Antarctic regions, and after terrible hardships reached a spot where he saw a snow-white brightness in the clouds to the south, and he knew he was near the icefields. Four hours later he was stopped by a great ice barrier in latitude seventy-one degrees south, where the mountains of ice, rising one above the other, tier upon tier, into the distance, were lost in the clouds of the polar sky. The desolate grandeur of that icy coast appalled the great navigator, and, seeing no possibility of pushing to the pole over those impassable mountains, he contented himself with having gone further than any one had ever before, and, he thought, as far as any man could go. He speaks of vast glaciers descending from the interior, and of ice islands and floats near the coast; and from his remarks it is easily seen that he had found the home of southern bergs.—London Globe.

A High-Priced Paper.

If the Argentine Republic is to be judged by the Buenos Ayres Herald, a copy of which has been placed on our desk, the people of the country must be rolling in wealth. The subscription price of the paper, which is a daily, is \$24 per annum; its eight pages are three-quarters filled with advertisements. According to the claims put forth it is the "most widely circulated paper on the continent," and the proprietor, therefore, must be a millionaire. A perusal shows that the people down there make the word "distinguished" do duty for the word "respectable," but when people can pay twenty-four dollars a year for an eight-page journal they have the right to use the word in that sense.

OLD Prescriptions

Today we talk about old prescriptions. If you have any prescriptions that were formerly filled by the last occupant of this drug-store, and you want them filled again, we will be pleased to put them up for you. Our store is replete with the latest and best selection of Drugs and Chemicals,

Always on hand at

The W. H. Carter
Drug Co.,

44 Main street, Peabody.

DISTIN.

Gentlemen, don't forget that Mr. Distin,

TAILOR,

can get you up a good-fitting garment at a reasonable price.

27½ Main St.

For 15c.

—TRY—

One cake of Armour's White Soap.
One cake of Armour's Tar Soap.
One large package Washing Powder.
All for 15 cents.

C. E. FLINT,

25 Walnut street.

DANIEL B. LORD,

Plumber

Headquarters for the famous

WELLSBACH GAS LIGHT.

Use no other. Always get the best. It is cheaper in the end.

19 Foster street, Peabody.

Telephone 523-2.

GEO. E. MEACOM CO.,

Apothecaries,

No. 126 Main Street,
PEABODY.

JOE LEVIN,

CUSTOM TAILOR,

Suits Made to Order.

Ladies' and Gent's Clothing,
Cleaned, Altered, Repaired, Pressed
and Dyed. Also, Gent's Furnishing
Goods for sale. Corner Chestnut
and Lowell Sts., Peabody.

JOHN H. NASH,

Harness & Maker,

Carriage Trimming a
Specialty.

All work promptly attended to. Satisfaction guaranteed.

No. 36 Foster Street, Peabody.



Hamblet & Hayes.



M. E. Lynch,

No. 26 Foster St., Peabody.

Plumbing, Heating and Tin Roofing.
Satisfaction guaranteed.



Asssgnee's Sale....

—OF—

Boots, Shoes, and Rubbers,

The assignee's sale at BUCKLEY'S, 21 Foster street, is still on, and the opportunity to buy summer, fall or winter goods at extraordinary prices is yet open.

Some Prices :

Men's Boots, \$1.10.

Women's Boots, \$1.10.

Children's Boots, 40c.

J. J. CONNORS, Assignee.

CONNOR & TRACEY,

Wholesale and retail dealers in

Groceries, : Teas, and Flour,

Beef, Mutton, Lamb and Veal
Butter, Cheese and Eggs a specialty.

23 FOSTER STREET.

WILLIAM H. FELLOWS,

House Painter

Glazier and Paperer.

DEALER IN

Windows, Doors, Blinds, and Wall Papers.

Sashes, Builders' Hardware, Ready
mixed Paints, and Painters' Supplies,
Paper Bags, Wrapping Paper, etc.

65 Walnut street, Peabody.

PHILIP E. REIDY,

Registered Pharmacist,

11 Walnut street,

Peabody, Mass.

SHAW'S BAKERY

Bread, Cake and Pastry,

Walnut Street,

PEABODY, MASS.



Did you see our flyer ?

Now is the time to get your

SHOES

At cost. Just "WALK OVER" to

RADDINS', Main Street

—Look at our Ladies' Southern
Button—both Black and Rus-
sett. Reduced to 99c. At

RADDIN'S,

52 Main Street.

Business People.

—Sample shoes at Traub's.

—A fine coffee at 20c. Burs-
ley & Crehore's.

—Native veal, fowl and chickens
are attractions at J. W. Trask's.

—If you are contemplating a new
suit, run into Distin's, and look over
his stock.

—The lunch-room of Miss Master-
son is the best place in town for
ladies to go, for a quick, appetising
meal at any hour of the day.

—Raddins announcement is new
every week in the STAR. He has a
beautiful and large stock of boots and
shoes.

—Ladies, C. E. Flint, 25 Walnut
street, is offering a decided bargain
in household necessities for fifteen
cents. Read his advertisement.

—Davenport's stock of boots
and shoes contains nothing but
fresh, staple goods for men, women
and children.

—Connor & Tracey carry an
immense stock of meats, which
they sell low, notwithstanding the
rise in prices.

—The finest grade of coffees in
one-quart fruit jars, 25c.; the same
grade in one-quart glass milk jars,
30c. W. O. Batchelder & Son's.

—Measuring values? Well,
when you do that with Putnam's
hardware prices, you find the ad-
vantage of trading at 27 Walnut
Street.

—Joe Levin is doing a good job on
cleansing and repairing ladies' or
gentlemen's clothing, at lowest
prices. Corner Chestnut and Lowell
streets.

—Since W. J. Daley & Co. have
come to Peabody, our people have
been able to buy lobsters for 15c.
pound. Every other dealer is get-
ting a higher price.

—The products of Shaw's fac-
tory are attractive, toothsome, and
healthy, and compare favorably
with the output of any bakery in the
metropolis.

—The late rise in the price of iron
has sent up the prices on iron bed-
steads, springs, etc., but nevertheless
C. H. Goulding can fit you on style
and prices on every thing in the fur-
niture line. Walnut St.

—POETON'S COUPON SYSTEM.—
Bring this adv't and 15c. for any
of the following 25c. articles:
enamel, tape, wrench, tool bag,
lock, bell, toe-clips.

S. POETON, Peabody.

—If you have a piece of property
to sell or to let, consult Preston &
Fowler, 21 Lowell St. Those gentle-
men are honorable in their transac-
tions, and will give the best possible
service in their lines of real estate
and insurance.

—St. Peter's balm is one of the
greatest discoveries of the 19th
century for catarrh, sick headache,
neuralgia, sore throat, tonsillitis,
eczema, blind or bleeding piles,
weak back, lameness, rheumatism,
bruises, scalds, wounds, hay fever,
chilblains, and all putrid affec-
tions. Grosvenor, Main Street,
has it.

FREAKS OF THE STORM.

The electrical storm which visit-
ed Peabody Tuesday evening was
unusually severe. Great damage
was done by the heavy and sudden
fall of rain, many places being
flooded.

The store of Geo. Pauley & Son
in the basement of the Warren
Bank building was flooded, and the
contents, especially the cotton
and woolen goods ruined. Mr.
Pauley, junior, is unable at this
writing, to state just the amount
of the damage, but it is very heavy.
The water rose to the height of
nearly three feet in front of the
window, which is below the side-
walk, breaking the glass and the
inside window casing. In addition
to the damage sustained by the
dry goods, some of the crockery
and glassware was broken. Mr.
Pauley, senior, is in Europe, his
son looking after the business.

The factory of L. P. Lennox
& Co. was well-soaked, the rain
forcing its way through the roof,
and causing the automatic sprink-
ler to sound an alarm. Policeman
Mack heard it and notified Mr.
Lennox and the engineer, and the
sprinkler was shut off.

Lightning struck in the yard of
Mr. Armstrong, Holton St., slight-
ly blazing a tree.

Hose House No. 4 on Tremont
Street was struck by lightning and
a large hole made in the roof.—
Slates were ripped off, and the top
boards were splintered.

Many residences were without
electric lights, lightning causing
the wires of the plant to be inter-
fered with.

The house occupied by Edwd.
Arnold, Hancock Street, was
struck, but slight damage was
done.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

St. John's Catholic Church.—First
Mass at 7 o'clock A.M.
Children's Mass at 9.
Mass at 9:30.
High Mass at 10:30.
Vespers and Benediction, 3 P.M.

First Baptist Church.—Preaching
service at 10:30 a.m. The pasto-
will exchange with Rev. Mr. Norcross
of Marblehead.

Bible School at 12 M.
Junior B. Y. P. U. at 3 P.M.
Young Ladies' Meeting at 4 P.M.
Young Men's Meeting at 6 P.M.
Evening service at 7.

South Congregational Church,
Rev. George A. Hall, Pastor.
Morning service, 10:30 A.M.
Sunday school, 12 M.
Christian Endeavor, 6 P.M.
Evening service, 7 P.M.
Rev. Michael Burnham will preach.

Washington st. Methodist church,
Rev. C. W. Blackett, pastor.
Morning service, 10:30 a.m.
Sunday-school 12 m.
Evening service 7:30 p.m.

SECOND CONG'L.—Rev. L. J.
Thomas, Pastor.
Sunday-school at 1 p.m.
Public worship, 2:15.
Junior Endeavor, 6:30.
Evening service, 7:30.

Letters Advertised at Peabody Post Office.

For week ending Aug. 16, 1899.

Bemis, Wm. E.

The Two Bills.

Murphy, Miss Nora.

Thurlow, T. H.

T. H. JACKMAN, P. M.

Club, Not Flaming sword Used.

Bar Harbor, Me., Aug. 21.—The Eden
club, a fashionable gathering place con-
ducted by E. C. Mosher, was raided by
the police and two loads of gambling
paraphernalia, valued at \$1500, secured.
The club had its headquarters in the
fashionable district.

Dead in His Stable.

Avon, Aug. 20.—Mr. Dennis Sheehan,
one of the oldest and best-known resi-
dents in this section, dropped dead while
in his stable about 9 Saturday morn-
ing. He was about 85 years of age. The
district medical examiner was notified.

Fatal Family Foe.

Philadelphia, Aug. 21.—Edward F.
Rich of Scheneyus, N. Y., was shot and
killed by William J. Haugh, his brother-
in-law, at Paulsboro, N. J., a few miles
south of here. Rich arrived in Pauls-
boro to visit his sister, Mrs. Haugh. On
account of an old feud Rich and Mrs.
Haugh met at the house of a friend.
Haugh learned that they were together
and went to the house. Forcing an en-
trance he attacked Rich, who, in de-
fending himself, stabbed his assailant
three times. Haugh then shot Rich
through the heart. Haugh was arrested.

Sixteen Gained Liberty.

Boston, Aug. 21.—The north wing of
the city reformatory for boys at Rains-
ford island was burned Saturday even-
ing, and amid the excitement, 16 of the
youngsters seized a rowboat and es-
caped to the mainland. The fire is
believed to have been of incendiary ori-
gin, and some of the officials on the is-
land are inclined to the belief that it was
started by some of the boys. There were
over 100 boys in the building when the
fire was started, and all were hustled
out in safety. The building was valued
at \$20,000.

No More Yellow Jack.

Washington, Aug. 22.—In a telegraphic
report to the headquarters here, Dr.
Vickery, representing the marine hospi-
tal service at the Hampton soldiers' home,
says the yellow fever situation
continues to improve. There have been
no new cases of fever since the 7th
Inst, and only about 20 patients are now
left in the fever hospital.

Famine's Dreadful Ravages.

London, Aug. 22.—The Church Mis-
sionary society has received a report
stating that 40,000 persons have died
of famine on the east coast of Africa.

At a recent euvre party at Gray's Inn,
Jackson, N. H., Mr. John Fottler, Jr., of
Norfolk street was among the prize win-
ners.

MIDDLESEX EAST Agricultural Park
AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION. READING AND WAKEFIELD.
GRAND TROTTING EVENTS:
Sept. 27—2.00 class, \$200; 2.25 class, \$250. Sept.
28—2.30 class, \$225; 2.15 class, \$200. Sept. 29—2.25
class, \$230; Matinee Race \$100. Sept. 30—Free
for all, \$400; 2.40 class, \$200. Trot or pace in all
classes.



[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

There is no complaint heard this
summer from any of the watering
places near the city. The proprietors
are satisfied and this comfortable feel-
ing is shared by the least pretentious
boarding houses which have this year
found it possible to get as many
guests as they are capable of accom-
modating, according to the various in-
terpretations they may put on that
word. From the larger resorts the
report is that a summer of unexam-
pled prosperity has followed two
which were nearly disastrous enough
to shake confidence in the disposition
of city people to go out of town.
Tradesmen in the city have experi-
enced two months of unexampled
dullness in those branches which are
dependent on the number of persons
who remain at home. Grocers and
butchers are, of course, the chief suf-
ferers.

There was an exhibition of heartless
cruelty during the funeral services
over the remains of Mrs. Annie Kron-
man, who was murdered, which de-
serves the severest rebuke. The
woman's husband, who was held on
suspicion of having murdered her, was
taken under guard to her coffin and
there, while rent with grief beyond
control, he was badgered, bull-dozed
and tormented with questions by an
officious detective-sergeant, who hoped
in that way to entrap him into ad-
missions that would prove him guilty.
So far as his treatment on this oc-
casion was concerned, it made no dif-
ference whether Kronman was inno-
cent or guilty. He had certain rights
which were entitled to respect—and
among them was the right to immu-
nity from torture while he stood in
the presence of the dead.

In Brooklyn borough, where the
car service is perhaps the worst in the
country in nearly every respect, there
have been so many murders by the
trolley cars, of children, women,
and some men, that the community
seems to regard it as a matter of
course, and the newspapers which
keep tally occasionally make note that
'yesterday's was the 244th victim'—
or whatever the total may amount to.
It is odd enough that the public
should grow so callous to perils like
this, to which we are exposed at every
point in the streets and roads, while
we are turning the steam railroad
crossings out of grade as fast as pos-
sible. Yet the deaths occurring at
railroad crossings would be insignif-
icant in number beside the single re-
cord of Brooklyn.

Options have been recently obtained
on a considerable extent of water
front property at Far Rockaway, in
the interest of a syndicate which is
said to have plans for extensive im-
provements. The options include the
United States hotel property, valued
at \$200,000; Chaffrey's hotel and shore
front, at \$175,000; Simms's hotel, in-
cluding shore rights, \$150,000; Law-
rence Outer beach, at \$40,000, and
the beach owned by Bishop & Cronin,
at \$40,000. With the contemplated
improvements by the Long Island
Railroad Co., Far Rockaway will be
within less than an hour's ride from
the city hall. It is believed that the
plans of the syndicate include the
building of a big hotel, with several
hundred cottages on the ocean front.

The largest export bridge construction
contract ever placed in the United
States is now in the hands of the Pen-
coid Iron works. The Imperial gov-
ernment railroad of Japan has ordered
from the company between seven and
eight thousand tons of steel bridges
which are to be delivered in a year.
They will receive for this \$750,000.
This company was recently the sub-
ject of a memorandum in the English
Parliament as the result of its enter-
prise in building the bridge at Atbara
in the Sudan. The Scotch and Eng-
lish builders would not attempt to
supply the bridge within a shorter
time than a year. The company de-
livered it within five weeks after the
order was taken.

One of the most interesting and
original of the summer schools is that
held annually by the Charity Organi-
zation society of this city, which un-
dertakes to give to men and women
gathered from many states and insti-
tutions of learning that practical
knowledge of social conditions, that
clinical experience, which it would be
impossible for them to get anywhere
in any like degree save in a real city.
The course is five weeks long, and is
in charge of Philip W. Ayres, Ph. D.
Tuition is free. The mornings are
spent in listening to lectures, and the
afternoons are spent in visiting institu-
tions and in studying life at first hand.

In the temporary substitution of
large package mail boxes for the letter
boxes in lower Broadway and other
heavy mail districts the local postoffice
officials fear that risk is involved. The
larger boxes have openings big enough
to slip a good-sized package through,
and any one so disposed can reach
mail matter in the boxes after they
have become half filled. Postmaster
Van Cott recommends that more foot
collectors be appointed for lower
Broadway and other similar streets,
because with the crowded condition of
the roadways during business hours a
foot collector can make as good or
better time than a collection wagon.

KNICKERBOCKER.

FARM FOR A DRINK OF WATER.

A Selection of Rich Brazos Bottom Land
For a Thirst Quencher.

A section of land which constitutes
one of the finest farms in the fertile
Brazos bottom of Texas once sold for
a drink of water.

It was about fifty years ago, accord-
ing to ex-Lieutenant-Governor George
T. Jester, that a crowd of frontiers-
men from off the Brazos came to Cor-
sicana on a trading expedition. Cor-
sicana at that time was not as great a
town as it is now, since it threatens to
rival the most productive oil region of
Pennsylvania, but was a typical fron-
tier village or trading post. The
grandfather of Governor Jester was a
Methodist circuit rider, and lived at
that time in Corsicana. He occupied
a two-story double log house. His
house was a rendezvous for people
from far and near, who came trading.
In those days land certificates were
used as circulating media, as money
was rarely seen.

On one occasion a character from
off the Brazos arrived in town, got on
a tear, and at night was put to bed in
the second-story of the Jester man-
sion. About 1 o'clock in the morning
he awoke with a terrible thirst. No
water was in the room, and he couldn't
find the way downstairs. Sticking his
head out the window he saw some men
asleep in the yard. He called to them
to bring him a drink of water, but no
one answered him. A second and a
third time he called with no response.
Finally he yelled out:

"One of you fellows bring me a
drink of water, and I'll give you 320
acres of land." This aroused one of
the sleepers, who called back that he
wouldn't climb those steps for 320
acres of land, and the offer was raised
to 640 acres. The man under the tree
drew a bucket of water and juggled it
upstairs and offered a dipperful to the
thirsty man, but he pushed it aside. "Give
it to me out of the bucket like a horse,"
he said, and he put about half the con-
tents of the bucket under his belt.

In those days a Texan's word was
his bond, and this fellow kept his
word about the land. Next morning
he made his benefactor a deal to 640
acres of Brazos bottom land. This
land still belongs to the descendants of
the water carrier, and is one of the
finest farms to be found in all Texas.
It is now worth from \$35 to \$40 per
acre.

The Lady and the Cat.

"There's no accounting for the
moods of women," said a clever phar-
macist who is employed in a promi-
nent New York drug store. "The
other day a well-dressed woman en-
tered the store carrying a dirty, starv-
ing cat which was nothing but a col-
lection of bones. The animal was
alive, but it was merely a question of
minutes before it would cease strug-
gling in the cat world. The woman
was young, and her nervous organiza-
tion was so fine that she could not
bear to see suffering of any kind. She
came to me and made the request that
I chloroform the beast, which, of
course, I politely refused to do. 'But
I am willing to pay you anything you
ask if you will only put the poor cat
out of its misery,' and the appealing
look in her eyes almost persuaded me
to do what I knew was unlawful. I
told her that to accede to her request
would cost the firm \$50, and that the
only course left open to her was to
take the cat to the Society for the
Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.
Tears welled in her eyes and she
slowly turned away, left the store
with the animal, whose condition was
enough to breed disease, still in her
arms. What she did with it I do not
know. I would wager she took it
home and made an attempt to restore
it to health, for there's no accounting
for a woman's mood."

The Trade in Camphor.

The annual export of camphor from
Japan in the crude state is an average
of 5,000,000 pounds. About one-quar-
ter of this comes to the United States.
The production of this crude camphor
means the destruction of the tree, as
it is obtained by boiling the wood.
The Japanese Government and people,
like those of our own country, are be-
ginning to see the danger of destroy-
ing the supply. New trees are being
planted and carefully tended. There
seems to be no cause for immediate
fear, however, as the trees belonging
to the Government are capable of sup-
plying the present average demand
for twenty-five years. In one district,
there is a group of thirteen about one
hundred years old, which are estimat-
ed to be worth \$4000.

The apparatus for obtaining the
camphor in Japan is very rough and
unscientific, but has been in use for
ages. The tree is cut into chips and
boiled in a still, the vapor resulting is
condensed into a receptacle containing
several partitions surrounded by cold
water. The camphor vapor condenses
and is deposited in crystals or grains
upon bamboo screens. This is the
crude camphor.—Farm, Field and
Fireside.

Will Exhibit a Glass House.

One of the most novel suggestions
for attractions at the Ohio Centennial
is one that has been made to the di-
rectors by a Toledo man. It is noth-
ing more or less, according to the
Toledo Blade, than the erection of a
glass house wholly by Toledo indus-
tries.

It is proposed to erect a house at
least eight stories high, and com-
posed wholly of glass, side walls, ceil-
ings and floors, with glass water
pipes, heating pipes, glass stairs and
glass furniture. The idea is to give
the people some practical demonst-
ration of the use of glass in the present
age. It is well known that many
firms are now making glass pipes for
underground systems, both water and
sewerage, and that glass is fast be-
coming one of the principal commodi-
ties in trade of this kind.

IRA FOSTER,

DEALER IN FINE

Flour, Grain, Meal,

FEED, HAY AND STRAW.

Central street, Peabody,

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H. E. RAYMOND,

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AND

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and repaired. Satisfaction guaran-
teed.

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Ice cream and Frozen Pudding

Watkin's Ice Cream Co.

Orders left at Donnell's Grocery
promptly filled.

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Boots, Shoes, and Rubbers,

98 Main street, Peabody.

Repairing neatly done.

RESIGNATION.

The saddest tears are those that never fall, but are held smothering in the aching eyes. The truest prayers can find no words at all, but flutter wearily to God, in sighs.
—Pail Mail Magazine.

THE LATE MR. KNAPP.



YOU see, she was such a queer little thing that we couldn't help taking her to our hearts at once. But there! that's just the way with me! It always seems to me as if everybody ought to know the people I know, without any particular explanation.

Well, it was just this way. That summer that mother and I wanted to paper the sitting-room, though father would have given mother his head if she had asked for it, heads didn't count, it was money we needed, and of that he had none. Then, after much hard thinking I devised a plan, and though it was a great shock to father and mother at first, I carried the day, and the upshot of it was that we advertised for a summer boarder for our spare room. Unless you have done the same thing at some awful crisis in your life you can never for a moment imagine, oh, reader, the awful mixture of hope and fear that held place in our hearts, until we received a neatly written, briefly worded note, signed "Phoebe Knapp."

Mother was taken with it at once, and as she delights in all things miserable because she can make them feel better, she was especially captivated by the closing sentence, which ran: "Having recently met with a bereavement, the rest and quiet you offer will be a great boon to me."

"Widow, likely," said father, as we read the note aloud in his presence (for the fifth time).

"Miss or Mrs., Katie?" asked mother, although we both knew the signature by heart. "Yours sincerely, Phoebe Knapp."

"I'm sure I don't know. I can't read between the lines," I answered, rather flippantly, I fear.

This unknown was beginning to take a sort of weird possession of me. It seemed uncanny that everything should turn upon the movements of a stranger whom we had never seen, and wherever I turned I could not help seeing a silent figure in a long crape veil lifting its hand and commanding me to do this or that, upon which I was already engaged.

However, we were all ready for her at last, and when father came from the station and deposited upon the front piazza a tiny little woman of about fifty years of age, with big, frightened gray eyes, and delicate, sensitive features, a creature that would have looked small beside a robust child of ten—the contrast between this little object and the commanding figure of my imagination was so great that I almost had a fit of hysterics on the spot. I took refuge in flight, while mother cooed and cooed the "poor dear" and took her up to her room. You see, mother was just in her element, while I had all my notions readjusted to existing circumstances. My flights of fancy will be the death of me some day, father says.

I caught mother on the stair a moment as they were coming down and breathed softly into her ear, "Miss or Mrs.?"

"I don't know. I couldn't find out," answered mother in that awful stage whisper of hers that sends me nearly into fits whenever she tries it. But our boarder did not seem to notice. I made a venture on a bold stroke. "I shall call her Mrs. Knapp, and then she can correct me if she doesn't like it. I've always heard that it gives a middle-aged married woman much greater offense to be called 'Miss' than it does to address a single sister as 'Mrs., so here goes."

"I hope you had a pleasant trip down, M-m-r," I said pleasantly, allowing my voice to die away on the last syllables as I found my courage oozing out at the tip of my tongue. I couldn't say Mrs. Knapp after all, to save me.

I noticed with much amusement that father and mother avoided the pitfall as successfully as I did, during that first meal, and we all went out on the piazza after supper to enjoy the sunset. Here our guest set our minds at rest.

"How James would have enjoyed this!" exclaimed she, softly, as if half to herself. Mother nodded so vigorously and triumphantly behind her back that I was afraid she would notice it, and so hastened to nod in reply. We knew now. She was a widow. "He loved to sit beside me and watch the setting sun, even in the city," she went on softly. "It seems terribly lonely without him. Oh, if I could only have brought him out into such a peaceful place as this, he might be alive now! That last spell was so hard on him. I thought perhaps he had a sunstroke, but I could not tell."

Mother's eyes filled with sympathetic tears, and as she laid her hand gently over that of Mrs. Knapp she inquired tenderly, "How long is it since he died, dear?"

"Six weeks," answered the widow. "He was all that I had in the world, and I have been so lonely ever since. But, please, Mrs. Curtis, I cannot talk about it quite yet."

Nevertheless, she did "talk about it" quite a good deal in the days that followed, with the effect that I, who was a wide-awake girl at that time, peculiarly susceptible to first impressions, imbibed an impression of the late Mr. Knapp's eccentricities that was not altogether complimentary to the departed gentleman.

"Poor dear!" said she, one day. "He tried so hard to speak. If he only could have told his wants!" We just let her talk on, feeling that this was kindest and best. I inferred from this last remark that her husband had been affected by paralysis, particularly as she had said on another occasion, "I used to sit at my window and James sat at his, I sewing, he looking out of the windows at what was going on in the street. He seemed perfectly happy as long as I was there. But then we can never tell. I often wish now that I had done more for him, or could have learned better what he wanted."

"What did the physicians say or do?" I asked.

"They said it was the breaking up of the system by old age. I never felt that they quite understood the case."

Poor little thing! Married to an aged paralytic and yet regretting his death as the breaking up of the one tie on earth! What desolation, what utter desolation her case seemed to me! I was moved to take her in my arms and weep with her, which was a great deal for me.

Not only was the late Mr. Knapp old and imbecile and paralytic, but he had other traits which must have rendered him highly objectionable as a daily companion.

"Just about this time every afternoon I always gave James a bowl of cream with fresh sponge cake in it. He would not touch it unless it was in a certain bowl nor unless it was fresh from the baker's. And yet they tried to persuade me that he didn't know anything!"

From which I inferred that, added to his other peculiarities, the late Mr. Knapp possessed an extremely unpleasant temper.

"And, oh, Miss Curtis!" she wailed, "after the poor dear was dead and gone, they wouldn't let me bury him in the family lot." From which I inferred that the dear departed had come of a family of unpleasant tempers. Such heathenish doings I never heard tell of. Surely, however, they felt toward him during his life, nothing but a fiend would deny him the family resting place after he was dead!

But I forgot my interest in Mrs. Knapp and her affairs by reason of some of my own. I had a delightful letter from Tom Dixon, saying he would be with us for a week. Now Tom was a favorite cousin of mine, and I spent a good deal of time furnishing up my little belongings so that I might look my very best when he came. And then, I was putting finishing touches to Tom's room, too, until the minute he arrived, so that I really had no time to talk to Mrs. Knapp or to listen to her if she wished to talk to me.

Dear old Tom! How good it was to see him that day with his blithe ways and "bonny brown hair!" We talked and talked till supper was called, and then we still talked all the way to the dining-room door, and yet we found time to say nothing about anyone but ourselves. As we seated ourselves at the table I saw Mrs. Knapp's vacant place (for she was a little late) and realized that I had not mentioned her presence in our household.

"Why, we have a boarder, Tom," I began, in answer to his look of inquiry at the empty place. Just as I spoke she glided in.

"Why, who on earth would have thought of finding you here!" and he shook her hand in a grasp so hearty that I could see it was painful to her. She colored faintly, and said a little uneasily, "This is, indeed, a surprise, Mr. Dixon," and I read between the lines that the surprise was not an altogether agreeable one.

But Tom didn't seem to notice anything (most men are dumb about such things, you know), so I kept my eyes and ears open, and waited for developments.

At last they came and in the most startling manner.

"So I hear poor Jim is gone at last?" said Tom, turning to Mrs. Knapp as he buttered his seventh biscuit. (Tom always was rather a greedy youth, and enjoyed most heartily the good things of this life, mother's cooking among them.)

"Oh, Mr. Dixon, how can you speak of him in that way!" exclaimed the widow, hurrying from the room, in a fit of sobbing.

Tom stared.

"Well, I'll be blamed! What under the sun is the matter with the woman, anyway?" he exclaimed.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," replied I, severely. "No wonder the poor woman is shocked to hear you speak of her husband in that way after he's dead and gone."

Tom started again. And then he broke into such spasms of laughter that I thought he had and only lost his mind. I had heard of such things, but I had fortunately been spared the sight of them so far.

"Her husband!" he exclaimed, when he could catch his breath, as he wiped the tears from his eyes. "Her husband! She hadn't any husband. She never was married. Jim was her old black cat!" and then he went off again into spasms.

No wonder the hard-hearted relatives had objected to having all that was mortal of "the late Mr. Knapp" laid in the family lot!

Mother and I looked at each other and said nothing. What was there to say? But we thought things. I don't know whether they were the same things or not, but we certainly thought things.

Wheeler Meets His Old Orderly.

General "Joe" Wheeler, while attending the Omaha Greater American Exposition the other day, met in the ranks of the Third Nebraska Regiment a man who acted as his orderly during the Civil War. They had not met since 1865.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

POCKET MONEY MAKING.

Simple Suggestions For Young Women to Show How It May Be Done.

Many girls are forced to endure the hardships of life simply because they will not go out in the business world to earn their living. Perhaps they do not stop to think that there are other equally honorable ways of making money. For instance, in the hotels there are plenty of sick and delicate people who would be very glad to have a taste of one of the dainty dishes that invalids crave for, but their wants are not gratified simply because there is no one to prepare such dishes for them. Even with one ignorant of the art of cooking it would take but a very short time to learn how to prepare a toothsome broth, various appetizing jellies and gelatine dishes. Invalids' food is always very plain, and its plainness makes it inexpensive. For example: About eighteen glasses of gelatine jelly can be made for about twenty-five cents, and that in a very few minutes' time. If this were sold at five cents per glass it would yield a profit of sixty-five cents. Almost anyone, well or sick, would be willing to pay ten or fifteen cents a glass for it. The time and trouble in making it is thus well spent. But the novice in such matters may ask: "How am I to get a start?" If she will intelligently inquire she will find more than one physician who will direct her to customers. Then there are always friends whose interest can be enlisted, and they in turn will help. A conscientious girl should be able to build up quite a business for herself in time. This is a very modest way to begin to earn a living. And not only do you help yourself, but you bring joy and comfort to many an invalid.

A girl who is handy with the needle in the way of lacemaking will find it worth her while to save her work until she shall have a quantity accumulated. Any professional lacemaker will gladly sell it for her at a discount. A point lace handkerchief with a medium amount of work upon it would take a week or two to make. When finished it would bring readily from \$10 to \$15. The material for making it would probably cost about \$1. After paying the commission on the sale a clear gain of from \$3 to \$12 will be left.

Any girl who will study the use of the different pieces of her manure set can make a nice income by visiting her acquaintances and keeping their finger nails in order. She may demand without hesitation a greater price than the down-town manicures, as the convenience of coming to the house is so great that most people are willing to pay the extra amount of the fee.

Some bright girls go the rounds of the different asylums and read to the blind or the helpless for a moderate homely fee. Any one who can devote four or five hours a day to such an occupation may earn a neat little stipend.

With a little practice a girl may become quite an efficient confectioner. A good way to advertise her skill is to first present her candy to a charity fair for sale, and if the sale is a success she will soon build up a satisfactory trade. Her price should, of course, be lower per pound than that of a professional, but even at a low price there would be enough profit realized to warrant the trouble.

There is nothing that a school girl or boy delights in more than a dainty lunch. A number of girls might get together and prepare salads, stuffed eggs, appetizing sandwiches and such things, and employ a woman to sell them at a little store near a well attended school. They will find that the demand for such things will never end.

These are only a few of the many ways a girl may earn an honest dollar, and these suggestions may be of value to some. No one need be ashamed of money thus earned. Honest labor is always creditable, and one need only be ashamed of labor when it is poorly done.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Cultivation of Beauty.

Female beauty, according to famous artists and sculptors, is a question of proportion merely, and, since this is so, a large number of women will be surprised to see how nearly they conform to physical perfection by finding a striking similarity between the sculptor's ideal and their own forms. When these proportions do not agree in the majority of cases the figure has been marred by injudicious treatment—tight corsets, small shoes, lack of proper exercise, etc.

Let the length of the head be what it will, a woman's height should be seven and a half times its length, or ten times the length of her face, or nine times the length of her hand, or six and a half times the length of her foot, or, with arms outstretched, from finger to finger exactly as she does from head to toe.

The exact proportions for a perfect woman should be 5 foot 4 inches; weight, 135 pounds; bust, 36 inches; waist, 25 inches; hips, 37 inches; thigh, 25 inches; calf, 14 inches; ankle, 8 inches; hands, 7 inches; feet, 10 inches. The distance between the temples should be the exact length of the face; the arms should be three times the length of the head, and the shoulders should be two heads in width.

Beautiful eyes are wide open with heavy lashes and delicately pencilled eyebrows. Beautiful ears are set close to the head and must be small and delicately shaped. The perfect hand need not be small—it must be in

proportion to one's height—but it must be well shaped with gradually tapering fingers and curved nails. The perfect foot has a high instep. This is the possession of but few women because of their badly fitting shoes. A beautiful neck and shoulders are prizes which every young woman may possess if she is willing to pay the price. The rules for their cultivation are simple—by wearing loose clothing so that one's movements may be free, and by wearing shoes with low heels, by taking plenty of sleep, daily baths, plenty of exercise, fresh air (night and day), simple, nourishing food, and a course of gymnastic exercise to insure uniform development.

The normal woman should reach the perfection of her beauty at the age of twenty-five, and it is the normal woman who alone is beautiful.—American Queen.

Trials of the Young Housekeeper.

The very young housekeeper has many trials, and every housekeeper has once been young, and, therefore, knows something about how to sympathize with her. One may forget she was ever unsophisticated in other lines, but she usually remembers all about her first experiences in market-ing. The young housekeeper starts out with the idea that she must create an impression, at any rate, and pretend to know everything worth knowing on every line imaginable, otherwise she might be imposed upon. No amount of "book learning" can really teach her about practical marketing. Although she may have studied all about the cuts of meat in her volume of Mrs. Dash's cook book, still there is nothing like having watched the cutting done. One very young housekeeper, to avoid the imposition that she feels awaits the unknowing at every turn, put all her knowledge to account at her first market call. She did know a porterhouse steak by sight, and, therefore, she looked till she found one. "How much is this porterhouse?" she asked with a used-to-it-all air, and when she found out she said: "Now you may give me a very good leg of beef, for roasting."—New York Sun.

Pen Decorations.

The latest thing in china decoration is ornamentation without a brush. A china painter says that extremely pretty work can be done with a steel pen and liquid gold and a few lustrous colors—green, pink and violet. A bottle of gold and essence for mixing are also to be purchased at the art store, and alcohol is needed to clean the shading brush.

A perfectly plain cup and saucer are best to begin on. To tint the cup start at the top with rose lustre, work the green delicately into this, then follow with the violet. Work quickly, as each color must be blended with the other before drying. When the tinting is complete let the piece dry thoroughly, then mix the gold with the essence until it is creamy in consistency and will flow readily from the pen, which should be moistened, if new. Any simple scroll design can be easily drawn. When the article is fired it will be pretty and effective.

Blue Crepe and Citron Silk.

A frock of hyacinth blue crepe is made up over an underdress of silk of the same shade. The tunic is a long one, opening in front, and is edged with yellow lace. A yoke and vest of a pale shade of citron are also edged with lace. The yoke is trimmed with bands of bias black satin, and two bands of satin are carried down to the wrist from the shoulder. The sleeves are of crepe. A cravat of white chiffon tied in a bow under the chin, then drawn down and tied in a second bow at the base of the yoke, is a dainty finishing touch.

Lady Curzon's Work in India.

Lady Curzon has entered actively upon philanthropic work in India. As Viceereine she is president of the Lady Dufferin Fund for providing hospitals for women and training medical attendants. She has visited the wards in some of the hospitals, and with her husband has subscribed liberally for the medical work among native women.

Fashion Hints.

Emeralds are the most fashionable jewels just at the moment.

A parasol which matches the color in your hat is the chic thing to have this season.

Chenille edged ribbons are used for ruffles on silk gowns. Chenille fringe also appears on the new draped and tunic skirts.

Collarettes of mull and all over lace insertions are tempting bits of finery, and will convert an afternoon gown into something more dressy.

American beauty red appear among the autumn velvets, cloth, drap d'ete and expensive fabrics of all kinds; also in accessories for millinery.

Extra wide tulle veils have dots over the half of the veil which goes over the face, the other half of the veil, being of extra width, plain and covers the hat as a matter of protection.

Fancy buttons are one of the features of the new silk gowns, and some are set with real jewels in some cases. Gold buttons, prettily chased, and lovely crystal buttons trim some of the most attractive gowns shown.

Straw trimming for sailor hats is fashionable this season. White sailors, with black brims, are pretty trimmed with white straw and white roses. The only objection to the straw is that it makes the hat heavy.

An observer may notice that almost all young girls wear a round brooch pinned on the box pleated band that runs from the throat to the belt of shirt waists. A wreath of pearls set in green enamel leaves seems to be the most popular. The pin should be worn between the first and second buttons, not counting the collar button.

CURIOUS FACTS.

The Sandwich Islanders estimate the beauty of women by their weight.

The finest shops in a Chinese city are those devoted to the sale of coffins.

There are in existence more than 700 biographies of Columbus, written in various languages.

A wealthy Chinaman is rarely seen in the streets with his wife, and never rides in the same carriage with her.

Berlin has the smallest elephant in the world. It is but thirty-nine inches high, and weighs 160 pounds.

In Kansas, since 1859, every year ending with the figure 9 has been a great corn year, while every year ending with a cipher has shown a failure of the corn crop.

Men buried in an avalanche of snow hear distinctly every word uttered by those who are seeking for them, while their most strenuous shouts fail to penetrate even a few feet of snow.

The animal that lays the greatest number of eggs at a time is the white ant of tropical countries, which, according to a high authority, produces 86,400 each day during the season.

A snail's pace was carefully observed in Florence, Italy. Several of the molluscs were placed between two points ten feet apart, and started. It was ascertained that the fastest snail in the race traveled at the rate of a mile in fourteen days.

At the time of the flood the women of Babylon were arrayed in headgear and dresses almost the same as the styles fashionable in this country five or six years ago. This is proved by engraved stones and monuments stored in the British Museum.

The son of a Yorkshire clergyman named Kinsman has just died in Melbourne, where as minister of the "Free Church of England," he had celebrated 11,000 marriages, and was known in Australia as "the last representative of the Greta Green blacksmith."

A shark's egg is one of the oddest-looking things imaginable. It is unprovided with shell, but the contents are protected by a thick, leathery covering, almost as elastic as India rubber. The average size is two inches by two and three-quarters inches, and the color is almost pure black.

Big French Counterfeiting Scheme.

French officials in Algeria have just unearthed a most daring band of forgers. We are told that the band is composed of skillful forgers of all countries, that its headquarters are at Oran, and that it has put in circulation forged money amounting to 60,000,000 francs. The band consists of a hundred members, fifteen of whom are now in prison. Besides the regular members there were several persons on the pay roll whose duty it was to circulate the forged money in the principal cities of Europe.

Only silver money was made, and only tools of the finest quality were used. Moreover, it is said that the forged pieces of money contained exactly the same amount of silver as the money cast by the treasury in Paris. Yet it is estimated that the forgers realized a profit of fifty per cent, on every coin which they placed in circulation. A French expert says on this subject:

"Ninety-eight out of every hundred forgers will confine their operations to silver money, for the reason that only the most skilled expert can hope to forge gold money successfully. Forgers of silver money take a coin, say a five-franc piece, and make a perfect mold of it, and into this mold, after it is dry, they pour an alloy, which has as much as possible the appearance and the density of silver. The alloy is composed of common metals, like tin and zinc, though real silver is sometimes used."—New York Herald.

Four Courtship Sundays.

The four Sundays of November are observed as fete days in Holland. They are known by the curious names Review, Decision, Purchase and Possession, and all refer to matrimonial affairs. November in Holland being the month par excellence devoted to courtship and marriage, probably because the agricultural occupations of the year are over, and possibly because the pleasantness of having wives to cook and cater for them during the long winter.

On Review Sunday everybody goes to church, and after service there is a church parade in every village, when the youths and maidens gaze upon each other, but forbear to speak.

On Decision Sunday each bachelor who is seeking a wife approaches the maiden of his choice with a ceremonious bow, and from her manner of responding judges whether his advances are acceptable. Purchase Sunday the consent of the parents is sought, if the suit has prospered during the week. Not till Possession Sunday, however, do the twains appear before the world as actual or prospective brides and grooms.—Chicago Record.

Electric Watering Carts.

An electric motor watering cart has been invented which seems to be perfection in its way. The vehicle has been experimented with on the Place de l'Hotel de Ville and answers its purpose admirably. It is provided with a large tank, from which the water is ejected not in a stream but in a fine spray, and with a mechanical brushing apparatus. The motor is situated in front of the vehicle. It is proposed to build at once 300 of these up-to-date watering carts, which will, it appears, suffice to keep the streets clean and cool, instead of the 800 horse-drawn vehicles and the innumerable officials of the hose who are employed now for the work and do it very badly.—Paris Letter to London Telegraph.

STRANGEST OF DUELS.

How Lieutenant Ridgely Served as Second For Both Comrades.

A sword presented to Lieutenant Randolph Ridgely, of the United States Army, by Baltimore, in recognition of his services in the Mexican War, was recently found in a Richmond bank, where it had been placed by his widow for safe-keeping at the beginning of the Civil War. This incident led to the recalling of stories of Ridgely's career, one of which, as given by the Baltimore Sun, tells of his connection with a duel between two officers of the army invading Mexico. Lieutenant Ridgely was invited to be the second of one of the principals, and he accepted. After arranging the details with the first principal, the second duellist visited Lieutenant Ridgely and invited him to be his second.

It was arranged by consent of both principals that he should serve for both. Lieutenant Ridgely made a condition, though, that they should fight with shotguns. The hour arrived for the fight, and Lieutenant Ridgely marched both officers upon the field, measured off the distance at ten paces, and then pulled out a revolver, and announced that if either one of them declined to obey an order he issued he would shoot him on the spot. They agreed to his arbitrary action. Then the second gave the word for each principal to present arms, carry arms, shoulder arms, and finally aim. Then as both men and the attending surgeon were waiting breathlessly for the fatal order to fire to come from the lips of the second, the unexpected order to carry arms, present arms and, finally, shoulder arms and march came rolling out of the mouth of Lieutenant Ridgely with deadly earnestness. Both duellists obeyed without a murmur, and did not stop marching until they reached the tent of Lieutenant Ridgely, where he halted them. Then he gave them a lecture and told them that the fact that they had stood unmoved before each other's guns waiting for the word to fire was sufficient evidence, to his mind, that both were gallant gentlemen and good officers, and their wounded honors had been thereby sufficiently appeased, and he declared that there was no necessity for an further proceedings of a war-like nature. Then he made them shake hands, and both officers from that day became fast friends.

The Earth's Magnetic Currents.

"The magnetic currents that exist in the earth constitute a problem that science has done very little toward explaining," remarked a gentleman who has had a great deal of experience in mining. "Apropos of the subject, I can tell you a curious little story. Some years ago a steel drill was driven 2200 feet straight down through a deposit of rock salt on Jefferson's Island. The object was to ascertain the thickness of the stratum, and I may say incidentally that in that respect it proved a failure. At the end of 2200 feet, which, you know, is nearly half a mile, the bottom was apparently as far off as ever, and for all that was learned to the contrary there may be salt clear through to the Philippines. The first couple of hundred feet or so of the hole was in dirt and sand, and for that distance there was an iron pipe. The rest of the way was through beautiful hard rock salt, in which there was no necessity for piping. The drill was a steel rod a couple of inches in diameter, and made in sections, which were screwed one into the other as it went down. When the level I have mentioned was reached I was astonished to find that the drill had become strongly magnetic. If an iron tool of any sort was brought near it it would fly over and attach itself so tenaciously to the side that it could hardly be pulled loose. There was no instrument at hand for measuring the exact strength of the attraction, but it equaled that of a very powerful electro-magnet. Since then I have noticed the same phenomenon in other borings through salt. Something about the conditions seems to set up a magnetic current, or else a subterranean current is tapped. These, at any rate, are the facts."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Feminine Observer.

We always feel so much better when told how ill we look.

Pride often stands between us and our truest happiness.

We are very anxious about the future until we have trouble in the present.

The postman gets blamed for a hundred things for which he is in no wise responsible.

A man has to be very much in love with a woman to willingly carry her parasol over her.

One doesn't get rid of bills by tearing them up, but they are disposed of or the time being.

Many a woman carries to her grave some silly name her romantic novel-reading mother gave her.

Every joy in life is marred by a shadow, but it does not follow that every shadow is followed by a joy.

The happiest person in the world is not she whose ambition never soars beyond what he or she is able to get.

Either man or woman can become a hero or heroine to those beneath them if their fees are only sufficiently large.

A man can get ready for a journey in five minutes, but a woman is never really prepared for it even after she has started on it.—Philadelphia Times.

It is a common practice among Japanese young ladies, when they desire to make themselves very attractive, to did their lips.

"For the Sake of Fun Mischief is Done."

A vast amount of mischief is done, too, because people neglect to keep their blood pure. It appears in eruptions, dyspepsia, indigestion, nervousness, kidney diseases, and other ailments. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures all diseases promoted by impure blood or low state of the system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

CONSTIPATION

"I have gone 14 days at a time without a movement of the bowels, not being able to move them except by using hot water injections. Chronic constipation for seven years placed me in this terrible condition; during that time I did everything I heard of but never found any relief; such was my case until I began using CASCARETS. I now have from one to three passages a day, and if I was rich I would give \$100.00 for each movement; it is such a relief."

AVENUE L. HEST,
189 Russell St., Detroit, Mich.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c.
... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...
Selling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 322

No Eyes for Shells.
He took his fiancée sailing one summer day, and they sailed to a beach-bound island in the sound. When they returned one of their friends said:

"Did you bring back any of those beautiful shells on the beach?"
"We didn't see any shells," they said. And then they wondered why every one laughed.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot-Ease.
A powder to shake into your shoes. Cures the feet. Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. At all druggists and shoe stores. 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Adrs: Allen S. Olmsted, Leltoy, N. Y.

A Queer Collection of Buttons.
The wife of an English clergyman has made a collection of all the buttons placed in the offertory bags during the last two or three years, and has fastened them to cardboard in various cunning shapes of animals, birds and flowers. As a bazaar is shortly to take place in connection with the church work, she has had these button pictures photographed, and copies will be on sale at the fair.

To Cure Constipation Forever.
Take Cascarets (Candy Cathartic). 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. cure, druggists refund money.

Dangers of Knowledge.
"Have you got any watermelons on ice?" inquired the man with the basket on his arm.
"No, sir," replied the young man with the eyeglasses.

The customer was about to go, when the young man stopped him.
"We haven't any melons on ice," he said, "but we have some under ice. It keeps them colder that way. Heat rises and cold descends, you know. Will one be enough?"

"I reckon it will," rejoined the man with the basket. "But I'm going somewhere else to get it. I don't believe I can afford to trade at a grocery shop where they keep scientists for clerks. Afternoon, sir."—Chicago Tribune.

A Choice of Terms.
"I understand he has met with financial reverses."
"Oh, dear, no. He wasn't wealthy enough for that. He has merely gone broke."

MANY a dutiful daughter pays in pain for her mother's ignorance or perhaps neglect. The mother suffered and she thinks her daughter must suffer also. This is true only to a limited extent. No excessive pain is healthy. Every mother should inform herself for her own sake and especially for the sake of her daughter. Write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for her advice about all matters concerning the ills of the feminine organs.

Many a young girl's beauty is wasted by unnecessary pain at time of menstruation, and many indulgent mothers with mistaken kindness permit their daughters to grow careless about physical health.

MISS CARRIE M. LAMB, Big Beaver, Mich., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—A year ago I suffered from profuse and irregular menstruation and leucorrhoea. My appetite was variable, stomach sour and bowels were not regular, and was subject to pains like colic during menstruation. I wrote you and began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used two packages of Sanative Wash. You can't imagine my relief. My courses are natural and general health improved."

MRS. NANNIE ADKINS, La Due, Mo., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I feel it my duty to tell you of the good your Vegetable Compound has done my daughter. She suffered untold agony at time of menstruation before taking your medicine; but the Compound has relieved the pain, given her a better color, and she feels stronger, and has improved every way. I am very grateful to you for the benefit she has received. It is a great medicine for young girls."

INDULGENT MOTHERS

Army Officers at Fifteen.

From the American point of view the insurgent leaders over in the Philippines are all a pack of boys," said Louis Rodriguez, the Filipino, now residing in New Orleans, who has applied for the position of stenographer on General Otis's staff.

"It may surprise you to know that their average age is between 15 and 18. I know nearly all of them personally, and many of them are the sons of our old friends and neighbors, so I am not at all likely to be mistaken. There is hardly a native officer in Aguinaldo's whole command who has reached 30, and very few who are over 25. I know positively that some of the colonels and minor officers are boys between 15 and 16."

"It should be borne in mind, however, that young people mature much more rapidly in that tropical climate than they do in this country. There is 15 regarded as an age of discretion and responsibility, and not a few marry even younger. Severe, long-continued exertion is impossible in the latitude of Manila, and a man of 35 ought to be provided against future want. To that end he has to begin early. Aguinaldo chose boys for his officers because he was shrewd enough to appreciate the military value of the enthusiasm of youth."

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

From Different Points of View.
Inventor—What is your candid opinion of my device?
Friend—It is practically worthless.

Inventor—Yes, I suspected as much; but even a worthless opinion is sometimes better than none.—Chicago Daily News.

Beauty Is Flood Deep.
Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic, clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin today to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

A Perfect Man.
T. E. Lawrence, a Topeka, Kan., young man of twenty years, was married a few days ago to Mrs. Anna Hylt, who puts more than seventy candles on her birthday cake. Lawrence is the man who the recruiting officers said last fall was the most perfect man physically they had ever seen in all their experience. Every measurement was what it should be to make a model.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, \$1. All druggists.

A Curious House.
The Mexican jacal of the poorer classes is usually a thatched hut of the most primitive kind. Occasionally a peon has an inspiration and breaks out with something quite original. A curious jacal seen near the mines was made of soap boxes with only the covers removed. The outside of the building presented a perfectly smooth surface with the soapmaker's name in big blue letters multiplied indefinitely. The interior was a labyrinth of partitioned shelves and cupboards, the depth of the boxes. It was unique and tolerably comfortable.—The New Voice.

Queen Anne's Medicine Bottles.
A pathetic interest attaches itself to the figure of the little Duke of Gloucester, the last survivor of poor Anne's children. The present writer remembers visiting a charming old house at Wadsworth, inhabited at one time by Anne and her family. From a walled up cupboard in the house some one had routed out a most formidable array of old medicine bottles, the contents of which were all said to have been swallowed by the above mentioned unfortunate children. No wonder they none of them survived.—London Spectator.

Specimens Contributed to the University of Michigan in a Startling Way.

Dr. J. C. Leonard, of Chicago, is missing. Some say that he has left his bleaching bones on the mountain side, as he himself predicted; some say, "Doc Leonard? Not much! Can't kill him so easily." All agree that Dr. Leonard is the strangest combination of dentist, tramp, paleontologist and queer character that ever befriended a great university.

Dr. Leonard first made himself known to the University of Michigan by inquiring casually of Harrison Soule, its treasurer, through a letter, whether the college had any use for relics and specimens in its museums. Now, the University of Michigan is a great and valuable institution of learning—one of the greatest in the country, but it has not millions of endowment, like Yale and Harvard. Major Soule has no money to waste on specimens he hasn't seen, and he so replied, in more diplomatic phrase, of course. The university has no fund, he said, to pay for such articles.

Next Major Soule received a postal card couched in rather less diplomatic phrase than his own, thus:

"So you can't pay the expense, eh? Then go to thunder! I'll pay it myself. My rope is nearly run, and some day I'll turn up missing, and a few years later a few bleached bones will be found among the crags up in the mountains. I want to be remembered somewhere on God's green earth, so kindly accept my gifts, and some day, old cub, perhaps we'll meet. J. C. Leonard."

Pretty soon Major Soule began to receive things, expenses paid, a huge 900-pound cinnamon bear, stuffed, the largest ever killed; an antelope and rare mining specimens. The collection grew constantly. It now fills two cases in the museum, and is considered very valuable. There are Indian relics, shields, axes, bows and arrows, blankets, tepees and minerals of every sort known in the West.

Most pathetic of all is a lockless gun—an old Mississippi rifle with a hammered barrel four feet long—a relic of the saddest tragedy of the plains, the massacre of Lamotte Creek. It was the gun belonging to the young fellow who was butchered by the Indians. His sweetheart had stabbed herself to the heart under a wagon not far away, and he, wounded fatally, hid himself to die in the bushes, first wrenching off the locks and sights of his rifle that the Indians might not use it. The gun was found many years later by Dr. Leonard and sent to the museum.

Dr. Leonard and Treasurer Soule have never met, but they have struck up quite a friendship by correspondence. Sometimes Dr. Leonard does a trip as a dentist, presumably to replenish his funds. On one such trip he wrote to Major Soule:

"I travel along with two mules, a cart, my dog, a gun and my tooth pullers, all alone. I manage to stay in each town long enough to pull a couple of barrels of teeth and dicker for some new specimens for the collection, and then move on."

At another time he wrote to Major Soule for his portrait. On receiving it he returned his own, with a letter as follows: "You look like about the same kind of a sardine as I am. I send a picture of my friend." The last time Dr. Leonard was heard from was in the fall of 1898. He was starting upon an expedition through the desert regions of Arizona to investigate the remains of cliff dwellers there and in old Mexico. He has never been heard from since.

"Uncle" Tom Kelsey's Refrigerator Cave.
The Mammoth Cave has been praised and eulogized time and again as being the greatest curiosity of Kentucky, and even of the world, but it remains for the county of Clinton to come to the front with a phenomenon in the nature of a cave that surpasses all others. It is known as "Ice Cave." It is on the farm of old "Uncle" Tom Kelsey, about fourteen miles east of Albany and one and one-half miles from Gap Creek store, near the Clinton and Wayne County line, on a spur of the Poplar Mountain. The month of the cave is a broad open sink, and a sink of some eighty yards almost perpendicular opens up a cavity in the earth filled with rooms of various sizes and dimensions. The surface is broken, but on all sides are to be found large deposits of the most perfect process of the refrigerator, compact, pure, lasting and perfect in every respect. Our informants, Mr. Bony Baker and William Cheek, who have visited the cave and used the ice, vouch for the truth of this article, and say that this cave is the finest refrigerator in the world; that the people for miles and miles around the cave go there for their ice during the summer. Mr. Cheek says that on July 4, 1880, he went there and explored the cave, took out a lump of ice—about what he could conveniently carry—and wrapped it in a bed-blanket, drove for a day and a half to reach Somerset, and then his lump of ice weighed fifty pounds, thus showing its compactness and endurance of heat.—Burkessville (Ky.) Herald.

Poaching in Alsace-Lorraine.
In the mountains of Alsace-Lorraine poaching is still quite prevalent, and it is difficult to get convictions, as the sympathies of the populace are with the transgressors of the law. The other day an eighty-two-year-old poacher was brought to bay by a forester. He threatened to shoot, but with timely aid the forester succeeded in arresting him.

Write Left-Handed.
Japanese children write better with the left hand, while with the right hand they can turn out ten per cent. more work in a given time.

GOOD ROADS NOTES.

How Farmers May Help the Roads.

It is easily possible for farmers to keep country roads in a much better condition than most of them are at present, writes J. N. Phillips, of Florida. The individual can afford to do road mending on the same principle that he repairs fences and buildings, "It pays me." And a land owner ought to feel as much shame, even guilt, before the general public over a mudhole that can be drained, or over a choked-up sluice along his premises as he ought over neglected cattle or a display of filth.

It is not necessary to wait for the road-working season to come. The most profitable, common sense work can be put in a little at a time, if at the right time. Drainage is the beginning and the ending of the whole matter, if roads are to be roads and not sloughs. Watering-troughs and hillside springs are common causes of standing water, yet it is a very simple matter to direct the water flowing from them in the way it should go. A stone, a loose board, a chunk of soil washed down against the end of a sluice may choke it up till it is worse than nothing. Five minutes' work would send the water rushing through its proper channel. It is not uncommon to see water following the wheel rut for rods, when a man with half an eye can also see that a mere cut through the ridge at the edge of the road would lead the water into the ditch, perhaps down a bank.

Dropping into a bad hole or soft place a few superfluous stones now and then to keep the water out would work a double-headed blessing to all passing that way. Heaving out a few stubborn old stones from the track would work detriment to the blacksmith and wagon maker perhaps, but a big saving to the farmer. If all such patching were thus well kept up, the yearly toil of public service would count more and more toward the good roads of which all are dreaming and talking. This view of the subject is to more than one feature of practical farming, intelligent economy, a mere looking out for number one, no matter how many others are also benefited.

Keep the Roads Clean.
It's an old and true saying that what is every man's business is no man's business, remarks J. L. Irwin, Centralia, Kansas. There is no place where the truth of this is more noticeable than in the manner in which the roads are left to grow up to trash and weeds, when a few hours' work would keep them clean. No matter how neat a farmer may be, or how tidy he makes his farm appear, the effect is spoiled so far as appearance is concerned if the few feet of public highway between the roadway and his fence is overgrown by unsightly weeds, brush and noxious herbage. A neat fence and well-kept roadside will add many dollars to the value of a farm.

Beside the question of neatness there is another, greater reason which every man must recognize, but which is universally ignored, why a farmer should give the road bordering his farm strict attention. It will be a difficult task as most of us have found to our cost, to keep the thistles, burs and weeds in the road from scattering their seeds broadcast over the adjoining fields. It is much easier to keep the roads clean. As the roads are fields where the seed is liable to be sown at any time, by passing teams, grain or cattle, constant vigilance is necessary. But the end gained certainly recompenses the labor and care.

A wise man will make use of anything. I will turn disease into a commodity," said Falstaff. A well-to-do neighbor of ours uses the weeds and coarse grass he cuts from the road as stack bottoms. Where there is any ripe seed among the cuttings, however, this might not be best, but cutting is usually done too early in the season for that.

The Anti-Rut Agitation.
In every one of the leading States the L. A. W. will introduce good roads bills next winter, and the various divisions are preparing for an active campaign in their support.

The best road for the farmer, all things being considered, is a solid, well-built stone road, so narrow as to be only a single track, but having a firm earth road on one or both sides.

When the traffic is not very extensive the purposes of good roads are better served by narrow tracks than wide ones, while many of the objectionable features of wide tracks are removed, the initial cost of construction is cut down one-half or more, and the charges for repair reduced in proportion.

From the number of Connecticut towns that have filed applications for a share in the State good roads appropriation of \$175,000, it becomes evident that there will be not enough money to supply half the demands. The number applying is 115, and their requests exceed the appropriation by \$184,000.

Stilting a Voluble Barber.
"Your hair is getting thin, sir," said the local barber to a customer.

"Yes," replied the gentleman addressed, "I've been treating it with anti-fat. I never liked stout hair."

"But you really should put something on it," persisted the tonsorial artist, in a most earnest manner.

"I do every morning," returned the customer.

"May I ask what?" inquired the barber.

"My hat," said the patron. Thereafter was silence.—Freeport Journal.

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If Dot had played with common soap What wreck there'd be to-morrow! Her hands all chapped, her dress past hope, Her toys a tale of sorrow.

But mother lets her play like this And wash whatever she chooses, For not a thing will go amiss When Ivory Soap she uses.

IVORY SOAP—99% PER CENT. PURE.

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Saluting on the Bicycle.

"Fahrtrvorschrift." A French paper makes fun at this word, which, as its length as well as its syllables indicate, is German. The word serves to regulate the bicycle in the army—so express the exterior marks of respect to be shown by military cyclists. The salutation of the cyclist when he is on his machine consists in slackening speed and looking at his superior with his body erect. If, however, he finds himself in a much frequented street, where it is incumbent upon him to watch his machine intently, he is not, of course, expected to make the salute.—London Globe.

A Cause for Celebration.

"How happy the Dabney-Joneses look this evening! It must be their wedding anniversary."

"No; they've got their old cook back."—Detroit Free Press.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, energy and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

The Milliner Was to Blame.

There are a young married couple up the avenue just getting better acquainted. He has been trained that it is always best to observe a reasonable economy, while she has been accustomed to having what she wanted without so much as thinking of the money consideration. He thinks slowly, while she is exceptionally quick, and he has not the discrimination to fathom the thoughts back of her words. He at times accredits her with supreme worldly innocence, and at others has a haunting idea that she is smarter than a good many people. The uncertainty constantly troubles him. One incident will serve to throw light on the situation.

She had invested extravagantly in hats. They were numerous, expensive, varied, and intended only for brief service. He went to her with gloomy looks and a handful of bills.

"These are simply atrocious," as he shook the evidences of indebtedness. "It is abominable. I never heard of such outrageous millinery bills."

"That's precisely what I thought, dear. It's shameful. She must take us for millionaires. Do write her, darling, and tell her plainly that we won't stand it."

He looked dazed, and departed without another word. Can't you see how the poor fellow was pestered with doubts?—Detroit Free Press.

Kindly.

"Why did you laugh at that joke?" "Well, I expect to be old myself, some time."—Detroit Journal.

W. L. DOUGLAS

WORTH \$4 TO \$8 COMPARED WITH OTHER MAKES.

Indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers.

ALL LEATHERS, ALL STYLES.

THE GENUINE HAVE W. L. DOUGLAS' NAME AND PRICE STAMPED ON BOTTOM.

Take no substitute claimed to be as good. Largest maker of \$4 and \$5.50 shoes in the world. Your dealer should keep them—if not, we will send you a pair on receipt of price. State kind of leather, size and width, plain or cap toe. Catalogue C Free.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., BROCKTON, MASS.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C.

Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 15 yrs. civil war, 15 adjudicating claims, 4 yrs. since.

RHEUMATISM CURED—Sample bottle, 4 days' treatment, postpaid, 10 cents. ALEXANDER REMEDY CO., 36 Greenwich St., N. Y.

PISO'S CURE FOR

CHILLS WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in Time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

"Don't Put Off Till To-morrow the Duties of To-day." Buy a Cake of

SAPOLIO

NO CHINESE.

Exclusion Law Applied in Philippines by Gen. Otis.

ACTS WITHOUT INSTRUCTIONS.

Position as Governor-General Gives Him Authority—Thinks Such Exclusion Will Tend to More Quickly End War—China Particularly Anxious Owing to Close Contiguity of Islands to Chinese Coast—Tributes of Dewey and Hobson to Chinese Work—Other War Notes.

Washington, Aug. 24.—General Otis has applied the Chinese exclusion laws to the Philippines, according to diplomatic advices received by the state department. The information was a surprise to the authorities here, both state and military, as the matter has been under consideration for some time, and it was not known that General Otis had put the exclusion laws into force.

The first intimation in that direction came in a dispatch, received a few days ago from the Chinese consul at Manila, telling the Chinese legation here that the exclusion laws against Chinese had been applied to the Philippines. The dispatch was brought to the attention of the state department, and inquiry was made as to how the action was brought about, as the Chinese government has been solicitous, since American military control was established in the Philippines, that the United States exclusion laws should not be extended over the islands. The state department knew nothing of such an extension, and made inquiry of the war department. The military authorities, however, were equally without information as to General Otis' course in this particular.

Accordingly the Chinese officials were advised that any action taken by General Otis in applying the exclusion laws to the Philippines was not the result of instructions sent from here, but was doubtless due to an exercise of his authority as governor general of the Philippines.

What further steps the Chinese authorities will take has not been determined, as Minister Wu Ting Fang is out of the city for a few days. There is little doubt, however, that he will seek to have General Otis' order held in abeyance until the authorities here pass upon the general question, which has been under consideration between the two governments.

In this connection, the state department has received an important letter from Mr. Williams, our former consul at Manila, who still remains there in a confidential capacity. He says the native Filipinos are strongly opposed to Chinese labor, and, in his opinion, the exclusion of the Chinese from the islands would materially aid in bringing the war to a close. He places the Chinese population at 52,000, which is considerably more than estimates from official sources. The letter is dated July 26. It has been turned over to the war department, to be used in the general consideration of the exclusion question.

The Chinese government has shown more anxiety as to the course of this government toward the Chinese in the Philippines than towards those in Cuba or other parts of the world, mainly because the Philippines are so near China and large numbers of Chinese are established there.

They carry on the bulk of the retail trade, have an extensive quarter in Manila, and send out traveling salesmen, carrying packs to the remote interior of the islands. Some of the official reports, including those of Admiral Dewey, have paid a tribute to the work performed by the Chinese, and Naval Constructor Hobson has recently reported to the navy department on the value of Chinese labor in naval and commercial pursuits in the far east.

This has led the Chinese officials here to believe that the exclusion laws would not be applied to the Philippines, and they are still hopeful that General Otis' action will be a temporary move, incident to military occupation, and not a part of the permanent policy of this government toward the islands.

The only action taken here as to the Chinese exclusion laws has been in ruling that they were not a part of the immigration laws, and did not apply to Cuba and Porto Rico.

Washington, Aug. 24.—Secretary Root has returned from his visit to the president at Lake Champlain. That the campaign in the Philippines is to be pushed vigorously and promptly is evident from a remark the secretary made to the reporters. He was determined, he said, that every man belonging to the 20 regiments of volunteers now being recruited shall eat his Christmas dinner in that country. His attention was called to reports of fresh preparations for treating with the insurgents with a view to peaceful settlement of the war in the Philippines. He had not heard officially of these, although he expressed himself as being glad if such a solution of the difficulties could be brought about.

Manila, Aug. 24.—General Bates has returned from Sulu, having successfully accomplished his mission there. After five weeks' negotiation an agreement was signed, which in substance was as follows: "American sovereignty over Moros shall be recognized and there shall be no persecution against religion. The United States shall occupy and control such parts of the archipelago as public interest demands; any person can purchase land, with the sultan's consent; the introduction of firearms shall be prohibited; piracy shall be suppressed; the American courts shall have jurisdiction, except between the Moros; the Americans shall protect the Moros against foreign imposition, and the sultan's subsidy from Spain shall be continued." The sultan and several chiefs signed the agreement.

Washington, Aug. 24.—According to advices received at the war department the experiment of enlisting natives of the West Indies into the American army has proved quite successful in the case of the Porto Rican battalion of United States volunteers, which body completed its organization a few weeks ago. A letter received at the adjutant general's

office speaks in high terms of the battalion. It says that the Porto Rican soldiers are a fine lot of men, obedient and willing to learn; they take great pride in being soldiers of the United States army, and are always clean and neat.

Kansas City, Aug. 24.—A letter to The Star, dated Manila, July 16, says: General Frederick Funston has been temporarily relieved from duty at San Fernando, and will go to the second reserve hospital to receive treatment necessitated by the re-opening of a wound incurred while in the Cuban army. It is thought General Funston will not again return to active duty, as his term of service will expire Sept. 3, and he has requested and been granted permission to return to the United States with the Kansas regiment.

Manila, Aug. 24.—The transports Valencia and Zealandia, with 750 men of the Montanna regiment, and 400 men belonging to other organizations on board, sailed today for San Francisco.

FALL RIVER FIGHTING.

Would Retain Local Mill Control—Syndicate's Confidence.

Fall River, Mass., Aug. 24.—Two new features of importance have been interjected into the struggle for mill consolidation. One is the expression of a wish by some local financiers for the evolving of some plan whereby the local banks can carry out a scheme such as has been outlined by Barrows, Wade, Guthrie & Co., and retain the control of the mills in the hands of local people. The other is the receipt of letters from Nelson G. Greene, who speaks for a syndicate that has in view the consolidating of the ownership of all the cotton mills in the United States.

Nelson G. Greene is popularly supposed to represent John E. Seales, the financier, now operating in the formation of a cotton baling trust.

It may be said that the offers are not popularly believed to be parts of a feasible plan in so far as the Fall River mills are concerned. Some treasurers have hoped for a national trust for a long time, but it was only with the desire for a management that should in some measure control competition in selling. It has never been the desire of local people to have the financial control of the mills go out of the city.

A capital of at least \$23,000,000 will be required if for no other purpose than to insure the purchase of the properties if cash is called for.

The promoters of the first offer say that they have the fullest confidence that unless something very different appears than has yet been in evidence all of the mills offered will be in their control within three months.

Each corporation has been valued for consolidation purposes, and the extreme results obtained are very striking. The wide difference in some of the mills' valuations per spindle may be explained by the difference in age and condition of the equipments, the location of the mills, their real estate and the surpluses which some of the corporations have accumulated. For instance, the Duffee mill, which shows a capitalization of only \$3.80 per spindle, is counted worth \$10.94 by the promoters of the trust. This is due to the surplus which has been allowed to accumulate and put into new buildings and equipment. In the case of the Troy, the real estate owned by the company in the center of the city brings up its valuation to \$17.32 per spindle, or \$10.53 in excess of the amount shown by the capitalization.

On the whole, the price per spindle offered would seem large if applied to mills outside of Fall River, but it was recognized by those who made the figures that the production per spindle is probably greater here than in any other American manufacturing centre. In fact, the values are considered to show an intimate knowledge of the plants, and a long study of the stock markets in this city and Boston, where Fall River mill shares are disposed of. The productive capacities of some of the mills warrant better prices than have been offered, and it may take some little time to convince owners that higher figures are not obtainable.

Amenable to Higher Laws.

New York, Aug. 24.—The health board recently received complaints from persons in various parts of the city stating that valuable articles had been stolen from their residences by a Dr. Wood, who claimed to be a health board inspector, and was allowed to go through the residences. The amount of property Wood is said to have stolen aggregated \$20,000. The police learned that Wood was in New Jersey. Complaints began to pour in to headquarters at Jersey City of robberies committed by Wood, who was representing himself as inspector of the Jersey City health department. He was arrested and the New York department was notified. Extradition papers were drawn up, but word came that Wood died yesterday in the Jersey City jail of Bright's disease.

Dreaded Disease Is Spreading.

New York, Aug. 24.—A letter from Kingston, Jam., says: Although some rain has fallen the drought continues practically unbroken, especially in the parishes of St. Anne and St. Thomas. The crops have been destroyed altogether in the latter place. In the great peasant district of Yallahs, as a consequence of the drought, the indigenous disease of yaws is spreading epidemically at an alarming rate, attacking the faces as well as the feet of the victims. Partaking somewhat of the character of leprosy, but more active, yaws is not immediately fatal, but it has always been a terrible scourge among the West India peasantry.

Saved by Human Life-Line.

Old Orchard, Me., Aug. 24.—Professor Anthony and Professor Purinton of Bates college were overcome by the force of the breakers while bathing at Ocean Park, and were unable to get ashore without assistance. They were rescued in an exhausted condition by other bathers, who joined hands and formed a life line.

Elliott Now Ex-Champion.

Atlantic City, N. J., Aug. 24.—J. A. R. Elliott, the recognized champion wing shot of the world, yesterday lost the eastern championship cup and a side bet of \$100 to W. R. Crosby of Batavia, N. Y. The total was 139 to 128 out of a possible 150.

LABOR'S SKILL.

Even Antagonistic Judges Are Being Disarmed.

PROBES ONLY FOR DIAGNOSIS

Loyal Frenchman Looking Only to Interests of France—Yesterday's Testimony Mainly Devoted to Blasting Dreyfus' Private Character—Bubbles of Tittle-Tattle Easily Pricked—Altogether Was a Good Day for Prisoner—Trial Will Last Twenty Days Longer.

Rennes, Aug. 24.—The fourth sitting of the third week of the second trial by court-martial of Captain Dreyfus on the charge of treason began at 6:30 o'clock this morning with the reading of the deposition of M. Penot. No special incident marked the opening of the day's proceedings.

M. Labori's vigor and tact have disarmed the distrust of the judges. He is succeeding, like a skillful, but kindly surgeon, who uses the scalpel at just the right moment, and carries the incision only just so far as is necessary to reveal the true nature of the wound. They feel that he does not probe merely for the sake of probing, but in order to diagnose and prepare the wound for the proper sort of dressing. He takes no unnecessary advantage of them. They are beginning to look upon him as a loyal Frenchman, convinced only that the interests of France require courageous determination to deal with the case resolutely.

The session of the court-martial yesterday was comparatively uneventful. The depositions were not productive of any really thrilling incidents. The systematic production of the flimsiest trash, which the prosecution deems profitable to inflict on the judges and which the latter accept as evidence, was proceeded with.

Much of the ridiculous testimony of the morning was devoted to an attempt to blast Dreyfus' private character, though, when Maitres Labori and Demange had finished with the witnesses, their bubbles of tittle-tattle were badly pricked. Much of the time was occupied in reading the testimony of Esterhazy and Mlle. Pays before the court of cassation, during which many of the audience left the court.

M. Labori again distinguished himself in laying bare the weak points of the evidence. He was less fierce, however, than on Tuesday, though quite aggressive enough to arouse the latent hostility of the judges, which showed itself in various little ways.

M. Labori is no favorite, either, with Major Canaris, the government's commissary, and the latter makes no serious effort to conceal his feelings towards the lawyer.

M. Labori bore little traces of the effects of the outrage upon him. He rose, sat down and moved his body and limbs apparently without much difficulty. Only occasionally he put his hands to his back as though suffering pain.

The only dangerous opponent to Dreyfus yesterday was General Gonsse, who mounted the stage with a quick step and apparently light heart, but he left it badly mauled by M. Labori.

General Gonsse began by declaring he came to defend his honor against those "drivelling" against him. But when his cross-examination was finished, he returned to his seat prestissimo, for M. Labori had driven him into a corner on the attempts of the general staff to shield Esterhazy and had shown that the general staff, for which Gonsse was responsible, had engineered Esterhazy's escape from the hands of justice. The confident tones of the general had by then dwindled into the proverbial still, small voice, and his defiant bearing had changed into the abashed air of a school-boy caught telling a lie. The day proved certainly a poor one for the general staff.

Two good samples of the men put up to sully Dreyfus' private character were the third and fourth witnesses. First, Major de Chatelet repeated an alleged conversation of Dreyfus regarding a lady at whose house Dreyfus is alleged to have gambled and lost money. But, when cross-examined, de Chatelet's memory failed him entirely, especially when asked the name of the lady, the street she resided in and the sum Dreyfus lost.

Next, M. Dubreuil showed equally astounding forgetfulness on essential points of his evidence concerning Dreyfus' acquaintanceship with a foreign attaché, and when M. Demange capped his successful examination of this point by promising to show that Dubreuil's record in the law courts is far from clear the witness left the stand badly discredited.

The special correspondents here agreed that, although yesterday's sitting was monotonous, it was altogether a good day for Dreyfus. The proceedings, though much less exciting than on the previous days, were still dominated by the strong personality of Maitre Labori. People are beginning to see a likeness to the opening of Gambetta's career, and are asking whether Labori will go as far.

The most important point in the proceedings, perhaps, was the disposal of General Gonsse, who practically had to confess that the general staff had shielded Esterhazy. Thus Mercier and Gonsse are both practically shelved, and the general staff is beginning to show signs of wavering.

Another good sign was when a point of law arose on a certain matter, and Colonel Jouaust, the president of the court-martial, replied: "I am not up in law. I will make inquiries, and, if I find I have the right to do so, I will make the order."

This was in reply to Labori's request for certain information concerning the character of a witness, to be furnished by the public prosecutor, and it seemed to indicate a desire on the part of the judges to honestly seek the truth.

M. Jaures, the socialist leader who, with Mathieu Dreyfus, sees Labori every day after the session, and who is acquainted with the entire tactics of the defense, says: "I am convinced that Dreyfus will be acquitted. He must be acquitted, for no new fact has been brought up against him. The generals, I believe, are going to make their last stand on Bertillon's system, which they

intend to submit as proving Dreyfus guilty. Intelligent men laugh at it, but it is very ingenious and has the merit, in the eyes of the generals, of being incomprehensible to an ordinary man and thus calculated to impress him, if supported by the puppets of the general staff. Bertillon's theory has already been introduced by some of the military witnesses, who declare their confidence in it. The trial, in my belief, will last about another 20 days."

London, Aug. 24.—Official permission to appear at the Rennes court-martial, if cited, has been granted, according to the Rome correspondent of The Daily Mail, to Colonel Panizzardi, formerly Italian military attaché in Paris, who recently denied, in a communication to The Figaro, the statement of General Roget, in his evidence at Rennes, that Panizzardi addressed a report to Signor Resman, former Italian ambassador to France, to the effect that Colonel Schwartzkoppen, former German military attaché in Paris, had relations with Dreyfus.

VETERANS NOT NAMED.

Inaccurate Enrolment List Causes Riot and Death.

Santiago, Aug. 24.—Five men are dead and 10 wounded as the result of a fight Tuesday night between gendarmes and disappointed Cuban soldiers at Cuevitas three miles from Santiago, where the payment of the Cuban troops is progressing. Five thousand Cubans had gathered there to receive pay, and after three days, only 550 had been paid. Thousands, who had been disappointed at other points, came to Cuevitas as the last place of payment in the province.

The imperfect lists caused great dissatisfaction, and a rumor that the paymaster would leave Wednesday alarmed the men who had not been paid. They began to collect in groups and to show their annoyance. Finally their threats became serious.

Captain Ballat, with 20 gendarmes, was present to preserve order among the applicants, and the United States troops protected Colonel Moale, the officer having charge of the payments. Suddenly Captain Ballat, who was mounted, was surrounded by a mob, struck by stones and bottles and shot in the arm. His men promptly fired a volley in the mob, three persons being instantly killed and 13 wounded, two of whom died yesterday.

Colonel Moale's guard promptly surrounded the money office, but took no part in the fighting. For a few minutes there was a lively conflict, carbines and machetes being used freely. Captain Ballat was the only gendarme wounded. All the dead were colored Cuban soldiers.

Payment was resumed yesterday under a heavy guard. General Castillo, civil governor of Santiago de Cuba, was at Cuevitas at the time, and soon restored order.

There is no doubt that the inaccurate list will cause a great deal of hardship. Many veterans have followed the commissioners for six weeks, only to find that their names are not listed.

COMING QUAY'S WAY.

Will Control Convention and Dictate Platform.

Harrisburg, Aug. 24.—There is nothing to indicate that there will be any change in the program arranged for today's Republican state convention by Senator Quay and his lieutenants. Even the



MATTHEW B. QUAY.

most radical opponents of the senator concede that he will control the convention, and that the platform will be framed in accordance with his wishes.

In the Labor Field.

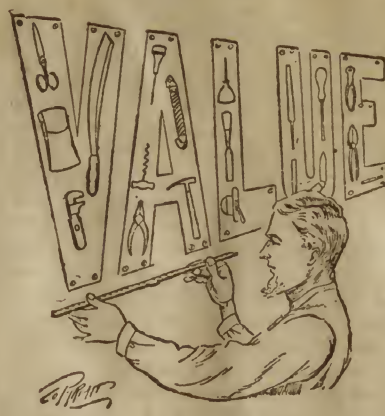
New Bedford, Mass., Aug. 24.—The executive committee of the National Federation of Operatives met here yesterday, and, after a lengthy discussion on the situation of the dissatisfied Potomaska mill weavers, it was voted to support the local weavers' union in case of a strike. The question of striking will be decided at a meeting of the Potomaska weavers tonight.

Cleveland, Aug. 24.—The Central Labor union last night appointed a committee to wait upon the executive committee of the striking street railroad men with a request that the state board of arbitration be asked to investigate the strike. At the offices of the Big Consolidated company it is said that a number of the strikers have returned to work, and that others have made application for places. The boycott is losing its force daily.

Providence, Aug. 24.—There is no longer the possibility of a strike by the telegraph operators of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad company. The representatives of the men have been given assurances that their complaints would be listened to and be given consideration, and the members of the Order of Railway Telegraphers have been informed by their president that the conditions which prevailed at the time they voted to strike have been changed. It is expected that after a few weeks there will be an amicable adjustment of all differences.

Another Record Lowered.

Brooklyn, Mass., Aug. 24.—At the bicycle races here on the new board track the special feature was the breaking of the world's professional two-mile paced record by Harry Gibson of Cincinnati. Gibson rode the distance behind a steam racing machine in 3:09 4-5, the former record being 3:13, held by Major Taylor.



Measure Values

By our standard of quality and price and it will be found that our offerings in

HARDWARE

are specially low. Our stock of seasonable goods is new each season.

F. E. PUTNAM, Agent,
27 Walnut street.

Special Sale of

FRUIT Today

-AT-

Shea's, LOWELL STREET.

A few Prices:

16 large handsome bananas, 25c.
Concord Grapes, basket, 15c.
Jersey Peaches, doz., 15c. Sixteen for 25c.
Niagara Grapes, 25c. basket,
Delewares, 30c.

F. H. EDGERLY,

Dealer in

Groceries and Provisions,

17 Walnut street, Peabody.

Mortgagee's Sale.

BY virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Fred W. Upton and Mary L. Upton, his wife, in her right, of Peabody, Essex County, Massachusetts, to Annie B. Webb, of Salem, in said County, dated April 28th, 1894, recorded with Essex, South District, Deeds, Book 1409, Page 187, and for breach of the condition in said mortgage deed contained, and for the purpose of foreclosing said mortgage, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on Monday, September 18th, 1894, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage, namely: A certain lot of land with the dwelling house and other buildings thereon situated in said Peabody, and bounded as follows, viz.:—Beginning on Lowell Street at land now or late of Stephen Blaney, thence the line runs northwesterly by said Lowell Street eighty-five feet, thence southwesterly by land now or late of Cyrus T. Batchelder one hundred and ninety-six feet, to the northerly side of a street laid out by Stephen Blaney (now a public street), which leads out of and is a continuation of Franklin Street; thence southeasterly by the northerly line of said street eighty-five feet; then northeasterly by said land now or late of Blaney two hundred and one-half feet to the point of beginning; being the same conveyed to said Mary L. Upton by deed of Arthur L. Huntington, dated April 28th, 1894, recorded Book 1409, Page 186, subject to the reservations and restrictions therein referred to.

The premises will be sold subject to any unpaid taxes, including that of 1894, which the purchaser must assume and agree to pay in addition to the amount bid at the sale. \$100.00 will be required to be paid in cash at time and place of sale. Terms of payment of balance will be announced at the sale.

ANNIE B. WEBB, Mortgagee,
By EDWARD D. ROPES, her Attorney,
duly authorized by power of attorney recorded with said deeds, Book 1489, page 192.

Not only have our exports of agricultural implements increased to Germany, France and other parts of Europe from a little more than \$2,000,000 in 1897 to nearly six and a half millions in 1899, but those to the United Kingdom have advanced from \$642,317 in 1887 to \$1,372,393 in 1899. In builders' hardware, saws, tools, etc., the increase has been from \$1,585,069 in 1898 to \$1,833,369 in 1899; typewriting machines from \$731,152 in 1897 to \$1,054,060 in 1899; leather manufactures from \$7,511,770 in 1897 to \$9,595,306 in 1899; paraffin and paraffin wax from \$3,126,041 in 1897 to \$4,040,114 in 1899. So it runs down the list, and it is no wonder that farseeing Englishmen are sounding warnings to their countrymen to "get on and hustle."

POST OFFICE, PEABODY, MASS.

Office Hours—6.30 A.M. to 7.30 P.M.—Week-days.

U. S. RATES OF POSTAGE.

Letters, 2 cents per ounce; Papers and Magazines, 4oz. for 1 cent; Merchandise, 1 cent per ounce; Books, Circulars, Etc., 2 oz. for 1 cent.

SPECIAL DELIVERY.

Matter intended for special (immediate) delivery should bear a 10 cent special delivery stamp in addition to regular postage.

MONEY ORDERS.

Issued and paid week days from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. ONLY.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

Mails close for Boston, N. Y., South, West and Foreign, 6.30, 8.20, 10.20 a.m.; 1.40, 4.30, 6.20, 7.20 p.m. Salem, Lynn, Beverly and local points, 7.45, 10.20 a.m.; 1.40, 4.30, 6.20, 7.20 p.m. Northern New Hampshire, Vermont, Canada, East and West, 6.55, 8.20, 10.20 a.m.; 1.40, 4.30, 7.20 p.m. Eastern New Hampshire, Maine and Maritime Provinces, 7.00, 10.20 a.m.; 3.25, 4.30, 7.20 p.m. Danvers, Boxford, Georgetown, Haverhill, Newburyport and Amesbury, 7.00 a.m.; 3.25, 7.20 p.m.

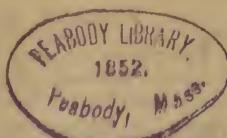
Mails arrive from Boston, Foreign, N. Y., Vermont and Southern, 7.07, 8.30 a.m.; 1.00, 5.00, 7.00 p.m. Eastern New Hampshire, Maine and Maritime Provinces, 7.07, 9.06 a.m.; 1.00, 5.00, 7.00 p.m. Danvers, Boxford, Georgetown, Haverhill, Newburyport and Amesbury, 7.07, 9.06 a.m.; 1.00, 5.00, 7.00 p.m.

CARRIERS' DELIVERY

GENERAL DELIVERY, 8.45 A.M. and 1.00 P.M.
BUSINESS DELIVERY, 7.30 A.M. and 5.00 P.M.

THOMAS H. JACKMAN, P. M.

THE PEABODY STAR.



VOL. I. NO. 5.

PEABODY, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

PEABODY'S BUSINESS-MEN.

[These business firms are recommended to the people of Peabody and to visitors to the town, who may depend upon receiving fair treatment at their hands.]

Every Lady Should Buy The Watchspring Corset, Price \$1.25.

We guarantee a perfect fit, and also that they will not break on the sides. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

D. F. BRESNAHAN
Agent for Peabody.

Do not forget the mark-down sale of all

Summer Boots, Shoes, AND Slippers

—FOR—

LABOR DAY.

Russets below cost

Great chance for bargains at

Manning's, ON THE SQUARE.



Ammunition of all kinds, shells, powder, cartridges. Also,

Guns to Let!

At Hamblet & Hayes, 13 and 15 Lowell street.

W. O. BATCHELDER & SON,

TEA, COFFEE, and

Grocery House,

Fresh Creamery Butter received weekly.

138 Main street, Peabody,

PRESTON & FOWLER,
Real Estate and Insurance,

21 Lowell Street,

PEABODY, . . . MASS.

A. L. CASSINO,

Dry & Fancy Goods,

42 MAIN STREET,

Peabody.

Outing Skirts

35c., 40c., and 50c.

NATURE SMILES IN SANTO DOMINGO.

Has All the Charms of Both Tropic and Temperate Zones.

GOLD AND OTHER MINERALS IN PROFUSION

Whatever the Island of Santo Domingo may lack, it is not from any remissness on the part of Mother Nature, for it was originally richly endowed. Everything that grows within the tropics may find a home somewhere between coast line and mountain tops, and in the elevated regions may be produced almost every variety of fruit and vegetable peculiar to the temperate zones. As for minerals, the most precious of all, gold, in flakes, particles, sands and nuggets, has been found in abundance. It was the gold of Hispaniola, as Columbus called the island, that first attracted him thither, and from the native caciques on the north coast he obtained the precious metal first taken to Spain, some of which may yet be seen in Burgos and Granada.

As his sailors were filling their water casks at the mouth of the river Yaqui they were delighted with the sight of golden sands, and from this circumstance Columbus called it Rio del Oro, or the river of gold.

The founding of the present capital, Santo Domingo, was owing to the discovery of gold on a tributary of the river on which it is situated, from which resulted the rich mines of San Cristobal, first brought to light in a romantic manner in 1496. Here was dug up in 1502 that nugget said to be the largest ever found in the new world, of such dimensions that the lucky miners, in the first excess of their joy, had a pig roasted and served upon it as a table. They let it go to the King of Spain, some time afterward, but sent a message to the effect that they had done what no royal personage had ever done; dined off a table of solid gold. This great nugget was lost when the fleet that sailed with Bobadilla went down, and still lies at the bottom of the sea off the east end of the island.

It is not known that much has been done in recent times to exploit the mineral riches of the island; in fact, the interior mountains have never been satisfactorily examined. In their shelter yet exist nooks and caves, secluded valleys and dells, which have never been visited except by the Indians of early times and the "Cimaroons" or runaway negroes of slavery days. Humboldt declared that what the Spaniards obtained was merely the surface washings of the placers and the hilltops, and what they got from the beds of rivers. The golden secret has not been revealed,



STREET SCENE IN SANTO DOMINGO.

as yet, and will not be divulged until some more progressive Government than that at present ruling in Santo Domingo shall undertake the exploration of the great central range of mountains.

But it is not in mineral wealth alone that Santo Domingo offers temptations to the explorer. This island, which of late has been known to political adventurers as "Leelee's" Island ("Leelee" being a contraction of Ulysses, former President Henreaux's Christian name) is rich in every possibility. Within its area



GOVERNMENT BUILDING AND CATHEDRAL IN THE CAPITAL OF SANTO DOMINGO.

of some eighteen thousand square miles, Santo Domingo has every range of climate and soil, capable of producing everything necessary to the support of man. Nature, as has been observed, did everything needful for this beautiful island, but during the four centuries of man's domination its rich gifts and generous provisions

have been perverted and even prostituted to the basest ends.

When Sir Francis Drake went to Santo Domingo intent upon sacking the city, he found it hardly worth the plucking. So it happens that while rich in historical associations, both island and city are poor even to the verge of poverty. In the interior of the island, where the banana and sugar cane grow wild, and the ground is covered with rank growths of valuable plants and trees, I have been fol-



SANTO DOMINGO AND ITS GEOGRAPHICAL RELATION TO CUBA AND PORTO RICO.

lowed for miles by begging children supplicating a morsel of food.

And yet, any good sort of people might make a second Eden of this beautiful island. Notwithstanding its tropical situation, exposed to torrid heats and torrential rains, Santo Domingo is a very healthy island. A white man can live there, if he exercise due caution, with almost perfect immunity from diseases such as endemic and yellow fevers. Many acquaintances of mine resident there have informed me that they were never



OLD CITY WALL, SANTO DOMINGO.

sick a day unless they exposed themselves unnecessarily.

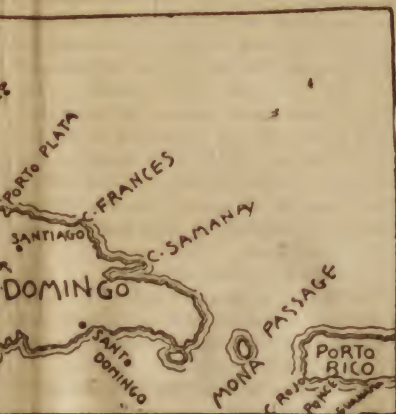
Far more precious than gold are the historical memories of this island. Here, on its north coast, Columbus founded the first city in America, Isabella, erected the first church, built the first forts and initiated the movement by which the indigenous inhabitants were exterminated. In the capital city we may see the ruins of a chapel erected in his time, a fortress built by Don Diego, his son, and the remains of the first conventual structure, as well as of the first American university. In the cathedral lie his own remains (notwithstanding Havana's claim to the contrary) and those of his brother and grandson, while relics of such well-known adventurers as Fernando Cortez, Las Casas and Velasquez, the subjugator of Cuba, are on every hand.

There is yet another possession of the island which neither the rapacity of the Spaniards nor the misdoings of their degenerate successors can take away or spoil. This is its great natural basin and glorious harbor, Samana Bay. As a naval necessity Sa-

took his point of departure for Spain, on his return voyage; but it still exists in isolation, the deep channels that would suffice for the largest steamships only giving passage to few craft beside small sailing vessels.

From the grand promontory of Balandra Head, which guards the entrance to Samana Bay, there sweeps a terraced shore line, with a constant succession of palm-bordered beaches, forest-crowned bluffs and crescent-shaped coves of white and glistening sand, back of which run fertile valleys, cultivated to the tops of the hills. The channel takes us close to the beautiful beaches and almost within hail of the fishers' cabins on the shore, giving glorious contrasts between the deep blue water, the silver sands and the varied vegetation of the hills.

A few natives cultivate the lands adjacent to the beach, and their huts of palm leaves occupy a bluff above the water. The beach of pure white sand is overhung by cocoa palms in ranks and groups, and an islet off shore



SANTO DOMINGO AND ITS GEOGRAPHICAL RELATION TO CUBA AND PORTO RICO.

breaks the force of the incoming waves.

The real harbor of the great bay of Arrows lies five or six miles within the gulf, and, together with the town adjacent, is known as Santa Barbara. A series of small cays lies opposite town and harbor, between the islets and the main, being a perfect cul-de-sac, with deep water close to shore. Steep, cultivated hills rise directly from the shore, with offshoots offering choice sites for dwellings; the lateral valleys are fertile and filled with every tropical product, the beaches are smooth and fringed with palms, the bay within the reefs delightful for bathing, boating and fishing.

The Samana peninsula is about forty miles in length, and consists of a range of hills thrust right out into the ocean to the north of the bay. These hills, swept by cool breezes, covered with tropical vegetation, and with their feet on either side plunged into the sea, offer desirable sites for farms and winter settlements.

America's Youngest College President.

John Henry MacCracken, who has just been elected President of Westminster College at Fulton, Mo., is the youngest college President in the United States, and probably in the world.

Mr. MacCracken has not quite completed his twenty-fourth year. He first entered school in New York City in 1886, having been previously taught at home.



JOHN HENRY MACCRACKEN.
(President of Westminster College in his twenty-fourth year.)

The years 1894 to 1896 he spent in graduate study, the first year in New York University and the second in the University of Halle, Germany. In this latter university he had exceptional advantages in being a member of the family of one of the professors of philosophy, with whom he spent part of the summer in the mountains on the border of Silesia. After completing two semesters in Germany he became instructor in philosophy in New York University College, and was advanced the present year to the position of assistant professor of philosophy.

The "Dolly Barber" Tree Blown Down

In the recent storm the "Dolly Barber" tree, a famous landmark on the "New Cut" road, Washington, was carried away. It is said to have received its name from a famous belle. It appears as a boundary point in a title deed of 1780. When Jefferson was President he rambled to the street on which the "Dolly Barber" tree was located, and probably rested often beneath its shade. The owner at that time, an Englishman named Foxhall, was his friend.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A process has recently been patented by a Bradford (England) syndicate for removing wool from skins by means of an electric apparatus.

Fire-engine manufacturing companies have lately begun the construction of portable electric lighting outfits, consisting of boiler, engine and dynamo mounted on wheels.

Experiments have been going on with an ingenious machine which shuts over a man's eye so that the eyelid as it works opens and closes a chronograph. So far the quickest wink on record is about one-sixth of a second.

There are eight inches more rainfall annually on the south shore of Lake Superior than on the north shore, and three inches more in the cases of Erie and Ontario. There is also a greater precipitation on the eastern shore of Lakes Huron and Michigan than on the western.

A dispatch from Paris tells of some recent researches concerning cancer made by Dr. Bra, who finds parasites similar to those of cancer in fragments of diseased wood, particularly apple wood. The Government gave him permission to inoculate the forest trees with cultures of human cancer and six months later he found spots of dry rot on the trunks, and one elm died. Dr. Bra forms no conclusion that animal and vegetable cancers are caused by the same fungus, but the similarity is striking.

A paper by Professor G. F. Sever and Mr. E. A. Fliess, read at the general meeting of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, gives valuable information regarding the relative economy of horse and electric delivery wagons. They have found that the average delivery wagon covers a distance of about 11,268 miles per year, at a cost of 13.86 cents per mile for a two-horse vehicle. An automobile will cover the same distance for 2.65 cents per mile less, equivalent to \$298.60 per year. A further advantage is the higher speed of the electric vehicles, enabling the deliveries to be accomplished with greater celerity.

The struggle for existence is a contest for carbon, in the view of M. Charles Richet. The activities of life depend on the force set free by the burning of carbon and hydrogen in oxygen, these three elements being the essential foods, the oxygen being abundant for all purposes while the available carbon is only one three-hundredth-thousandth as much. Life is a small quantity of carbon in very complex and unstable combination. This carbon is continually uniting with oxygen in slow combustion, passing from one form to another and ending in carbonic acid, which the sun's heat, through the chlorophyll of plants, decomposes, the carbon reappearing, first in the vegetable, then in the animal, and so on. There is an incessant circulation of carbon, kept in motion by the sun's heat.

Enthusiastic descriptions are given, according to the Philadelphia Record, of a new hand fire engine for use in suburban and country towns where the public service is not within easy call, which has lately been brought out in England. This machine is portable, being mounted on a pair of strong iron wheels, and can pump some fifty gallons of water per minute against a head of sixty-five feet, or, when used in emergency, can be forced to deliver one hundred gallons per minute. The engine rests on four iron feet, this position being effected by raising the handle of the carriage and lowering the boiler. It is of the quick raising steam type, and may be run up to a working pressure in a few minutes, which for emergency work is, of course, of great importance. The pump can be disconnected readily.

The importance of mica in electrical and other industries makes the discovery of new deposits of this material a matter of some interest. One of the most recent finds of the mineral is in Chantung, China. The Chinese make use of the substance only for lanterns and transparent pictures, and it has been found in several other parts of the empire, but the industry has never been developed. Hitherto permission has been refused to open mines, and the samples obtained have been acquired from the natives or from individual prospectors interested in the subject. The matter now, however, is said to be receiving the attention of European mineralogists, particularly Germans, and the mines may be started under modern methods. Canada and India furnish the chief supply of mica, and there is an ever increasing demand for it.

Late to Bed and Early to Rise.

Queen Wilhelmina goes to bed at eleven and gets up very early. Her first toilet is a quick one, for it is merely a preparation for a good, brisk walk in the park. On these excursions she wears a rough woollen "mante" made like those of the Freiland peasants. When she comes in from her exercise she has a cup of chocolate in her room and then makes an elaborate toilet.

PEABODY'S BUSINESS - MEN.

[These business firms are recommended to the people of Peabody and to visitors to the town, who may depend upon receiving fair treatment at their hands.]

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Rooms and board by day or week.
Steam heating and electric lights.
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Builder and Repairer of

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Our Own Make, "THE MAINE,"
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BUILT TO ORDER, of first-class material and workmanship. The finest wheel in this vicinity or out of it. We learned how to do it at the famous "Humber" factory in England. Nuff said. Don't forget that, and "Remember THE MAINE!"
Repairing and Wheels Built to Order.

7 Lowell St., Peabody.
"On the Square."

POPULAR SCIENCE.

The phosphorescence of strontium sulphide has been found by a German chemist to be due to impurities—especially strontium sulphate, sodium, chloride, bismuth oxide and bismuth sulphide. The bismuth seems to be pre-eminently the active substance.

Dr. W. Hastings, summarizing observations made in this country and Europe, says that the regular growth of children continues from two to sixteen years. From sixteen to seventeen growth is usually retarded. A man does not fully attain his growth until after the age of twenty-five, and athletic exercise extends the period of growth to thirty years. Between the ages of fifty and sixty the size of the human body diminishes. Deprivation of food and hard work interfere with bodily growth.

The process of purifying water by ozone as applied at Lille by Messrs. Marnier and Abraham, has been found well adapted for large supplies of water. The ozonizing apparatus proved efficient, and the method has shown better results than any other trial. All disease bacteria were destroyed, a few specimens of a harmless microbe alone passing through the apparatus. The organic matter is so reduced that the water is much less liable to subsequent pollution than ordinary water, while the aeration improves the taste.

The anableps, or star-gazer, a fish of the cyprinodont family, found in the rivers of Guiana, Surinam and Brazil, has each of its eyes divided into an upper and a lower portion by an opaque horizontal line. This gives it in effect two pupils in each eye, one suited for seeing in the air and the other for seeing in the water. The fish is in the habit of swimming at the surface with its head sometimes above, sometimes below, the water line. The common whirling beetle, which spends its time circling round and round on the surface of the water, has eyes modified in exactly the same manner, evidently for a similar purpose. These eyes are compound; the simple eyes which are found in most insects along with the compound are entirely wanting in the whirling.

There are known now seventy-one elements, not counting argon and helium. Of this list bromine, carbon, chlorine, iodine, iron, mercury, oxygen, phosphorus and sulphur are the only ones now employed in the elementary state—about one-eighth of the total number. Of course, most of the remainder, excepting aluminum, copper, gold, hydrogen, iridium, lead, magnesium, nickel, nitrogen, platinum, silver, tin and zinc, are found rarely in the elementary state, many of them being more or less rare in any form. Such are beryllium, cesium, davyum, decipium, didymium, erbium, gallium, ilmenium, indium, lanthanum, lavoisium, molybdenum, mosandrum, neptunium, niobium, osmium, palladium, phosphorus, rhodium, rubidium, ruthenium, tantalum, tellurium, thallium, titanium, uranium, vanadium, yttrium and zirconium. Those found only in combination commercially are antimony, arsenic, barium, bismuth, boron, cadmium, calcium, cerium, chromium, cobalt, fluorine, lithium, manganese, potassium, selenium, silicon, sodium, strontium, thorium and tungsten.

Shipping Liquid Air.

"The press telegrams a few days ago," said a New Orleans lawyer to a Times-Democrat reporter, "announced the opening of a big establishment in New York for the manufacture of liquid air, and, according to the scientific journals, its success is a foregone conclusion.

"This is the same enterprise in which a syndicate from New Orleans thought seriously of investing about six months ago, but two or three of the members made a personal inspection and brought back such a discouraging report that the scheme was dropped. At first great difficulty was experienced in transporting the fluid any distance. The Tulane University wanted to get some, but it was found on calculation that twenty gallons shipped on a fast train would evaporate to the last drop before it could reach this city.

"The trouble is now overcome in two ways. To begin with, the liquid air is made very much colder than it was at first and has less tendency to return to gas. Then a new and improved carrier has been invented. It consists of a double sphere, and when evaporation begins the intermediate space fills with intensely cold vapor, which retards the process. A gallon of air can now be kept for several days. The first practical use to which the new material will be put is the refrigerating of fruit cars."

Holding Down All the Jobs.

A canvasser for a religious publication entered the yard of a residence in the southern part of the city a few days ago. A small wagon in the yard and several war whoops from the rear of the house announced that the family was not out of the city for the summer. A pull at the front door bell brought no response, so he went around to the side porch, where he found a small boy with his face smeared with jam making a pyramid with lumps of loaf sugar.

"Anyone at home?" asked the canvasser.

"No."

"No one else?"

"No. Papa went to the store and left me wif warmer. Marner went up ze street and left me wif nurse. Nurse's aunt died an' she left me wif ze cook. Cook jus' runned up ze alley to see her frenz an' I's got everyting to see after, an' it's all right."

The canvasser felt that the sunshine of his paper was not needed in that family, and he went his way.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE PASSING OF KING COTTON.

South Carolina Will Have 20,000,000 Pounds of Tobacco This Year.

The South Carolina farmer is slow to give up his allegiance to King Cotton, but the returns in late years have shaken his faith, and a change is steadily being made. There has been nothing revolutionary in the supplanting of cotton in half a dozen counties in the rich Pee Dee section by tobacco. The first experiments were made by one or two men in Darlington County five or six years ago. They were successful. The farmers in each county have experimented, and only when certain of success have they gone into tobacco as their money crop. This year it is planted extensively in six large counties, while in others experimental farms were cultivated. There are thousands of tobacco barns dotting the country, while in eight or ten towns large warehouses have been built.

Since the industry was begun in South Carolina each year's product has more than doubled the last and the grade of leaf has improved. This season from 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 pounds will be sold in these warehouses. The prices so far have ruled from four cents to twenty-six cents, and the tobacco planter is the happiest farmer in the State.

The impetus to wheat growing has been more sudden and marked than that of tobacco culture. Last fall a large acreage was planted in wheat, and while the oat crop failed, the yield of wheat was excellent. The former difficulty of getting wheat to the mills has been obviated by the building of about twenty roller mills this spring. They have improved machinery, and have been grinding on full time. Because of a prejudice against the flour shipped into the State, occasioned by reports of its adulteration, the home-made article sells twenty cents a barrel above market quotations, and there is demand for all the output.

As an experiment, a farm that produced fifteen bushels of wheat to the acre four years ago was made to yield sixty bushels this year. No fertilizers were used, but after the wheat was harvested each year cowpeas were sown and the vines plowed in. It is likely that this season wheat acreage of last year will be doubled.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The deadliest foe to love is custom. The easiest person to deceive is one's own self.

The crow thinketh her own birds the fairest in the wood.

The greatest men may ask a foolish question now and then.

Fear not to be good; better die young than live to be hung.

The clothing of our minds certainly ought to be regarded before that of our bodies.

Cleanliness is next to godliness, but this thought will not always cure a wash-day backache.

It is well to look upon the bright side of life, but the shrewd business man carefully considers the other side.

See the spider cast out her film to the gale, confident that it will adhere somewhere and form the commencement of the web. We are to toil on in the assurance of triumph.

Our whole trouble in our lot in this world rises from the disagreement of our mind therewith. Let the mind be brought to the lot, and the whole tumult is instantly hushed.

He is not forever fretting as to his progress, or looking back to see how far he is getting on; rather he goes steadily and quietly on, and makes all the more progress because it is unconscious.

Great people are to blame for joking with their inferiors. Joking is a game, and a game pre-supposes equality; it is to obviate any inconvenience arising from this momentary equality that the players have the right, the game finished, not to know each other.

The maelstrom attracts more notice than the quiet fountain; a comet draws more attention than the steady star; but it is better to be the fountain than the maelstrom, and star than comet, following out the sphere and orbit of quiet usefulness in which God places us.

It takes a great many lives, in a great many different ways and places, to make a world. It takes many phases and alternations of work and holiday, weekday and Sabbath, sad and bright, calm and intense—much mixing even of spiritual and natural—to make a single living.

A New English Peeress.

Queen Victoria's action in reviving the extinct barony of Dorchester, and in creating Mrs. Leir Carleton a peeress in her own right under the name of Lady Dorchester prompts the Courts of Europe to recall that the first Lord Dorchester received his peerage as commander-in-chief of the British forces in America at the time of the War of Independence. Indeed, it is thanks to him that England remains to-day in possession of Canada instead of the latter's forming part of the United States. He is better known on this side of the water by the name of Sir Guy Carleton, which he bore through the War of Independence, only receiving his peerage at the close.

The Carleton family, of which the new Lady Dorchester is to-day the head, has many other American associations. Some of its members were British Governors here in Colonial times, while others founded families in Maryland, Virginia and several of the Southern States.—Baltimore Sun.

A Crane's Catch of Brook Trout.

Inspector Frank W. Pierce, of the New York State Forest Preserve Board, reports that a crane was shot near the Moose River in the Adirondacks which had forty-five brook trout in its stomach.

A PASSPORT IN MISSOURI.

When a Stranger Says "Corn Pone" the Host Replies "Light and Come In."

"I read something in the Sun the other day, taken from a Richmond paper, about the decline and fall of corn bread in the South," said a man from Missouri to a Sun reporter. The Missourian continued his remark in an aggrieved manner: "Out in old Missouri corn bread, old-fashioned, sure-enough pone, is still served in the best families. In some of the first-class hotels of that State they put corn pone under the head of desert. I reckon you know that there is also the corn dodger, and then there is the hoe cake, and then there is the ash cake—all made out of cornmeal. But the corn pone is the piece de resistance. When a stranger goes into a Missouri house and says he likes corn bread, 'specially corn pone, the cockles of the heart of the Missourian warm toward the stranger at once. It comes mighty nigh being a passport to the best society in my State.

"I know of one man who was made to feel very much at home by his familiarity with corn bread and its habits in a Missouri home at a time when he was very much under suspicion. He had been sent to investigate a matter by his superior. He arrived at the house at a late hour. The folks had gone to bed. He aroused them by hallooing from the road. When the man of the house appeared and called off the dogs he asked the stranger what he wanted. The stranger was not just as satisfactory in his reply as was desired and the man of the house told him he better go further up the road for entertainment for himself and beast. The stranger had his reasons for wanting to stay at the house where he had just made his call. He said it was pretty hard when a Missourian couldn't find shelter in any Missouri home where he made application. The man of the house asked him:

"Are you a Missourian?"

"When the stranger replied he had that honor, the man of the house kindled, and then asked, 'Have you got any credentials?'

"Have you got any corn bread?" asked the stranger.

"What kind?" was the query.

"Pone," was the reply.

"Light and come in," was the hospitable invitation.

"When the stranger was in the house the Missourian apologized for keeping his guest without the gate so long by explaining that there was a good many peddlers about the country and he was very particular as to who he admitted.

"I don't want you to feel any uncertainty about me," said the stranger, "and to convince you that I am a Missourian and entitled to your hospitality, I can tell right where that corn bread is kept. I'll bet I can find it in the dark. It's in a skillet in the lower part of the kitchen cupboard and the milk that goes with it is out in the springhouse in the back yard."

"The Missouri host extended his hand to the stranger, and, shaking the latter's hand earnestly, he said: 'You could come mighty nigh getting into our lodge without the grip or the sign.'

"That was an actual experience, and when you are in Missouri and want to be taken care of in a proper way, just call at any Missourian home and say 'corn pone.'"

A Recipe For Rain-Making.

Some years ago Kansas was over-run with so-called "rain-makers" who did a thriving business in vicinities afflicted with drought. The Rock Island Railroad had a rainmaker who traveled about the country in a special car and made rain from Texas to Iowa. At the time the process employed was guarded as a secret, and no doubt the mystery surrounding the operation had much to do with the interest aroused among the people. But now comes George Matthews, in the Wichita Eagle, with a full exposition of the means employed by the Rock Island wizard and others, and the following is the recipe given by him: "Ten fluid ounces of sub-sulphuric acid.

"Fifty fluid ounces of water.

"Five ounces of zinc.

"Renew every hour and stir every thirty minutes day and night until rain comes. The moment rain begins to fall remove jar or crock. In territory west of Kansas use one-third less; at sea level use double the quantity. In Kansas work only on southerly winds, which are the moisture-bearing winds. Begin an experiment only in a clear sky. One station of the experiment, if successful, will produce a rain thirty to fifty miles in diameter. A better and more certain result can be secured by having three or more stations forty or fifty miles apart."

According to Mr. Matthews this mixture left in an open-mouthed jar generates hydrogen gas, which rapidly ascends. The theory is that this gas ascending creates a shaft through the hot air down which the cold air rushes, creating a storm centre and gathering moisture for precipitation. Matthews claims that of the 200 experiments made by him at least 180 were successful.—Kansas City Journal.

Bug Lifts Three Pounds.

Justice of the Peace John J. Hare, of this city, has a strange bug that can lift three pounds with his pincers. He captured the bug on the sidewalk and took it into his store, and while holding it in a pair of pincers the bug took hold of a box of watch screws weighing three pounds, and when Mr. Hare pulled the bug away it held on to the box and held it suspended for three minutes and had a good hold at the end of that time.—Philadelphia Times.

CURIOUS FACTS.

The giant bees of India build combs ten feet in height.

In ten years the descendants of two rabbits will number 7,000,000.

A recently built organ, run by electricity, contains 64,500 miles of wire.

A Chicago street beggar who died a few days ago left a fortune of \$40,000.

Lambeth Palace can show specimens of almost every style of architecture which has prevailed since 1190.

It is said that on every voyage of a first-class ocean steamer about 3000 pieces of glassware and crockery are broken.

There are several varieties of fish that cannot swim. In every instance they are deep-sea dwellers, and crawl about the rocks.

An Oklahoma town was surveyed, lots sold, and many of them occupied by about eight hundred people within twenty-four hours.

Japanese workmen are obliged to wear on their caps and backs an inscription stating their business and their employer's name.

In certain parts of Africa crocodiles, toads and spiders are eaten. Ancient Romans ate caterpillars, and some Africans do the same to-day.

A new dog has appeared in England. Too high bred and too rare to become common, it is called the "butterfly" or "papillon," and weighs less than three pounds.

Among the latest collecting fads is a search after odd trade signs and circulars. The collectors declare there is more fun in it than anything in the collection line yet attempted.

The Romans were very skilful bowmen, although they discarded the weapon in warfare, trusting to the charge and to hand-to-hand fighting. Many of the Roman Emperors were famous archers.

In Iceland horses are shod with sheep's horn. In the valley of the Upper Oxus the antlers of the mountain deer are used for the same purpose, the shoes being fastened with horn pins. In the Sudan the horses are shod with socks made of camel's skin. In Australia horseshoes have been tried of cowhide.

His Brogue Saved Him.

The thickness of his brogue secured for a recent arrival from the Emerald Isle a ride of several hundred miles at the expense of the Pennsylvania Railroad. His destination was Boston, and at the Broad Street Station he asked for a ticket to the Hub. The ticket seller was unable to determine whether it was Boston or Washington the man wanted to reach, but finally sold him a ticket for the latter city, and a few hours later he found himself in the national capital. As he was unable to read, the mistake was not discovered until he reached Washington, and to complicate matters he had not sufficient funds to purchase a ticket to Boston. He presented his case to the railroad officials at Washington, and they, putting him to a test, were unable to distinguish from his pronunciation of Washington and Boston any material difference, thus exonerating the clerk at the Broad Street Station, in this city, for his error. The facts of the case being laid before the general passenger department the man with the brogue was forwarded to his proper destination.—Philadelphia Record.

Nest of Two Plucky Birds.

An excellent example of perseverance under adverse circumstances on the part of two birds deserves record. A pair of tomtits lately built their nest on the axle of a cart belonging to Mr. William Hedges, of Hillesden, near Buckingham. For the first seven days the vehicle was kept daily in use on the farm, the birds being observed busily engaged making their nest before and after it had been taken from the shed. In the course of another seven days they deposited an egg every morning previous to the cart being, as usual, required for work in the fields. After this the tomtits were allowed entire possession of their cosy feathered domicile, and certainly they deserved to be left unmolested for the lesson they taught of commendable pluck.—London Standard.

The Spanish Cork Trade.

Cork-cutting is one of the few industries of Spain that remain apparently unaffected by the revolutionists, Carlist plots and her feeble financial condition. The largest output is from the province of Gerona, along the upper borders of the Pyrenees Mountains. The factories in this district employ 10,000 people. A concern in Cadiz, which handles cork from the tree to the consumer, employs over two thousand people. The value of the Spanish cork trade is over \$10,000,000 a year. This trade steadily increases, and is a measure of the wine and liquor consumed by civilized man. As one dollar will buy nearly five hundred corks, it is easy to realize that more than five billion bottles are used each year. This gives us an average of about five bottles per man.

Father 106 Years Old Whips His Eighty-Year-Old Boy.

Monroe Hedges, aged 106 years, of Anderson, Ind., who whipped his eighty-year-old son Hiram, at Indianapolis, and placed him in the hands of surgeons, who sewed his scalp together, and are trying to bring him to, lives in a little house in Irondale addition. He claims the distinction of being the man who drove the first spike on the first railway ever constructed in Indiana. His ninety-nine-year-old wife died recently. His strength and mental activity are something marvelous. Hiram was one of the babies of the family, and he is eighty years old.

AMERICAN SAYINGS.

"Thoughts That Breathe and Words That Burn."

Give me liberty, or give me death. PATRICK HENRY. Speech in the Virginia Convention, March, 1775.

We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. At the signing of the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776.

These are the times that try men's souls. THOMAS PAINE. The American Crisis, No. 1.

My only regret is that I have but one life to give for my country. NATHAN HALE. On the scaffold, 1776.

'Tis our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world. GEORGE WASHINGTON. Farewell Address.

Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute. CHARLES C. PINCKNEY. When Ambassador to France, 1796.

To the memory of the man, first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen. HENRY LEE. Eulogy on Washington, December 26, 1799.

Don't give up the ship! JAMES LAWRENCE. Captain of the Chesapeake, June 1, 1813.

We have met the enemy, and they are ours. OLIVER H. PERRY. Battle of Lake Erie, September 10, 1812.

Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong. STEPHEN DECATUR. Toast given at Norfolk, April, 1816.

I would rather be right than be President. HENRY CLAY. Speech, 1850.

If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot. JOHN A. DIX. Official dispatch, January 21, 1861.

Hold the fort! I am coming! W. T. SHEERMAN. Signal to Albatraz, October 5, 1864.

With malice toward none, with charity for all. ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Second inaugural address, March 4, 1865.

Let us have peace! GILBERT S. GRANT. Accepting nomination for the presidency, May 29, 1868.

Don't swear.—shoot! LEONARD WOOD. Colonel of the Rough Riders, June 24, 1898.

Don't cheer! The poor devils are dying. JOHN W. PHILIP. Captain of the Texas, July 3, 1898.

Change of Name.

Some men change their names to conceal their identity. They may have committed crimes. Others change for euphony's sake. Still others change because of pecuniary reward, as a youth taking his maternal grandfather's name in order to inherit his fortune. A few change without rhyme or reason, and are more ridiculous after taking than before. There was a little fellow, a railroad power, of the name of Duck. He was short, very fat and round, and waddled as a duck. The humor of his friends drove him to a change of patronymy, and what do you suppose he chose? Crane! One of the queerest cases was that of John Smith, of California, whose application to the Legislature resulted in one of the famous Pacific Coast jokes. A member surreptitiously changed the selected name to Amor de Cosmos, and so the measure, as passed and signed, became celebrated. Amor was informed that he was "a lover of the world." He left California, settled down in British Columbia and became a noted public man.—New York Press.

Blasting by Steam.

Mr. H. Schaw has invented a method of blasting by electricity and steam combined. Mr. Schaw found by experiment that it would be easy to boil water in a cartridge by using a thin coil of platinum wire through which electricity is sent. The steam pressure within the cartridge would rise to 150 pounds per square inch and far in excess of that. If the water cartridge is successful in mining its application to heavy blasting may be made by use by railroad engineers, Western mining concerns and in large quarries.

Among the Best.

Little Katharine's mother was very anxious to find out how her daughter was getting along at school. "Where do you stand in your class?" she asked. "Are you at the top?" "No-no, I guess not," replied Katharine thoughtfully. "Well, surely you are among the best," said the solicitous mother, placing strong emphasis on "among." "Oh, yes, yes!" responded the little girl with assurance. "They're all around me."

Copper-Colored Queen Victoria.

When the Queen's statue in the Albert Park was unveiled by Lord Ranfurly none present were more pleased than the Maoris. Their first exclamation was "Ane!" and then when they looked, critically, upon the ample bronzed proportions of Her Gracious Majesty and noted her copper-colored features, they said, "All right; all the same as ourselves. She is one of us!"—New Zealand Herald.

A Smart Retort.

A quiet-looking young man was walking along the Strand the other day when he suddenly slipped over a piece of orange peel and fell into the gutter.

While he was in the act of rising, a swell, who was passing by (thinking to amuse the bystanders), said:

"Where did you lie last?" "Where you were bred," was the unexpected reply.—Spare Moments.

THE BOY AND THE TOY.

One day before a window There stood a little boy. Who gazed with earnest longing Upon a pretty toy— Who thought with its possession Would come earth's greatest joy.

Day after day he saw it— He sighed day after day— And trembled lest some other Might carry it away; Day after day new splendors Were centred where it lay.

He gazed into the future— Life's story was begun— He stored his little earnings And when the days were done His sleep was full of visions Of treasures to be won.

There came a day of triumph, He carried off his prize, And lo! at once its splendor Died out before his eyes— The little boy was foolish; But, then, are men so wise?—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

PITH AND POINT.

"I may be coarse," thought the zomb, "but I have my fine points."

"When is it proper to answer back?" "When the teacher asks what is the opposite of 'front.'"

"Truth," he quoted, "is at the bottom of a well." "And you are no kind of a diver," was the prompt retort.—Chicago Post.

She—"Mr. Highnote tells me he is cultivating his voice." He—"Yes; I saw him irrigating it early this morning."—Chicago News.

"Doesn't the vessel tip frightfully?" Steward—"The vessel, mum, is trying to set a good example to the passengers."—Boston Traveler.

"Banks is in a bad way financially." "All his money gone?" "Worse; he can't borrow any more."—Philadelphia North American.

"Mrs. Newcash's five-o'clock tea was too vulgar for anything." "Was it?" "Yes. Why she actually had a lot of things to eat."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Lady of the House (to peddler)—"If you do not go away I'll whistle or the dog." Pawning Peddler—"Then let me sell you a whistle, num."—Tit-Bits.

"When will your new frocks be done, Amelia?" "I don't know; my dressmaker is very reserved and has not yet taken me into her confidence."—Chicago News.

Gentleman—"Cabby, I'll give you five dollars if you catch the 4.30 train." Cabby (excitedly)—"Jump in, guv'nor, an' I'll do it or break yer neck in the attempt!"

Orator—"No, gentlemen; I tell you that if you want a thing done well, you must always do it yourself." Voice from the Crowd—"How about getting your hair cut?"

Jack—"Is Charley a man to be trusted?" Cholly—"I'd trust him with my life." Jack—"Oh, yes; I know. But would you trust him with five dollars?"—Baltimore Life.

Fred—"And what do you think of my argument, Will?" Will—"Sound—most certainly sound." Fred—"And what else?" Will—"Nothing else—merely sound."—Tit-Bits.

"That man cheated me out of a cool million." "Ah—wouldn't let you marry his daughter, I suppose?" "No; he let me marry her, and doesn't give us a cent."—Detroit Free Press.

"Do you think this poem of mine will live?" asked the high-browed youth. "I dunno," answered the brutal acquaintance. "It ought to. It seems pretty tough."—Washington Star.

"That hammock has a history." "What is it?" "It has been through six seasons at the seaside with the Upjohn family, and not one of the girls is married yet."—Chicago Tribune.

Catching the Old Man: Little Clarence—"Pa, that man going yonder can't hear it thunder." Mr. Calipers—"Is he deaf?" Little Clarence—"No, sir; it isn't thundering."—Pack.

Large Charity.

It is computed that more than \$25,000,000 has been given or bequeathed during the last year to educational institutions and libraries in the United States. An observing contemporary notes that one benefit from the transfer of this great sum to uses of public education is that by helping to make independent of State and local aid the institutions which it goes to, it helps to make their teaching less subject to the influence of transient public sentiment. Where the support of a university depends on the will of a legislature, the instruction that it gives in such subjects as political economy, social economy and history is liable to be affected by political considerations; but an institution that stands on its own pecuniary legs has nothing to consider in its choice of doctrine further than to teach what makes most for sound learning and coincides most accurately with apparent truth.—E. S. Martin, in Harper's Weekly.

Seventh Son of a Seventh Son.

At Wichita, on Tuesday, a boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Thompson, being the seventh son of a seventh son, and the Eagle says: "There are other peculiarities attending the birth of the Thompson baby along the line of sevens. It was born in the seventh hour of the seventh day of the seventh month, just seven days before the birthday of its loving father, who sits and doddles it on his knee in the firm belief that he and his wife have brought forth a prophet. Each of the fond parents believes strongly in the old tenet which says that the seventh son of the seventh son shall be a prophet, and the mother, especially, who was seen last night, is so strongly set in the belief that she said she had about decided to name her baby Joshua."—Kansas City Journal.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

One Woman's Work.

There's a quiet, clever, notoriety-hating little woman in Newark, N. J., whose occupation probably takes the prize for unusualness. So far as heard from Mrs. Morrison is the only woman in the country, or in the world for that matter, holding the post of official photographer to police headquarters. Her work consists of taking pictures of criminals for the rogues' gallery which is a feature of police headquarters in Newark as well as other cities. Since criminals have begun to appreciate the possibilities of changing this appearance by a different arrangement of the hair or another style of hirsute decoration, photographs have fallen somewhat in esteem. Some day, no doubt, they will be superseded by a record of measurements, thumb marks and such things. It will probably not happen in Mrs. Morrison's day, however, and she has little fear on that score of losing her job.

She has a studio especially fitted up for her work at the top of the headquarters building, and the prisoners are brought to her under guard. She has been particularly successful in getting them to sit quietly and allow her to photograph them with no more trouble than any ordinary sitter would give. Men who have hitherto done this work have nearly always had great difficulty in getting good pictures, because the sitters would twist and turn and screw their faces up. Sometimes it was only after the guard had clubbed them into a proper frame of mind that they could be persuaded to allow the photographer to get a proper focus at all. It may be Mrs. Morrison's personality or that whatever good is left in the most hardened criminals responds to the polite feminine variation of the request to look pleasant.

After such a pleasant account of her success with her pictures it seems a pity not to be able to say that the financial end of the business is equally successful. There is no danger that Mrs. Morrison will grow rich as a result of her official labors. To be sure, \$3 or \$4 a day in addition to your income from other sources is not to be despised, and Mrs. Morrison feels very happy over her new post. She fitted up her studio at her own expense, and she is paid at the rate of a dollar a dozen for all the photographs she takes. She makes a dozen copies from each negative. One of these is regularly posted in the rogues' gallery with the record of the original written on the back. The others are kept for use in identifying suspicious persons. For instance, if the police in another city have arrested a man suspected of having been previously convicted, these extra copies come in handy as helps in identifying him. Then the detectives sent to identify prisoners find these extra copies of great service to carry with them for purpose of comparison.

Mrs. Morrison is a business-like little woman with a firm belief in the possibility of a working woman keeping the personal and domestic side of her life quite separate from business. She took up her present occupation because she was suddenly thrown upon her own resources. She had some knowledge of the work and a studio in the lower end of the city. She does all her own work except the retouching. Mrs. Morrison's opinion is that photography is a good, practical trade for a woman if she will learn the business right through. Few of them know more than one very simple branch.

Endless Procession of Necktie Ideas.

We are in process of varying our shirtwaist career with an endless procession of necktie ideas, some of which are pretty enough to be carried over into next season and used as light touches on our sombre woaden frocks. For instance, writes Mary Dean, numbers of women wear high straight stocks with their white skirts and round the bare stock wide twice a length of cream malines net. When on the second winding the net is brought back to the front, instead of fastening its lace trimmed ends in a big bow close beneath the chin, they are brought down to a point midway between throat and waist, there pinned with a bright brooch and tied in a bow. By so simple a scheme, to the plainest silk or muslin waist an air of sweet ornamentation is given hard to derive by as inexpensive means.

Another noble invention is that of passing a broad satin ribbon of soft texture twice around the high collar. When drawn to the front, its ends are put through a small buckle of paste jewels, and this is pushed close to the throat, while from it flutter unconfin'd two long scarf ends of ribbon.

Women who do not take to these devices love to bury their chins in the cloudy masses of a wide-winged bow of nothing more costly than a long wisp of white silk muslin, edged with imitation Mecklin lace, which is nothing more after all than an incipient Bois de Bologne scarf that has ends fluttering to the knees.

Earrings Popular Once.

Earrings are coming in again, and while fashion's slaves are meekly protesting that they will not wear the barbarous things, they will undoubtedly submit in the end.

The edict has gone forth that earrings are to be worn again, and the jewelers are prepared for an immediate demand for that article of jewelry, which was relegated to oblivion ten years ago.

One drawback to the revival is that nine out of every ten women will need to have their ears pierced again, and every woman has an acute remem-

brance of that painful ordeal in the past. When our mothers were young it was the custom to pierce the ears by putting a cork behind them, stretching the lobes of the ear tight over the cork, and then piercing with a needle, afterward drawing a silken thread and a gold ring, made especially for the purpose, through the hole.

Pearl or diamond screw rings will hold their own for a long time in woman's favor, but there are some new and startling fancies shown in the way of earrings in the jewelry shops.

Mourning Periods.

The different periods adopted by many for the wearing of mourning are as follows:

A widow should wear mourning for two years—one year deep crape, six months black, with less crape, and six months plain black.

Mourning of children for parents, or parents for children, must be of one year's duration—that is, six months crape, six months black, or four months black, and the two months black and white, gray or mauve.

A sister should wear mourning for a brother one year—six months crape, three months black, with or without crape, and three months black with a little white introduced.

For grandparents the mourning should be as for a sister or brother.

For an aunt or uncle the mourning should be of six months' duration—three months black with crape trimmings, two months black, and one month black and white.

For great aunts or uncles, cousins, nieces or nephews, three months black, with or without crape, as desired.

A variety of styles in mourning veils are now seen. A veil made entirely of crape has a scalloped silk edge with embroidered corners. Others, less heavy, are shown in fine Brussels or Russian net. One of the simplest has a band of crape an inch and a half wide all around, edged with tiny braid. Another is edged and trimmed with inch wide bands of the crape across the corner, while a third has a scalloped edge with an embossed crape and silk corner. The length of these veils varies from forty-one inches to fifty-four inches.

The many little accessories of the toilet should help to carry out the effect of the mourning gown and veil.

Handkerchiefs of Irish linen, plain or hem-stitched, have a band of black just inside the hem.

Folds, rufflings and pleatings are found in great variety. They are made of silk, crape or chiffon.

Jet brooches, usually of simple design, are worn with mourning costumes.

Women as Inventors.

Some of the largest and most valuable inventions are due to women.

Mrs. Harriet Strong, who began by inventing a corset, ended by taking out patents for dams and reservoirs. Although now an old woman, she has but recently patented a device for storing water. Mrs. Ada van Pelt invented a permutation lock with three thousand combinations; also a letter box for the outside of houses that throws up a signal to the postman when there is a letter to collect.

A little girl by an ingenious invention revolutionized the making of screws. A woman invented satchel-bottomed paper bags and was offered \$20,000 for her patent before she left Washington. A woman invented the Burden process of making horseshoes, which turns out such rapid work that it has saved the country \$2,500,000 in fourteen years. A number of women's inventions are known to have been patented under the names of their husbands, fathers or brothers.

The lecturer exemplified her woman's wit by an anecdote. She was out driving with an old Vermont farmer, and he said to her somewhat testily: "You women may talk of your rights, but why don't you invent something?" to which Mrs. Bowles immediately replied: "Your horse's feedbag and the shade over his head were both of them invented by a woman."

"Do tell!" was the astonished rejoinder.

The bright woman remarked in her lecturer, "I do tell, and I think it is good to tell these things."

A New Millinery Veil.

A new veil has been invented as a protection for the hat against the dust which is almost more detrimental than the sun, and cannot be warded off in the same way. It is made of double width tulle. That portion which serves to cover the face is studded with spots, while the other half, intended to envelope the entire hat, but to hide it as little as possible, is plain. The arrangement of these veils is not an easy matter, and requires the addition of several long pins.—New York Millinery Trade Review.

Lace Trimming Bands.

Lace trimming bands, outlined and embroidered with chenille, are a novelty and quite pretty, and are used on grenadines, organdies and foulards.

Mania For Braiding Continues.

The mania for braiding dresses, and, for that matter, for braiding nearly every article of wear, is likely to continue through autumn.

To Have a Handsome Hat.

An artistic hat can be made by trimming a dull green straw with pale yellow and dark red chrysanthemums and gilded grasses.

A Novelty in Parasols.

Parasols, narrow tucked from the center to the edge, is the greatest novelty offered in one line of sunshades in years.

The production of copper in 1899 was over 526,000,000 pounds.

SODA WATER SECRETS.

FORTUNES MADE BY THE DISCOVERERS OF NEW SOFT DRINKS.

There is a Popular Craze For Something Thirst-Quenching and Cooling in Summer and Hot and Biting in Winter—The Fate of Old Fountains.

The Scientific American gives the following interesting details about the soda water business in New York City: The chemist who discovers a process of making a drink and is successful in putting it on the market soon finds himself on the high road to financial success; but of the scores who are laboring in season and out of season to concoct some new mixture that will appeal to the taste of thousands of thirsty mortals not one per cent. reaches the goal for which he is striving. Notwithstanding the popular craze for something new in cooling drinks in summer, and hot and bracing in winter, the number of successful drinks each season is very small indeed. Occasionally the large department stores will take up a new drink and advertise it extensively, and there will be a temporary rush for it which will make the profits large both for the dispenser and the inventor. But there is nothing in which the public refuses to be fooled for any length of time more than in the drinks which are consumed summer and winter. If a really new article of virtue is introduced the public stands by it, and there is a steady and constant demand for it; but most of the new mixtures are merely variations upon the old drinks intended to deceive the consumers.

The summer trade in soft drinks is peculiarly handicapped in this respect. It is already so loaded down with different sirups and drinks that dealers will not take hold of a new thing unless it can be demonstrated to possess unusual virtues, or the inventor of it is willing to put a lot of money in advertising it. The largest fountains, where the trade in soda water on a hot day amounts to a thousand or more glasses, have to carry in stock from fifty to one hundred different flavors. The majority of the customers will call only for a few different flavors, but the dispenser of drinks must be prepared to satisfy the crank who is bound to call for some odd flavor if it happens to be out. It is to prevent the expansion of this already too formidable list of sirups that the trade is opposed to the indiscriminate introduction of anything new.

On the other hand new drinks are put on the market every season, but these are often the result of a little independent work on the part of the owner of the fountain. It is an easy matter for him to concoct a new drink. His knowledge of sirups, waters and chemicals enables him to mix different ingredients together which will produce a flavor peculiar to itself. It may have no other virtue. But if it is properly named and skillfully advertised, it may have a "run" or a season that will pay big profits. The soda water man does not expect a permanent trade in it; he is satisfied if it will take for a few weeks or months. Usually the drink is one that does not cost much to make.

The shopping district is the best all-round soda water district in the city. Down town in the business district the soda water season is short; comparatively few men will call for this typical American drink except in very hot weather. Then the stores do a rushing trade, especially in the phosphates. A phosphate soda is considered about as harmless a cold drink on a hot day as any concoction yet devised, and it quenches the thirst as well. Consequently, staid and sober business men will indulge in one or more glasses of this drink in preference to clear ice water. On the hot days, some of the large downtown drug stores sell a thousand or two drinks, chiefly of plain soda and phosphates. Icecream soda is not a man's favorite drink, but up town in the shopping district it outclasses almost all other drinks. It has a long season, beginning early in the spring and lasting until cold weather comes. The department stores make a specialty of the ice cream soda because it is in such general demand; but on the whole it is not as profitable as the plain drinks. The reason for this is not that the cream costs so much more, but because of the amount of time required to consume it. Time is everything to the soda water man on a hot day. With new customers crowding and jostling each other to reach the counter, it is money in his pocket to get rid of consumers as quickly as possible. It takes a woman a considerable time to eat and drink her glass of ice cream soda. Usually she expects to make this an excuse to rest and gossip, and she may occupy her seat at the table or counter for ten or fifteen minutes. In that length of time a dozen or more sodas could have been dispensed to new customers who would like to take their places. So as a matter of business the ice cream soda is not a favorite with the soda water man in the hot weather. Some absolutely refuse to serve it, except on ordinary days when there are no crowds. It is convenient to be out of ice cream when the mercury is climbing up among the nineties.

In former days the few manufacturers of soda water controlled nearly the whole trade in sirups and all carbonated waters. To make more of a monopoly of it, and to hold on to customers the manufacturers supplied customers with elaborate fountains and signs. The only stipulation was that the customer bought his soda from the manufacturer. The outfits did not go out of the possession of the manufacturer, and could be taken to another customer if the soda water man failed to live up to his agreement.

The cost of these plants, with their handsome marble fronts and plate glass sides, ran all the way from \$500 to \$10,000 and \$15,000. To-day most of the department stores and druggists order their own fountains and owe allegiance to no company. More than that, they do not even patronize the companies to the extent of purchasing sirups or carbonated water from them. They have their own carbonating plant and make their own sirups. A complete carbonating plant can be put in for a few hundred dollars, and after once installed the cost of making the soda water is very small. The firms who supply the carbonated waters in portable tanks charge from eight to ten cents a gallon, but the druggist can make his own beverage at less than three cents per gallon. Where large quantities are used, the difference in the original cost is so great that the saving will almost pay for the equipping of a carbonating plant in one summer.

With the carbonated water thus reduced to three cents a gallon, the profit on a glass of soda water is great. The sirups and cream represent a greater cost than the water itself; but where the flavoring extracts are made right in the store a glass of plain soda with any of the ordinary sirups does not cost the dealer more than a cent and a half. A good glass of ice cream soda cannot be made for less than three to five cents. The latter is usually the average cost in high class stores where the best of cream is used. The price of ten cents a glass, considering the slowness with which consumers drink it, does not make the profit so large as an ordinary plain soda.

The soda water fountain is an American product, but there is reason to suppose that other countries are gradually contracting our national taste for this summer beverage. One large firm makes a business of manufacturing a certain type of soda water fountain and carbonating plant for export. The South American countries in particular show a growing penchant for soda water. A good many of the old-fashioned, discarded soda water fountains find their way to South America and even to South Africa. The demands of the trade are such that every druggist in the city aspires to have constructed for his store a fountain of superior size and taste, and this causes many old fountains to be thrown upon the market. Formerly these were sold to the small country dealers, but now a considerable number of them are bought up by the second-hand dealers for the export trade.

His Extremoporeous Effort.

Mr. Spurgeon used to tell a good story about one of his divinity students. It was his custom, in order to test the powers of the young men for speaking, to give them as they were about to ascend the pulpit a text to discourse about on their own plan and in their own words. This, of course, was not before an audience, but simply among themselves for practice. On the occasion referred to he gave to a young man who as yet had not tried the ordeal the simple word "Zacchaeus." The young man, trembling from head to foot, said: "I will divide my subject into three parts. First, we read that Zacchaeus was small of stature, and I never felt smaller than at the present moment; second, we read that Zacchaeus climbed a tree, which reminds me of my ascent into this pulpit; third, we read that Zacchaeus made haste to come down, which accordingly I will now do."

Whether this man ever became a great preacher or not, we are not told, but he certainly showed that he possessed ready wit.—Ram's Horn.

Farm Wagons of the Argentine.

It is curious to see how the wheat is carried to the cars from such farms in Argentina as are far distant from the railroad. It is hauled in bullock carts, the wheels of which are about eight feet high. A load weighing several tons is balanced between a couple of these wheels, and from a dozen to sixteen bullocks are harnessed up in a double file in front of it. As the car moves onward over the rough road the wheels give out such a screeching that you think there must be a hog-killing going on near by. If you tell the farmer that a bit of grease on the axle would stop the noise, he replies that this is necessary, and that the bullocks will not move unless they hear it. In some few of the large farms modern machinery is used, and the threshing is commonly done with European or American threshers.

Hawesville's Mystery.

In a town of odd happenings nothing surpasses this: A residence in Hawesville has been in actual process of construction for twenty-five years. Each year work of some nature is done on it, yet it lacks a great deal of being completed. For a long time it was without roof, but one being put on, it long since rotted away and another is in its place. The house has never been occupied. It is of good size and would make an admirable dwelling. It is the only vacant house in Hawesville. It would be funny, wouldn't it, if it turned out that this house belonged to a carpenter? Is it proof that the shoemaker's wife goes barefoot and other ridiculous things of like nature are happening?—Hawesville (Ky.) Clarion.

Bees Killed by Skunks.

J. B. Kinsken, owner of an apiary at Hobart, N. Y., shot four skunks on Tuesday night that had been killing his bees. The skunks do their work at night, when the bees are in the hives, and to get the bees out of the hive they knock out the back of it and then go round to the front and kill the bees by striking them with their paws.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

After His Vacation—The Refinement of Cruelty—Easy Assumption—Unprepared But Not Surprised—Knew What Poverty Meant—Where He Landed—Quite Right—Unprepared But Not Surprised.

"He told his audience that he was wholly unprepared."

"Do you believe it?"

"Yes, he had his speech in his pocket but he hadn't learned it."—Chicago Record.

And He Did.

"I believe we are all ready," said the young man who was about to officiate as the bridegroom.

"All right. I will join you in a moment," replied the clergyman, rising.—Chicago Tribune.

A Child's Vain Wish.

Little Edward—"I wish I had whiskers like papa."

Mamma—"Why, darling?"

Little Edward—"Then you couldn't always see when my neck needed washin'."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Where He Landed.

Griggs—"What became of that son-in-law of yours who failed in business about a year ago? Has he got on his feet again?"

Griggs—"No; he is still on my hands."—Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.

Easy Assumption.

Little Helen—"Boo-hoo! I don't want to take that nasty, bitter stuff."

Her Mamma—"But how do you know it's nasty and bitter? You haven't tasted it."

Little Helen—"You said it would be good for me."—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Refinement of Cruelty.

Fretman—"It makes me so mad to hear Beldin tell his little boy to do this or not to do that, and then let the imp do just what he wants to do."

Skeezics—"Yes, Beldin says he does it, not to coddle the boy, but to make you uncomfortable."—Boston Transcript.

Poet and Editor.

The poet wrote to the editor, earnestly:

"My future is in your hands!"

To which the editor, in the fullness of time, replied:

"We have read your future and regret to find it unavailable for our uses. We accordingly return it."—Puck.

The Making of a Financier.

Clerk—"Does it take you an hour to go around the corner?"

Boy—"A man dropped a quarter down a hole in the sidewalk."

Clerk—"And it took you all this time to get it out?"

Boy—"Yes, sir; I had to wait till the man went away."—Harlem Life.

Knew What Poverty Meant.

"You have never known the pangs of poverty!" he exclaimed, bitterly.

The heiress' eyes softened, though liquid to begin with.

"Indeed, I have," said she, warmly. "I went to a bargain sale where no one knew me and found I had left my purse at home."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Record-Breaker.

Miles—"There is a man over in that museum who has lived for forty days on water."

Giles—"Pshaw! That's nothing. I have an uncle who has lived nearly forty years on water."

Miles—"Impossible!"

Giles—"Not at all. He's a sea captain."—Chicago Daily News.

A Friendly Tip.

Young Author—"Tell me frankly what you think of the manuscript of my book. I want to get it in shape for publication, as I have several other irons in the fire."

Critical Friend—"Well, that being the case, I would advise you to use the manuscript for fuel. It might at least help to heat the other irons."—Chicago News.

Cause and Effect.

"You are," said the examining magistrate, "a writer of rhymes, I believe."

"Sir," answered the long-haired individual, haughtily, "I am a poet; a poet, sir, who will be remembered long after you are forgotten."

"Perhaps you will," was the sarcastic rejoinder. "I pay cash on delivery for everything I purchase."—Chicago News.

Enough.

"We've simply got enough of it!" protested the neighbors.

The man who had been running scales upon a trombone laughed gaily.

"Then this is what you might call the horn of plenty!" he exclaimed, by sudden inspiration.

Here he laughed again, although near to death.—Detroit Journal.

She Was a Shouter.

Wife—"I have had a new picture taken, my dear. Look at it and set your eyes like it."

Husband (after examining picture)—"There's something about it that doesn't seem altogether natural. What kind of picture do you call it?"

Wife—"It's a half-tone."

Husband—"Ah! That accounts for it's not doing you justice."—Richmond Dispatch.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

To Clean Light-Colored Silks.

Gasoline and naphtha are the best agents for cleaning silks where there is any fear that the colors may be altered by soap and water. Do the work in a room where there is either a light nor a fire. Have the windows open that the vapors may pass out. Use two large bowls, and half fill each one of them with the naphtha or gasoline. Wash the article in one bowl, as if you were using water, and rinse in the second. Pull into shape and hang in the open air to dry. The naphtha may be returned to the can, and after a few days, when all the dirt has settled, the liquid may be poured into a clean can.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Light Lunch For an Invalid.

Good sponge cake, served with sweet cream or a glass of milk is an excellent lunch for an invalid. A simple and excellent rule calls for two cups of pastry flour, one cup and a half of powdered sugar, four eggs, one teaspoonful cream tartar, and a scant half teaspoonful of soda, two table-spoonfuls of lemon juice and a half cup of cold water, or, if preferred, a half cupful of boiling water put in last. Measure the flour after sifting once, then sift four times. Beat the yolks until lemon colored and creamy and the whites until stiff, adding the cream tartar to the whites, stir well, then the yolks, flavoring, soda dissolved in the water and flour. Beat until light and bake from twenty to thirty minutes in a moderate oven.

Love Letter Pillows.

The "Yale pillow" has hit the popular fancy, and young women, North, South, East and West, are phenomenally busy tearing old letters and manila wrapping paper into bits for the stuffing of one of these pillows. "It's an awfully nice way to dispose of your old love letters," declared a young matron a few days ago. "One hates to burn up all those fervent protestations of undying love, and yet one can't keep them all stored away. If you tear them into bits and make a pillow for your head, the sentiment remains; and though you can't continue to read them, it is romantic to feel that your head is pillowed on them." All papers excepting newspapers find their way into these pillows, which, though heavy, are soft and cool. For the hammock or piazza suite they cannot be surpassed, while they are most effective weapons in the "pillow fights" and other hard usage to which college pillows are subjected. They are usually covered with plain denim or other stout serviceable material.

For the Pickling Season.

There is nothing more delicious than good wholesome pickles, but no article of diet can be more easily turned into injurious foods than these if improperly manipulated. Before beginning the annual pickling, therefore, remember that brass kettles, alum, and turmeric are to be avoided, and that strong spices are to be used only moderately. Alum and other preparations are used only for giving the pickles a tender and crispy appearance or a fresh green color. The former can be obtained if the vegetables or fruits are fresh and young and wholesome. A deeper green can be imparted to the pickles by adding some grape or cabbage leaves. Mold can be prevented from forming on pickles by covering them with nasturtium or horseradish leaves. Sour pickles should be inspected often, and any white scum that forms on the top should be removed. Both sour and sweet pickles should be made of sound fruits or vegetables, cooked or pickled with pure cider vinegar and spices, and be made and cooked in agateware, earthenware, or porcelain-lined utensils. Prepared in this way they can not be otherwise than appetizing and wholesome.

Recipes.

Swedish Rolls—Take biscuit dough, roll it out, butter it and sprinkle over it sugar and cinnamon, and roll up like a jelly roll. With a sharp knife cut it in two an inch wide; put each piece cut side down in buttered tins; sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon and bake in a quick oven.

Creamed Cucumbers—Pare and cut the cucumbers into slices about a third of an inch thick, stew them slowly until tender in a small quantity of salted water, then drain. Put one and one-half cupfuls of milk on to boil and thicken, with two tablespoonfuls of flour moistened in a half cupful of cold milk. When thick and smooth add the drained cucumbers, a quarter of a teaspoonful of sugar and serve.

Macaroni With Tomato Sauce—Rub one-half can of tomatoes through a sieve, pour into a saucepan and place over the fire, add salt, pepper and sugar to taste and thicken with one tablespoonful of butter, rubbed smooth with an equal quantity of flour. Cook one-quarter of a pound of macaroni in one quart of rich stock, drain, put into a deep dish, cover with the tomato sauce and bake quarter of an hour in a moderate oven. This may be served accompanied with a dish of grated cheese.

Corn Soup—Mash one-half a canful of corn very fine, put it into a double boiler, add one and one-half pints of milk and cook for fifteen minutes. Chop one-half a small onion, cook it ten minutes in one and one-half tablespoonfuls of butter, stirring constantly so that it does not burn, then add to the corn and milk. Blend one tablespoonful of flour with a little cold milk and stir into the soup when perfectly smooth. Season with salt and pepper; cook for ten minutes longer; strain and serve very hot.

The first national census, taken in 1790, cost less than \$50,000. That of 1890 cost \$11,200,000.

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[ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE, PEABODY, MASS., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.]

—Copy for Advertisements should reach our Peabody office, 21 Lowell St., Thursday at noon. This is imperative.

—The PEABODY STAR is on sale every week in Raymond's stationery store, Mr. McCarthy's, 12 Lowell st., and T. P. Masterson's dining room at the Square. In So. Peabody by Mrs. Brown.

To all readers who send us the price of one year's subscription to THE STAR—one dollar and fifty cents—we will send the paper to the end of the year 1900—sixteen months. Thus giving the paper for four months free.

His Time is Coming.

No, Mr. Republican of Lynn; Mr. Hall is not open to a nomination for representative this year. But when his time comes he won't be forgotten.

NUMBER FIVE.

This is the fifth number of THE PEABODY STAR. It is one of our best numbers. The past week has been the best in financial results. The growth in circulation is marked, steady and substantial. Peabody not only can support a town paper, but will do so. In a very short time our printing office will be removed from Boston, and set up in Peabody. And this fact shows how we feel about it.

It is no reflection upon former efforts in this line that THE PEABODY STAR should give promise of becoming a permanence. There are many reasons why this may be the right time—why circumstances may be propitious—why a sense of their loss may be felt by our people since the suspension of the last paper published here, and an intention to support the STAR result therefrom. With these things we have nothing to do, altho' we are daily confronted with questions bearing upon them.

We have had a large newspaper experience. We are satisfied with the outlook. Peabody will be our home; and our business will be established here. It is not for us to make explanations. We must be about our business.

The Political Situation in Peabody.

So far, there is little being said or done in Peabody about political matters. Occasionally there crops out a feeler as, for instance, the items in a late issue of the Boston Herald, and which were copied *verbatim* into the Essex Republican of Lynn. Much of it was without foundation in fact, but it is to be expected that a good deal of salt will be necessary in the digestion of political "news" for some time to come.

We are authorized by B. G. Hall, Esq., to say that he is not a candidate for the representative nomination this year, and that he has no desire to be. This is positive and final.

In addition, Mr. Hall says: "You may say, as my expression, that Col. Guild will undoubtedly receive the Peabody delegation."

Mr. B. B. Humphrey thus becomes the logical nominee for representative this year. He is an enthusiastic party man, a business man of unquestioned probity, and well-qualified, if elected, to fill the position with honor alike to himself and the town.

We say "logical" candidate, but it is more than probable that other names will be submitted to caucus.

It now remains for the Democrats to name an equally good man. There is no scarcity of such timber in their ranks, so it should not be difficult to make a good selection. The great trouble with the Democracy in this

town as elsewhere in New England, is the large, uncertain, "wobbly" vote. An ideal candidate and a united Democracy in Peabody, would make the situation most interesting. In any event, we are sure to have a good man as our representative.

Col Guild, writing *anent* his candidacy for the nomination of the Lieutenant-governorship, displays his usual good nature. He is not disturbed in contemplating the outlook, whatever it may possibly be. He says in reference to our impatient correspondent of last week: "I was rather amused by the letter of your correspondent. I always believe in being good natured about these things."

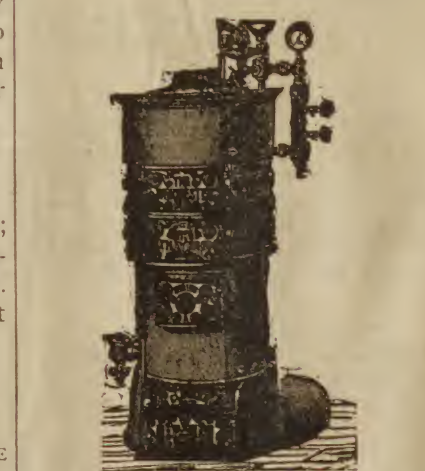
Both Col. Guild and Speaker Bates are running a courteous campaign, and their sympathizers can surely afford to do the same.

PEABODY PARAGRAPHS

—A rainy Saturday—bad for business.

—The Thermometer company is working night and day.

—Mr. McCarthy, late with Raymond's periodical store, has opened a similar store at 12 Lowell St. See his advertisement in another column.



—When you think about putting in heating apparatus for that new house, consult M. E. Lynch about the Winchester heater. It is a leader, and will bear the closest investigation.

—The Welsbach Light is the best in the market, and you can see it tested and have it explained at the headquarters—19 Foster street—by Mr. David B. Lord or his efficient assistants.

—POETON'S COUPON SYSTEM.—Bring this adv't and 15c. for any of the following 25c. articles: enamel, tape, wrench, tool bag, lock, bell, toe-clips.

S. POETON, Peabody.

—Following are the names of the Notaries Public, with dates of expiration of their commissions:

John J. Cahill, Mar. 17, 1904
Frank E. Farnham, Mar. 29, 1905
Benj. G. Hall, Sept. 2, 1904
Frederic G. Preston, Mar. 29, 1902
Arthur H. Sim, July 19, 1900
Benj. F. Southwick, June 13, 1902

—Mr. E. J. Porter, manager of the bicycle races connected with the annual show of the Essex Agricultural Society, has issued his entry blanks. There will be four events, as follows:

No. 1. Half mile handicaps, 1st prize, \$25 diamond ring; 2nd prize, \$20 S. phonograph; 3d prize, \$10 tires.

No. 2. One mile handicaps, 1st prize, \$20 watch; 2nd prize, \$15.50 Gem phonograph and 18 records; 3d prize, \$5 revolver.

No. 3. Two mile handicaps, 1st prize, \$25 S. phonograph and 12 records; 2d prize, \$20 watch; 3d prize, \$12 tires; 4th prize \$3 revolver.

No. 4. One mile, boys under 19 years, 1st prize, \$10 Gem phonograph and 6 records; 2nd prize, \$9 tires; 3d prize, \$4.50 revolver; 4th prize, \$4 tires; 5th prize, \$3 gas lamp.

—One of the most modest of our townsmen, and yet one of the most successful of our business men, is Mr. William H. Fellows, 65 Walnut street. Commencing business as a house-painter on Lowell street about seventeen years ago, his trade has steadily increased till today his stock of builders' hardware, paints, wall-papers, windows, doors, blinds, sashes, painters' supplies, etc., it is safe to say, is rarely equalled in the largest business centres of the State. Three buildings are well-stocked with these goods, and 19 men are kept busy on outside and store work. The stock of wall-papers is especially large, every floor in the main building containing large lots of it. Blinds, sashes and doors are packed closely on several floors in two buildings, while zinc, tar-paper and other roofing material find a place in an annex. The main building is 40x70 feet, and is three stories high. The basement is well stocked with

oils, varnishes and other necessities of the painters' business. Mr. Fellows' trade is not only very large in Peabody, but is also extensive in Salem, Medford and other towns. It gives us pleasure to add that Mr. Fellows is highly respected wherever he is known, and nowhere more than at home.

Communications.

A word to those who will probably write communications for this paper. 1st. Authorship will be kept sacred—the editor alone will be in possession of the author's name, which must accompany every communication.

2d. Anyone may write for this paper on subjects of home, society, industrial, ecclesiastical, town, state, or national interest. Letters from workingmen will be treated with the same consideration that letters from their employers would receive.

3d. Personal animosities, scandal, offensive or otherwise injurious gossip will find no outlet in these columns.

4th. Write plainly, in ink if possible, and on but one side of the paper.

5th. We hope the reader will ever bear in mind that the thoughts given expression to in this column are not those of the editor.

6th. Be brief—be brief—be brief.

SOUTH PEABODY.

[We will be glad to have anyone write for this paper.]

—Whew! The dust.

—Getting ready for the fair?

—It is said there is to be a periodical store in South Peabody. Good!

—The best attraction ever seen at Santaug Park is there this week. The STAR does not tell you about it until Saturday, for we are a weekly paper; but take our advice and see this show Saturday evening. You will be well paid for your trip.

—Faithful Mrs. Brown continues her work of delivering papers to our households, altho' well along in years. What would we do without her daily visit? She is the link that binds us to outer civilization. May she live long to prosper at her business!

—Willis Reed is putting up a large two-story-and-a-half home, on the corner of County and Maple Sts. Willis is a young man, and a newly made Benedict, and we congratulate him on his push in starting the building of a new home. He is setting a good pace for others of us in this part of the town.

—The proposed races at Rockdale were declared off last week, as the classes failed to fill. Another attempt will be made later in the season, when we hope will succeed, as the new management is under considerable expense to please the public in the way of horse-races.

—Mr. Fred P. Batchelder, clerk at the B. & M. freight office, and Mr. Archer L. Twiss, book-keeper for F. W. Lord & Co., and correspondent of THE PEABODY STAR, sail from Boston this Saturday night, Sept. 2, for a trip through the Kennebec River region, Maine.

—Will the Superintendent of Streets please have the proper officials notified of the rubbish that is being thrown into our public streets? By rubbish, I mean glass, bits of iron and tin cans. It causes us bicycle riders lots of trouble and expense. As he rides a wheel himself, I think he can appreciate our grievance.

—So, Peabody is proud of her representative on the Board of Selectmen. Mr. Reed is a man of energy, ability and good judgment, and the peer of any other member of the board. Somebody whispers that something higher is in store for him. Well, the Reeds are a popular lot over here, as they deserve to be.

—A very pretty and successful lawn party was held at So. Peabody Wednesday evening, under the direction of the Rockdale Cycle Club. Over 450 tickets were sold, and a very enjoyable time was had by every one present. Dancing was one of the features of a very pleasant time, music being furnished by Langford's Orchestra of 4 pieces, from Lynn. The floor was admirably "managed" by J. S. Brown, floor director, who was assisted by a large corps of aids. A cake walk was enjoyed by couples from Lynn and Salem. The party broke up at 12.30, every one being delighted. The boys took splendid care of their out of town friends, cars being run to all the surrounding towns and cities at the close of the evening. The club is to be congratulated on the success of the party, both socially and financially. Try it again, "Rockdale Boys." "You're all right."



[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

John H. Keyser, who died recently at East Norwalk, Conn., was for 40 years a stove and furnace manufacturer in this city. He made and lost several fortunes, but was comfortably off in his last years. As a philanthropist he is best known. In 1868 Mr. Keyser built the Strangers' Rest, at 510 Pearl street at a cost of \$25,000. In it he sheltered, cleansed and fed 9000 friendless men and some women at an expense of \$12,000 a year for five years at his personal expense. In 1870 he built the Stranger's hospital at a cost of \$80,000. It was run by him for three years as a free hospital. In the panic of 1873 when Mr. Keyser's home in Second avenue was besieged by the hungry and the homeless he made a dining room of his back yard and fed all comers until the number reached 1000 daily for two meals. In the panic of 1888 he established a free eating house at Washington square, and with the assistance of friends gave two square meals a day to an average of 2000 persons.

A New York physician suggests a novel but apparently effective method of preventing the successful escape of criminals. He would apply to one cheek, the forehead, the thumbs and fingers a strong solution of nitrate of silver, which would immediately be decomposed by sunlight, forming an insoluble black oxide of silver stain wherever applied to the skin. The forehead could be stencilled thus: "John Jones, New City Jail, Murderer." This stain would last from three to six weeks or more, when the stencilling and staining could be repeated as desired. It would be an utter impossibility for escaped prisoners to prevent identification if this method were used. Upon all but the blackest of negroes this method would do, and upon the inky black is suggested the similar employment of a strong solution of peroxide of hydrogen, which would oxidize the coloring matter in the skin, and "dat nigger would turn white, in places."

A German sailor, 40 years of age, died recently at the Eastern district hospital in Williamsburg. His case has deeply interested the surgeons. In 1893 he received an injury to his spine on a British freight steamer as it was unloading at the Commercial street pier by a block falling from the rigging. His spine was fractured and his back from the neck to his feet became paralyzed. He was taken to the Eastern district hospital where he hovered between life and death for several months. Then there was a change in his condition. He was obliged to lie continuously on his back, and while in that position he played cards, smoked cigars and had his meals. The British government bore the expense of his board and medical treatment.

Justice Smith of the supreme court has given a decision recently, which has caused no end of comment. In effect it is that colored children are ineligible to attend white schools in New York. A test case was brought and the learned justice decides that "under the provisions of the common school act of 1864, authorizing the establishment of separate schools for the education of the colored race, the authorities have power, when in their opinion the interests of education will be promoted thereby, to establish schools for the exclusive use of colored children, and when such are established to exclude colored children from schools provided for white children." The judge will receive a cordial welcome if he visits the southern states next winter.

The following incident is at once pathetic and shocking. What woeful, awful extremes of poverty occur in a great city! A Hungarian woman, carrying the body of a dead baby in her arms, went to the morgue and asked if she might leave the child's body there. She was Mrs. Mary Kopas of 55 Avenue B. She was too poor to bury the child, she said. Morgue Keeper Fane referred the woman to Superintendent O'Rourke of Bellevue, who sent her to an undertaker. When the woman told the undertaker that she had no money he sent her back to Bellevue. Finally, when she threatened to leave the corpse in the hospital yard she was allowed to leave the body in the morgue.

A patrolman of this city is a university graduate, reads Greek and Latin, holds a degree in medicine, formerly held an instructor's chair in one of our colleges, and has numerous other accomplishments somewhat rare in a policeman. Cases of this sort are as numerous as are the instances of men who possess scholarly accomplishments without the faculty of applying them to what is generally called the best advantage. Yet this officer is up to his duty, and who shall say that his education has been a drawback. If some of the other patrolmen were a tenth part as well educated—but we forbear.

Juanita Teressette Terry, aged 13, of this city, who was killed with her half-sister and nephew by a train at Seabright, N. J., was the only daughter of the late Juan Pedro Terry, the Cuban millionaire, and would have inherited between \$6,000,000 and \$7,000,000 from his estate. Her next of kin is Mrs. Charles W. Trippie, her half-sister, who was badly injured in the railroad accident. KNICKERBOCKER.

Wholesale Thefts of Bullion.

Butte, Mont., Aug. 31.—Through the arrest of M. Mayer, an assayer of Butte, John F. Boyd and James McDonald, disclosures of wholesale thefts of silver bullion from the Bi-Metallic Mining company have been made. At least \$50,000 worth of bullion has been made away with. Detectives found \$30,000 in bullion with Assayer Mayer, which they identified as coming from the Granite Bi-Metallic mill. The officers are looking for other parties said to be implicated.

Dangerous Counterfeit Abroad.

Washington, Aug. 31.—The secret service has discovered a new counterfeit \$2 treasury note of the series of 1891, check letter "D," Bruce register, Roberts treasurer; portrait, McPherson. The seal is dark red, instead of pink, and the parallel ruling is poor, as is most of the lathe work. It is a fairly deceptive photo-etched production, and the silk fiber distributed through the genuine paper has been closely imitated.

Times Pats President's Back.

London, Aug. 31.—The Times, in an editorial this morning on "The American Imperialist policy," says: President McKinley's speech at Pittsburgh placed American policy on a solid and unsalable basis. We are quite confident that America has the patience and persistence necessary to overcome the Philippine problem and will in the end have reason to be proud of her new possessions.

Boom for Newburyport.

Fall River, Mass., Aug. 31.—Seth A. Borden, one of the heaviest stockholders in the Hargraves and Parker mills, in this city, the Peabody Manufacturing company of Newburyport and the new mill being erected at Warren, R. I., has purchased the Victoria mills of Newburyport and will soon control 250,000 spindles.

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Now for the Rush.

Minneapolis, Aug. 28.—A special from Mine Center, Ont., says: What the discoverer claims to be a new mining district has been found by a Mr. King of the Sawbill lake region east of here. He and a companion have been prospecting north of the Canadian Pacific road, and 55 miles from the line, almost direct north from Bonheur station, they have found a district possessing rich veins of gold-bearing quartz. Both King and his companion have taken up claims which are said to carry free milling gold in rich quantities.

Did It the Second Time.

Springfield, Mass., Aug. 28.—Bert Russell of this city yesterday lowered the road record between this city and Boston and return. He covered the distance of 198 miles in 14 hours and 12 minutes, cutting down the old mark of 14:47. This was his second attempt.

Scheme to Unload Late Purchase.

Vienna, Aug. 28.—The Politische Correspondenz says that deputations of American merchants from Manila have gone to Washington to promote a scheme for selling the Philippines to Great Britain.

Sacrifice Brave, but Needless.

Quebec, Aug. 31.—Two young ladies, Helena and Alice Gillespie, cousins, were drowned in the St. Charles river yesterday, while attempting to save the life of a sister of the first named, who had got beyond her depth, while bathing. The latter was rescued, as well as another cousin, who had also gone to her assistance.

At Agricultural Park.

The track committee having in charge the various racing events at the annual fair of the Middlesex East Agricultural Association at Reading and Wakefield, have finished their labors, and from a racing point of view, the card could hardly be excelled. On the first day, Wednesday, September 27th, the 3-minute class will trot and pace for a purse of \$350, followed by a 2.25 trot and pace for \$250. On Thursday, \$225 will be offered for a 2.35 race, and \$300 for the 2.18 class. The 2.29 class will start on Friday, either trot or pace for \$250, and a novelty in the shape of a matinee race of one-half mile heats, and every heat a race for a purse of \$100.

The free-for-all on Saturday, the last day, will be a grand attraction, trot or pace, for \$400, and on the same day the 2.40 class will trot or pace for \$200. Horsemen have been so well treated at Agricultural Park, that there is always a good entrance and the best of racing, with no delays and no laying up of heats is assured.

As a fair, however, there will be attractions to interest every one, and the stage performance, talent for which is now being secured, will rival many a high class vaudeville show.

At a recent directors' meeting it was voted to erect a new grand stand, which will be in readiness for the forthcoming fair, and the estimated cost of over \$2000, will ensure patrons an opportunity of witnessing the various attractions in the most luxurious manner. Regular orchestra seats will be installed, and its several appointments will be first-class in every particular.

Most folks realize the beneficial effects of

A Bath.

Nothing like the fine quality of Sponges, Soaps, Loefflers, that

The W. H. Carter Drug Co.,

sell at 44 Main Street.

New Periodical Store . .

Confectionery, cigars and tobacco, stationery, weekly papers, magazines, daily and Sunday New York papers. Coal orders taken for Winchester Smith.

N. E. MCCARTHY.
12 1-2 Lowell street.

J. F. C.

IS THE
Best 5c. Cigar
IN THE MARKET.

—THE—
George Peabody

CIGAR IS THE BEST TEN-CENT SMOKE.

See that your dealer keeps them. Manufactured by J. F. Carbrey, 19 Mason street, Peabody.

Leave your orders for

Fruit and Ice Cream

—AT—
Shea's, LOWELL STREET

A fine assortment of fresh fruit at low prices.

Now is the time to buy

School Shoes.

We have a full line at popular prices at

Raddin's, 52 Main Street

J. M. WARD & Co.

+ FLORISTS +

Designs Artistically Executed.

Cut Flowers and Plants

Green-houses, Warren and Endcott streets.

TELEPHONE 547-2.

GEO. E. MEACOM CO.,

Apothecaries,

No. 126 Main Street,

PEABODY.



Asssgnee's Sale....

Boots, Shoes, and Rubbers,

The assignee's sale at BUCKLEY'S, 21 Foster street, is still on, and the opportunity to buy summer, fall or winter goods at extraordinary prices is yet open.

Some Prices : Men's Boots, \$1.10. Women's Boots, \$1.10. Children's Boots, 40c. J. J. CONNORS, Assignee.

WILLIAM H. FELLOWS, House Painter Glazier and Paperer.

DEALER IN Windows, Doors, Blinds, and Wall Papers.

Sashes, Builders' Hardware, Ready mixed Paints, and Painters' Supplies, Paper Bags, Wrapping Paper, etc.

65 Walnut street, Peabody.

PHILIP E. REIDY, Registered Pharmacist, 11 Walnut street, Peabody, Mass.

SHAW'S BAKERY Bread, Cake and Pastry.

Walnut Street, PEABODY, MASS.

Special Sale.

375 pairs

Men's Pants

Worth \$1.25 to \$4.00, will be sold for

75c. to \$1.99.

GEO. H. JACOBS, Peabody,

Always on hand at

The W. H. Carter Drug Co.,

44 Main street, Peabody.

DISTIN.

Gentlemen, don't forget that Mr Distin,

TAILOR,

can get you up a good-fitting garment at a reasonable price.

27 1/2 Main St.

For 15c.

—TRY—

One cake of Armour's White Soap. One cake of Armour's Tar Soap. One large package Washing Powder. All for 15 cents.

C. E. FLINT,

25 Walnut street.

M. E. Lynch,

No. 26 Foster St., Peabody.

Plumbing, Heating and Tin Roofing. Satisfaction guaranteed.

THE POSTMASTERSHIP.

A number of very good men are being "mentioned" by out-of-town newspapers for the office of postmaster of Peabody. Altho' a little premature, these writers confess that Mr. Jackman has satisfactorily performed his duties; they admit that he is not an offensive partisan. They say his services to the country have been patriotic and valuable.

All of which are very good reasons for the re-appointment of our present postmaster, if he desires it.

Peabody.

—Mr. M. Feeney is home from a visit to the old country.

—Labor Day, the B. Y. P. U. of Peabody will attend the rally at Beverly Farms.

—Arthur Sim, Esq., is on a business trip to Bangor, Me.

—Mr. Peter O'Neil has been very sick, but is now convalescent.

—Miss Gertrude Black is spending a few days' vacation with Mrs. J. J. Cahill, at Rialside.

—Miss Lucy Croughwell has been enjoying a vacation, Miss Francis Roman taking her place in Miss Masterson's dining room.

—Mrs. C. W. Clark, wife of the proprietor of the "Central," is visiting friends in Fredericton, N. B.

—Mr. and Mrs. Angus Reid are enjoying a trip to Moncton, N. B., and other places of interest.

—Mr. Marshall of the Eastern Butter & Egg Co., is in Nova Scotia. Mr. Callahan has charge of the business in his absence.

—Bursley & Crehore will explain to you how you can obtain a beautiful medallion portrait of yourself, your baby, or any other member of your family. The medallion is certainly a splendid work of art.

—Boom Peabody, yes, but how? Well, one way is to purchase a home-made product. The J. F. C. cigar is home-made, and no better is sold for 5 cents. The "George Peabody" for 10 cents ranks with the best.

—The mortality among the infants of our town has been unusually light this season, cholera infantum—that dread of all mothers—having been less prevalent than for years past. Salem, Beverly, and other towns, however, have suffered considerably in this respect.

—The Pneumatic Cushion Rubber Heel is the best in use. The wearer will never slip on ice or wet surfaces. Will not dirt or snow into the house or office. Try a pair, and you will never be without them. At Davenport's Shoe Store.

—The stables of Black & Patterson are models of cleanliness and neatness. This firm make a specialty of caring for boarders, upon which they bestow the greatest of care, good and judicious feeding being a feature of their business, which is personally looked after by the members of the firm. They have seven horses and a number of fine turnouts, including three hacks.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

St. John's Catholic Church.—First Mass at 7 o'clock A.M. Children's Mass at 9. Mass at 9.30. High Mass at 10.30. Vespers and Benediction, 3 P.M.

First Baptist Church.—Preaching service at 10.30 A.M. Bible School at 12 M. Junior B. Y. P. U. at 3 P.M. Young Ladies' Meeting at 4 P.M. Young Men's Meeting at 6 P.M. Evening service at 7.

South Congregational Church, Rev. George A. Hall, Pastor. Morning service, 10.30 A.M. Sunday school, 12 M. Christian Endeavor, 6 P.M. Evening service, 7 P.M. Rev. Michael Burnham will preach.

Washington St. Methodist church, Rev. C. W. Blackett, pastor. Morning service, 10.30 A.M. Sunday-school 12 M. Evening service 7.30 P.M.

SECOND CONG'L.—Rev. L. J. Thomas, Pastor. Sunday-school at 1 P.M. Public worship, 2.15. Junior Endeavor, 6.30. Evening service, 7.30.

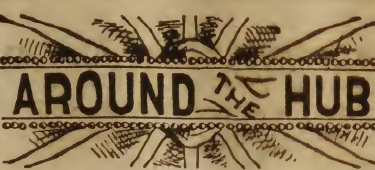
DIED.

At 101 Lowell Street, Sunday, August 27, Mark Marston, aged 72 years, 8 mos., 2 dys. Heart failure.

At 51 Franklin St., Aug 30, Mrs. Mary A. wife of William A. Smith, of paralysis. Interred in Cedar Grove Cemetery.

Doesn't Like the Papers.

Santiago, Aug. 29.—General Jimenez, the revolutionary aspirant to the presidency of the republic of Santo Domingo, arrived here with his two sons yesterday by the south coast boat, but was not permitted to land. The refusal of the authorities to allow him to go ashore annoyed him exceedingly and he refused to grant a newspaper interview, alleging that the press invariably misrepresented him. A large crowd of Dominican sympathizers and refugees endeavored to go on board the steamer to salute Jimenez, but were refused permission. They gave free vent to their indignation.



[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

The bureau of statistics of labor has issued a voluminous report regarding work on Sunday. It finds that the conditions of modern life make a certain amount of such labor necessary, and that about one-tenth of all the workers are involved. It is stated that aside from work on steam and electric railroads, employment on Sunday is not increasing relatively to the increase in population. The information in this report was collected by direct inquiry and personal interviews, and as to the railroad men they do not desire restrictive legislation. "Unless you educate people to give up Sunday travel it is better not to legislate on Sunday labor by railroad men, but let the men settle the matter with the companies. The majority of the men dislike to work Sunday, but if they have conscientious scruples about such work they are not compelled to do it."

The annual report of the trustees of the public library shows for the year ending Jan. 31, 1899, the cost of maintaining the institution was \$264,580. It appears that on Jan 31, 1899, the number of volumes in all departments was 716,050, of which 550,822 were in the central library. The net increase over 1897 was 17,162 volumes. The net gain to the central library was 22,743 volumes. A Boston paper has brought out the singular fact that the selection of works of fiction is left to a committee of ladies unconnected with the regular literary staff, and some books which have been recommended by so high an authority as the New York Nation have been disallowed. This is thought to be a narrow-minded policy.

The Central Labor union probably thinks it has done a smart thing in declining to invite Governor Wolcott to review a parade on Labor day as it passes the state house. This is the result of the veto placed by the governor upon the trade union amendment to the insurance law last winter. At the time the committees representing the Central Labor union and other bodies condemned the governor and threatened to invoke the action now taken. The motive of the veto was attributed to influence and a desire to silence the labor organizations of the commonwealth. The motion not to invite Gov. Wolcott was adopted by a large vote. It is presumed that the governor will survive the snub.

It is noticed that, during the most crowded part of the day at the Park street station in the subway, the pushing and hustling of people to reach their respective cars, when they near their stopping places are characterized by a wild indifference to life and limb which should be looked after before some fatal accident occurs. Men and women who, under ordinary circumstances, shudder at the thought of being the immediate cause of a fellow-creature's death, seem to be seized with a savage frenzy whenever the car for which they are waiting comes into view, and in their unreasoning fury catapult themselves against everybody standing between them and their objective point.

The Chelsea police have started in to enforce the "curfew ordinance" with a vengeance. On a recent evening a large express wagon was hired, and shortly before 9 o'clock five patrolmen and a sergeant got into the wagon, and when the bell struck at 9 o'clock the officers started through the thickly populated section of the city known as "The Hollow," driving all small children indoors. The wagon was followed by a large crowd, who ran through the street laughing at the children scattering and enjoying the fun immensely. The work will be kept up until the children find out that the police mean business. How would such a plan work in the Charlestown district?

The order adopted by the park commissioners some time ago about bicycle lamps is now in effect, and of course the bicycle riders in this vicinity will conform to the requirement to carry lights on their wheels after dark when riding in the public parks. Compliance with its provisions will put Boston in line with about all the great cities of the country and the world with respect to bicycle regulations. A good many of the visiting bicyclists who were here at the big meet wondered that such a regulation as this had not been made and enforced here before, as it had been where most of them came from.

Boston has many problems of its own—the most pressing being the completion of the elevated subway according to the terms fixed by statute, and the settlement of the rate of compensation which the water supply commission is to pay the city for entering upon the municipal property. The subway has been a great benefit to the suburban inhabitants, and has relieved the city streets of much obstruction, but the increasing travel still blocks itself at certain hours, and tends to do this yet more.

John C. Rice and Sally Cohen are due at Keith's Monday, Sept. 4, in one of their delightful singing, dancing and comedy sketches, and likewise the Angela sisters, who are among the best vocalists in the vaudeville.

OBSERVER.

A SPORTSMAN'S REVERIE.

He Meditates on What He Would Do in Case of Emergency.

Say, come over to the other side of this island; look down there where the shadows of the trees darken the water and give to it a look both murky and cavernous. What do you think is going on down there? Under those lily pads is the lair of a cut-throat; deep in the semi-gloom helms motionless till his prey comes carelessly by; then there is a darting gleam; blood is spilled; murder is done; a six-inch pickerel has swallowed a five-inch shiner. A mud turtle is coaling down there and filling his scuttle butts. That sedate-looking bullfrog is studying his part and resting preparatory to singing a baritone solo in the concert at 8 p. m.

See that hole in the reeds and bushes over there? You may think those shrubs grow on the land, but they do not. You might think that hole a tunnel in the hillside, but it is not; it is a canal; and now, supposing you were dwarfed to a Lilliputian or to a Palmer Cox brownie, and taking a sardine box for a gondola and a souvenir coffee spoon for a paddle, you move into that maze. Do you think you would be a gondolier in Venice? Well, you would not be. You would be a delinquent and suffering thing in Dante's "Inferno," and the mosquito is an imp with a forked tail on the wrong end and knows all about antitoxine and just where to inject it for the desired end. The water snakes would tip you over, and if you had as many legs as a blue-bottle fly the muskrats would pull every one of them.

Well, supposing you are just what you are and a shower should come up while the sun was still shining and a rainbow end rested in the top of that big pine tree on the mainland. Wouldn't you take that boat, go over there, climb that tree, and then, supposing just as you reached out to grab that rainbow you lost your balance and fell down through the branches and landed a-straddle of a blame big bear, and looking backward, like Edward Bellamy, supposing you should see a big snake—a boa constrictor—come billowing toward you with open mouth, intent upon swallowing you and the bear, too. What do you suppose you would do? Would you fall off or hang on and kick that bear's ribs to make him run? I like to sit on there and think about these things, and decide what I would do if the chance occurred.—Forest and Stream.

Trapped.

In one of the towns of Upper Michigan is the president of a railroad that is several removes from a trunk line. As a horse trader he is of the same type as David Harum, and thinks it perfectly "Christian" to get the better of the other fellow. Not long ago he sold a roadster to a farmer near the place, receiving \$175. One day last week the farmer dropped into the president's office, and casually inquired whether that official really thought the horse worth the money paid for it.

"Not trying to rue a bargain, are you, Si?" replied the president. "That horse is worth \$500 to a man who drives as much as you do. If I needed one at all, you couldn't have bought him at any figure."

"Wouldn't \$500 be a little steep for him?"

"Not a bit of it. He's got a better pedigree than many a 2.20 horse; he can keep up a fine gait all day and he's as gentle as a kitten. There isn't a better horse in the State for road work, and don't you touch less than \$500 for him."

"Well, I won't."

Then the farmer winked at a couple of men who had been listening, and laid a paper before the president.

"How did this happen, Si?" stammered the president.

"Them men o' yours that were hauling ties across my place left the fence down, the boss got on the track and a freight train dove the rest."

"But your claim for \$450 is ridiculous. We'll contest it."

But when Si grinned from ear to ear and when the two men laughed uproariously, the president blushing announced that he would have the matter adjusted in accordance with the claim.

Cultivating Whooping Cough.

The vivisectionists are apt to brag of the great benefit human beings derive from scientific inhumanity to animals. But listen to this experiment made by "a well-known physician" who "expresses the opinion that whooping cough is contagious only during the catarrhal stage; and has put his opinion to severe tests. On various occasions he permitted nearly one hundred young children, who had not previously suffered from whooping cough, to be associated in the same ward for twenty days or more with children suffering from the disease during the stage of whooping. In only one case was the disease contracted, and in this instance the patient from whom the infection was derived was in the very earliest period of the whooping stage." By which charming experiment he was "able to satisfy himself that infection was contracted from children who had not yet begun to whoop. He concludes that infection ceases very soon after the characteristic whoops commence, and that, therefore, in a family it is not the patient who is already whooping but his brothers and sisters who have not previously had whooping cough that ought to be isolated."

Automobiles in War.

Now we are to have experiments in the practical use of the automobile in war, a Peoria (Ill.) firm having an order to construct a carriage for a rapid fire gun. The experiment will be watched with interest by army officers everywhere.



—TRY A—

LUNCH

—AT—

C. J. KEEFE & CO.,

Dealers in cigars, confectionery, fruit, etc.

JACOB TRAUB,

13 Central street, Peabody. Opp. B. & M. Freight Yard.

Boots, Shoes, AND Rubbers.

A fine line of sample shoes constantly on hand. Boots and shoes made and repaired. Satisfaction guaranteed.

F. M. DAVENPORT,

Dealer in

Boots, Shoes, and Rubbers,

98 Main street, Peabody.

Repairing neatly done.

CONNOR & TRACEY,

Wholesale and retail dealers in

Groceries, : Teas, and Flour,

Beef, Mutton, Lamb and Veal Butter, Cheese and Eggs a specialty.

23 FOSTER STREET.

Women's Work.

Under the direction of Mrs. Jeanette W. Crafts, of Reading, president of the Woman's department at the forthcoming fair of the Middlesex East Agricultural association, to be held at Agricultural Park, Reading and Wakefield, Sept. 27th to 30th, matters purely feminine connected with the undertaking are being pushed with surprising energy. Chairman of the women's committee in the various towns comprising Mrs. W. S. Keene, Stoneham; Mrs. G. W. Sweetser, Wakefield; Mrs. Frank P. Bennett, Saugus; Mrs. F. O. Perkins, Lynnfield; and Mrs. J. B. McLane, of North Reading, report not a little interest in the woman's display and are daily answering inquiries and indicating methods of showing articles to the best advantage. What was last year a striking educational feature will this year develop into a display of woman's handwork positively bewildering. Especial attention is called to the list of premiums offered for specimens of needlework from children of 15 years or younger and ladies of 75 years or over.

Calico designs will show their popularity with a large exhibit, and as last year, the display of china painting rivalled the showing made by any other fair in the state, extra space will now be provided for this artistic feature. Although the woman's department was able to report last year that none of the exhibits received were broken or lost, at the last meeting of the board of directors, an appropriation was made for glass cases and exhibitors are guaranteed careful handling and safe return of their treasures.

The domestic science class from the Reading Woman's club are also lending their aid towards developing the woman's department, and are preparing a cock book to be distributed for the occasion.

The popular price of 25 cents admission will prevail at each of the four days.

Minor Mention.

A smokeless coal is promised. Chicago has 163,000,000 eggs in cold storage.

Free delivery automobile carts are to be tested at Kokomo, Ind.

The English papers are asking whether the United States will annex Santo Domingo.

The decree permitting persons in France to have private letter boxes has gone into effect.

Eastern Colorado, Western Nebraska and Kansas are suffering from a grasshopper plague.

The dry goods stores of Brooklyn are beginning to introduce automobile delivery wagons.

The Hawaiian Christian Endeavor Union comprises seventeen societies with a membership of 500.

The sardine output on the coast of Maine will be increased from 900,000 cases in 1898 to 2,000,000 cases this year.

MIDDLESEX EAST AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION. Agricultural Park READING AND WAKEFIELD. GRAND TROTTING EVENTS: Sept. 27—2.30 class, \$300; 2.35 class, \$250. Sept. 28—2.35 class, \$250; 2.40 class, \$200. Sept. 29—2.35 class, \$250; 2.40 class, \$200. Sept. 30—Free for all, \$400; 2.40 class, \$200. Tro. or pace in all classes.

Butter!

Take Butter, for instance. Our motto for many years has been: "Keep the best—always." If you want the best of anything in the grocery line, we have it, and carry nothing else. This butter is fresh churned, rich, just off the farm.

T. L. D. PERKINS.

J. A. Roome,

Carriage * Manufacturer, 36 Foster Street.

Horse Shoeing and repairing promptly done.

A LARGE STOCK

Native Veal, Fowl, Chickens, Calves' Liver,

PORK SAUSAGES, etc.,

VEGETABLES AND FRUIT

J. W. Trask & Co.'s

FRUIT!

BEEF IS HIGH.

Why not eat

Fruit?

We are receivers of large quantities of all kinds of fruits, and our prices are low.

S. H. WARE,

24 Main street.

PORTER & LORD,

Fire, Life, Accident, and Employers' Liability Insurance.

23 Lowell street, Peabody.

That Fall Suit

Will fit well, wear well, look well if made at 27 1-2 Main street.

We give you the best workmanship, the best goods, the best cut at

DISTIN'S.

BUY "DEADSTUCK"

—FOR—

BUGS

Kills them in hundreds. 25 cents.

C. E. Flint's,

BURSLEY & CREHORE,

DEALERS IN

Fine Groceries

Staple and Fancy.

Corner Central and Walnut streets,

Peabody.

HARRY E. STOCKWELL,

Funeral Director and Embalmer.

Office—cor. Lowell and Chestnut St Residence—45 Central street. Telephone connection.

FIREMEN.

Like the wild charge of cavalry,
Sent furious at the need's appeal,
Against whirling ranks of hissing steel,
Rushes the fireman's chariot,
With clanging bell and clattering wheel,
With panting force of engine,
With furnace flame and trailing smoke,
With steel-shod hoofs' far-reaching stroke.
With warning shout and rescue cry,
And as the rout goes clamoring by,
The throngs are rallied in its train
And haste the stirring scene to gain
Where ruin stalks 'mid fume and flame
And death's in wait his prey to claim.

Like warriors when they make essay
To breach or scale a citadel
Where stern defenders battle well,
The brave men force their periled way
And strive their fiery foot to quell
In urgent and incessant fray.
The long lines of the hose they lift
And climb the bending ladders swift,
With strenuous clutch and firm-set feet,
'Mid stifling clouds and scorching heat—
They wield the ax with woodmen's skill
And make their way where'er they clasp
And whoso'er the red flame gleams
They scantly pour the quenching streams,
Till all the hissing structure steams
With deathly warning to retreat.

Yet dauntless to their task they cling;
Still round and nozzle firm they clasp,
Though oft in feld gusts they gasp,
Though burning embers round them wing,
Though while the flames with sudden grasp
Of ardent hands their bodies sting.
They show no feather white of fear,
The frantic victims' cries they hear;
At hazard of their lives they save
The frenzied strong, the weak and old,
From torturing pangs and ashy grave;
And oft, too manifold, overbold,
The resolute will the press to nich
And 'neath its crushing fall they die,
Heroes fledged and true as they
Who dare the rage of war's wild day.
—Tudor Williams, in New York Sun.

HOW THE FIRE CHIEF WAS SAVED

By Wilder D. Quint.

SOME time in the afternoon of March 10, 1893, a fire broke out in Boston which ravaged a large section of business blocks east of Washington street and caused a money loss of nearly four million dollars. Several lives were lost, and a number of persons were seriously injured.

Toward the dusk of this day, when the flames had begun to redden the murky sky, District Chief John F. Egan went up to the roof of one of the largest buildings into which the fire had crept, to open the valve of the huge water-tank that stood there. He hoped to flood the lower floors, and thus save the main structure. An employee of the house went with him. Scarcely had the two men walked out on the roof when a portion of it behind them fell in with a fearful crash, sending a shower of sparks high into the air. Then arose a vast column of smoke, pierced by eager tongues of flame. Egan saw in an instant that the stairway up which they had come had fallen into the lower fire.

"There's no hope in that direction," Egan shouted to his companion; "follow me!" He walked to the very eaves of the burning building, and called to the crowd below for help. The people were quick to see the predicament of the two men, and tried frantically to attract the attention of the firemen to the pair; but the roaring of the engines, the crackling of the flames and the general tumult made their efforts useless.

The flames were now rapidly approaching the men, and the heat was becoming unbearable. In his desperation Egan leaned over the edge of the roof and hurled his hat down into a group of his men. Even this signal failed.

"Shall we jump?" faltered Egan's young companion.

"Not yet," said the district chief; "there's still one more hope. We'll go over to the edge above the other street"—the building was on a corner—"and see if we can't attract their attention on that side. Some one must see us."

"God grant they may!" said the other, as they started toward the other edge. Having reached it Egan saw a large telephone cable running directly over his head to a building on the opposite side of the street. They might climb across by the cable. It was a desperate chance, and none but a fireman or a sailor would have dreamed of taking it, but to Egan it meant a fair hope of escape for at least one of them.

He turned to his companion, saying: "Climb out and save yourself!" but stopped short, for the young man had disappeared. It seemed certain that he had fallen or plunged into the fire that was now so close at hand.

With a fervent prayer for help Egan set about helping himself. He grasped the cable and swung out over the roof. Hand over hand he went, gaining nearly a hundred feet above the pavement below, until he reached a point midway between the two buildings. There he stuck—he was not strong enough to pull himself up the slope to the other roof.

But if his muscles were weak, his head was strong. He twisted his legs and arms around the cable so as to hold on for some time, for help must surely come, he thought.

The gaze of the vast crowds in the street was now directed wholly to the black figure clinging to the swaying wire above. Frequently men turned away in horror, shuddering, fearing the man must drop, but now the firemen saw the peril of the chief. Plans for his rescue were immediately made. The tallest ladder was raised in the middle of the street; it failed by fifteen feet to reach Egan. Then an attempt was made to shoot the life-line over the cable, but there was no cart-ridge in the gun, and no one could tell where one was to be found.

When Egan had hung to the cable

twenty minutes, he seemed to be weakening. He was hanging more limply than at first. The time was near, all saw, when he must let go, and drop into the net that would be spread for him below; but even the net could at best but break his fall from such a height; he might be killed even if stopped by it, or at least maimed dreadfully.

But now hope came to the groaning people. They saw a man working away at the cable on the top of the building which Egan had attempted to reach. "He's cutting it with an axe," said some one. The crowd quivered with a new fear. Could the man know what he was doing? Would not Egan be dashed headlong into the street?

In another moment the meaning of the cutting was understood. A rope had been made fast to the end of the cable, which was slowly lowered. Egan slipped backward into the bight that was made as man and wire descended. A roar of exultation burst forth, but then the rope gave out. Egan had been lowered only twenty feet.

But now a lineman tore a section of loose wire from the roof and attached it to the rope. The lowering process proceeded. Inch by inch the exhausted Egan, who now comprehended the plan of the rescuers whom he could not see, was brought nearer to the earth. A dozen firemen seized the life-net and stood under the descending figure.

Down came the chief until he was within twenty-five feet of the net, when once more the line gave out, this time beyond remedy; but the distance was not great, and the danger was over.

"Drop, drop, old man," shouted a fireman friend of the chief, "we are here to save you," and drop Egan did, landing safely in the elastic meshes of the net. But the terrible strain upon the nerves and sinews had been so great that he collapsed completely, and did not recover until he had been treated for several days in a hospital.

The young man whom Egan had supposed to have perished, escaped by a feat as desperate but much less spectacular. He had seen a skylight on his way to the cable with Egan, and though the flames were roaring beneath the glass, he leaped through to the floor below. There he groped about, blinded by the smoke and scorched by the fire, until he found a stairway down which he stumbled to the street, "more dead than alive." —Youth's Companion.

Tonga's Royal Wedding.

On the 1st of June, 1899, a new page was added to the history of the Tongan, or Friendly, Islands, when George Tubon II. not only dared to defy the opposition of his chiefs by marrying the choice of his heart, but elevated her to his own rank, after the marriage ceremony, as his bride knelt before him, the King, placing the bright new golden crown upon her head, said, in a clear voice, "Lavinia, I crown thee Queen of Tonga."

George Tubon II. is a handsome man, being six feet three inches in height, and turning the scales at three hundred pounds. In complexion he resembles the Mexicans (Tongans are lighter than Hawaiians, with a most gentle expression in his beautiful brown eyes. He was educated in New Zealand, and speaks English in a soft, well-modulated voice. In looks and bearing he is every inch a king, and as he stood by the throne-chair in his own splendid chapel awaiting the arrival of his bride, dressed in full uniform, his breast adorned with glittering decorations, his crimson robe, ermine-trimmed, upheld by two little boys of high rank attired in pages' suits of red and white velvet (the Tongan national colors), one could not realize that all this was happening on an island belonging to a group which many readers have supposed to be still lingering in heathenism and beyond the pale of civilization.

Quite a flutter of excitement passed over the assembled guests as Lavinia entered the church, leaning upon the arm of her father, Kubu, Minister of Police. She was exquisitely attired in white satin trimmed profusely with Honiton lace, and from her shoulders fell the train, composed of silver and white heavy brocade, fully five yards in length, which was held by her six bridesmaids dressed in white silk. The bride's trousseau was made in Sydney, and is very elaborate. King George is just twenty-four, and his Queen is nineteen. —Harper's Weekly.

Very Likely.

The lesson was from the "Prodigal Son," and the Sunday-school teacher was dwelling on the character of the elder brother. "But amidst all the rejoicing," he said, "there was one to whom the preparation of the feast brought no joy, to whom the prodigal's return gave no pleasure, but only bitterness; one who did not approve of the feast being held, and who had no wish to attend it. Now, can any of you tell me who this was?"

There was a breathless silence, followed by a vigorous cracking of thumbs, and then from a dozen sympathetic little geniuses came the chorus, "Please, sir, it was the fatted calf." —Louisville Post.

An African Pocket Handkerchief.

I must not forget one particular, unique of its kind, of the most simplified toilet of the Barotsi; the pocket handkerchief. This consists of a thin blade of iron, finely wrought, with the handle of the same material. The whole is perhaps four or five inches long by one or two inches wide, and is hung around the neck by vegetable fibres or tendons. In blowing their noses they use it as a spring with an extreme dexterity, which I can say from experience is not a pleasant thing at a camp fire. —From "The Kingdom of the Barotsi," by A. Bertrand.

FARM AND GARDEN.

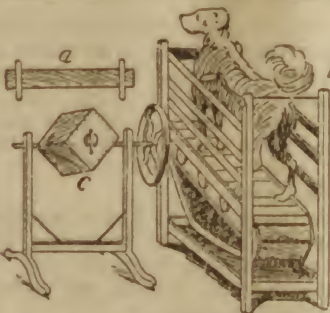
Care of Turkey Eggs.

When the turkey eggs begin to accumulate in the early spring it is quite a task to turn each one by hand, every day, as we should, if we would have them hatch well, writes Mabel Treloar, of Iowa, in the Epitome. If your hens will not sit, or you wish to save the eggs for the incubator, this is a good way to do it: Use your old cardboard boxes to make fillers, such as you use in your egg case. If you have nothing better, use shoe boxes, but I think a deeper box, one that holds two or three tiers, is best. I have made one that held two dozen eggs. Place the eggs you gather each day in the fillers, tie a string around your box and turn it upside down; the eggs are not only put away but are turned, in less time than it takes to write it. If you do not get but one or two eggs a day, place them in the upper tier until it is full; then it requires but a moment to put them in the bottom, when the top tier can again be filled. When one box is full tie on the cover securely, mark date on the top, and set it away where it can easily be turned each day. Thus you will always know what eggs are the oldest when you are ready to set them. If you have no egg cases, and do not know how to make fillers, ask your groceryman for a filler. Perhaps he will have some old ones that are partly torn off, and if so, you can cut them down to fit your boxes. But I think stiffer cardboard is better, and turkey eggs being larger than hen's eggs, will probably need larger fillers.

When your turkeys are hatched, and you are wondering what to make pens of for them ask husband to let you have the top box of a wagon, that he is not using. Cover one end of it for a shelter at night, and you will have quite a large space for them to run about in; the hen will not leave and the turkeys will not be compelled to follow her about. But do not make the mistake of keeping them shut in for a week or more after they come from the nest. Let them out for an hour or two every afternoon when the weather is pleasant. Do not let them out before the dew is off or leave them out too late at night. Turkeys are of a roaming nature, and if they do not get the grass and insects that they need, you will find that they are dropping away one by one, and soon you will no turkeys left. A chicken hen is a better mother than a turkey hen, for she will not lead the poult away so far that they become tired out and drop behind, as the turkey mother will. Neither will she take them on a visit to a neighbor's.

Using Dog Power in the Dairy.

Your correspondent who wishes a power in which to work his coolie dog will find that one made like the illustration will fill the bill, writes a dairyman to the Orange Judd Farmer. I used two different dogs in this power, then sold it, and the new purchaser is still using it and separates his milk, churns the butter and pumps the water for his stock with a coolie dog. The power consists essentially of two iron rods with a pulley at each end and rubber belts run-



DOG POWER IN OPERATION.

A, detached lag; B, the power; C, the churn. The dog is attached to the pulley. Rivet slats (called lags) to these belts for the dog to work on. There must be but one rivet at each end of the lag and this in the middle.

At each end of the lag a small piece, say an inch or less square and six inches long, must be fastened to the lags as a bridge to keep them from sagging under the weight of the dog. Two rivets or clinch nails are needed to hold these bridges firm. Each alternate lag must have these strips set in an inch so they will lap past each other and rest on a lag on each side. Three or four small rollers or wheels are needed under each end of the lag where the dog treads, as seen in the illustration.

The connection with churn, separator or other machine can be made by "tumbling rod" connection, as illustrated, or by a belt on the hand wheel. The lags may be a half inch thick and four or five inches wide. As the pitch may need adjusting to furnish the power needed for different kinds of work, it is well to hang the rear end by straps so the elevation can be changed at will.

Real Farm Improvement.

One fact stands very much against the improvement of farms in the hands of many owners; this is the expectation of so many to leave the farm some time, and have a home in the village or town. Much more interest would be taken in the improvement of farm homes if every farmer fully expected to spend his days on the farm. There is much difference between the improvements that look only to commercial value, when selling is the only object, and improvements made for the comfort and happiness of the owner. Many things, considered as improvements in this direction by some have no commercial value whatever in the eyes of others. The improvement added to the farm by the owner, who must make his living from it, will often differ very much

from that of the owner who has an income from other sources. When the farmer earns the improvements as he goes along, they are generally noticeable for their utility, and are fully appreciated. But if built for show, or because money is plentiful, they too often become a burden.

In the older sections of the country the first improvement should be in the land itself, the other improvements following in course of time, as the products of the soil prove able to support them. It is the part of wisdom to improve the soil first, rather than put on surface improvements in the way of buildings and fences. The former when once started is cumulative, and in the hands of a farmer able to make the start the improvement is rapid and profitable. The surface improvements are not cumulative in value, but rather in expense. We pay taxes on soil improvement only as the volume of crops is increased; on buildings erected, as soon as they can be placed on the tax duplicate. It is not unusual that these become a cumulative source of expense.

Farming will rest on a better basis when every man farms for the love of it, and aims truly to leave the soil better than he found it; when the farmer builds the home on the farm with the sole intention of occupying it while he lives. Most farmers strive to have bank accounts to draw on when the infirmities of old age overtake them. This is commendable; but too often in this effort their farms are robbed of fertility. Soil improvement is entirely forgotten in the effort to secure the bank account. Thus the poverty of the farm or the soil of the farm sometimes makes strong inroads on these expected accumulations, with a resulting failure of the expected bank account. We find the farmer with a poor farm that will not sustain him, and with no bank account. He has robbed the soil, with no effort or thought to add to or sustain its natural fertility, and when he most needs help from the soil it is a robber in turn, drawing from him the declining strength of old age in his efforts to make it yield him a sustenance. —John M. Jameson, in Country Gentleman.

When Dressing Fowls.

The accompanying illustration shows one of the cleanest and most convenient ways to pick the feathers from a fowl and keep them clean in the operation. A barrel has a hole made



CLEAN WAY TO PICK FEATHERS.

in one side, as shown, and below it is tacked a leather lip or spout. The dotted line shows the position inside of two supports, between which the fowl is laid while being picked. The head projects from the opening, and all blood drains into the pail outside the barrel. As the feathers are plucked they fall into the bottom of the barrel, and are thus entirely unstained. The picker sits on a box or stool at one side of the barrel. If more room is desired within the barrel, saw off the top down nearly to the middle, thus giving a larger opening. Hen's feathers do not bring a large sum, but they should always be saved, either for home use or for the sum which they will bring, which is really clear gain. —New York Tribune.

Hints About the Stable.

Slippery stones should not be laid down at the entrance to the stable.

The temperature of a stable should be that of a sitting room or a parlor; not under fifty degrees in winter.

Do not keep hay over a partly open stable ceiling. The steam and breath of the animals make it both unpleasant and unwholesome.

If the hay must be kept over the horse, the ceiling between should be of plaster, which will in some measure prevent the vapors from passing up to the food.

Use a hot, close and foul stable if you wish to kill your horse. It is a most certain means of bringing on inflammation, incurable cough or disease of the lungs.

The fresh air should enter through a number of small holes rather than through a large hole, such as open window. The former prevents direct draughts, but the latter causes chills and coughs.

Never allow any one to tease or tickle your horse in the stable, because the animal only feels the torment and does not understand the joke. Vicious habits are thus easily brought on.

Have proper openings in the ceiling to permit the hot, foul air to escape, and suitable openings at the bottom of the walls to admit fresh air. Impure and confined air may cause broken wind and predispose to glanders and other diseases.

Have no opening into the manger from the hayloft. Dust is very often thrown into the horse's eyes when fed in this way, and thus blindness is begun, and the breath also ascends directly to the food through the opening, which at the same time pours a continual draught down on the horse's head, thus producing chills as well as bad food.

SOLDIERS THAT PRAY.

SPECIMENS OF SUPPLICATIONS MADE IN TIME OF BATTLE.

In the Frontier Land the "Praying" Man is Considered a Better Fighter Than the "Bad" Man—An Affecting Burial at Montauk—A Chaplain Ostracized.

It was the sneering comment of British generals in the early days of the Revolutionary War that the American soldiers prayed before battle. The instances were numerous during the Civil War where both Confederate and Union forces were halted before the strife for an invocation. Thomas, like Jackson, rode with his Bible.

Aside from my own slight experience with the army which entered Cuba I have been soliciting nurses and surgeons for stories of the praying soldier. In the frontier land where I was reared the "praying" man was more feared as a fighter, when necessity demanded light, than was the so-called "bad" man. One of Sibley's captains in that famous '63 pursuit after the Sioux always sent his men into battle with the injunction:

"Pray and fight."

This story came out during the Rough Riders' reunion at Las Vegas. One of the regiment, an Indian Territory man, was slightly wounded at Las Gasimas. On his way to the rear he was wounded again and came to the sheltering bluff of a creek feeling that death was near at hand. Try as he would, his strength was not sufficient to carry him under the lee of the bluff. To stay where he was, seemed at that moment an impossibility. In his struggles and endeavor to get over the bank there came to him a dim recollection of something that had been taught him when he was a boy:

"God bless me and help me to do right—God make me a good boy. God keep me—"

A loosened bit of earth gave way and down the bank into safety he went. He lay on his back there, his feet in the water of the stream, his eyes fixed on the face of his adjutant, who through fright had deserted his post and hidden. The trooper appreciated the situation, for his prayer ended:

"And kill that blasted maverick now."

One of the Chicago Red Cross nurses sent to Siboney had in charge a Nebraska boy who was wounded under the colors of the Fourth Infantry. One afternoon when he was convalescent he was describing to her his sensation when first under fire. She asked him:

"Did you feel like praying?"

His answer was:

"I prayed for five minutes after the firing commenced."

Much interested, the nurse asked him the nature of his prayer. He replied with a laugh:

"All that I could say was 'Oh, Lord, Oh, Lord,' over and over again, but I guess He understood it, for it was meant for prayer."

I was in the cemetery at Montauk, the pitiful waste of sand where the soldier dead were laid, searching for a trace of young Marshall, a Chicago boy who was missing, when the burying squad brought up the body of an unknown soldier for interment. No minister was present, no one to hold any kind of service over this body that was going to the grave without the slightest mark of identification. The rough laborers charged with the duty of burial did not think this was quite right. Hardened as they were to their duties, they still wished for a bit of prayer over every body before the sand was shoveled in upon it. They appealed to a young lieutenant who was crossing the ground. To the surprise of us all he came, stood by the rude box in which lay the dead, and uncovering his head, prayed. As prayers go, it was not much, and could not be under the circumstances, but the act of the unknown officer praying over the unknown dead had so much of the divine in it that not a man present but felt his eyes moisten and that tightening of the throat which comes when emotions surge and rise.

Quite generally the character of the chaplains who entered Cuba with the army was high. Here and there, though, one would crop out who did not understand men. Such a chaplain usually found himself ostracized after the men discovered his angles. A chaplain of an Illinois regiment came upon the men while they were cutting down one of the fine trees near the regimental camp in Florida. He watched them at their work for a moment, and then exclaimed:

"What a pity to cut that tree down. It will take a hundred years to replace it while you can be replaced at any time."

This same chaplain, returning from Santiago on a transport with the regiment, looked over a rail into the hold where the horses were crowded, and exclaimed:

"Poor horses."

As the condition of the men was worse than that of the horses, and he had nothing to say for the former, the regiment was furious and scorned him unmercifully. He was a well meaning chaplain, but his prayers and Bible readings never reached the men under him, because of his unfortunate comments on the tree and the horses. —H. J. Cleveland, in the Chicago Times-Herald.

One test for distinguishing diamonds from glass and paste is to touch them with the tongue. The diamond feels much the colder.

A new clock for the Liverpool street station in London will be the largest in the world. It will show the time for eighteen platforms.

A BURGLAR'S MISHAP.

Ventriiloquist Terrified His Visitor and Saved His Valuables.

The burglar who had served a short term for being caught while trying to leave a house he had entered without the authority of the owners was engaged in the practice of his profession again.

"They don't catch me in no self-actin' oage this time," he said to himself, as he raised a rear window of the house he had selected for the scene of his operations and cautiously insinuated his head through the opening.

"I don't see no cards tellin' me it's all right, and not to make a noise, and will I please shut the pantry window so's the things won't freeze. I guess it's all straight."

With a whispered caution to his confederate, who was to remain on guard outside, he crawled noiselessly in, stood a few moments to listen, and then proceeded to penetrate further into the interior.

Finding only a few things worth stealing on the lower floor, he started up the stairway.

One of the steps creaked and he stopped instantly.

Not the slightest sound came from the rooms above, however, and, after waiting a reasonable time, he moved forward and upward with great caution.

Entering what seemed to be the main upper room he glanced about him.

Sufficient light came in from the street lamp across the way to enable him to see a bed in one corner occupied by a man whose deep and regular breathing furnished sufficient evidence that he was sound asleep.

The man's clothing was hanging at the foot of the bed.

The burglar moved in that direction.

Instantly he heard a loud whisper:

"Don't do that! You'll wake him!"

Annoyed and alarmed at what he conceived to be a wholly unauthorized and bungling attempt on the part of his confederate to take a hand in the fine work of the job instead of remaining at his post of duty outside, he turned his head and moved back a step or two.

"St!" came the whisper again, louder than before.

The burglar glanced at the sleeper, who had not stirred, and then moved toward the door with the intention of administering a voiceless rebuke to his reckless confederate.

"You blamed fool," whispered the voice again. "You haven't got sense enough to rob a sandbank. Let me do this!"

The burglar peered into the gloom of the other hallway.

Not seeing his pal, he stepped out through the door.

"Stop!" exclaimed a loud, determined voice. "If you move another inch in this direction I'll put a bullet through you."

He jumped back and darted in the direction of the front window.

"Hi, there!" spoke another voice. "Don't go that way, either! Can't you see you're running right into a gun?"

Trembling in every limb he stood near the centre of the room, uncertain what to do.

He put his hand into his hip pocket.

"If you make another motion with that hand," exclaimed a voice from somewhere in the darkness, "I'll shoot! I've got the drop on you."

He stole another glance at the sleeper.

The man had not stirred.

The burglar felt a cold sweat breaking out all over him.

Then, as the savage yell of a fierce dog, apparently under the bed, came startlingly to his ear, he jumped with a yell of terror to the side window, five or six feet away, plunged through it, carrying the sash with him, and rolled down the kitchen roof into a deep snowbank, from which he emerged a second later and fled like a deer, followed by his bewildered confederate.

He had made the horrible blunder of trying to rob a professional ventriiloquist—who happened to be awake.

Perhaps the Oldest Brick.

At one of the recent meetings of the Academie des Inscriptions at Belles-Lettres, in Paris, the keeper of the Louvre, Mr. Henzey, showed a brick which is undoubtedly the oldest in existence, dating, it is estimated, from the fortieth century, B. C. The brick in question was discovered by the French savant and antiquarian, De Sarze, during recent excavations at Tello, the ancient Sipirulo in Chaldea. The brick was somewhat curved and had been baked, but was of such crude form that it evidently had never been put in a press nor moulded. The mark of the maker was simply the imprint of the thumb. It was clearly made very soon after the discovery of the art of brick-making, which art, as is universally admitted, marks the dawn of civilization. Other bricks of a much more recent date were shown. Some of them bore the mark of the coat of arms of Sipirulo, an eagle with the head of a lion. Others again were inscribed with the name of the reigning monarch.

Stockings Cost \$500 a Pair.

A noted costumer of London says he has designed \$200,000 worth of costumes for one woman, while a pair of stockings he provided for a noted belle cost \$500 and a tea gown \$8500. The designing and carrying out of these costumes is done by men. In the large tailors' establishments only the skirt hands are women, and the principal dressmaking houses in Paris are presided over by men. In addition, the finest artificial flowers are the work of male hands, and the designs and drawings for embroideries are prepared by them also. —New York Evening World.

"You Never Miss the Water Till the Well Runs Dry."

We never realize the value of health until it is gone. When old time strength and vigor are wanting, purify the blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla; soon restored appetite, perfect digestion, steady nerves and even temper will prove it is bringing back the glow of perfect health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

DYSPEPSIA

"For six years I was a victim of dyspepsia in its worst form. I could eat nothing but milk toast, and at times my stomach would not retain and digest even that. Last March I began taking CASCARETS and since then I have steadily improved, until I am as well as I ever was in my life."

DAVID H. MCPHAY, Newark, O.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE BOWEL

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sickens, Weakens, or Grips. 10c, 25c, 50c.
... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...
Hering Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 311

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

His Message.

Excitement is often the cause of strange telegrams, as well as other strange manifestations.

A man who had been one of the passengers on a shipwrecked vessel was rescued almost by a miracle. On arriving at a place from which he could send a telegraphic message, he forwarded the following despatch to his brother:

"I am saved. Try to break it to my wife."

Up on Horseflesh.

"Phwat koid av a horse is a cob, Larry?"

"Wan thot's raised on corn, Dinny,"—Chicago News.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?

It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Tired, Aching, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Lenoir, N. Y.

Weighing His Love.

"And you doubt his love after he has given you such a lovely ring?"

"But the stone is at least half a carat under the one he gave to his former fiancée."—Brooklyn Life.

The theft of electricity is no crime at present in Germany, there being no express law against it.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

The Fitness of Things.

Among the many novel enterprises intended to promote festivity during jubilee week was that of a restaurant keeper. He had the front of his place of business thickly larded to announce such delicacies as "Sampson soup," "Dewey clam fritters," "Lee clam chowder," "Hobson deviled crabs," "Otis broiled lobster" and the like.

An idler, who chanced to be passing, remarked:

"Haven't you made a mistake?"

"Whereabouts?"

"Oughtn't you to change things around so as to make it 'Hobson broiled lobster'?"

The proprietor's face showed immediate resentment of the disrespect to a brave young man.

"No, sir!" he exclaimed. "Hobson is no lobster. A little weak-headed, may be, but no lobster. I've tried to keep anything personal out of those signs, anyhow. But there is one temptation I couldn't resist. See that one?" he asked, pointing to a conspicuous card.

"You mean 'Bob Evans steak'?"

"Yep. That's the one. That steak's good and tough all the way through, and that's my idea of Bob."—Washington Star.

A Letter to Mrs. Pinkham Brought Health to Mrs. Archambo.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 42,395]

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—For two years I felt tired and so weak and dizzy that some days I could hardly go around the house. Backache and headache all the time and my food would not digest and had such pains in the womb and troubled with leucorrhoea and kidneys were affected.

"After birth of each child I grew weaker, and hearing so much of the good you had done, I wrote to you and have taken six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one box of Lozenges, one box of Liver Pills, one package of Sanative Wash, and today I am feeling as well as I ever did. When I get up in the morning I feel as fresh as I did when a girl and eat and sleep well and do all of my work. If ever I feel weak again shall know where to get my strength. I know your medicine cured me."—MRS. SALINA ARCHAMBO, CHARLEMONT, MASS.

The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled; for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for sometime past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women a year. All women who suffer are invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for advice, which will be promptly given without charge.

AGRICULTURE IN THE WEST.

Good Work of Government Stations Reported.

Dr. E. W. Allen, assistant director of experiment stations in the Agricultural Department, Washington, has just returned from a prolonged tour of the West, made for the purpose of inspecting the various stations in that section of the country.

He states that one of the most interesting lines of investigation which is being pursued in these stations is that with regard to cheese making. The station in Wisconsin is taking the lead in this especial work, and discoveries have been made there which revolutionize the European theory that the ripening of cheese is due to bacteria. The American experiments demonstrate beyond doubt that the principal change in the albuminoids which takes place in the ripening process is dependent upon a ferment which is contained in the milk itself, and not upon the bacteria. It is believed that this discovery will have an important bearing upon cheese manufacture in the future.

In the stations throughout the semi-arid region much attention is being given to the investigation of excessive alkali in the soil. In many sections, notably in California and Utah, there are large regions of irrigated land which are practically non-productive on account of the presence of alkali. Investigation makes it plain that this is due to irrigation, and in many instances to excessive irrigation. The water applied to the soil brings the salts to the surface when it rises. In some instances it has been found that the lower portion of streams had been rendered alkaline by the return of these salts in the water from the irrigated fields.

The work of the experiment stations in connection with this problem is to find a remedy for the evil, and this they are seeking to do by demonstrating that in most instances crops do not require nearly so much water as is applied to them. They are working along practical lines, and the more progressive farmers are co-operating with them. Eventually they hope to be able to show just what quantity of water is required for a given crop in a given locality, and count when able to do this, not only upon saving from destruction much land already under ditch, but also upon extending the irrigable area by demonstrating that more land can be supplied with water from the available supply than now is. In Montana, Idaho and other semi-arid States there is much work looking to securing forage plants adaptable to the altitude and climate. In those States most satisfactory results have been secured with the cow pea, which is generally planted with oats. Red clover is also found to flourish in that section even better than in the Eastern States. In other regions much attention is given to the rotation of crops.

Dr. Allen reports a growing friendship toward the experiment stations on the part of the farmers. When the stations were first established they were regarded as an innovation, but in many instances the farmers have come now to depend upon them, and most of them regard the stations with favor.

Weed Garden Deemed Beautiful.

It is remarkable how many really beautiful flowers are discarded because ordinarily they are classed as weeds. A woman who had plenty of land and a taste for experimenting made a "weed garden" this year which is a great success. She doesn't know the names of all the outcasts she has gathered in, but she noticed last year all the wild things that grew and flowered neglected by the wayside, and transplanted those that appealed to her most strongly.

"The main reason," she urges, "that they attract so little notice when growing wild is that they are not massed and arranged as we place cultivated flowers to get the best effect. Now that is what I have done. A wild flower, or a weed, as it is scornfully termed, that is too fragile to be thought much of will make a delicate, feathery mass which will be vastly admired when planted together by the score or more."

Even such a despised thing as the common ragweed is worthy of admiration if you happen to look at it aright, and it is finely effective as foliage for cut flowers.

This weed gardener has provided for a succession of blossoms from violets and dandelions to golden rod and late fall grass, and nothing has repaid the gardener's efforts with better results than these absolutely free flowers.

Some Rapid Readers.

Perhaps the fastest reader the world ever knew was Gladstone. He could read and digest a novel of 50,000 words, a scientific work as large or larger, a political treatise or a history by merely glancing at the leaves as he turned them over. His eye and mind seemed to photograph with the rapidity of an instantaneous camera. His eye was the lens, his mind the sensitive plate. In his reading he was omnivorous to the last degree. The most rapid reader we ever had in this country is John G. Carlisle, former Senator from Kentucky, Speaker of the House, Secretary of the Treasury and now legal representative of a giant trust, with headquarters in New York. Joe Blackburn, the most popular man in Kentucky, says that Carlisle is the most remarkable man he ever saw; that he can tell the contents of a book without looking at it, and gives the synopsis of an argument on being told the name of the author.—New York Press.

A Kansas man who weighs only 135 pounds won \$30 last week by carrying 150 pounds of flour three miles without putting it down. And then he offered to bet \$30 more that he could go another mile.

CURIOUS BUGS FOR PETS.

One of Them Lives in a Palace and Amuses a President.

Three of the most curious pets that were ever fed were brought to Mexico City the other day. They were brought there by the butler in the household of President Diaz, who has been on a trip to Progreso.

They are three bugs of a rare breed. The only place in the world in which they are found is Yucatan. The average specimen is about an inch and a half long. Its body is in two sections, resembling the bodies of some species of the beetle, and each section is covered with a stout shield or plate, which is almost flat, curving but a little at the edges. When the head of the bug is placed under a microscope it looks rather intelligent and amiable.

The bugs which were brought here are in a highly ornate state. Some cunning artist of Yucatan has painted shields in the Mexican national colors on the rear plates over their bodies, and highly colored bunches of flowers on the front plates, and has gilded their long, doubled-up legs. Little gold chains are attached to the middle of the rear plate, which is the larger of each bug's body, by which his bug-ship can be lifted up or led around.

One of the bugs was presented to President Diaz, one to a Mexican lady and the other to an American lady. They are pets in the literal sense of the word. The American lady's bug is receiving all kinds of solicitous attention, and seems to like it. An effort will be made to teach him some tricks.

His habits and manners are being closely watched. He loves the sunshine, having been raised in the hot country, and when he is lifted by his gold chain and dropped in the full glare of the sun, with the cork of a bottle in front of him to munch, he seems to be supremely happy.

Carried \$65,000 in a Newspaper.

A quiet looking, smooth-shaven man, with a straw hat pushed back from his forehead, registered from an adjoining parish at one of our big hotels and laid a package on the counter. The package was about the size of an unabridged dictionary and was wrapped up in an old newspaper that bore the stains of travel. It was tied with a piece of white cotton string. "I wish you would take care of this little bundle for me overnight," said the stranger. "All right, sir," replied the clerk, and reaching for the receipt book proceeded to fill out a blank. "What's the value?" he asked mechanically. "Sixty-five thousand dollars," answered the smooth-shaven man in an off-hand tone. "What?" gasped the clerk, his pen averted in midair and his eyes as round as cart wheels. "Sixty-five thousand," repeated the guest; "and, by the way, I guess I'll just seal up that wrapping. It seems about to fall off."

He opened the paper and disclosed a rectangular block of \$10 bills, packed as tight as sardines. They were nearly all well worn, but nevertheless the grimy mass looked strongly tempting. Its tremendous potentiality drove a spur into the imagination of the dullest chap in the corridor, and everybody began to tell what he would do if he were rich. Meanwhile the smooth-shaven man readjusted the cover, secured it with wax, pocketed his receipt, and walked off. He was a country banker bringing a deposit to his local correspondent.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The New Argonaut.

So much has been said and written of late on the subject of submarine navigation that the recent launching of Simon Lake's New Argonaut cannot fail to be of the greatest interest, even though the boat is not primarily intended for use in war.

The purposes of this new vessel are largely scientific, and, after making an exploration of various wrecks along the coast, it is probable that she will be sent South to locate new sponge beds in the West Indies, and that an attempt will be made to penetrate beneath the ice-floes of the Antarctic Ocean.

In Harper's Weekly the following description is given of the new invention:

"The New Argonaut is sixty-six feet long and ten feet wide, and weighs about a hundred tons.

"The boat will habitually travel on the surface until it reaches the place where it desires to submerge. It will then drop downhaul weights from its reel, and by winding up the cables attached to the weights on windlasses within, and letting water into its ballast-tanks, sink directly down. On the bottom it will become a submarine automobile, rolling over the sand on three wheels propelled by electric engines and gas engines, and aided by its screw."

Reveals Smokeless Powder Vapor.

As a result of the experiments at the Army Medical Museum by Colonel Smart, Deputy-Surgeon-General, it is found that the use of violet glass in an ordinary fieldglass will reveal the vapor of smokeless powder. To determine the effect of the different colored glasses, Colonel Smart secured several samples of smokeless powder extracted from Mauser cartridges. These were lighted and he observed the rising of the vapor through these glasses. A piece of ordinary violet-colored glass was then held against the eye and the powder lighted. He immediately noticed a thin, yellowish white vapor rising in the air. It was streaked with tinges of green and stood out in bold relief against the shaded light. It is proposed to use the ordinary fieldglass now in the service, but with the addition of a shade of violet glass, which can be used when needed to locate the position of the enemy by the vapor rising from their guns.—Baltimore Sun.

Embarrassing.

A young second lieutenant, who had been graduated from the first class a couple of months before the regular graduation at West Point, had just joined his regiment in Cuba and was walking down the street near the palace, in Havana. He stopped on the corner, and as he did so an old grizzled soldier with a growth of beard on his face and with a cavalry sergeant's stripe on his breeches, a blue shirt, and a campaign hat, but with no other mark of rank about his uniform except his sergeant's stripe, walked slowly down and stopped in front of the lieutenant, looking around at the different buildings. The young officer fidgeted a few moments under the manner in which the trooper ignored his proximity, and finally turned on him and said sharply: "Here, you man, did any one ever teach you how to salute?"

"Yes, sir," drawled the trooper, as he glanced at the youngster.

"Well, knock your heels together," said the young officer, and the trooper came to attention with the precision of an old soldier.

"Now, salute," he said, and the trooper's gaiter came to the rim of his hat and staid there until the young lieutenant answered it, at the same time demanding: "Now, remember this, and don't let it happen again. What is your name, and what do you belong to?"

Without relaxing his position from attention, the old trooper again respectfully saluted, and remarked, dryly: "My name is Samuel Sumner, and I'm brigadier general of the Cavalry brigade," whereupon the young lieutenant proceeded to copy as many colors of the rainbow with his face as was possible, and slipped away as soon as he dared, forgetting even to apologize.—Baltimore News.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-work, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 25c or \$1.00. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

A Swedish Industry.

In Sweden they are making nutritious extracts from sharks' flesh, which is chopped up into very small pieces, and stirred in a vat with distilled water, the mixture having the consistency of thin gruel. From it the liquor is drawn off, and the oil which the latter contains is removed by passing it through a centrifugal apparatus, after which it is boiled and filtered, the clear fluid thus obtained being evaporated in a vacuum until it reaches the consistency of molasses. Salt for flavoring and sugar for preserving are added, the product being put up finally in sealed jars.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure, 50c, \$1. All druggists.

Clean.

When quiet had been restored the delegate in pink organdie, with parasol to match, resumed:

"Mme. Chairperson," exclaimed the delegate, earnestly, "I feel the force of all that has been said concerning the necessity for us, the women of the nation, to nominate a clean candidate. I have the honor to present to you the name of such a candidate; one who was never known to wear the same shirtwaist more than three days at a stretch."

Here all was again confusion, delegates crying out that the money-power was trying to control them.—Detroit Journal.

A Close Question.

Dick—Isn't it good to have a close friend?

Jack—Not always. Suppose you want a loan for a few days. Do you think a close friend would be the one to approach?—Chicago News.



THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS

is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe or nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

CARTER'S INK
—None so good, but it costs no more than the poorest.



We cannot believe all we read in all advertisements, but when we see an article advertised month after month and year after year, we know that it must be a good thing.

If you do not use Ivory Soap, try it, and you will find that the claims for it are moderate.

Ivory Soap is good because it is made by men who have been soap manufacturers all of their lives, they know how to select their materials and how to make pure soap.

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Farm for Sale.

One of the very best hill farms in Waitsfield, Vermont, seven (7) miles from railroad, one-half (1-2) mile from steam saw-mills, comprising 200 acres, half of which is under the highest state of cultivation. Plenty of good timber and excellent pastures. Sugar orchard of 2000 trees, equipped with twelve hundred tin tubs two years old; the balance wooden tubs newly painted and in first-class condition. Latest improved evaporator, iron arch, large superating-off arch, sugar-house containing 60 cords four-foot dry wood; three years' supply stove-wood on hand. Barns in first-class condition, on nearly new, 175 ton silo; abundance of small fruit; splendid orchard of grafted trees. The place kept through last winter forty (40) head of cattle, seven horses and other small stock; never-failing water at barns and dwelling. Complete set of tools of the best make. The whole place is well fenced and thoroughly well kept up. Dwelling is first-class; two stories 12 rooms, recently painted inside and out. The whole would be sold at a great bargain, on account of death in family. For further information apply to F. A. Joslyn, Waitsfield, Vermont.

How Could Jane Say It.

"Why do the young men all treat Jane so rudely?"

"The story got out that Jane said that the first man that suited her she'd propose to him on the spot."

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin today to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Culinary Labor Cheap in Spain.

In Spain a waitress may be had for \$1.50 or \$2 a month, and often merely for her board and clothes. Good cooks command \$3; but, if allowed to do the marketing, they will accept \$2. Marketing is a peculiar process in that country. Every one buys simply for the day, and it pays him to do so. Eggs come cheaper by the dozen than by buying a large quantity. The same thing holds good of candy and many other supplies.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to get the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists; price, 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Humiliating Classification.

Mrs. Crabshaw—My husband is very angry because the papers didn't print the speech he delivered at the mass meeting.

Mrs. Crawford—Did they ignore him altogether?

Mrs. Crabshaw—Worse than that. His name appeared among the "also spoken."—Judge.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

In Norway the average length of life is greater than in any other country on the globe. NE35

After six years' suffering, I was cured by Pils' Cure.—BARRY THOMPSON, 20 1/2 Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, '94.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Tonic. 25¢ trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 601 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reducing inflammation, always pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.

The Function of the Modern Professor.

You are aware that the pedagogues is no longer treated with that deference and respect which he feels to be due to his love of learning. Past is all his fame. Past is the day when the village all declared how much he knew. Nowadays he is accustomed to be told by the rustic, who once gazed and wondered, that he is old-fashioned and out of place in our modern world, that he does not represent the nation; that the love he bears to learning is at fault; and that the university the people want must be universal like an omnibus, with a place for all, either for a single square or to the end.

He is also used to hearing from those successful people of whom all must speak with reverence—those who have demonstrated their superiority by laying their hands on everything they think worth the getting—that he is a mere "bookish theorist," and that they are much more able to show him the path to success than he to tell them anything to their advantage.

Unless he can minister to their comfort or entertainment, or make smooth the royal road to learning, or at the very least help to maintain the patent office, he is told to be content with such treatment as they think good enough for him, and to keep himself to his work of teaching the lower classes to be lowly and reverent to all their betters.—William Keith Brooks in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly.

College students are forbidden by the police authorities from giving their college yells in the streets of Terre Haute, Ind.



Look at your tongue! If it's coated, your stomach is bad, your liver out of order. Ayer's Pills will clean your tongue, cure your dyspepsia, make your liver right. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c. All druggists.

Want your mustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the Whiskers. 50 CENTS. OF DRUGGISTS, OR R. B. HALL & CO., BOSTON, N. H.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 & \$3.50 SHOES UNION MADE.
Worth \$4 to \$6 compared with other makes.

Indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers. ALL LEATHERS. ALL STYLES. THE GENUINE W. L. DOUGLAS' name and price stamped on bottom. Take no substitute claimed to be as good. Largest makers of \$3 and \$3.50 shoes in the world. Your dealers should keep them—if not, we will send you a pair on receipt of price. State kind of leather, size and width, plain or cap toe. Catalogue C Free. W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.

ASTHMA POSITIVELY CURED. CROSBY'S SANITARY ASTHMA CURE does this. A trial package mailed free. COLLINS BROS. MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

RHEUMATISM CURED.—Sample bottle, 4 days' treatment. ALEXANDER REMEDY CO., 246 Green St., N. Y.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
25 CTS. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

"DON'T BORROW TROUBLE." BUY **SAPOLIO** 'TIS CHEAPER IN THE END.

MAGNANIMOUS.

McLean Nominated on First Ballot With Half Vote.

KILBOURNE WOULD NOT STAND

Bryan's Name Cheered Wherever Mentioned—Chicago Platform and Financial Plan Endorsed in Ohio State Convention—Imperialism Denounced—Declaration That Republican Party Has Entered Into an Anglo-American Alliance.

Zanesville, O., Aug. 31.—Every possible effort was made by the Democratic convention yesterday to nominate Colonel James Kilbourne for lieutenant governor, but after a dozen of the close personal friends had withdrawn his name and declared that Colonel Kilbourne would decline, this effort was abandoned. The convention closed last night after a day of dramatic plays. While there were a half dozen other candidates for governor, the McLean men had claimed everything with such confidence that they undertook to be magnanimous in minor parts. They stated early in the day that all the candidates would have their respective votes on the first ballot. McLean was nominated on the first ballot by a half vote.

It is claimed that he could have had 478 votes out of the 802 on the first ballot, instead of 402½, and that he would have had over 500 on the second ballot. At any rate the delegates all voted for their local favorites on the first ballot, and thus the program of complimenting them was carried out without the leader drawing from any of his competitors.

The convention, much of the time, was beyond the control of the sergeant-at-arms and his assistants. The convention was properly represented in its platform, and the keynote speech of Judge Mooney. The name of Bryan was cheered whenever it was mentioned. The convention made demonstrations over free silver and anti-imperialism, anti-bossism and all the indictments in the speech of Judge Mooney and in the platform.

The platform heartily reaffirms the entire Chicago platform of 1896, especially emphasizing the financial plan, and says William J. Bryan "still retains our entire confidence, and we demand his re-nomination in 1900."

It declares radical and unalterable opposition to imperialism in the United States of America, saying: "When we have solved some of the race problems that confront us at home, then by example, we can proclaim the blessings that flow upon free institutions and thus procure benevolent assimilation, without criminal aggression."

It commends the action of congress in declaring that the war with Spain was for humanity, and not for conquest. It refers to the "valor and glorious achievements of our gallant soldiers and sailors," and adds: "But we profoundly regret that American soldiers are being unlawfully used in the name of liberty, to crush and destroy dawning Republicanism in the Orient, and we denounce the secret and vicious alliance now in evidence between England and the Republican administration, whereby this nation may become involved in war with foreign nations."

It demands that the Cubans and Filipinos be encouraged to establish independent republics. The Republican party is denounced "for its 35 years of abject subservency to the shipping interest of Great Britain." Also the so-called Hanna-Payne shipping bill, "which, if enacted into law, would further shackle our interests."

It favors the maintenance of an efficient navy, but says that a large standing army in our republic is a menace to liberty.

It favors the initiative and referendum, the passage of the eight-hour law, the more rigid inspection of mines and workshops, the prohibition of sweat shops and the abolition of the contract system of prison labor.

It declares that all unlawful combinations of capital are the legitimate fruits of a gold standard and other corrupt Republican legislation, demands that articles the prices of which are controlled by the trusts be placed on the free lists, denounces the attorney general of the United States for his refusal to enforce the statutes against trusts.

It denounces political bosses who live and exist through jobs and schemes loaded upon the taxpayers, and concludes: "We recommend a constitutional amendment providing for the election of president, vice president and United States senators by direct vote of the people."

"We favor such appropriations by the legislature as may be necessary to insure the success of the centennial to be held at Toledo."

"That the trusts can be controlled by the States only, and not by the general government, is a matter of no consequence to us, if they can be controlled at all. The Republican party is at fault as long as the attorney general of the United States is selected and inducted into office because he is a trust lawyer, and so long as an attorney general of the state of Ohio is retired to private life because he has undertaken in this respect to enforce the law, the Republican party must fail in its declaration that it is opposed to trusts."

"We charge that the Republican party, as at present controlled, stands for, if indeed it has not already entered into, an Anglo-American alliance. We have no desire, we perceive no necessity, to aid Britain in the maintenance of a British policy anywhere, and with full confidence in the strength of our cause and country, we ask no aid from Britain in maintaining American policy anywhere that it is necessary or desirable to maintain one. We adhere to the Monroe doctrine. We are loyal to the counsels of Washington's farewell address. We are not prepared to accept the ancient antagonisms of England as our own, nor to participate with her in her new-found hates or envies, and at this juncture, when England sees its power slipping away and perceives with alarm the great advance of German manufacture in the world's trade, we have not discovered any reason why we should side with England and oppose the advance of Germany. We oppose the Anglo-American alliance, we would

equally oppose any other alliance, and our motto will continue to be, in the future as in the past, one flag, one country and one allegiance."

WILLING TO ACCEPT.

But Late Consul-General Will Cheerfully Support Another.
Boston, Aug. 31.—Patrick A. Collins received the reporters of the various papers yesterday, and in reply to the question of one of the reporters, "Will you be a candidate for the Democratic nomination for mayor?" he said: "That is a very abrupt question. I suppose that this question must be answered in



PATRICK COLLINS.

some way, and, though the convention time is a long way off, I see no reason why it may not as well be answered now. If that convention, looking the situation over, should regard my nomination as the best to be made under the circumstances then existing, I should as a loyal Democrat feel it my duty to accept. If the choice should fall upon some other man I shall feel as happy as he, and perhaps much happier for the next two years."

NEAR THEIR CHIEF.

Bodies of John Brown's Followers Reinterred at North Elba.

Lake Placid, N. Y., Aug. 31.—Thirty-five hundred persons witnessed the ceremonies at the re-interment of the bodies of John Brown's followers in the little graveyard at the John Brown farm, at North Elba, yesterday. The date was the 43rd anniversary of the battle of Ossawatimie.

The hymn "Onward, Christian Soldiers" was sung at the opening, the entire throng joining in. Prayer was offered by Rev. E. A. Braman, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Lake Placid, after which Rev. Joshua Young, D. D., of Groton, Mass., who preached John Brown's funeral sermon, 40 years ago, and was afterwards driven from his parish in Burlington for his connection with the funeral, made an address. The Epps family, colored, who were brought here by John Brown years ago, then sang a hymn.

Captain Jones of New York, who fought with John Brown, and fired the first gun in the battle of Ossawatimie, delivered an address, in which he eulogized John Brown. Colonel Hinton of



JOHN BROWN'S GRAVE.

Brooklyn delivered a historical address, in which he gave special prominence to Kagi, one of Brown's men. He also praised the Thompson boys, some of whom now reside at North Elba.

"John Brown's Body Lies Mouldering" was then sung, after which Bishop Potter of New York spoke briefly, and then introduced Whitelaw Reid of New York. Mr. Reid spoke of Brown's raid at Harper's Ferry, Va., and of the bravery of the men. Rev. Joshua Young pronounced the benediction.

The funeral procession was under a military escort from the Twenty-sixth United States infantry, Plattsburg, with Lieutenants Connell and Ball in command. A military salute was fired over the grave of the seven men, and the crowd dispersed.

Speculated in Votes.

Rome, Ga., Aug. 31.—Charges have been filed against T. M. Bent, principal of the colored schools, with a request that the school board declare his office vacant. It is alleged that Bent sold his vote for a large sum of money in the election of 1896. It is charged he made a business of buying negro votes and speculating upon them, selling to the highest bidder. Bent is a prominent politician, a leading member of the Republican congressional committee and is also associated with the executive committee of Georgia. He has been principal of the negro public schools for several years. The charges against him created a sensation.

In New York This Time.

New York, Aug. 31.—John Jacob Brown, a negro, slashed his wife's throat with a razor last night in Brooklyn and then took a revolver and shot himself, dying instantly. The couple had frequent quarrels and the woman had left Brown. The woman, it is believed, will die.

MYSTIC MERCIER.

Followers Bewildered by Attitude of Last Few Days.

NOT PULLING TOGETHER.

Turn of Tide in Dreyfus' Favor Has Got His Antagonists by the Ears—Predictions of Conspiracies and Coups de Theatre in the Air—Roget Getting Ready to Flop—"An Atmosphere of Acquittal."

Rennes, Aug. 31.—In the matter of evidence, Wednesday was quite a Dreyfus day. After hearing MM. Molinier and Giry, and M. Picot, a member of the institute, all of whom testified in favor of Dreyfus, General Deloye testified against the prisoner on the artillery references in the bordereau.

The evidence of MM. Meyer, Molinier and Giry, all of whom are handwriting experts of the first rank, was a strong point for Dreyfus. They were most emphatic in declaring that the bordereau was written by Esterhazy, and created a better impression that M. Bertillon by not introducing the fantastic diagrams which the latter deemed necessary.

Today's proceedings, behind closed doors, will deal with the question whether Captain Dreyfus was in a position to divulge the information regarding the artillery which was promised in the bordereau. The session will be very important, and is bound to have a tremendous influence upon the judges, one way or another, because they are all artillery officers, and will be able to appreciate such evidence better than the cryptographic intricacies that have been laid before them by the handwriting experts.

The Dreyfusards express confidence that their artillery witnesses, Major Hartman and Major Ducreux, will effectively satisfy the judges that Dreyfus was ignorant of the matters mentioned in the bordereau, or, as an artillery officer, would not have been guilty of stating the errors which it contained.

The air of Rennes is filled with rumors of conspiracies and predictions of coups de theatre, but nothing precise can be ascertained. General Mercier's attitude during the last few days has mystified his followers in the case. He is extremely clever and the general feeling is that he is preparing something, the existence of which will be revealed in a few days.

It is now accepted as beyond question that there is a serious division of opinion on the part of the generals. While the case was running smoothly against Captain Dreyfus, they all pulled together, but since the tide of evidence began to turn in his favor, as was notably the case during the testimony of Captain Freystaetter and Colonel Cordier, which proved much more damaging to the general staff than the latter anticipated, certain dividing lines have become manifest between the various cliques.

General Roget, Major Lauth, Captain Cuignet and M. Gribelin, the principal keeper of the archives of the war office, form one coterie, General Mercier and General Gonse form another, and General Elliot and General De Boisdeffre a third. According to one report the first two coteries intend to throw over General De Boisdeffre, whom they feel to be faltering, and declare that he is responsible for all the errors and illegalities of the court-martial of 1894, thus making him the scapegoat. According to another report, General Roget, who was not implicated in 1894, and who even fought against Dreyfus because he inherited from his predecessors the responsibility for so doing, and placed over-confidence in the accounts of the matter furnished him by the general staff, will cut himself loose from Generals Mercier, Gonse and De Boisdeffre.

This is a plausible hypothesis, since Roget has assumed throughout the role of defender of the army, thus making himself popular with the army and with a large section of the nation, and he probably would not lose by separating himself from the wrong-doers of 1894, and declaring that his opinion has been changed by the evidence given during the present trial.

Yet another story is that the generals are going to give way on the authorship of the bordereau, in view of the strong expert evidence, and will admit that Esterhazy wrote it, alleging however, that Dreyfus furnished the information, not direct to Esterhazy, but to a third person, who acted as intermediary, without Dreyfus knowing Esterhazy.

In this connection it is asserted that Madam Rastin, who was housekeeper for Colonel Schwartzkoppen, the German military attaché in 1894, and who is understood to have acted as a French spy, has been seen in Rennes, and will be summoned as a witness concerning Schwartzkoppen's espionage system.

All these rumors may be without foundation, but, in any event, they are symptomatic of the feeling in Rennes that something is going on under the surface, and that the complexion of the trial may be altered by some coup at any moment.

Paris, Aug. 31.—Garbier Monod, in The Figaro today, relates a conversation he had with M. De Freycinet after the latter's deposition at Rennes. M. De Freycinet said: "It was not for me to dictate a verdict to the judges, but all should desire an acquittal, as a conviction would be the perpetuation of our disorders. As for the legend of the syndicate it is absurd."

Negroes Threaten Revenge.

Maryville, Mo., Aug. 31.—Rev. William Johnson, former pastor of the African Baptist church of Maryville, and an evangelist of the colored Baptist church of Kansas and Missouri, was killed last night by Officer Wallace while resisting an attempt to take him to jail. Johnson was convicted yesterday of having assaulted a white woman and sentenced to nine months in jail. Johnson created a sensation recently at a meeting of negro preachers in Leavenworth, Kas., by declaring that the negroes must organize, arm and kill those who lynched their brethren. Officer Wallace has not been arrested. The negroes are highly excited and threaten revenge.

OUR ABANDONED FARMS.

Investigation for Their Reclamation to Be Made.

Washington, Aug. 31.—Secretary of Agriculture Wilson is arranging for an exhaustive scientific investigation of the abandoned farms of New England, with a view to their reclamation. He has had many letters from New England inviting his attention to this subject, and has resolved to send several of the scientists of the department thither to make a study of the conditions. Later the secretary himself will make a personal inspection.

Without having investigated the conditions, Secretary Wilson inclines to the opinion that the abandoned farms in New England have been deprived of phosphates, potash, nitrogeneous matter and the other essential ingredients of production by unscientific farming, and that by careful culture the fertility of the soil can be restored. A soil physicist will be despatched to make a careful analysis of the soil to determine exactly what it lacks. The secretary thinks that the planting of grasses, legumes, clover, etc., will restore the nitrogen, and that phosphates can be had by the introduction of domestic animals. Potash must be purchased. The secretary is very sanguine in his belief that science can reclaim these once fertile, but long abandoned, farms.

RACE FOR LIFE.

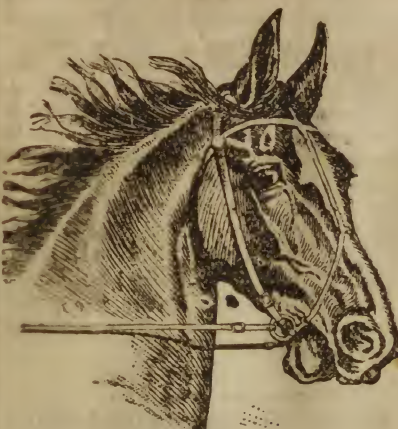
Workman Paced and Chased by Deadly Knives.

Paterson, N. J., Aug. 31.—Abraham Sapiro had a thrilling race for his life in a beer vat at Katz Bros. brewery here. The vat, which is used for mashing the malt, was empty, and Sapiro went into it to repair one of the two big steel knives, which reach from a shaft in the center and mix the malt. While working away Sapiro was started to see the knives commence to move. Thomas McKay, the engineer, not knowing that Sapiro was in the vat, had set the knives in motion. Paced by one sharp instrument and chased by another, Sapiro ran around the vat at top speed. For five minutes the race for life continued. Finally Sapiro's cries attracted the attention of McKay, who came running to the side of the vat. He was so terrified by what he saw that he became rooted to the ground, and in a daze watched the chase. Sapiro cried desperately for help. The shaft had reached its maximum speed and the man between the knives could not last long. In the meantime a slip on the copper bottom meant horrible death. Sapiro was on his last legs when workmen from other parts of the building heard his cries and stopped the machinery, when Sapiro fell to the bottom of the vat exhausted. He was unhurt.

FIRST EVER SCHEDULED.

Six Big Pacers Contest in Two-Minute Race.

Hartford, Aug. 31.—The big event of the circuit meeting at Charter Oak park was the first two-minute pace ever scheduled. There were five starters. John R. Gentry drawing out, after a misunderstanding as to whether the event was a two in three of a three in five.



JOE PATCHEN'S RACING EXPRESSION.

It was a three in five, and Gentry drew his horse, the management protesting and leaving the matter in the hands of the judges, who will decide after taking evidence. The starters were Joe Patchen, Anaconda, Chehalis, Frank Hogash and Searchlight. Anaconda, the favorite, 100 to 65 for Patchen, 50 for Searchlight, led until the stretch in the first heat, when Joe Patchen came in, and under the whip and a hard push took the mile in 2:04½. The second heat was Patchen's all the way, and the final, which took the race, in 2:03½, equalled the track record, made in 1897 by Star Pointer in an exhibition race with Gentry.

Dubuque, Ia., Aug. 31.—Kingmond, owned by Frank Jones of Portsmouth, N. H., and the stable companion of Idolita, who Tuesday won the Horse Review futurity, yesterday took down the \$5000 purse offered for 2:24 trotters at the Nutwood Driving park. Cornelia Belle took second money, Dainty Daffo third and Escobas fourth. The first was the fastest of the three heats, 2:11½, and Kingmond took all three of the heats "handily."

Fun, but With Limitations.

Zermatt, Switzerland, Aug. 31.—While two Englishmen, Hill and Jones, were ascending the Lenz Blanche their rope broke, and Jones and three guides were precipitated down the mountain. The four bodies have been recovered. The accident occurred at an altitude of 14,100 feet. Mr. Hill wandered two nights on the mountain, unable to descend. His escape was miraculous, as the five men were roped together.

Vienna, Aug. 31.—While mountain climbing yesterday Max Neumeister of Innsbruck and Hermann Schulz of Spandau were killed, and Julius Stitzel of Stuttgart received terrible injuries that will probably prove fatal.

Geneva, Aug. 31.—Dr. Cauro of Paris was killed yesterday by a fall from a mountain precipice near Chamouny.

Falling Floor Kills Six Men.

Yuma, Ariz., Aug. 31.—Fire in E. F. Sanginetti's merchandise store resulted in the loss of six lives and caused \$150,000 damage. A crowd of men were carrying goods from the burning building when the second floor fell upon them. Besides the killing of six, a number were injured.

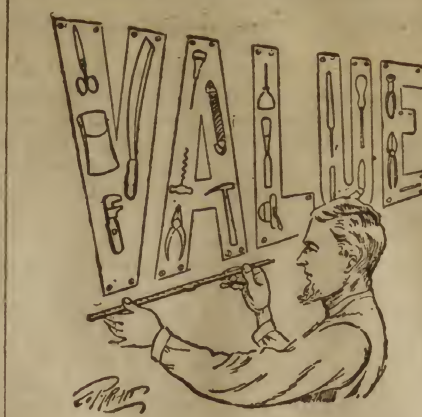
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HARDWARE

are specially low. Our stock of seasonable goods is new each season.

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Quick Lunch

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A full line of Tobacco, Cigars, and Confectionery. Bread, cakes, and pastry. Orders taken for Rolls, Ice Cream and Cake, for Weddings, Parties and Church Festivals.

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Suits Made to Order.

Ladies' and Gent's Clothing, Cleaned, Altered, Repaired, Pressed, and Dyed. Also, Gent's Furnishing Goods for sale. Corner Chestnut and Lowell Sts., Peabody.

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Mails close for Boston, N. Y., South, West and Foreign, 6.30, 8.20, 10.20 a.m.; 1.40, 4.30, 6.20, 7.20 p.m. Salem, Lynn, Beverly and local points, 7.45, 10.20 a.m.; 1.40, 4.30, 6.20, 7.20 p.m. Northern New Hampshire, Vermont, Canada, East and West, 6.55, 8.20, 10.20 a.m.; 1.40, 4.30, 7.20 p.m. Eastern New Hampshire, Maine and Maritime Provinces, 7.00, 10.20 a.m.; 3.25, 4.30, 7.20 p.m. Danvers, Boxford, Georgetown, Haverhill, Newburyport, Amesbury & Salisbury, 7.00 a.m.; 3.25, 7.20 p.m.

Mails arrive from Boston, Foreign, N. Y., Vermont and Southern, 7.07, 8.30 a.m.; 1.00, 3.00, 7.00 p.m. Eastern New Hampshire, Maine and Maritime Provinces, 7.07, 9.06 a.m.; 1.00, 3.00, 7.00 p.m. Danvers, Boxford, Georgetown, Haverhill, Newburyport and Amesbury, 7.07, 9.06 a.m.; 1.00, 3.00, 7.00 p.m.

CARRIERS' DELIVERY

GENERAL DELIVERY, 8.45 A.M. and 1.00 P.M.

BUSINESS DELIVERY, 7.30 A.M. and 5.00 P.M.

THOMAS H. JACKMAN, P. M.

THE PEABODY STAR.

VOL. I. NO. 6.

PEABODY, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

PEABODY'S BUSINESS-MEN.

[These business firms are recommended to the people of Peabody and to visitors to the town, who may depend upon receiving fair treatment at their hands.]

Every Lady Should Buy The Watchspring Corset, Price \$1.25.

We guarantee a perfect fit, and also that they will not break on the sides. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

D. F. BRESNAHAN
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Do not forget the mark-down sale of all

Summer Boots, Shoes, AND Slippers

—FOR—

LABOR DAY.

Russets below cost

Great chance for bargains at

Manning's, ON THE SQUARE.



Ammunition of all kinds, shells, powder, cartridges. Also,

Guns to Let!

At Hamblet & Hayes, 13 and 15 Lowell street.

W. O. BATCHELDER & SON,
TEA, COFFEE, and
Grocery House,
Fresh Creamery Butter received weekly.
138 Main street, Peabody.

PRESTON & FOWLER,
Real Estate and Insurance,

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A. L. CASSINO,
Dry & Fancy Goods,
42 MAIN STREET,
Peabody.

Outing Skirts
35c., 40c., and 50c.

REMARKABLE MASTODON BONES DUG UP.



The remains of another mastodon have been discovered in Orange County, New York. This is the eleventh discovery of the kind since 1794, and Kentucky is the only other part of the country that can match Orange County in these pre-historic relics. The bones of this mastodon were first brought to the surface of the ground on the farm of Fred W. Schaefer, about one mile west of Newburg. The bones consist of the head, one tusk, the lower jaw, with the teeth intact, sixteen ribs, two sections of the vertebrae, a part of the shoulder blades and a number of smaller bones. The place where the skeleton was found was once the bed of a lake which has been filled by vegetable mould and washings from the hills.

Busy Days at the Recruiting Stations.

How Uncle Sam Picks Out His Men For the Philippines.



UST now, by order of the President, ten new regiments are being raised, equipped and sent out to the Philippines for immediate service. There is no difficulty in making up these regiments. From all the various recruiting stations established in the United States comes the reassuring report that the only difficulty is that of selection.

Among the applicants there is of



WOULD-BE RECRUITS QUIZZING THE CORPORAL.

course a certain contingent from that large, floating mass of waifs and strays who have not yet reached the stage of tramping, but who live as best they can, with no settled home or calling. So it requires nice judgment to pick out the right ones from the mass.

Then, there are tramps open and self-confessed, or if not actually confessed by word of mouth, self-evident.

When the evidence takes the form of an over fragrance of breath or an over rosiness of nose they are promptly dismissed. Stalwart and vigorous as many of them are in appearance,

Then there is the large army of the unemployed who have no vagrant habits save those entailed in the dreary pursuit of work. These are what the French call *conscripts de faim*—conscripts of hunger. Though they are nominally volunteers, they are driven into enlisting by that hardest form of compulsion—starvation. For one that wants to fight, ninety-nine simply want bread. But if they have been earnest and willing and honest in their search for bread, if they have always purchased it by the sweat of their brows, and if they have the mental, moral and physical qualifications for fighting Uncle Sam will not deny them the bread which they are more willing to purchase with their blood.

But not even these form the best material which Uncle Sam has thrust upon him for selection. Better far are the brawny, brainy and eager youth, from town and country, who, fired with the true soldierly spirit, unforced by emptiness of stomach, come with hearts and heads full of patriotism and generous ambition and high ideas to offer their services to their common uncle.

The hardy backwoodsmen of New England, the daredid cowboys of the Western plains, the stalwart farm hands in the great agricultural districts all over the United States—these with a little training develop into the finest soldiers in all the world.

There are three recruiting stations in New York. I have stood in all three of these places and watched the crowd of applicants streaming in, a panoramic study of human nature in its highest and its lowest forms, of alert and splendid youth, of depressed, disappointed and degraded maturity. In all of these stations the method is the same.

A sergeant sits at the desk in the room into which the applicant is ushered. He is patient, but shrewd; kindly, but firm-willed. He does not balk at any untruthfulness in manner or speech.

He is not offended, even by the freshness of the lad who bluntly declares, "Say, captain, I want to enlist," or even the unconscious rudeness of



SERVING OUT EQUIPMENT TO RAW RECRUITS.

alcoholism is sternly barred by the army regulations. Permanent and professional tramping would in itself be an insuperable obstacle, but tramping that is only a recent accident in an otherwise orderly life may be overlooked if the applicant has excellent qualifications in other respects.

the tough who inquires, "Be you the bloke who wants soldiers?" He recognizes that they are not yet soldiers, but if they have soldierly timber in them they may yet be polished to the point of proper soldierly deportment. One thing he is on the alert for at the start. This is untruthfulness. Lies about the age are most

usual. The age limit is from eighteen to thirty-five. But boys under eighteen must have permission from parent or guardian, duly sworn to and attested by a notary public. If a boy of obviously not more than eighteen or nineteen declares that he is over twenty-one the chances are that he is on the lookout for a long tramping from home.

But if the sergeant was satisfied that the applicant was neither too young nor too old for service he must be examined as to other points of qualification. The requirements exact that if he be a candidate for the regular army he must be a native born or naturalized citizen, able to speak English and to read and write; if for the volunteers it is not necessary that he should be naturalized or know how to read and write, but he must speak English.

These points are easily passed upon. It is most difficult to determine whether his habits are orderly, his character good, if he is out of work, whether it is his own fault that he is so, and whether he is unmarried. No married man is accepted. The shrewdness of the officer must supplement the answers he receives, and must further be called into play to determine at a cursory glance whether his physical characteristics are sufficiently near the mark to make it worth while submitting him to the necessary examination by the army surgeon.

in New York, but rarely have more than twenty-five or thirty been selected.

THREE WOMEN SOLONS.

Their Busy Careers as Members of the Colorado Legislature.

Three women are members of the Colorado Legislature. Their official actions have demonstrated that women can fill offices of trust and respon-



DR. MARY T. BARRY.

sibility with credit to themselves and benefit to the people they represent.



RECRUITS WAITING TO BE SENT TO THEIR POST.

If he succeed in passing the sergeant, this examination is the next step before his final acceptance. Every morning beginning at half-past eight the applicants who have passed the preliminary examination are mustered before the surgeon. Tests are made of the heart, the lungs, the eyes, the teeth, the hearing. The body is stripped and the individual is made to go through calisthenic exercises.

It is a curious fact that more people fail through defects of the teeth and of the eyes than any others. Uncle Sam requires a good digestion and good



THE MAJOR ADMINISTERS THE OATH.

eyesight. The applicant must have at least two sound pair of molars, each directly above the other, so that they can properly perform the function of masticating the food.

The eyes must be at least three-quarters of the normal. Printed test cards are placed at a distance of twenty feet, and the man is made to read letters of varying sizes. Many learn here for the first time, to their dismay that their eyesight is defective.

It is really pitiful to hear the excuses, perfectly honest to themselves, which they make for what they deem to be a mere temporary lapse. They had been anxious; they had been nervous; they had not happened to sleep well the night before.

"Give me another trial," pleaded a man, who bore every other appearance of robust health. "I'll be all right tomorrow."

But the fiat had gone out. It could not be recalled. He went out angrily, rubbing his eyelids, as though they were rebellious children who had wilfully brought their parent to shame.

To all the men, indeed, who fail in the final test, just when acceptance seems in sight, rejection is a crushing blow. They who survive are proportionately jubilant. To each of these is given a meal ticket and a comfortable cot in a room back of the recruiting office which he makes his headquarters until he is sent off to camp for the training which will turn a member of the awkward squad into a soldier. Then he is ready to be shipped to the Philippines.

From two hundred to three hundred men a day apply to the three stations

Dr. Mary T. Barry has served the past year as a member of the House from Pueblo County. In 1887 she graduated in medicine from the Northwestern University of Chicago. After one year in the preparatory school she attended in the hospital for one year as house physician, after which she practiced medicine for two years in La Crosse. Since 1894 she has been in active practice in Pueblo, where she served as county physician during the years 1896-97.

Mrs. Harriet G. R. Wright, one of the two women representatives to the Twelfth General Assembly from Arapahoe County, located in Colorado twenty-seven years ago, and has lived in Denver seventeen years. Her family consists of a husband and three grown sons. Mrs. Wright is a recognized social and political leader, and enjoys the confidence and friendship of very many people. Her husband, Henry Wright, was one of the pioneers of the State, having gone to Colorado thirty-eight years ago. Mrs. Wright is a descendant on both sides from early colonial settlers of America. Two ancestors in her mother's family, John and Jacob Reeve, came over in the Mayflower. Her father was a pioneer in Wisconsin, as she has been in Colorado. He was a Presbyterian clergyman, and one of the earliest advocates for advanced education for girls. He founded the Wisconsin Female College, the first college for



MRS. HARRIET G. R. WRIGHT.

women in Wisconsin, and was the president for many years. Mrs. Wright's interests were all along educational lines in her girlhood, and she has never changed in that respect.

Mrs. Frances F. Lee, the other woman representative from Arapahoe County, is the wife of Frank W. Lee, of Denver. Mrs. Lee is the mother of five children, of ages ranging from three to eleven, and has always had them in personal charge.

PEABODY'S BUSINESS - MEN.

[These business firms are recommended to the people of Peabody and to visitors to the town, who may depend upon receiving fair treatment at their hands.]

—THE—

Central House

First-class accommodations.
Rooms and board by day or week.
Steam heating and electric lights.
Steam and electric cars pass the door.
C. W. CLARK,
Proprietor.

Whisk Brooms,

10 cents.

A fine Broom.

—AT THE—

Family Drug Store,

D. P. GROSVENOR,
Pharmacist,
35 Main street, Peabody.

FREDERIC G. PRESTON,
Attorney AND
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Peabody, Mass.

Ici on Parle Français.

THE SAMSON HOUSE,

Is a new house, and first-class in every respect. Headquarters for Commercial Travellers and Theatrical Troupes. Special attention given to bicycle riders.

11-13 Central Street, Peabody

1/2 minute from depot. All lines of electric pass the door.

W. J. DALEY & CO.,
DEALERS IN
Meats, Vegetables,
AND
Fish of all Kinds.
21 Main Street, 41 Boston St.,
Peabody, Salem.

Herbert Gardner,
HARNESSES
AND

Horse-Furnishing Goods,
PEABODY SQUARE.

C. H. GOULDING,
DEALER IN
FURNITURE,
BEDDING, CARPETS, ETC.

Walnut Street,
PEABODY, . . . MASS.

HARRY NEWTON,
"THE OLD RELIABLE,"
Builder and Repairer of
BICYCLES.

Our Own Make, "THE MAINE,"
\$40 and \$55.

BUILT TO ORDER, of first-class material and workmanship. The finest wheel in this vicinity or out of it. We learned how to do it at the famous "Humber" factory in England. Nuff said. Don't forget that, and "Remember THE MAINE!"
Repairing and Wheels Built to Order.
7 Lowell St., Peabody.
"On the Square."

TO THE NINETY-AND-NINE.

For the one stray soul that must walk apart.
Leave greatness and sadness and fame,
Perchance to die of a broken heart,
That the world may remember its name.

But we who are only the rank and file,
Whose fame is a life-span long,
We may leave to earth the gift of a smile
As sweet as the poet's song.

—Harper's Bazar.

MRS. PEABODY'S GRAPE-JELLY.



HE September sunshine was flooding the kitchen floor like a river of gold. Mrs. Peabody's kitchen floor was no mouldy, underground concern, such as you sometimes see through the iron rails of city areas. It was composed of narrow boards of daintily-oiled Georgia pine, and was the pride of Mrs. Peabody's heart. The windows were draped with snowy cotton, finished with home-manufactured ball fringe; the chairs, of bird's-eye maple, had been a part of Mrs. Peabody's wedding outfit, twenty years ago; and the great clock in the corner, with its polished brass dial, and the landscape painted on its door—in which a preternaturally pink-cheeked shepherdess had been tending three fluffy sheep of half a century at least, without growing a day older—conveyed a certain idea of thrift which is inseparable from a New England farmhouse.

And over the well-blackened stove a huge brass kettle was boiling and bubbling; for Mrs. John Peabody had set apart this particular day—consecrated it, as it were—to the preserving of grapes.

Mrs. Peabody had been up before daylight to gather the emurpled treasures, in a superannuated clothes-basket; for Mrs. Peabody kept city boarders, and her time was precious. She had picked them carefully from the stems, while her boarders had been discussing broiled ham and eggs, and delicious new bread; and, just as the grapes were boiling into a violent maelstrom of sweetness, Mrs. Higbee's barefooted little boy had come pattering in, with a face crimsoned by the haste he had made, and every individual hair on his head standing up in a different direction.

"Why, Moses, what's the matter?" said Mrs. Peabody, stirring desperately away at the grapes.

"Our baby's got a fit!" said the namesake of the Israelitish law-giver; "and marm wants you to come d'reckly—right away."

"But I can't," said Mrs. Peabody. "Don't you see that I am preserving grapes?"

"Our baby's got a fit," repeated Moses, in exactly the same intonation; "and marm, she says tell Mrs. Peabody to come d'reckly!"

"Those Higbees are really too trying!" said Mrs. Peabody, despairingly. "I don't believe there's a thing ails that baby, but I'll have to go and see, I suppose. Clarence!"

Clarence Peabody, the farmer's younger brother, who was under-tutor in St. Silvanus College, and popularly supposed to be possessed of superhuman knowledge and education, came out of the back parlor, where he was studying out the derivation of a Greek word—a tall, pleasant-faced young man, with blue eyes, and decidedly auburn-red hair.

"Well, Hepsy?" said Mr. Peabody.

"Would you do me a favor?" said Mrs. Peabody, in appealing accents. "With all the pleasure in life," answered her brother-in-law.

"Just keep these grapes stirring a minute," pleaded Mrs. Peabody, "while I run over to Zachariah Higbee's, to see if that everlasting baby really has anything the matter with it."

Giving over the huge wooden spoon into the hands of the tutor of St. Silvanus, she caught up her greeningham sun-bonnet and hurried away.

Clarence Peabody looked over into the boiling mass.

"What a lovely color!" thought he. "How delightful it smells! But it's slightly warmish here over the fire, with the thermometer at seventy odd. I hope Hepsibah won't be long."

He stirred away more vigilantly than ever, still thinking of that Greek root.

"Five minutes," soliloquized Mr. Peabody, glancing at the clock.

"Seven minutes—ten minutes. Come, this is a little too much!"

Just then, chancing to look in the direction of the parlor, Clarence Peabody beheld half a dozen sheets of his manuscript whirling away through the open window into the vegetable garden beyond.

"Confusion take it!" continued Mr. Clarence Peabody; and dropping the wooden spoon into the grapes he rushed frantically to the rescue.

Page one was easily found; page two was impaled, so to speak, on the prickly branches of a flourishing gooseberry hedge; page three alighted, unharmed, on the shores of the duck pond; but, alas! page four was nowhere to be found. And, after a long and fruitless search, Clarence returned dejectedly to the kitchen, only to be greeted by an overpowering smell of scorched sweets.

"Great Apollo! the thing is burned to a crisp," said he, lifting his hands.

Just then Miss Middleton, the prettiest and most ethereal of all the city boarders, put her gold-crimped head into the kitchen, to beg for a smoothing-iron to press out some newly-gathered ferns. The tutor hailed her as a guardian angel. He could not help knowing that, on the whole, she was a little inclined to be partial to him.

"Miss Middleton," called he, "you

have appeared here just in the nick of time. Hepsy will never forgive me for spoiling her preserves. Can't you set 'em right some way or other?"

Miss Middleton opened her china-blue eyes very wide.

"I?" she cried. "I haven't the least idea how preserves are made."

Mr. Peabody regarded her a little scornfully.

"I thought all women knew about such things," he said.

Miss Middleton looked helplessly down at her white hands.

"Mamma would never allow any of her girls to go into the kitchen," said she. "I'm very sorry, Mr. Peabody, but I can't help you!"

At the same moment the outer door opened, and in walked Aurora Temple, Farmer Temple's cherry-cheeked daughter, from the old brown house across the meadows. Her dress was quite unlike Marcia Middleton's pale-blue organdie, being a substantial brown calico, which had known the interior of a wash-tub more than once; her complexion, instead of being all roses and lilies, like Miss Middleton's, was browner than any gypsy's; and in one sun-browned hand she carried a basket of late peaches, as rosy as her own cheeks.

"Is Mrs. Peabody at home?" said Aurora. "Dear me!" as she looked around her, "what is the matter?"

Clarence Peabody told her the whole story of his broken trust and sore discomfiture.

"But it isn't in human nature, Miss Aurora," said he, "to see one's cherished Greek annotations lying to the four points of the compass, without at least an effort to rescue them. Now, is it?"

"To be sure not," said Aurora.

"Couldn't you help a fellow out of the scrape, some way or other?" humbly questioned Mr. Peabody, as meekly as if he didn't know a syllable of Greek nor Chaldee, nor any other mouldy old language.

Aurora peeped into the kettle.

"The jelly is spoiled," she said, "past all redemption!"

Clarence uttered a sepulchral groan.

"Hepsy needn't know," retorted Miss Temple. "Quick! Get me a pail of water—I'll wash out the kettle. And open all the windows and let this smell out."

"I don't understand," said Clarence, piteously. "How can Hepsy help knowing that—?"

"I made grape jelly yesterday," said Aurora, with a wise little nod. "I put it all up in tumblers, with neat little tissue paper caps under their lids—just as Hepsy uses. You and I, Mr. Peabody, will go over and get them. We'll range them neatly on the store-room shelves, and you shall write labels for them in your prettiest print-hand, and Hepsy will wonder at your skill and ingenuity. But you must make haste, or she will surprise us in the midst of our surreptitious proceedings."

"But what will you do?" said Clarence, his face irradiating.

"There's plenty of lovely wild grapes ripening down in Willie's Glen, where the waterfall is," said Aurora. "I'll go down there to-morrow, and gather some more."

"And I'll go with you," said Clarence.

When Mrs. Peabody returned, after having seen the little Higbee olive branch safe through a succession of fits which would have killed half a dozen ordinary babies, but produced no apparent result to that seasoned vessel, the kitchen was in neat order, and Clarence was reading Mrs. Brown's poems aloud to Aurora, in the window-seat, where the scarlet leaves made a screen of cool shade.

"Where's my jelly?" said Mrs. Peabody, glancing nervously around her.

Clarence pointed exultantly to the shelves of the opposite store-room, where a dozen glasses of purple jelly were blushing radiantly through the crystal walls that held them in durance.

"Behold your jelly!" said he, tragically.

"Well, I declare!" said Mrs. Peabody. "Who would have imagined that a man—and a bachelor, and a tutor of Greek, into the bargain—could make jelly like that?"

"Who, indeed?" said Clarence, solemnly.

"It seems quite like a miracle," said Aurora, looking exceedingly demure; "but when we come to reflect that all cooking is a mere matter of chemical combination—"

"Book-learning is a wonderful thing, ain't it?" said honest Mrs. Peabody.

The next morning the tutor of Greek and Farmer Temple's pretty daughter went down into the glen to gather wild grapes, and Aurora brought home not only a basketful of amethystine treasures, but a captive heart.

"I think I've been in love with her this three months, without knowing it," said Clarence; "and that grape-jelly business settled the matter."

But they never told Mrs. Peabody of the innocent deception that had been practiced upon her housekeeping nature.

A Japanese Delicacy.

That the Japanese consider salted whale meat a delicacy would appear by the quantities purchased. The whales are caught off the coast of Korea, the flesh and blubber cut up, salted and sent to Japan for sale as food. Over 2,000,000 pounds of whale meat was imported into Nagasaki alone last year.

An English Habit.

The drinking of tea, considered to be so thoroughly an English habit, was not known in Great Britain until 1610, and more than forty years later coffee was introduced. Chocolate, which had been in favor a few years previous, was superseded by tea and coffee.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

This For the Woman Who "Motes."

Women who drive in auto-cars, says a woman who knows, should beware of the dust. In Paris all the elegantes who "mote" wear goggles, hideous but salutary. An over-all cloak of fine silk or alpaca is another necessity, and a white lace veil is also to be advised. One gets more dusty and more sunburned when flying about in an automobile than at any other time.

Victoria a Busy Woman.

Queen Victoria now spends a considerable portion of her leisure in reading, or in having read to her, the proofs of forthcoming publications in which she is interested. It is said that this is the real reason why both the official biography of the Duchess of Teck and the more eagerly awaited life of Lord Beaconsfield have been delayed so long. In each case her Majesty has insisted on reading every document and letter.

No royal biography was ever published under the personal supervision of a British sovereign until that of the Prince Consort appeared.

The Tilt of the Hat.

The arrangement of the hair in the nape of the neck is one which creates great difficulties in millinery matters. Nothing is more terrible or disfiguring to the contour of the face than a gap between the crown of the hat and the coils of the hair. Yet many, many girls are to be seen who allow themselves to be such objects. A veil brought around thickly under the chin and tied above the brim somewhat mitigates the evil, but it exists nevertheless, and another one attendant on it—viz., the angle at which the hat is worn, setting in absolutely a straight line across the head and coming low down on the forehead, with the result that becomingness is reduced to a minimum.

The angle for the hat when the coiffure is low is slightly off the forehead when the comb now so much in vogue is inserted at the base of the crown coils; then the hat tips slightly downward. Another method of disguising the vacuum between crown and coiffure is to have a half circle of flowers, preferably crush roses, beneath the brim; but this is only when the hat is of a fancy straw, such as the glossy kind which this season has introduced to us.

Smart Golf Costumes.

As the craze for golf is decidedly in the ascendency, golf clothes are the important feature of a young lady's, and also a young matron's wardrobe at present, and as the mountain season is fast approaching such garments as come under the head of golf necessities have a twofold significance. As everybody now indulges in the old and time-honored game in order to be fashionable, either as a player or a looker-on, clothes play a very important part, and every woman, especially the players, desires the comfortable feeling of knowing that she is properly and smartly dressed for the game.

And in order to be "smart" it is quite necessary to have a bit of Scotch in the costume somewhere—perhaps it is only in the band of bright plaid around the hem of the skirt, or the collar, cuffs and pocket-flaps of the jacket, or perhaps only the band on the alouch felt hat—but there must be a touch of bright-colored plaid somewhere.

The heavy denims and ducks, which were so popular among summer golfers, will be succeeded by the heavier reversible tweeds and vicuna cloths, and they will be unusually attractive, as they appear in all the bright colors of the jockey.

The skirts will not change radically as to cut or shape, being as usual, close-fitting and reaching just to the ankle to reveal the very "mannish" golf shoe and brilliant plaid stockings.

—Dry Goods Economist.

Odd Names For Women's Clubs.

The woman's club movement has assumed such an extent that it has attracted the attention of the United States Department of Labor, which has recently issued an elaborate report on the attitude of women's clubs toward social economics. Accompanying the articles are some statistics which indicate that there are few settlements of any size in our glorious country without a woman's club.

The name, location and purpose of each of 1283 women's clubs are given in detail, and it appears that this by no means exhausts the list. An examination of the list shows that next to the local title of Woman's Club, Shakespeare's name is a favorite one.

There are a number of titles which are rather enigmatic. What, for instance, is the meaning of "The Leshche," the name of a club at Dalton, Ga.? Then there is the "Nile," of Chicago; the "Theristral," of Marion, Iowa; the "Anarkrisians," of Sioux City; the "Ammonocogin," of Cumberland Mills, Me.; the "Methebesic," of Rockland, Me.; the "Hep-torean," of Somerville, Mass.; the "Aldice," of Grand Rapids; the "Chropean" and the "Photrone," both of Brooklyn, and the "Ardihrebriah," of Providence. Such names as "Tokosnow" and "So-go-ye-wat-ha" are perhaps of Indian origin.

There is a frankness in the title of "Old Maid's Social Club," of Woonsocket, which inspires respect. It is, however, doubtful whether anything descriptive is meant by the title of the "Nashaway" Club, of Nashua, N. H. There is an Anthony Club, but no Cleopatra Club.

Dainty Colors.

She who would wear dainty pink, blue or pale green lawn or dimity shirt, waists and gowns must insist

that her laundress wash them carefully. One woman whose dimity dress was a symphony in green now deprecates the fact that it returned from the laundry with a sickly yellow complexion that rendered it unwearable. And yet the material was supposed to be dyed with a "fast color." An investigation proved that the pretty gown had been rubbed with strong soap, scrubbed on the board, and then boiled, after which it was hung in the sun to dry. What self-respecting color would "hold" under such treatment?

Delicately hued wash materials should be cleansed in mild soapsuds, never more than lukewarm, rubbed and wrung with the hands, the wash-board and wringer being forbidden, rinsed in cold water and hung in the shade until dry enough to iron.

If there is any doubt as to the washable qualities of certain articles of delicate colors, like fine silk or lisle-thread stockings, they may be laid for several hours in cold water containing a small quantity of ox-gall. This process will often "fix" the colors.

The average laundress is devoid of conscience and pity towards fine shades and sheer fabrics, and unless the would-be wearer of exquisite colors is willing to give her personal supervision to the laundry-work, or at least issue strict orders as to how it should be performed, she would better cling to the always washable pure white materials.—Harper's Bazar.

Needlework Pictures.

Needlework pictures are coming into fashion again, and we may expect to see the young women of the day industriously engaged in working impossible pictures of Noah and the ark, or of scenes where a preposterous blue crewel sky is in conjunction with trees of whatever shade of green the worker fancies, or the dealer can supply. Such pictures may be seen adorning the walls of half the homesteads of New England. The last of the workers in crewels, however, confined their efforts to working chair seats and pincushions, in which the central design was done in wool and silk, and the "filling in" was executed in beads. One of the latest artists of the picture age was an old lady who died in northern New York in 1875. For years she had been patiently working on copies of Thorwaldsen's "Night" and "Morning" and the "Angel of Peace." It was her dream to leave copies of these three masterpieces to every one of her three daughters and two sons. The pictures were nearly a yard square, and great was the labor before the sleepy child in its mother's arms, accompanied by the little owl and the wideawake one, with the torch, etc., was transferred to the canvas. The "Angel of Peace" presented still greater problems, and long before the fifteen pictures were completed the worker laid by her needle. At present women are trying their hand at copies of Morland and Angelica Kaufman, but it is safe to say that the employment, which found such high favor with the women of the Stuart period, will not take very great hold on the golf-playing young women of the present day.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Fashion's Fads and Fancies.

On some of the satin shoes and slippers there are exquisitely cut rhinestone buckles, and these sell at high prices.

The embroidered dresses in black or in various dark shades matching the fabric or in contrasting tints will be much in vogue.

With thin costumes and lace gowns, ties cut high in the back and with Louis Quinze heels, made of shades of suede, are worn.

Bright colors of tooled leather and bronze are used, and are most becoming to a dainty foot. A pair of these were white, and had rosebuds scattered over them.

A note of scarlet occurs in a number of gowns. It is used with beetle-green, smoky-gray and blue. It will be used in hats as well, and fruit garnitures promise to be very much in evidence.

Some of the late toques are of tulle swathed round and round a frame, and caught in a rosette at one side with a jeweled dagger. Some are made of dark green tulle; others of claret color, purple or black.

A collar buckle strongly appealing to lovers of novelties is made of gold having the appearance of being cast and relieved by bright cuttings. The design consists of a series of scrolls. The centers contain two large turquoises.

The popular veils are made of plain white tulle, fine black veiling or fine French mesh, with small chenille spots. Black veils, lined with pink tulle, and called complexion veils, are worn, but, as they are injurious to the eyes, they are not popular.

Pale shades of gray, brown and green are used as materials for the new gowns, and when turned back with collars and revers of the pompadour lining or the new printed batistes daintily sprigged with small branches of flowers are exceedingly modish.

The long enveloping camisard, dust cloak, ulster or redingote, with loose fronts, which the French have always looked upon as an essential of every complete wardrobe, winter or summer, has not at all times been considered an absolutely necessary article by Americans.

Not only will the graceful and elegant princess dress reappear among handsome models from Paris, formed of corded silks, black satin brocade, and matelasse silks and satins, but in supple taffetas, veillings in silk and wool weaves, mohair Sicilienne, grenadine, drap d'ete, and crepe de Chine in black and in colors.

SOME "LARGEST" THINGS.

The United States Have Their Share of the World's Big Affairs.

So many claims are made by different cities and countries that it may be interesting to know where the "largest" things really are situated. The largest locomotive works in the world are in Philadelphia. The largest car manufacturing plant in the world is in Pittsburgh. The largest drug house in the world is in St. Louis. The largest wholesale dry goods house in the world is in New York. The largest gun works in the world are in Essen. The largest tobacco factory is in St. Louis.

The largest wooden ware manufactory is in St. Louis. The largest steel works are in Pittsburgh. The largest drop hammer in the world is the property of the Bethlehem Iron Company. The largest bottle manufactory is in Pittsburgh. The largest spring works are in Pittsburgh. The largest bank is in London. The largest church is in Rome. The largest beef and pork packing house is in Chicago. The largest starch business is in Oswego. The largest copper mine is in Michigan. The largest pumping engine in the world is in the Calumet & Hecla mine.

The largest match factory in the world is at Barbarton, Ohio. Its capacity is 100,000,000 a day. The greatest railroad in the world is in the United States. Needn't mention its name. The greatest hotel is in New York. The greatest newspaper (most influential) is in London. The greatest marble quarry is in Vermont. The greatest flour mill is in Minnesota. The greatest copper and brass mill is in Waterbury. The greatest stove factory is in Detroit. The greatest whisky industry in the United States, the output being more than 80,000,000 gallons a year. The largest sewing machine works in the world are at Elizabethport.

The largest boot and shoe industry is at Lynn. The largest grocery house in the world is in New York. The largest hardware house in the world is in St. Louis. The largest State is Texas. The largest financier in the world is in New York. The largest broker is in New York. The largest stock exchange is in New York. The largest city (the area) is New York. The largest life insurance companies are in New York. The largest corporation in the world is in Pennsylvania—the Carnegie Steel Company, capital stock, \$250,000,000. Next comes the Federal Steel Company, of New Jersey, capital authorized, \$200,000,000.

The largest monument in the world is in Washington—largest in the sense of tallest and cost. The loftiest structure in the world is in Paris—the Eiffel Tower. The largest steamboat runs in Long Island Sound, between New York and Fall River. The largest steamship piles between New York, Southampton and Bremen. The largest locomotive is on a short line in Pittsburgh. The largest college or university is Harvard, considering the greatest number of students. Her undergraduates exceed in number those of Oxford. The greatest ship-building plant in the world is at Glasgow. The largest suspension bridge in the world is in New York. The largest metal spans in the world are in New York (the Washington Bridge). The largest public gardens are in Paris. The largest number of theatres is in London. The largest hospital in the world is in Paris—the Hotel des Invalides. The largest stone structure is in Egypt. The largest falls are in New York. The largest river is in South America.

Superstition Affects Price of Opals.

A Ninth street lapidary is authority for the statement that nothing but the queer superstition concerning the ill-luck supposed to cling to opals is responsible for the low market value of those often beautiful stones. This dealer has in his shop probably the finest collection of uncut stones and quartz in this part of the country, and his array of opals is particularly fine. "Take an equally handsome group of gems of any other kind," he said rather mournfully, as he handled a tray of the opals, "and people would quarrel for their possession. As it is, nobody wants the opal, and it is a shame, for there is no gem more chaste or beautiful. The ill-luck theory is all I can find to account for it." Every stone in the lot shimmered temptingly as he replaced the tray. The cheapest opals are the Mexican varieties. They run from a cloudy white to a steel gray in color, and are not remarkable for their lustre. The best ones come from Australia, and vary from palest blue to pink and blood red. Even these are ridiculously cheap. A pair of them, oblong in shape and of equal size, were of exquisite lustre, and when held up to the light reflected a simply countless succession of tints. The price? "You may have them for \$6," said the lapidary sadly. "If opals were not unlucky," he added, "they'd be worth fifty. With a pearl let into each they'd make a set of sleeve buttons for an Emperor."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Trading Children in Denmark.

There is a Children's Exchange Bureau in Copenhagen, Denmark, by means of which city children and country children trade homes for the holidays.

In this way the little folks from the city can learn how to pick berries, ride on horseback, milk cows and climb cherry trees; while the country children have a chance to ride on the electric cars, to see the great ocean steamers, listen to band concerts and enjoy all the excitement of the city streets. This arrangement has helped to bring the farmers in touch with the city workers.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Affairs That Occupied Public Attention in 1870.

"Pinafore" was raging. Telephones were a novelty. John Kelly ruled Tammany. "Baby Mine" was prevalent. Dennis Kearney was rampant. Sitting Bull was a "big Injun." Campanini was the great tenor. Loan exhibitions were in vogue. Adelaide Neilson was playing Juliet. Six-day walking matches were a craze. England was fighting Afghans and Zulul. Edward Haulon was champion oarsman.

Kaiser William celebrated his golden wedding. General Grant was finishing a tour of the world. Prince Louis Napoleon was slain by Zulus.

Every band played the "Fatinitza" march.

"Wot d'yer say?" was the slang phrase of the day.

The great Brooklyn Bridge was nearing completion.

The United States Army was fighting with Ute Indians.

Leadville was two years old and had 20,000 inhabitants.

Robert J. Burdette made the Burlington Hawkeye famous.

Zola's "L'Assommoir" had just shocked the reading world.

Millionaire A. T. Stewart's body was stolen for ransom.

Grevy succeeded Marshal McMahon as President of France.

"The Mulligan Guards' Ball" was produced by Harrigan & Hart.

Henry James's "An International Episode" was a new book.

Pierre Lorillard's Parole won the Newmarket handicap in England.

Sol Eytinge, Jr., Frank Bellevue and Thomas Worth were leading humorous artists.

Bernhardt created a furore in London and announced an intention of coming to America.

The "exodus" of negroes from Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas to Kansas was in progress.

"She's a daisy, she's a darling, she's a dumpling, she's a lamb" was sung in all circles of society.

Archery was the favorite sport. Will H. Thompson and Mrs. Spaulding Brown were national champions.

The Jeanette Arctic expedition, commanded by Lieutenant De Long, sailed from San Francisco.

Rutherford B. Hayes was President. Disraeli was Premier of England.

Paul Boynton, in his life-saving suit, floated 2342 miles down the Allegheny, Ohio and Mississippi rivers in eighty days.

Stanley's "Through the Dark Continent" was outselling any other book and Stanley himself had just returned to Africa.

Thomas Nast was the great American caricaturist.

The acme of ugliness was attained in woman's dress, though that fact was unknown at the time. And men wore "soudish" hats.

The Arizona (465 feet long) and the City of Berlin were the largest passenger ships afloat. The Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse of to-day is 649 feet long.

The first great battle between iron-clad ships was fought in the Chile-Peruvian war, and the Huascar was captured by the Almirante Cochrane and the Blanca Encalada.

John Sherman was Secretary of the Treasury; William M. Evarts, Secretary of State; Charles Devens, Attorney-General; R. W. Thompson, Secretary of the Navy; Carl Schurz, Secretary of the Interior; George W. McCrary, Secretary of War, and David M. Key, Postmaster-General.

A Scheme That Didn't Work.

This story comes from Ceylon: A tea planter—he had a glass eye—was very desirous to go and have a day's shooting with a friend, but he knew that immediately the natives who were at work on the plantation got wind that he was away they would not do a stroke of work. How was he to get off? That was the question. After much thought an idea struck him. Going up to the men he addressed them thus:

"Although I myself will be absent, yet I shall leave one of my eyes to see that you do your work."

And, much to the surprise and bewilderment of the natives, he took out his glass eye and placed it on the stump of a tree and left. For some time the natives worked like elephants now and then casting furtive glances at the eye to see if it were still watching, but at last one of them, seizing his gun, in which he carried his food, approached the tree and gently placed it over the eye. As soon as they saw they were not being watched they all lay down and slept peacefully until sunset.

Turning the Tables.

Mr. Jones has an orchard. Mrs. Smith has a boy. The following dialogue explains itself:

"Mrs. Smith, if you don't keep that boy of yours at home I

THE GEMS OF NEW YORK.

VARIETY OF THE PRECIOUS STONES FOUND IN THE STATE.

Gem-bearing Quartz Underlying Manhattan—Red Garnets in Abundance—Lake George Diamonds—Agate as Stained Glass—Pearls in Fresh Water Brooks.

Residents of New York County naturally look to the West and South and to foreign countries for precious and semi-precious stones in their natural state, but in the Empire State are to be found some of the most beautiful known. Underlying New York City are gem-bearing quartz veins, but these vaults are now locked and inaccessible. The seeker after precious stones long ago gave up his place to the real-estate dealer, who has made more money in building up than the other could have by digging down.

An idea of the variety and beauty of the precious stones found in New York State may be gathered from a visit to the Tiffany-Morgan collection of gems, belonging to the State Cabinet at Albany, and to the Mineralogical Club's collection in the Museum of Natural History. On Manhattan Island are found the yellow aquamarine, or beryl, the pale-green beryl, and the small, transparent red garnet, the quartz veins bearing them traversing the archaic rocks. The same veins occur elsewhere in the State towards the Adirondack region. In Lewis County, however, precious stones are most abundant. Here are found, in particular, great quantities of purple and red garnets. At Newcomb, in the same county, beautiful crystals of brown tourmaline are found. Professor Beecher, of Yale, made this discovery some time ago. In Richville, in the township of De Kalb, the finest crystals of pyroxene are picked up from time to time. Cut into gems weighing from three to thirty carats each, they possess a peculiar charm. They are of a rich, oily green, differing from the tourmaline, peridot, or green garnet.

One of the most valuable of the native precious stones is the titanite or sphene, which is found in the "Tilly Foster" mine, near Brewster's, in Putnam County. This crystal is of a brilliant golden substance, and a great favorite with lapidaries. Cut into gems, it shows a greater play of color than the diamond itself, it is said by Mr. Kunz, the Government expert. It would be one of the most remarkable gems but for its softness; in beauty and coloring it is unmatched. A single stone, in its natural form, brings from \$100 to \$300. In excavating for the ship canal on the upper end of New York Island, crystals of smoky quartz were found in blasting the magnesian limestone. So exquisite in their crystallization and natural polish were they that they had only to be cut into smoky topaz.

Gouverneur, in St. Lawrence County, seems to be the home of the tourmaline. One of these stones, of the collection of Elihu Root, Sr., is as thick as a man's neck. Occasionally the crystals are transparent enough to afford gems of from one to five carats each. In Orange County, near Sussex, on the New Jersey line, crystals of sapphire are found, but they are not sufficiently transparent to be of much value. Recently they have been referred to in certain scientific articles because their occurrence in a limestone, such as that in which they are here found, is identical with the occurrence of the true ruby in the valley of the Mogok, Burma, where the most highly prized pigeon-blood rubies are found. All the way from Lewis County to Coney Island there are boulders of chatoyant, iridescent feldspar, known as Labrador spar. Masses have been broken from the original deposit at Keeseville and scattered during the glacial period, until now they lie all the way to the terminal moraine in Prospect Park, Brooklyn. The spar exists in such quantities in one of the rivers in Lewis County, and the colors are so beautifully brought out, that the river has been called Opal River. Labradorite shows a play of red, green, blue, purple, and yellow—like a peacock feather—where it is fractured or cut, if the light strikes it in a certain way.

Although, strictly speaking, it is not a precious stone, the pearl has been found in many of the fresh water brooks and rivers in this State. Pearl River in Nyack has produced numbers, as have also several of the rivers in St. Lawrence County. These pearls bring from \$1 to \$100 each. Generally they are not white, but much interest attaches to the tinting—pink, violet, purple and brown, the pearl being always the color of the shell in which it is formed. The so-called "Lake George diamonds" are more beautiful than valuable. When found in their natural setting of calciferous sandstone, they are more beautiful than the diamond of the African mines when it is first brought to light. They are found in great profusion in Herkimer County, and they are usually set in pins and charms. Jewelers say, however, that nowhere do they look so well as in their natural state, and mineralogists discover them always with delight. The crystals, when they are fine, are snowy white, like Carrara marble, and when free from flaws, very beautiful. Sometimes they are found so minute that, when carefully sorted from the mud, it takes from 70,000 to 400,000 to weigh a single ounce; and each crystal is as perfect as the largest, having eighteen perfect faces. Generally the so-called Lake George diamonds sold in cities are no more crystal or quartz than are rhinestones bought in Paris cut from Rhine pebbles. The name is merely a catch-penny one.

Rose quartz is the mineral Bedford contributes from its coarse granite. It is a shade of pink, not excelled, if squaled, by any found elsewhere. A

mineral resembling jade is the moonstone peristerite of Jefferson County. This is a white substance, with a blue play of color. Wollastonite is found at Bonaparte Lake. Through the entire terminal moraine pebbles of black jasper nearly a foot across can be found. They are an intense black, and are known as basanite or Lydian touchstone. They are used by jewelers to determine the carat of the gold.

In his report to the United States Geological Survey on "Gem Production in the United States," just issued, George F. Kunz says concerning another semi-precious stone, and its use in the making of stained-glass windows: "Plum Island, one of the broken line of moraine islets reaching from the northeastern point of Long Island across the Sound to Watch Hill, R. I., abounds in pebbles of variously colored quartz, derived from the disintegrated rocks of the Connecticut shore and carried southward to the upper or second moraine by the ice-sheet. Many of these pebbles are very richly colored—red, yellow, purple, etc.—and have been locally called agates, and collected, both here and on the neighboring Goose Island, by parties from Connecticut. The pebbles are used for the same purposes as stained glass—that is, leaded together—the iron staining showing beautifully by transmitted light. This form of window effect was introduced by Mr. Louis C. Tiffany. The pebbles are very abundant, and are continually rolled, washed and polished by the surf, and sometimes piled on the beach in windrows. One or two persons make a business of visiting the islands in a sloop and gathering the best colored and most attractive stones."—New York Post.

Bear, which were unusually numerous in Pike and adjacent counties in Pennsylvania during last winter and spring, are again making themselves obnoxious to farmers, and are venturing into the clearances, and in one instance took possession of a farmhouse, as is evidenced by the terrifying experience of Mrs. Picot, an aged resident of Dark Swamp.

While engaged in her morning duties about the house she was startled by soft footsteps advancing up the walk. Turning, she was confronted by the bear, and before she could close the door Bruin barred the way. Although terribly frightened, she retained her presence of mind, and began to shy various cooking utensils at the beast, which, instead of retreating, dodged the missiles and walked into the kitchen. Mrs. Picot hastily ran to the upper portion of the welling and locked the door.

Bruin, evidently thinking the kitchen a nursery, began to toss the furniture about the room and eat a portion of the victuals remaining in the pantry. Tiring of the sport, the bear took a short nap on the floor, and then scampered off into the woods.

Going For a Lost Treasure. "Treasure Island" is a romance which is not likely in these days to find a counterpart in the world of reality; but an intimation brought to our notice that an expedition is in course of preparation to endeavor to recover the gold which was lost in the ship General Grant, under extraordinary circumstances, in May, 1866, seems to promise exciting times for the adventurers who may participate in it. The story is that the General Grant was on her way from Melbourne to London with a number of miners returning from the Ballarat diggings when she was becalmed off the Auckland Islands, and a heavy swell drove her on to the shore, where she entered a rift in the rocks and was gradually driven into a cave. Here she sank, and of more than eighty souls aboard not a dozen were saved. Several unsuccessful attempts have been made to recover the gold. The new expedition of which we shall probably hear more later, has made up its mind to succeed.—London Chronicle.

A Queer Wagon. An up-to-date florist from New Jersey, who has quite a business in both potted plants and cut flowers, has a unique wagon with which he visits his customers on the upper west side of town. It is a miniature greenhouse on wheels. The frame, with its peaked roof, is of iron painted white, and the sides and roof are made of small panes of glass. In the rear of the wagon is the door through which plants are removed for delivery. Just inside this door is a toy stove, not much larger than those used in a doll's house, and leading from it and poking its nose out through the solid rear panel of the house is a bit of stovepipe, from which a small cloud of smoke trails away in the rear as the wagon moves along the street.—New York Times.

Statistics of Business (U. S.).

Architects.....	4,932
Banks and bankers.....	11,676
Shoe stores.....	22,606
Carriage makers.....	15,880
Clothing stores.....	14,100
Drug stores.....	35,867
Dry goods stores.....	34,850
Physicians.....	104,426
Grocery stores.....	109,139
Hardware stores.....	20,887
Harness stores.....	14,715
Jewelry stores.....	14,305
Millinery stores.....	5,961
Physicians.....	120,486
Antiquarians.....	3,301
Barbers.....	43,352
Meat markets.....	41,833
Carpenters.....	55,367
Cigar stores.....	22,453
Dentists.....	19,915
Farmers.....	1,415,450

A Boy With a Bright Future. One of the tasks set to a boys' class was that of writing a short letter to the master. One youngster added a P. S., which ran: "Please excuse bad writing and spelling, as I avert been tant any beter."—Tit-Bits.

AGRICULTURAL.

Mixing of Squash and Melon.

The probability of squashes and muskmelons growing near together becoming mixed or hybridized by cross pollination is infinitesimally small, as they belong to different genera, the squash being a cucurbita and the muskmelon a cucumis.

Rye Should Not Follow Potatoes.

As a rule small grains do not grow well on a field which produced potatoes the previous season. Experiments have demonstrated that this is due, not so much to the mechanical conditions of the soil as to the fact that the potatoes have used large amounts of available nitrogen. Applications of nitrate of soda greatly benefit rye crops grown after potatoes.

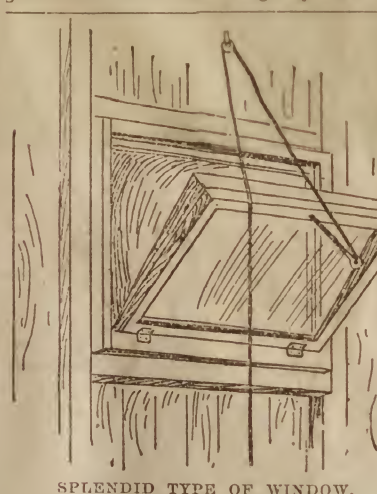
Distinguishing Sick Fowls.

When a bird is sick the comb and wattles usually change color, no matter what the ailment may be, for which reason the comb and wattles are the parts of the fowl to examine in case of sickness. In health they should be of a bright scarlet color. When the comb looks white or pale or black something is wrong; even lice will cause the comb to change color to a certain extent. When there is a refusal of food the birds are out of condition, as no healthy fowl will refuse to eat if fed on a variety of food, unless already full. Thirst to a great degree is another sign, and a nervous, uneasy look is a warning. A sick bird often drinks to excess, especially when attacked by cholera; but again at other times it refuses both food and drink.

Sometimes a hen will be moping about with drooping wings, showing no other signs of sickness. Whenever the comb, however, does not show a bright scarlet, and the fowl is not lively, it should be examined and treated immediately. Delay is dangerous to the fowl, for sickness in a flock is hard to eradicate if not driven off early. A fowl may suffer for want of certain food which it cannot get in confinement, and unless gratified will show signs of sickness. For this reason a change of food often will effect a cure.—Farm and Fireside.

Ventilating a Farm Building.

Barns should have means of ventilation, but it should be ventilation that can be controlled. One of the best plans is by a window in each gable end of the building, up near the



SPLENDID TYPE OF WINDOW.

peak of the roof. Have these windows arranged as shown in the cut, and they can be opened and closed at will from the ground floor. The triangular pieces nailed to the sides of the sash hold the window a little inclined inward, so that it falls open by its own weight when the cord is loosened. The same result could be obtained by the usual sash that closes to a perpendicular position, but has a second cord running from the outer end of the iron rod down to the floor. Pulling on this cord would open the window, while pulling on the pulley cord would close it, when the line could be fastened below.—New York Tribune.

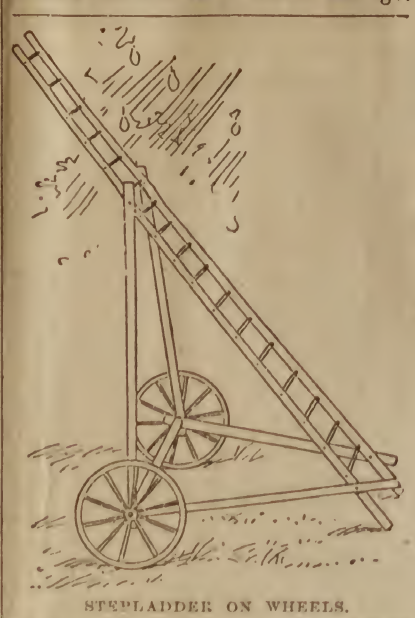
When to Fatten Hogs.

Fatten the hogs before the mercury drops to zero. Better start in August, even if a little grain must be bought until the corn is ripe. It will pay. The weather for the next three months is as a rule moderate. If hogs are fed as much as their stomachs can digest and utilize, about thirty-five per cent. is first used for heat and body energy in temperate weather. In extremely cold weather they will use about sixty to seventy per cent. for heat and energy. This will depend much upon the age and condition of the animal.

We also learn from experience to fatten with rapidity. Different feed stuffs are required. Corn is the principal one for the solid ration. Shorts, bran, cottonseed meal is very good for the protein it contains, and a small portion of rye will fatten rapidly if fed aright. Never feed liquid and solid feeds at the same time, for the animals will swallow the solids unchewed. Feed at least an hour apart. Some advocate giving the feeds separately, but one directly after the other. This is a safe rule for hogs which are not being fattened, but for hogs that are to be fed to their full capacity, the practice is wrong. If hogs are given their fill of solid feed, then slop immediately afterward, they can drink but very little slop without overloading their stomachs and causing disordered stomachs for a few days. It will take careful feeding for perhaps a week to bring them back to a normal condition. Keep the pens clean, not allowing filth heaps to produce disease germs. Also avoid damp sleeping places. Do not care for the hog according to its name, but give care as though it were the horse, and if attended thus it will return the greater profit of the two.—G. W. Harlacher, of Pennsylvania, in American Agriculturist.

Ladder on Wheels.

I have often thought that a ladder like mine—call it a stepladder—on wheels, should be in every orchard of any importance. A man can move it around the outside of a tree and get



STEPLADDER ON WHEELS.

the large, nice fruit that is so hard to get with a common ladder. It can be backed into a tree or run sideways to it, or with some tilting and twisting can be worked in among the outer branches. There is no patent on it. I had one twenty years ago and have one now.

This is really a handy style of ladder, and if properly made is safe to use where another ladder has no support and can't be used with safety.—Cunningham, in Rural World.

Clover in Orchards.

The fact that clover is a renovating crop, and almost indispensable in any general system of farming, has led many to believe it will prove equally valuable in the orchard, to be plowed under the green manure. But the heavy sod that clover makes, and especially its drying effect on the soil, through the moisture taken up by clover roots and exhaled through the leaves, is very injurious to young fruit trees. If they are planted in a clover sod in spring, no matter how carefully they are tended, most of the trees will be dead by fall. The trouble with plowing clover in orchards is that the clover must grow until near midsummer before it is much good for plowing under. By that time most of the mischief to the trees has been done. As the trees are then in full leaf at this time all growth is checked so suddenly by cutting off the roots in plowing that fruit buds are often formed. It also results in a great growth of suckers under the tree. The surplus sap, cut off from ascending to the branches of the tree, finds an outlet in small suckers, which are often very difficult to eradicate.

Swine Notes.

A variety of feeds is more desirable for hogs intended for breeders than any one feed.

Do not sour your feed for the pigs. "Vinegar will not produce flesh." Feed is sweet.

Each family should at least own one sow to eat the waste from the orchard, garden and table.

Registered or high grades are preferred by all would-be purchasers, either feeders, breeders or packers.

Don't allow your sows to go through the season covered with lice. Use grease or cotton seed oil and rid them of the pest.

Remember the boar is half the herd. He should be kept in a healthy, thrifty condition to get such pigs as you desire to own.

Give the brood sows the feed and care that will keep them in a healthy, thriving condition and your services will seldom be needed at farrowing pen.

If there is hog cholera about, enclose your hogs in a small lot, one that is dry and drains well, receiving no other drainage, and disinfect frequently with air-slacked lime and carbolic acid solution.

Selection of Seed Wheat.

Like begets like in the wheat field as well as elsewhere. If we sow seed that is not sound, well developed, well ripened, or that has imperfections of any character, we cannot expect a satisfactory growth and harvest. It is a good deal of trouble to separate the largest best grains from the smaller and inferior, and that no doubt is the cause of so much poor seed being sown. But we cannot get something for nothing, and well directed efforts on any line will prove profitable. It is true that the fanning mills of today will grade, and the seed from them is much better than it was before the introduction of such mills. But no mill will do this work as it ought to be done.

As a matter of fact only the grain that grows on the lower half of the head should be used for seed, but that simple statement will be, all that will be necessary to disgust the average farmer with the subject of seed selection. He will not do it and we know it. But because the average farmer will not do it, those who are enterprising enough to do it can build up a highly lucrative business by growing wheat for seed. A farmer of our acquaintance adopted this plan, and he writes that he not only largely increased the yield but that the heads are much longer and heavier, and the grains much larger. An authority once wrote that by a persistent selection of seed a pedigreed variety could be obtained. He said that every farmer could do this, but that few would, and that, therefore, those farmers that chose could make a large and profitable business by making the production of seed wheat a specialty.—William Pringle, in Agricultural Epitome.

SEA OF FLAME.

British Steamer Visited by the Electrical Phenomenon Known as St. Elmo's Fire.

From the British steamer *Ayr* comes a remarkable story of the experience of that vessel with the phenomenon known as St. Elmo's fire, during her passage across the Indian Ocean. The curious spectacle which is often afforded to mariners was in the case mentioned one of unprecedented magnitude.

In all previous records of experiences with the wonderful electrical disturbance there is no instance in which it was exhibited on such a scale of terrifying grandeur as when seen by the crew of the *Ayr*.

The *Ayr* sailed from Hoilo on June 10. Her course was that usually followed by homeward bound vessels, a long run of 14,000 miles by way of the Cape of Good Hope.

On July 8 the *Ayr* was in the loveliest part of that wide stretch of ocean which separates India from South Africa. An hour after sunset on that day the wonderful electrical spectacle began.

It was noticed on the two preceding days that something out of the general run of atmospheric disturbances seemed to be impending. On July 6 there had been a great storm with the accompaniment of an appalling display of lightning. Although the storm subsided the air seemed charged with the fluid.

Shortly after 7 o'clock on July 8 a ball of fire, apparently a foot in diameter, suddenly appeared at the foremast head.

Its advent was so sudden and so unexpected that the crew were momentarily paralyzed with terror. Nevertheless, for a time nothing followed the appearance of the ominous globe. It shone with a ghastly greenish radiance, and although vibrating slightly with the rolling of the ship never changed its position on the tapering spar.

Within an hour two similar balls descended on the *Ayr*, one at the extremity of the bowsprit, and the second on the port bulwarks nearly amidship.

Those who saw these mysterious visitors say that no words can describe the amount of light shed by them. The *Ayr* seemed to be sailing in a veritable sea of fire.

In the meantime the globe on the bulwarks developed some curious eccentricities. It rolled along the narrow rail almost the entire length of the foredeck. It was hoped that it would fall into the sea, but never was its remarkable equilibrium destroyed.

This scene lasted until 12 o'clock. At that hour the fire ball on the bowsprit burst like a bomb, and for miles around the sea was overspread with astounding radiance, which nearly blinded the frightened tars. When things had returned to their normal condition no trace of the St. Elmo's fire remained about the vessel. A strange glow, however, permeated the horizon on all quarters until nearly morning.

Children's Playgrounds at Cologne.

Cologne provides well for the children in the matter of playgrounds. In all the large parks—and Cologne is a city of parks—spaces are reserved for children. These spaces are generally in secluded corners and are large enough to accommodate from 200 to 400 children. Long benches are provided for the mothers and maids, who always bring along a lunch basket and a bag of mending or hand work. A well of water stands near by, and there is a small booth where warm and cold milk and mild drinks can be purchased cheaply. Large circular tables not more than ten inches high, with bushels of sand on and under them, furnish no end of amusement for the children, who dig to their hearts' content. For the larger children there are swings, see-saws, merry-go-rounds and games; and they are not strictly confined to the playgrounds, but can race and run unmolested all over the park. The city provides a keeper, who is not changed with the administration. He has become a piece of park furniture. His word is law, and the children hold him in wholesome awe, for the boys and girls he finds unruly are banished to their homes for as many days as the offense merits. Besides the large parks there are many smaller ones, and they are always crowded with children, to whom the streets are forbidden playgrounds.—German Correspondent in Chicago Record.

Oh Death, Where is Thy Sting!

The boycotting of the luckless Mexican Ambassador by representatives of the other powers at Washington recalls an anecdote of a recently deceased clubman. He was present one evening at a little musical gathering when an aspirant for honors as a pianist seated himself at the piano and began playing one of the national airs of Mexico, "La Paloma." His execution was deadly, and he banged and thumped the instrument until it was a fit object for the interference of the humane society. Finally he whirled around on the stool and said, "Did you notice the air I was playing? Well, when they led Maximilian out to be shot they asked him what tune he would like to be shot by and he selected 'La Paloma.' Do you know why?"

"Yes," replied the clubman as he glared at the executioner of the tune. "I suppose it robbed death of half its terrors."—Louisville Times.

German June Bugs.

June bugs are thick in parts of Germany this year. At Brody school children lately gathered twenty-five and a half hundred-weight from a sixteen-acre field. Some one has figured out that this means 1,270,000 June bugs.

Scotland has forty-six parishes without paupers, poor rates or public houses.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

To Protect Furniture From Moths. Benzine will drive away moths from upholstered furniture. Put the benzine in a small watering pot, such as is used for sprinkling house plants, and sprinkle the furniture. It will not spot or stain the most delicate silk, and the unpleasant odor soon passes away in the air.

How to Clean Ivory. Piano keys and ivory knife handles should be cleaned with alcohol. Twice a week rub the keys of a piano with a clean cloth wet with alcohol, and they will always look well. A solution of two-thirds alcohol and one-third sweet oil will take ink stains from wood. But if they are fresh stains and not large it is well before trying the above recipe to take a soft cloth, breathe upon the stain, rub gently while the spot is damp, and it will rub out without any trouble.

To Care For Cut Glass.

A wooden tub should be used for washing cut glass, and the water in which it is cleaned should not be too warm for the hands. A sudden change of temperature is bad for glassware, and it should never be left upon marble or stone. The deeper the cutting, the more liable it is to be broken. Decanters and water bottles which have become discolored may be cleansed with a soft cloth guided by a wire. Discolorings may be removed by placing soft with bits of paper and strong soap suds in the vessel, and shaking them well together. Beans are sometimes used instead of shot. A tablespoonful of muriatic acid to a pint of water will remove obstinate stains.

For cleansing the outside, cloths and towels and a brush are necessary. The washing and rinsing waters should not vary much in temperature. A soft towel should be placed under the dishes when draining. To secure a high polish vigorously rub glassware when it is warm, with a perfectly clean towel. Glass which is ornamented with gold should be washed in suds made of castile soap, and should be wiped dry as soon as it is washed. Finely cut glass should be kept in a closed cabinet and not handled much.

Wall Decorations of Dining Rooms.

The most recent decorations of the dining rooms are in brilliant tones of color. The idea is suggested, it is said, by the splendid colors of the old banquet rooms of Venice in the time of Paul Veronese and Titian. It certainly seems absurd to use dull, subdued colors such as are suitable for a library, where grave study and the "pale cast of thought" that belong with the room may call for sober colors. In the dining room, where the family do not often come except at the daily meals, rich colors may be used without anyone becoming tired of them, as they would in the sitting room. The dining room should be a cheerful room, where cheerful thoughts should prevail and cheerful colors stimulate digestion. Thus it comes that the most brilliant tones of crimson are used for walls and ceiling, with the woodwork of the room in white enamel. Old mahogany furniture covered with tapestry in dull tones of color is used with these rich tinted walls, or very dark red brocades. The hangings and curtains of the dining rooms are red, like the walls.

Rich emerald shades of green in stripes, with green hangings, are also used in dining rooms with white enamelled wood. The hangings then match the walls, and rich brocades, in old Venetian patterns, upholster the furniture. Either of the tints suggested for walls is excellent as a background for pictures framed on fine bands of gilt.

Recipes.

Tatti Frutti For Tarts—Take equal parts of stoned cherries, currants, red raspberries and large gooseberries. Mash the currants, squeeze out the juice, and use that to dissolve the sugar. Allow one pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Mix and boil until thick like jam. Delicious for tarts.

Apple Custard Pudding—Stew some cooking apples in a little water and when done rub through a coarse sieve and sweeten. Make a custard of milk, eggs and powdered sugar, with a little lemon flavoring. Pour the apples into a pudding dish, the custard mixture on top, and bake in an oven for half an hour.

String Beans a la Lyonnaise—Sauté a finely sliced onion to a delicate brown in three tablespoonfuls of butter; add a quart of string beans, cooked, a dash of pepper, a grating of nutmeg and one-fourth a teaspoonful salt (unless the butter is very salt). Heat thoroughly; add half a teaspoonful chopped parsley, a teaspoonful of lemon juice and serve at once.

Preserved Cherries and Currants—Remove the seeds from one pound of large ripe currants with a goose quill and with a cherry pitter free four pounds of large ripe cherries from the pits; then weigh both fruit; allow for each pound one pound of sugar; place the fruit and sugar in a kettle over the fire and boil slowly twenty-five minutes; fill in small jars.

Potatoes Santes—Put a little butter or beef drippings in the spider and put on the fire. When smoking put in small new potatoes (if large cut in pieces not over one inch in diameter). Season with salt and pepper. Cover the spider and cook for about half an hour, or until the potatoes will break and are nicely browned. Each potato should lie on the bottom of the spider.

The carp is nearly all bones. Every time it breathes this fish moves no less than 4386 bones and 4320 veins.

Only Turkish flags are allowed in Constantinople.

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ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE, PEABODY,
MASS., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.]

We are prevented this week from giving our usual town news because of our preparations for removal of the printing plant to Peabody.

The regular army officer seldom burdens himself with a sword in action, and the volunteer officers in the Spanish and Philippine wars soon followed his example after they got into the field. The sword is an unmitigated nuisance, and on the battlefield no officer wants it to get tangled in his legs, hamper his movements and check his agility.

There will come a day when the world will be birdless and then the pest insects, big and little, will begin. Whether the women who used some of the 1,500,000 birds that were killed in Venezuela last year to secure feathers for hats and bonnets ever think of this we do not know, but they should think of it. If the craze for "tips" and "wings" that are now used for headgear keeps up the pretty feathered creatures will be totally destroyed in this country, and in South American countries, too. Of course, this is a long look ahead, but it is, nevertheless, a sure outlook.

The automobile lends itself to the art and science of war with peculiar cordiality. We have "motor scouts," and "war motor cars," and according to the logic of events we shall have other implements which will render the tented field more dangerous than ever. This "war motor," by the way, is something to contemplate with awe. The thing is armor plated, so says the latest reports, and has a ram at each end. Besides this, it carries two rapid fire guns, and has a revolving turret and a searchlight. It will be "Look out for the locomotive when the bell rings," if that machine gets started in your direction.

In Massachusetts it has just been decided that the sanitary condition of picnic grounds and summer resorts in general is not all that might be, and with a view to improving it the State Board of Health has undertaken to make a careful examination of all these places. Special attention will be paid to the sources of water supply, and it is believed that by suggesting, and when necessary by enforcing, a general cleaning up, the number of typhoid fever cases among people returning from vacations can be materially decreased. The idea is obviously an excellent one, for ignorance and carelessness combine to render many summer resorts far from the healthful abodes they are supposed to be by a trusting public. Every fall the mortality rate of cities is raised by deaths, the seeds of which are sown scores or hundreds of miles away.

That golf has come to stay in this country is now an established fact, remarks Collier's Weekly. Its introduction was slow and difficult; the links were costly, the caddies were a nuisance, and, after tennis, the game seemed almost absurdly mild. Some of the scoffers pretended to regard it as a kind of sublimated croquet; but even those scoffers have since learned better. All over the land links have been established, appropriate club-houses have risen on them, and everywhere golf is acknowledged to be one of the most delightful and fascinating of pastimes. It also provides the most rational and healthful means of exercise invented in many a year. Moreover, and this must be reckoned among its greatest merits, it is one of the few forms of athletics in which women appear to advantage. Now that the bicycle craze is taking a slump, we should hail golf as its successor in the good work of developing health and muscle among the very people who most need exercise, and who, till within the past few years, took very little.

LAUNCHING A SHIP.

UNDERTAKING CALLS FOR SKILL AND JUDGMENT.

Here Is a Man of Extended Experience — Launched More Vessels Than Any Other Man in America—Modus Operandi of a Successful Launch.

According to Mr. M. V. D. Doughty of Newport News, Va., the feelings of a man who is charged with the responsibility of the launching of a great ship are by no means pleasant when the fateful moment arrives which is to decide whether the vessel will glide gracefully off the ways or stick. When it is said that Mr. Doughty has had charge of the arrangements of more launchings than any other man in the United States, and possibly the world, it must be admitted that he has a right to pass an opinion upon the subject. During his connection with the ship-building industry he has had charge of seventy-one successful launchings.



M. V. D. DOUGHTY.

Among the vessels that have left the ways under his direction were the first-class battleships Kearsarge, Kentucky and Illinois, the gunboats Nashville, Helena and Wilmington, the four Morgan line steamers that were transformed into auxiliary cruisers during the war with Spain, and the Plant line steamer La Grande Duchesse, which was used as a transport. The Cronwell liner Creole, now the hospital ship Solace, also received her baptism under his direction. In speaking of a ship at the present time, with such enormous dimensions, is not only a matter of careful calculation, but one of great skill and labor. Should anything happen to the several things prepared, such as delays in clearing the ship of her shores and blocks, or by a passing vessel, then comes a moment of intense anxiety to the man having the launching in charge. He knows just how long he can wait, and how long the limit of safety extends. Should the ship refuse to slide from the ways, or stick, as it is termed, not only is the safety of the vessel involved, but such a catastrophe means a great pecuniary loss to the builders. The cause for "sticking" is invariably blamed on the tallow with which the ways are greased, and while this may not always be responsible, I will not dispute its justice, for the launching master has trouble enough in other directions. He should have something to relieve his mind, for should the vessel "stick" he is forced to go all through the same process again, and the conditions in the second case are not always quite so favorable as in the first. Consequently his doubt and anxiety is doubled at the second attempt. Even after the ship has started down the ways to meet her watery bed, there is a severe mental strain upon the man having charge of the launching, for while the ship is in motion he is thinking about how she will be received by the water; for should he have been mistaken in his calculations and the ship fall after her stern had passed the outer end of the ground ways, instead of raising, as intended, the probability is that she would dislodge the cradle at the forward end and fall between the ways. Who could tell the amount of damage in such a case? On the other hand, should the stern or after end of the ship raise sooner than intended, thus throwing too much weight on the forward end of the packing upon which the ship is resting, the vessel would be subjected to an extraordinary strain, as she would then be borne forward by the timber as well as by the water at her stern. The damage she would sustain in this condition is also difficult to imagine.

There are also other damages caused by the ship lifting at the after end too soon, thus throwing too great a weight forward. Should the trapping, or lashings, which are placed to keep the packing and bilge ways, or slides, from spreading, break, the probability is that the vessel would fall between the ways, or, on the other hand, if the trapping should not part at the proper moment the danger is that the forward packing would be forced through the bottom of the ship, causing her to fill and go down. The danger of disaster in launching large ships should cause the man having charge of the launching to carefully calculate all conditions when he lays the keel for the ship. This, together with the careful laying of the lower ground ways, upon which the ship is to slide down, insures a successful launching.

Why Women Fight Seaside.
"Are women more subject to seasickness than men?" An Atlantic captain replies: "Yes, but, on the other hand they stand it better. A woman struggles up to the point of despair against the what I might call the impropriety of the thing. She isn't so much tortured by the pangs as she is worried by the prospect of becoming disheveled, haggard and dragged. She fights against it to the last and keeps up appearances as long as she can hold up her head."

THE MONUMENT.

I think I may fairly claim to know more of Monty's peculiarities than most people for I have known him all my life.

Therefore, when he told me one afternoon that he was going to be married, I felt in a position to pity the girl from the bottom of my heart. "Monty," by the way, is a contraction of "Monument," a name I specially invented, as summing up nearly both his physical and mental aspect.

He was tall and extremely handsome, after the style of the later and more degenerate Greek gods bearing on every feature and in every movement the stamp of languor and of laziness.

He is indolence personified, and, indeed, if you take that away, there remains little or nothing but obstinacy (with a big O). This combination blended together by a thick solution of self-complacency, produces, metaphorically speaking, a stone wall.

You cannot argue with him; he will neither be convinced himself nor be at the trouble of convincing you. You cannot interest him against his will, and he seldom wishes to be interested. Finally, you cannot even have the satisfaction of quarreling with him, for he will not be roused, and looks on your supremest efforts to anger him with the easy tolerance of a victorious Perseus watching Medusa's snaky legs entwine themselves around his fingers, and strive to make him relax his hold.

At one moment of our lives he would have had me believe in his lordly way that I was not unwilling to link my destiny with him. But, strange to relate, I remained unmoved by the golden prospect of his companionship, protracted indefinitely—perhaps eternally—and his tentative hints lapsed into oblivion. To return to the afternoon in question. Being aware of his artistic temperament, I naturally jumped at the conclusion that his choice had fallen on a "daughter of the gods."

"Oh, no," he said in his slow way, "a beautiful woman is delightful to look at, but not to marry. She would be impossible to manage."

"Then is she young?" I asked, although my curiosity was somewhat dampened.

"Just 17," he observed, thoughtfully, and was surprised at my exclamation.



HE WAS NOT A GOOD LOVER.

"But my dear Monty, you are old enough to be—"

"Excuse me, Mimmie, I would rather she were still younger. Marry a child and you may hope to educate her into the wife you would cherish in your old age."

"Or," I gasped, "then what is she like?"

"Inclined to be frivolous, but I shall soon remedy that. The poor girl is only too glad to find a man who is not hunting for her paltry five or six hundred a year."

That I could readily believe, and in justice to Monty, I must say that money, as mere money, does not in the least appeal to him. Perhaps that is because he has always had enough to be comfortable.

But he was not a good lover! He was even then far more interested in the academy than in his fiancée's charms. There were three or four portraits of lovely women that he spoke of in a way that made me glad the originals did not come within his sphere of acquaintance—for the girl's sake.

He did not carry her photo in his pocket. It took him several moments of hard thought to remember her address, and—"when you are intimate enough to call her by her Christian name," he remarked, "please call her Euphemia, and not Effie."

"Why?" I asked, determined on no account to do so.

"Because," he answered impressively, "Effie is too insignificant for a married woman, and I have a strong objection to pet names."

"When," I inquired, sternly, "did you ever in the whole course of our lives call me by my baptismal name?" Monty smiled indulgently.

"That is different. You are not going to be my wife."

I confess I reveled in this consoling thought, for nothing in the world could ever reconcile me to the peculiar atrocity of my name, and if its full hide-

ousness were to be the hourly accompaniment of my married life I should be afraid of the consequences. It is Jimmie. Now, you may say (and with perfect truth) that "Mimmie" is not particularly melodious, but at least you will admit that nothing can be worse than Jimmie, and anything might be better.

"By the way," said Monty, after a pause, "I believe there was a time when I had a fancy for you, Mimmie, and thought you might not make me a bad wife."

"There may have been," I answered calmly, "for I can distinctly remember a time when I decided that certainly you would make me a bad husband."

And Monty bestowed upon me one of those all-forgiving, albeit sad, glances that are so abnormally irritating when one is trying one's best to snub him.

After Monty's casual remark I was surprised to find Effie a nice looking girl, though with, of course, no pretensions to the Junoesque that Monty demands of his ideal woman. She was young, indeed, but had an old fashioned way with her that was infinitely attractive. I had guessed intuitively that she had neither father nor mother, although many people might say that this was judging my cousin too harshly. Her guardians were an elderly uncle and aunt, who didn't mind what she did as long as she didn't worry them, so I was glad to help her with her trousseau, and see as much of her as possible.

I soon discovered that Monty objected to her having so many friends.

"Lancelot," as she was made to call him, thought "gadding about" showed "empty headedness."

"But, my dear child," I exclaimed, he surely doesn't expect you to drop your friends just because you are going to marry him? Why, you will want them more than ever. What do you suppose you'll do when he's at work all day?"

"Then he hasn't told you he's going to resign the partnership?" said Effie timidly.

My heart froze and the fact must have been clearly evident to her, for she hastened to add: "You don't think he spoils me too much, do you, in giving it up for my sake?"

And the recording angel should put it to my credit that I only answered, "Effie, if he ever spoils you let me know."

Yesterday I tackled him.

VENEZ PEANUTS AND STUDIES

Street Corner Merchant Who Is an Inveterate Bookworm.

One does not look to the street merchant who vends peanuts and popcorn for a high degree of literary culture, but there is at least one man who follows that occupation who knows enough to acceptably fill a professorship in the big school down by the Midway. He is a native of sunny Italy and he lives in Nashville. Under his display of peanuts Vincente Costello always has a box of books, one of which he reads in every leisure moment he can snatch from business. But he will rarely talk of books; the shrewd people have a way of getting into a discussion before him, which warms him into exhibiting his learning. He speaks and reads Italian, French and English, and has a smattering of German. He has rare old chronicles, French and Italian, many editions of Shakespeare, some of them magnificently illustrated and bound. He would go in rags if he had a penny for both books in clothes, said his dark-eyed Italian wife, whose great delight is to keep his book case in good condition. He has a dozen Bibles, Greek and Latin classics, the works of Boileau, Moliere, Rousseau, Guizot and Victor Hugo complete, volumes written by Dante and Ariosto and Italian and English encyclopedias. He owns few novels but has a splendid set of Dickens' works in forty-four volumes, with the original Cruikshank illustrations, which he bestowed, on her eleventh birthday, upon his daughter, of whom he is making a pianist. It would be a liberal education in English to read the English books of this library from the time of Chaucer to that of Herbert Spencer. He is not a mere bookworm, but an intelligent and reflective reader.

A GOOD SIGN.

The Nose of Vast Importance to the Reading of Character.

Though the other features all reveal their special characteristics, it is hopeless to try to read and balance them aright without first carefully examining the nose and allowing for the weakness or strength indicated by it. The Roman nose is unfailingly and correctly associated with will power and command; the snub variety with self-assertiveness, and the thin, high-bridged, hooked type with avarice. A compressed nostril is not to be wished for, as it indicates suspicion and penuriousness. When the curve is heavy the character is usually correspondingly dull and uninteresting; well defined, it points out the well-balanced mind, and perhaps also a passionate disposition easily roused and as easily calmed. The little, pointed, narrow nose proclaims itself as impudent and wanting in reverence, and when it is united to a receding chin and forehead, with eyes close to the nose, the wider the berth given the possessor of such unenviable qualities the better. So there is much, very much, in physiognomy, and one's constant (not first) impressions, though not always invariably correct, may, on the whole, be trusted.

Why We Use the Right Hand.

Every pugilist, upon entering the ring, takes special pains to protect the region of the heart. All athletes understand that the most vulnerable portion of the body is undoubtedly the heart. A hard blow, well delivered on the left breast, will easily kill—or at any rate stun—even a strong man. Hence, from an early period men have used the right hand to fight with and have employed the left arm chiefly to cover the heart and to parry a blow aimed at that specially vulnerable region. When weapons of offense and defense superseded the fist it was the right hand that grasped the spear and sword, while the left held over the heart the shield or buckler. From this simple origin, then, the whole vast difference in civilized life takes its beginning. At first no doubt the superiority of the right hand was only felt in the manner of fighting. But that alone gave it prominence and paved the way for its supremacy elsewhere.

Beautiful Marble.

That beautiful transparent stone called Tabriz marble, much used in the burial places of Persia and in their grandest edifices, consists of the petrified water of ponds in certain parts of the country. The petrification may be traced from its commencement to its termination. In one part the water is clear, in a second it appears thicker and stagnant, in a third quite black, and in the last stage it is white like frost. When the operation is complete a stone thrown on its surface makes no impression and one may walk over it without wetting one's shoes. The substance thus produced is brittle and transparent, and sometimes richly striped with red, green and copper color. So much is this marble, looked upon as a luxury that none but the king, his sons and persons especially privileged are permitted to take it.

Accepted.

Bess—"So Tom had the impudence to kiss you last night." Tess—"Yes, but he came around today to explain. He said: 'I'm sorry if I hurt you. I admit I'm only an apology for a man, but I love you, and that was the only way I could tell you.'" Bess—"The idea! Well?" Tess—"Well, I accepted the apology."—Catholic Standard.

Shakespeare's Lamb.

Shakespeare, among his many allusions to the sweetness, the innocence, and the helplessness of the lamb, only once cites it as an article of food.

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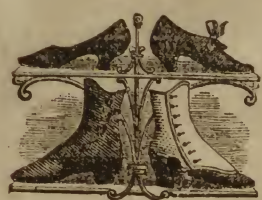
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Boots, Shoes, and Rubbers,

The assignee's sale at BUCKLEY'S, 21 Foster street, is still on, and the opportunity to buy summer, fall or winter goods at extraordinary prices is yet open.

Some Prices :

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375 pairs

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[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

Is there a hoodoo on the Dewey triumphal arch in this city? Caspar Babel dropped dead a few days ago while working on a medallion of Captain Lawrence for the arch; and now we get news of the death of Guiseppe Turina, who was modeling a statue of John Paul Jones. He had been working assiduously, for the time is short, and arose early one morning to continue his labors; almost immediately he staggered across the room and fell, dying in a few moments. Turina was 60 years old; a native of Verona, Italy, a soldier under Garibaldi, he came to New York in 1867, and had wrought many works, among them the new Bolivar equestrian statue in Central park, the "Garibaldi" in Washington square, and a colossal statue of Mazzini.

The cake-walk has gotten into society. From merely appreciating it, there has been progress to a point which makes some persons anxious to do it. One teacher uptown who has taught fancy dancing to young women, who were not on the stage, and had no desire to become actresses, finds that her pupils all want now to learn how to "walk" in the technical sense of the word. Square dances, which had lost much of their popularity in society, have acquired a new vogue during the last year from the opportunities they give for brief indulgence in the pleasure of cake-walking, and there are other equally decorous opportunities for the display of skill in this accomplishment.

For the first time in 25 years Police Captain James Dunn of the Adams street station, Brooklyn, started on a vacation on Sunday, intending to take the 20 days granted to him. He went to Rhinebeck. Wearing of idleness he resumed duty on Wednesday night. He said: "Four days satisfied me. Holy Moses, but it was hot up the river! What's the use of leaving Brooklyn, anyhow? We have fresh air, good roads, fine water, beautiful parks, good fishing and the Atlantic ocean at our back door. What more do we want? When you can't keep cool in Brooklyn you can't do it anywhere else, except at the North Pole."

The arrival of the British yacht Shamrock in American waters after a remarkably short passage of only sixteen days will immediately increase popular interest in the forthcoming races for the America's cup. The challenger is demonstrably a splendid craft, and her trip across the Atlantic shows that she is manned by a crew worthy in all respects of the great competition in which she has come to engage. It is perfectly evident that she is a swift one and that in defeating her the Columbia will have achieved a victory well worth winning.

A clever thief lately died in the Jersey City jail who for a long time has puffed his trade in this city and ended up in Jersey City where he was arrested. His plan was to represent himself as "Dr. Wood, health board inspector," and as such he visited residences and was allowed to go through them to "inspect." He utilized the privilege by abstracting valuables, the amount aggregating, it is said, \$20,000. This "doctor" could diagnose a case of jewels with neatness and dispatch.

All New Yorkers will unite in the welcome to Dewey, and if the corporation appropriate the money required to build an enduring, artistic monument all New Yorkers will know that they have contributed—the arch will be the gift of every man, woman and child in this community. If an appeal for funds were made, private purses would be opened quickly, but the Dewey arch should not be the gift of a few—it should be the spontaneous tribute of the whole people of the city.

A rival of John Most has come to town and is going to stir up the anarchist brotherhood here. The new red light is Errico Malatesta, an Italian. He made his first public appearance in Teutonia hall in Third avenue, addressing an audience of two hundred Italians, on whom he made a great impression by declaring that he had been in prison once and was ready to go there again. Malatesta said he intended to spend three months in organizing groups in and near New York.

Miss M. Stanleyetta Titus of this city was the first woman to be admitted to the bar in New York, and this was in 1894, and the first to win a prize in a regular law school. It is said she has compelled the men, in the short time she has been at practice, to acknowledge her ability and to accept her as a lawyer worthy of respect from the ablest of the lawyers in the new York bar. She is now a lecturer for the woman's law class in the New York university.

Magistrate Meade was surprised in the West Side police court the other morning to find the docket of arrests for disorderly conduct clear. The West Thirty-seventh street station which adjoins the Tenderloin, for the first time since the West Side court was opened in November, 1897, did not have a case. This prompted the court officials to declare that the precincts in the upper Tenderloin were getting to be "really good."

KNICKER BOCKER

KEEPS CURIOUS BUGS AS PETS Yucatan Insects Are Highly Esteemed by the People.

From the Mexican Herald: Three of the most curious pets that were ever fed were brought to Mexico City the other day. They were brought there by the butler in the household of President Diaz, who has been on a trip to Progreso. They are three bugs of a rare breed. The only place in the world in which they are found is Yucatan. The average specimen is about an inch and a half long. Its body is in two sections, resembling the bodies of some species of the beetle, and each section is covered with a stout shield or plate which is almost flat, curving but a little at the edges. When the head of the bug is placed under the microscope it looks rather intelligent and amiable. The bugs which were brought here are in a highly ornate state. Some cunning artist of Yucatan has painted shields in the Mexican national colors on the rear plates over their bodies, and highly colored bunches of flowers on the front plates, and has gilded their long, doubled-up legs. Little gold chains are attached to the middle of the rear plate, which is the larger of each bug's body, by which his bugship can be lifted up or led around. One of the bugs was presented to President Diaz, one to a Mexican lady and the other to an American lady. They are pets in the literal sense of the word. The American lady's bug is receiving all kinds of solicitous attention and seems to like it. An effort will be made to teach him some tricks. His habits and manners are being closely watched. He loves the sunshine, having been raised in the hot country, and when he is lifted by his gold chain and dropped in the full glare of the sun, with the cork of a beer bottle in front of him to munch, he seems to be supremely happy.

ORIGIN OF THE CLOCK.

It is probable that time was first divided into the year by observation of the movements of the sun among the other heavenly bodies; that the revolution of the moon about the earth decided the length of the month, and the rising and setting of the sun marked the duration of the day. Just when the day became divided into hours is not known, nor is the process explained. The Greeks and Romans measured time by the water glass and the sun dials. The hour glass, filled with sand, was the outgrowth of these vessels, from which the water dripped through tiny openings.

Many clocks with weights and wheels were in use in England during Chaucer's time, and most of the monasteries of the fourteenth century possessed clocks, though these were used to show astronomical movements, as well as the passage of the hours. Throughout the fifteenth century clocks were made mostly by armorers and blacksmiths, as they were constructed of iron and steel.

It is probable that the portable and table clocks were invented in Germany during the revival of clockmaking there in the sixteenth century. Many of these timepieces were only a few inches in height, while others were a foot or more. Augsburg, Nuremberg and Ulm supplied the markets of Europe during this time. It was during the reign of Charles I. that the English clockmakers, following the example of the French, became a separate craft. A peculiar clock of these old times was the lantern, or bird-cage style, which hung from the walls high up, with their works exposed.

Originally clocks had only the hour hand, but the minute was added later, as it became fashionable to make the dials as decorative as possible. While Galileo discovered the action of the pendulum, the principle was not applied to clockmaking, in England, at least, till the seventeenth century. Hence the long cases did not come into use till comparatively late in the history of the evolution of the clock.

Dog and Hen as Chums.

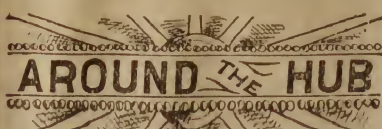
New York Journal: In the rear of a quaint farmhouse in Cranford, N. J., where a Mr. Sylvester resides, a daily scene of mutual affection between a dog and a magnificent specimen of a barn-yard hen is displayed. The dog is fed regularly and he at once seeks the hen, and together they devour the repast, the hen clucking the while and the dog showing every evidence of satisfaction. After the food has been eaten both the hen and the dog seek a sequestered spot and a nap is enjoyed by both. Regularly after the noon meal, the hen, as if in payment of the repast, will lay an egg in the saucer in which the dinner has been served. Then the dog, in response to much clucking on the part of the hen, will run to the pan and quickly eat the fresh egg.

Saved.

You are convicted of bigamy," remarked the judge, impressively, while the prisoner glanced over his shoulder at three stern-visaged women. "Now," continued the court, "I intend to give you the severest penalty the law allows." Here the prisoner covered his face with his hands and wept. "I shall sentence you to prison for two years. What are you grinning at?" "I thought," smiled the prisoner, through his tears, "you were a-going to turn me loose."—Exchange.

Surgical Aid on Trains.

In view of recent railway accidents, the French minister of public works has decreed that all trains must carry quackies for prompt surgical aid to be rendered.



[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

Unless you have visited Lake Sunapee in New Hampshire you cannot realize what a picturesque and lovely place it is. The lake is more than eleven hundred feet above the sea level, insuring a climate cool and delightful, while for scenic surroundings there is no place in the land which has so diversified a landscape. This island sea lies at the foot of several mountains and its waters are as clear and sparkling as a crystal. Its shores are heavily wooded, and at every turn one finds summer residences, camp and outing places, and every one with an outlook pleasing to the extreme. Among those who have summer homes on the shores of Lake Sunapee is the secretary of state, the Hon. John Hay, while the late Col. R. G. Ingersoll and Austin Corbin were Sunapee enthusiasts. The drives are every one of them delightful, and the trip over the lake on board one of the steamboats which ply from Lake Sunapee station to the numerous landings, is replete in attractions of a most pleasing character. The lake is a popular stamping ground for the angler, for there is a great variety and quantity of fish to be found there. Lake Sunapee, like the White mountains and all of the popular summer resorts, is reached by the Boston & Maine R. R., and the general passenger department of the road at Boston has issued a descriptive handbook of Lake Sunapee which is well worth perusing, for it tells all about the lake in an easy and interesting way.

The new Twenty-sixth regiment which has been forming at Plattsburg, N. Y., and is composed of New England men, with Col. Rice of the Sixth Mass. as commander, will have a grand reception here. They are bound for the Philippines, and will embark at New York, taking the Suez canal route. It is expected that the regiment will arrive in Boston on the morning of Sept. 6, and will remain during that and the following day, camping on the common. The invitation was extended by Mayor Quincy in behalf of the city, in the belief that the friends of the large number of Boston and Massachusetts men who are members of the regiment would appreciate an opportunity to see them off, and at the general public would be greatly interested in seeing a parade and review of a regiment which has been so well drilled by the regular army officers who command it that it has already acquired a high reputation for soldierly quality.

A man doesn't like to be shifted out of a good, snug berth, especially a policeman. So the recent transfer of officers from station to station, by the police commissioners, has aroused a good deal of feeling. It is said that when the order went into effect pathetic scenes were enacted, men embraced each other, shed tears and spoke in heart-broken tones. The dissolution of long-time associations was a wrench that made the marble-hearted police-officer wince. The commissioners think the change about will work well for the interests of the public, and after the hysterical ebullition of feeling at parting from old associates no doubt the officers will form new ties of comradeship and be happy as before.

The coming of the Farmers' National congress to Boston Oct. 3 to 6 ought to prove an event of interest and value to our agricultural population. Just what the functions of this body may be does not yet appear, but its membership is made up of delegates appointed by the governors of the states. These are all men of parts and specialties and the ability to contribute light and leading. The associate delegates are legion, including presidents, secretaries, treasurers and delegates of all incorporated agricultural societies, the trustees of the agricultural colleges, and masters, lecturers and secretaries of all the granges.

Acting Secretary of the Navy Allen has addressed a letter to the Dewey reception committee in New York, telling them that the department found it inexpedient to grant the request to have the old frigate Constitution take part in the naval parade. The letter states that the ship is regarded as too valuable a relic to be subjected to the risk of fog and storm attending a trip from Boston to New York. So the old ship will remain here. So will her gallant commander's portrait (Com. Hull) remain in the old state house.

The health authorities continue to find cases of smallpox in different sections of the city, and there is every reason to apprehend that the number of cases will increase with the approach of cooler weather, which always favors the spread of this disease. Advice to people to get vaccinated cannot be repeated too frequently or too emphatically, if something approaching the proportions of a smallpox epidemic later on is to be prevented.

Statistics show that only about 2 per cent. of our tenement house population have bath-rooms, but it does not follow that they do not take baths. The public bathing facilities are ample for these purposes during the greater part of the year. There were more than 6000 bathers at Crescent beach on a recent Sunday, and the L street bathhouses were more than thronged.

OBSERVER.

WAR CERTAIN.

Transports and Soldiers All
Ready for the Transvaal.

BOER ADVISES CALMNESS.

"Transvaal Government Will Take No Step Contrary to Civilized International Laws and Customs"—Transcript of Reply to England's Demands—Transvaal Said to Be Acting on the Advice of the French Agent in Pretoria.

London, Sept. 7.—The Marquis of Salisbury came to London yesterday from Walmer to meet Joseph Chamberlain, secretary of state for the colonies. Immediately after this conference urgent messages were sent out summoning all the ministers to a cabinet council on Friday. Despite the denials of the war office, the general feeling is that war in South Africa is close at hand.

In army circles war is regarded as certain, and it is said the admiralty has several transports in readiness to carry troops to Cape Colony. Three infantry brigades, including the famous Gordon's, are reported to have received orders, and are prepared to leave on 24 hours' notice.

London, Sept. 7.—A dispatch from Johannesburg states that Colonel Schiel, the Boer commandant there, has written the papers advising calmness. "The public may be quite sure," he adds, "that the Transvaal government will take no step contrary to civilized international laws and customs."

Mr. Chamberlain remained at the foreign office until shortly before midnight. He declined to make a statement regarding the Transvaal situation, but expressed a desire to see a copy of the following transcript of the Transvaal government's reply, issued by the Transvaal agent in Brussels last night, which was forwarded to him by the Associated Press.

"In reply to the last dispatch of the British government the Transvaal government on Saturday handed to the British agent in Pretoria a response of which the following is the purport:

"The government of the South African republic regrets that Great Britain is of the opinion that it is unable to accept the proposals made by the Transvaal in the dispatches of Aug. 19 and Aug. 21, by which the term for obtaining the franchise was fixed at five years, and the representations of the Witwatersrand district was increased. The government regrets this the more inasmuch as it considered itself able to derive from the negotiations previous to its formal proposals that the latter would be accepted by the British government."

"In these conditions the Transvaal considers its proposals are annulled, and finds it necessary to submit them to the volksraad and to the people. It remains of the opinion that its proposals are extremely liberal and more extensive than those presented by the British high commissioner at Bloemfontein. It is also of the opinion that the conditions attached to these proposals are reasonable."

"The Transvaal never desired Great Britain to abandon any rights possessed by virtue of the London convention of 1884, or by virtue of international law. The Transvaal still hopes that these declarations will lead to a good understanding and a solution of the existing difficulties."

"With regard to the question of suzerainty, the Transvaal government refers to the dispatch of April 16, 1898, and considers it necessary to repeat that dispatch. The reply then proceeds to say:

"The Transvaal government has already made known to the British agent its objections to accepting the proposals contained in the British high commissioner's telegram of Aug. 2, suggesting the appointment of delegates to draw up a report on the last electoral law voted by the volksraad. If the one-sided examination referred to in the last British dispatch should show that the existing electoral law can be made more efficacious, the Transvaal government is ready to make a proposal to the volksraad with this object. It is also disposed to furnish all the information and enlightenment possible, but is of opinion that the result of such an inquiry, so far as regards a useful appreciation of the law, will be of little value. Nevertheless, the government is very desirous of satisfying Great Britain in the matter of electoral law and the representation of the mining districts."

"The reply then refers to Mr. Chamberlain's proposals respecting a joint inquiry, and says:

"Considering that by these proposals Great Britain does not aim at any interference in the affairs of the Transvaal, and that the action would not be regarded as a precedent, but has solely for its object to ascertain whether the franchise law fulfils its purpose, the Transvaal government will await the ulterior proposals of Great Britain as to the eventual constitution of such commission as well as the place and time of meeting."

"The Transvaal government further proposes at an early date to send a fresh reply to the letter of July 27, and expresses satisfaction that Great Britain has declared a readiness to negotiate on the question of a court of arbitration. It says it would like to learn, however, whether the Free State burghers would be admitted to such a court and what would be the scope of the court's decisions. It appealing to the Transvaal government that the restrictions imposed will prevent the attainment of the objects aimed at. With regard to the ulterior conference the Transvaal awaits the communications of Great Britain."

The Brussels agent of the Transvaal claims that in making its recent proposals the Transvaal government has acted on the advice of the French agent in Pretoria, Conyngham Greene.

Fatal Collapse of Viaduct.

London, Sept. 7.—The Daily Mail's correspondent at Cairo says advice from Berber, on the Nile, say that a train returning from Wady Halfa, with soldiers and workmen from the Atbara district, fell into a ravine, owing to the collapse of a viaduct, with the result that 24 men were killed and 30 others injured.

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Carriage * Manufacturer,
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MIDDLESEX EAST AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION.	Agricultural Park
READING AND WAKEFIELD.	
GRAND TROTTING EVENTS:	
Sept. 27—2.30 class, \$200; 2.35 class, \$250.	Sept. 28—2.30 class, \$225; 2.35 class, \$250.
Sept. 29—2.30 class, \$200; 2.35 class, \$250.	Sept. 30—Free for all, \$400; 3.40 class, \$300.
Trot or pace in all classes.	

AUTOMOBILE VS. HORSE.

SCIENTIFIC DEDUCTIONS AS TO COMPARATIVE COST OF THE TWO.

The Adoption of the Electrically Propelled Vehicles for Delivery Purposes Seems to Be Only a Question of Time—Cheaper Than Horse Service.

Comte de Chasseloup Laubat's recent success with an electric automobile has attracted considerable attention to electrically propelled vehicles, and therefore the results of extensive experiments conducted recently by G. F. Sever and R. A. Fliess, of Columbia University, and communicated to the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, will prove of unusual interest.

The work done by a horse in moving a vehicle over level ground consists in overcoming resistance to motion due to friction. It may be conveniently expressed in foot pounds. When grades are encountered the number of foot pounds of work performed in the same distance will increase. This additional work is necessary to overcome the force of gravity. When on a descending grade the horse does work in resisting the tendency of the vehicle to accelerate. Hence, when in motion, the horse is continually doing work. The exact amount of work performed by a horse in a day is a very variable quantity. It depends upon many factors, some of which are:

Kind of road surface—macadam, asphalt, etc.
The condition of the road traveled over.

Topography of the country passed through.

Nature of the load.

Distribution of the load on the wheels.

The horse itself.

The results herewith presented were obtained in an investigation which was undertaken to determine as closely as possible the average amount of work performed daily by a certain lot of horses engaged in the delivery service of a large dry goods store in New York City.

Mileage Nearly Constant.

It has been found in this service that the mileage per day is nearly constant, irrespective of the number of trips made. The method pursued which led up to this conclusion was the following: An odometer was placed on the axle of a delivery wagon. The wagon itself weighed 1300 pounds, and was drawn by a horse weighing 1100 pounds. Each wagon was provided with a driver and a delivery boy. The average weight of the driver may be taken at 150 pounds; that of the boy at 125 pounds. Thus the total weight of the unit without load was 2675 pounds. To this must be added the average load, which may be considered as being 500 pounds. Adding this to 2675 pounds, it gives the total weight of the unit 3175 pounds.

The results show that, starting from the store, the average speed while in motion was 0.7 miles per hour. The actual running time was one hour thirty-six minutes. Time at rest two hours twenty-eight minutes.

From the time the horse left the stable until he returned to it was four hours and fifty-two minutes. The time taken to load at the store was forty-six minutes. The time taken to run from the stable to store was two minutes. Hence the actual time the horse was working from the time he left the stable until he returned to it was one hour and thirty-eight minutes. Time at rest three hours and fourteen minutes.

It will be noticed that the horse was at rest and doing no work for nearly two-thirds of the time. Reducing the work done by the horse to actual mechanical horse power, it was found that it exerted nearly 0.9 of a theoretical horse power for one hour and thirty-eight minutes. This was all the work done by this particular horse on this day. The following day this same horse made two trips over the same ground. From this day the average work done per day by the year around by a horse in this class of service may be taken to be not over 16.5 miles, at a speed of seven miles per hour.

The length of the working life of a horse in this service is seldom more than five years. At the end of this time he has depreciated in value at least fifty per cent.

It is assumed that it is possible for a horse to do twenty-one miles a day under a pull of fifty pounds, at seven miles per hour, and be in harness eight hours a working day the year round, or is working at the rate of 0.9 of a theoretical horse power for three hours per day. This, of course, refers only to the time in actual motion.

Cost of Horse and Wagon.

The items entering into the calculation of the cost of moving one ton a distance of one mile on level ground in light delivery service in New York City are as follows:

Cost of food per day for one horse.	22.00
Interest on cost of wagon (at six per cent, per annum) per day; original cost of wagon, \$312.	5.18
Interest on cost of horse (at six per cent, per annum) per day; original cost of horse, \$125.	2.06
Interest on cost of harness (at six per cent, per annum) per day; original cost of harness, \$55.	.90
Part of stable rent charged to each horse, per day.	9.30
(Cost of stable, \$40,000, interest at six per cent, \$2400.)	
Forty-six horses in stable, part of rent chargeable to horses, \$1574.55.	
Part of stable rent chargeable to each wagon per day; twenty-four wagons in stable.	9.30
(Part of rent chargeable to wagons, \$222.85.)	
Part of cost of attendance to each horse.	13.66
(Four men to take charge of forty-six horses, at \$11 per week, per man, \$44 a week for care of horses.)	
Shoeing for horse per day (\$2 per month a head the year round).	6.69

Driver per wagon, per day, \$12 per week.	171.41
Boy helper, \$8 per week.	114.28

Total cost of one wagon, one horse and attendance, per day.....304.82

It is to be understood that this table represents the actual cost per day to a stable in the city for a wagon and horse, the figures given being those of a stable connected with one of the large dry goods houses in the city.

Assuming five hundred pounds as the average load carried by any one wagon per day, the total weight of the amount which causes the pull is:

Wagon.....	1300
Driver.....	150
Boy.....	125
Load.....	500
Total.....	2,075

Tests of Electric Wagons.

The results of electric wagons recorded here were obtained under service conditions in the streets of New York City. More than sixty miles were covered in all, and every grade was surmounted with the greatest ease.

It was found that the power consumption is not greatly affected by change of pavement as from cobblestone to asphalt. There is, however, a slightly greater power required on wet macadam than on dry, and more power is required on macadam than asphalt or cobbles. The grades were measured in every case after the tests were completed.

The total weight was as follows:

Weight of wagon.....	3,750
Weight of passengers.....	413
Weight of instruments.....	37
Total.....	4,200

The distance traveled was 6.25 miles and the time actually in motion was 52.75 minutes, making the average speed in miles per hour, 8.44.

In considering the advantages and disadvantages of two radically different systems for the performance of the same work, other things being equal, the cost is the deciding factor.

Assuming that all other considerations are equal, it will be shown in this section that the cost of operation, maintenance, etc., of the electric automobile is less than for horses in the light delivery service of New York City, the horse being considered in the most favorable light.

It was found that the total cost per day for two horses, one driver and one boy was 428.54 cents. The wagon was to travel forty-two miles a day, being an average of twenty-one miles per day for each horse. The time in motion was assumed to be six hours. An electric wagon with an average speed of nine miles an hour could cover this distance in 4.66 hours, thus saving 1.34 hours, the other conditions remaining the same. The cost per day for the electric wagon is as follows:

Cost of power for 42-mile run.....	71.25
Total weight carried, 2.2 tons.	
Interest on cost of wagon, per day.....	21.40
(Cost of wagon, \$2300, at 6 per cent, interest.)	
Interest on stable rent for one wagon.	9.30
Driver.....	171.41
Boy.....	114.28
Total cost per day for 42 miles, 1 wagon, 1 driver, 1 boy.....	387.77

Therefore, the cost per pound of delivery is 0.16158 cents, or 0.01693 cents less than the figures for the horse. The cost per car mile is 9.232 cents, or 0.955 cents less than for the horse. The cost per ton mile is 4.08 cents, or 6.12 cents less than for the horse service. If we consider the load only it costs 9.232 cents per 500 pounds per mile, or at the rate of 0.018464 cents per pound per mile, or 0.00194 cents less per pound than for the horse service.

The cost per day for the two horses, wagon, driver, etc., necessary to accomplish thirty-six miles a day was found to be 428.54 cents. The cost of covering 11,268 miles will then be \$1592.20. Here it must be remembered that 365 days have to be taken. The cost per car mile is then 13.88 cents.

In light delivery service in large cities, where several units are employed by individual firms, the adoption of the automobile would seem to be merely a question of time. For this kind of service it seems pre-eminent the best solution.

It is cheaper to operate than horse service, and the mechanical problems have been so far solved as to make the vehicles commercially successful. The advantages that will arise from the substitution of mechanical propulsion for horse traction on a large scale are so well known and understood that any extended consideration of the subject seems unnecessary. Among the many advantages, however, the following would seem to be the most important:

Automobile Advantages.

Hygienic conditions of large cities will be improved and the cost of street cleaning decreased.

The wear and tear on pavements and streets will be reduced and the use of rubber tires will lessen the noise in the crowded streets.

Traffic in cities will not be so congested, owing to the saving in room now occupied by the horse. Where we consider that there are approximately two hundred thousand horses used in New York City alone, and that a horse increases the length of a unit by nine feet, it can be readily appreciated how great a saving will be effected.

When the use of automobiles has become more general the cost of operation will be reduced.

Danger of accident from runaways will be eliminated.—New York Herald.

Vanity of Youth.

One thing an eighteen-year-old girl will not believe, and that is that her mother was just as good looking at the same age. As a matter of fact, the chances are even that she was better looking.—Atchison Globe.

MUST STARVE TO LIVE.

The Only Policy to Be Pursued by the Cautious Man.

Medical science has taken up the food question so closely during recent years and gone to such trouble and expense to find out every deleterious quality in articles of every-day consumption that the man who studies hygiene attentively can only eat—if he believes all he reads—at the great risk of contracting disease or poisoning himself.

Bread is not to be thought of as an article of diet. It is a treacherous compound, consisting largely of alum and potatoes, and, concocted in some insanitary cellar, it is teeming with microbes and totally unfit for food.

No careful man will touch beef owing to the number of tuberculous carcasses which are constantly being placed upon the market. Mutton and lamb are also to be tabooed on similar grounds, and no one would think of touching pork for fear the late-lamented piggy might have died of swine fever.

The vegetarian chortles in his joy and points out that none of these things, except bread, affects his style of dining. But his triumph is short-lived. Root vegetables are to be dreaded because of wire-worm, tomatoes induce cancer, cabbages may become poisonous by the application of improper fertilizers, and, therefore, are best left alone, while, in addition to the disease microbe which devotes its attention to the potato, there is always the risk of damage to the digestive organs.

Butter and milk are poisoned with boracic acid and other noxious preservatives, to say nothing of the artificial coloring matter which is frequently added. Eggs are dangerous, because so many of them are packed in lime to keep them good, and recently, too, a French bacillus has found his way in through the shell. In addition to other drawbacks, cheese helps to ruin digestion.

Raw fruit helps along cholera to a great extent. It also contains prussic acid round the skin, pips and stone. When cooked it induces dysentery.

Of tinned and potted stuffs little need be said, except that the solder of the tins makes for lead poisoning, and potted meats have recently been shown to be simply a mass of spiced rotten filth and garbage.

Fish, although possessing highly nutritious qualities, should be avoided, owing to the large quantity which is sold in an unfit state for human consumption, and the difficulty of obtaining it really fresh.

With beverages the same difficulties present themselves to the careful feeder. Beer, wines or spirits are not to be thought of. They affect the brain and eyes, and act injuriously upon the coating of the stomach. Tea and coffee may set up insanity, but at the least they are sure to induce dyspepsia. Water is full of disease germs, and, if distilled, becomes dangerous by reason of its lack of mineral matter in solution.

Poultry, if fresh, appears to be the most wholesome sort of dish, as there is only a vague, undecided sort of microbe to its account. Therefore, duck and green peas appear to be the dish to make a stand upon; but let the peas be fresh, as the tinned sort are poisonous, owing to a solution of sulphate of copper being employed to give them a fresh, bright color.

No Perfect Vision.

Of the many curious facts which are discussed concerning the eye, what is known as "the blind spot" seems the least understood. In the eye itself certain things may go on which give us wrong sensations, which, although not truly illusions, are very much like them. Thus, when we suddenly strike our heads or faces against something in the dark, we see "stars" or bright sparks, which we know are not real lights, though they are quite as bright and sparkling as if they were. When we close one eye and look straight ahead at some word or letter in the middle of this page, for example, we seem to see not only the thing we are looking at, but everything else immediately about it and for a long way on each side. But the truth is, there is a large round spot, somewhere near the point at which we are looking, in which we see nothing. Curiously enough, the existence of this blind spot was not discovered by accident and nobody ever suspected it until Mariotte reasoned from the construction of the eyeball that it must exist and proceeded to find it.—Philadelphia Record.

Why Does a Mosquito Bite?

Just why the mosquito bites people is not yet known. It is not to furnish it food, for it is an established fact that a mosquito, after gorging himself with human blood, dies within a few hours, whereas mosquitoes that have never tasted blood have been known to live very comfortably even through the winter and into the next season. The adult mosquito does not need food. During its larva stage it has stored up enough nourishment to last it all its life, and it is a normal state for it to go without for the rest of its existence. All that it needs is moist air, adult mosquitoes being known to pass the winter in damp cellars, living on nothing but the moisture. The fact that it is estimated that only one out of 10,000 ever tastes human blood also proves that it is not necessary. Why it persists in torturing mankind, therefore, has not yet been found out, and scientists can only swear softly with the rest of mankind, and make the general statement that the mosquito is born with a vitiated appetite for human gore—an appetite that causes the death of the indulger.—Philadelphia Times.

Over 17,000 pension claims have already been filed on account of the war with Spain.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

The late discovery that aluminum leaves a mark on moistened glass is claimed to furnish a sure test for the diamond. If the stroke with an aluminum point becomes glossy the stone is paste.

The University of Michigan is to have a new two-hundred-thousand-dollar general laboratory and science building. The plan is to have it the largest in the country and to combine within it ten laboratories that are now scattered about in cramped and insufficient quarters on the college campus.

It has been found that an apparatus for killing animals with chloroform in England would not work in India, because the high temperature prevented the concentration of the chloroform vapor. That this was the case was proved by the fact that by placing ice in the box the animals were readily killed.

One of the minor, but yet very considerable, demands for iron and steel, of recent origin, is that entailed by the use of metal tubing in mine shafts. Most of the new pits now being sunk in England use a greater or less quantity of iron for this purpose, and the use of iron in mines in this country is also expanding.

The observations at the Magnetic Observatory at Vienna have had to be discontinued on account of the electric tramways and electric light wires. Terrestrial Magnetism states that the director of the observatory, Professor Penner, has submitted a plan to the Austrian Government for a new observatory, to be situated some distance from Vienna, and to be provided with instruments of the latest construction.

Several vessels of the United States Coast Survey are being fitted out with special forms of observing and recording apparatus, for the purpose of determining accurately the deviation of the compass at sea. The great value of this kind of work that has been accomplished by the Survey on land lends particular interest to this latest undertaking; and as several recent marine disasters have been attributed to previously unsuspected magnetic variation, the results to be obtained will be awaited with eager anticipation.

An extraordinary power of observation and a memory quite unlooked for have been observed by M. Semon in the Eicheineis remora, a fish that sometimes clings to vessels by means of a sucker on the head. Off the Australian coast many of these fishes were seen seizing fragments of a crab that had been thrown overboard, and a baited hook dropped into the water was at once taken. For the rest of the day none of the fishes would take fragments or hook. On other occasions it was easy to capture one specimen, but a second eicheineis would not bite on the same day.

A novel and economical method of destroying a large brick smoke-stack was recently described in Industries and Iron. The stack was 266 feet in height and twenty-one feet in diameter, and its removal was accomplished in the following manner. The brick was removed from one side at a height of about three feet from the ground, and the opening thus formed filled with built-up wooden blocks between which were packed tar, sawdust and paraffine. This material was then set on fire and caused the chimney to crack and fall within a space that had previously been marked on the ground. Not only was the cost much less than if the brick had been torn down, but there was also recovered much material in good condition for future use.

Science Can Use Grown Rat Tails.

Professor E. L. Jones, of Cumberland, Md., has discovered a use for the tails of rats, or, more properly speaking, a use for the fine tendons with which the rat tail is equipped.

These he employs as sutures, as catgut is employed for sewing the edges of wounds or deep incisions in the flesh after surgical operations.

For many kinds of surgical work the ordinary catgut has been found to be too coarse, especially for work which entails the delicate operations in the region of the eye, and at times of the eye itself.

Professor Jones has found by experiment that the rat tail tendon is particularly useful for eye work. He says the tendons furnish a fine and strong absorbable suture.

He has found it a comparatively easy matter to get an abundance of tendons, six or seven inches long, from each grown rat.

They are easily secured in this manner: Cut around through the skin a few inches from the tip of the tail, and strip off the skin like a glove from the finger; with the thumb and forefinger nails pinch between the last joint and its neighbor, and pull out a nice little skein of four or six tendons the length of the tail; if desired each of these can be unraveled into two or more.

With clean hands and a preliminary washing of the tail the sutures will be aseptic to begin with, and can be kept dry or put in alcohol.

There seems to be no difficulty about their absorption and they thread easily into the finest needles.

Rush For a Poor Office.

Some indication of the emoluments of English literature is given in the fact that there are nearly 900 candidates for the Secretaryship of the Cambridge University Library, the salary of which is \$1000 a year, rising to \$1500.—London Letter.

Ex-Governor L. Bradford Prince, of New Mexico, has a collection of over 1000 stone idols once worshipped by the Pueblo Indians.

HAS A WONDERFUL TONGUE.

Crippled Girl Who Supports Herself in a Remarkable Manner.

Miss Fannie W. Tunison, of Sag Harbor, L. I., is probably the most wonderful cripple in the world. Since the day of her birth her hands, feet, legs and arms have been paralyzed, but, being of a most ambitious nature and entirely unwilling that she should be only a useless burden to those around her, she has by the most untiring and painstaking efforts trained her tongue to perform many of the duties usually accomplished with the hands. Her case, according to the best medical authorities, is without a parallel in the world, and to those who have seen this young lady at work it hardly seems possible that she could do all that she claims.

Miss Tunison, who is about thirty years old, is in no way deformed; in fact, she is a very good-looking young lady, bright and intelligent and an excellent conversationalist. She lives with her father and two cousins in a little fisherman's cottage, which was built by her grandfather, a seafaring man and a soldier of the war of 1812.

Every morning Miss Tunison, who is an early riser, is lifted by her father into her invalid's chair, which has a cleverly constructed work table attached to it. In this chair she remains throughout the day, held in by a strong band, which also supports her body, which is entirely powerless. In the winter her chair is placed by the front window, so that she can see the people passing along the sidewalk, while in summer she is wheeled out of doors and taken around the village. Every one in the place knows the young and cheerful invalid.

From the time she is lifted into her chair in the morning until she retires at night she is never idle, as she is engaged in painting pretty bookmarks and blotters, embroidering dollies, mats and tidies, making attractive table covers, linen outline quilts or quilts of craze, outline patchwork. All of this work is done with her tongue and mouth and without the slightest assistance, as she threads her needle, knots her thread and even uses a pair of scissors with her tongue. She will take a needle out her needle book by a little lead weight which holds it down and then places it standing up in her work. After the thread is wound off the regular length she cuts it off with her scissors, her tongue takes up the thread and in some strange way it is passed through the eye of the needle. She passes the needle through the work, which she is holding, then throws the work over and holds it down by a weight and draws the needle through with her tongue. This she will continue to do until her work is done.

In drawing she uses wax crayons or soft lead pencils. She is fond of drawing flowers with colored wax crayons and when it is taken into consideration that she has not the use of her hands, but only her tongue to do it with, she arrives at some striking results. In stringing beads she is remarkably dexterous. She will place the needle after it is threaded upright in the cloth to hold it, and then with her tongue she will pick up some beads, one by one, and place them on the needle. When the needle is full she will take it out of the cloth and let the beads pass down on the thread and then put the needle in place again for more.

She has a metalophone, on which she loves to play occasionally to amuse herself and will often, when she has friends in to see her, show them how she uses it. She places the instrument on the table and holding the mallet in her teeth, will manipulate it dexterously with her tongue.

New Life-Saving Device.

There was recently a successful trial in St. Katherine's Docks, London, of a method of rendering boats unsinkable—the invention of Mr. E. S. Norris—a method which is as simple as it is effective. Supposing that he wishes to apply the inventor to a life-boat which is already fitted with water-tight compartments, he would fill those spaces with an indefinite number of closed tubes, each only a few inches long, made of some strong impervious material such as waterproof paper. But a boat with such compartments is not necessary, for the little cases can be held in a canvas band which can be nailed along the sides of any ordinary rowboat, and render it quite unsinkable. The principle can also be applied to life-belts and buoys—replacing the cork ordinarily used, with a great saving of expense. In the trials referred to, a specially designed boat, with canvas-held tubes along her sides as well as fore and aft, righted herself after being purposely capsized, although fitted with a mast and sail; while an ordinary boat similarly treated failed to sink, although the bung was removed to fill her with water, and seven men were aboard. These hopeful experiments were witnessed by representatives from the Admiralty and various shipping authorities.—Chambers's Journal.

What You Don't See Ask For.

"With 'Russian caviare' being made from Hudson River sturgeon," says a patriotic American woman, "Scotch herring haddie" bailing from Boston and Brooklyn, 'imported sardines' dropping in from the coast of Maine, and the famed olive oil of 'Luca's' vending its way eastward from California, one is forced to believe that the hub of the culinary universe is right here in the United States, after all, and what one don't see he can ask for. Not always strictly veracious in advertising these products under their proper names the fact remains that few indeed are the articles of food, animal or vegetable, that may not be produced beneath the folds of our own American flag.—New York Tribune.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Laplanders drink smoked seawater.

The landcrabs of Cuba run with great speed, even outstripping a horse.

The wool on the back of a sheep is a shepherd's barometer. The earlier the wool the finer will be the weather.

Cannon are said to have been in use as early as 1338, while artillery constructed of brass first appeared in 1635.

A club is now being formed in Paris, the members of which swear never to shake hands with any one unless wearing gloves.

The Malay language is spoken by more than 40,000,000 persons. It is said to be easy to learn, as it has almost no grammar.

A small packet of pepper was considered a handsome present in the Middle Ages, pepper in those days being a very costly condiment.

Mummy photographs is the latest form taken by the French for grossness. The faces of pretty women are placed on mummy cases.

Omnibuses were introduced into Paris in 1820, and each was drawn by three horses. They were introduced into London in 1829 by Shillaber, a Frenchman.

One of the longest lived birds on record died recently in London. It was a parrot named Ducky, the property of the Prince of Wales, and was said to be a century and a quarter old.

The gravestone over the burial place of John Foster, an almanac maker, in the old burying ground at Dorchester, Mass., bears the inscription which was dictated by himself: "Skill Was His Cash."

An expert has written to explain that stage fright really comes from a disordered stomach. He argues from this fact that persons meditating public appearance should be careful of their diet and adhere to regular habits.

Fojkon Swennsson, a tenacious Swede, was drifting in a boat on the Smoky River, Kansas, smoking a pipe. The boat went over a dam and capsized. Swennsson kept his head above water and swam to shore, still smoking his pipe.

Being dared by a girl acquaintance William Crow, a young man of Louisville, Ky., dived from the Big Foot bridge, ninety feet into the Ohio River and was uninjured. A week before Thomas H. Havey made the plunge and was killed.

A New York man dreamed he was attacked by burglars, and that he defended himself valiantly, but received wounds from his assailants. He awakened suddenly to discover that he had badly slashed himself with a knife, which he had seized while asleep to defend himself with.

Complaints were made in Seattle, Wash., recently that the fire-alarm system of the city was working very badly. Investigation of the boxes showed that "yellow jackets" had clogged many of them by deposits of clay, which had hardened. The wash had crawled through the keyholes and built their fire-proof houses.

The Lion Is Not the King of Beasts.

The lion is not the king of beasts if might makes right. His impressive, Ibsen whiskers made him look majestic, but he is not equal to the tiger in a fight.

Indian potentates have often arranged tiger and lion fights, and have established the maxim that the tiger always wins when the two beasts are of practically even size.

There is no record of a lion weighing over 540 pounds. The tiger sometimes grows a trifle larger.

The American grizzly bear is a more terrible fighter than either lion or tiger. He is far stronger and harder to kill, and weighs sometimes 800 pounds. Stories are told of bears weighing much more than this, but they are not always well backed by proof.

Of course, the real king of beasts is the elephant, who is stronger and more sagacious than any of the cat or bear tribe.

The rhinoceros is a powerful tiger fighter, but his strength is mainly defensive. The tiger can claw all day at his tough hide and not do it much damage, and although the rhinoceros is clumsy, if he happens to spike the tiger with his horn, it is all up with the tiger. On the other hand, the elephant dislikes being clawed. His trunk, especially, is very sensitive.

A Wonderful Family.

There are living to-day six brothers and sisters whose descendants are almost numerous enough to people a small town. The father of these prolific children was a man of the name of Webb, the first settler in the Cumberland district of Kentucky, which is now almost entirely people by his offspring. The youngest child can boast a total of 166 who owe their existence to him. He has eleven children, seventy-five grandchildren, fifty great-grandchildren and thirty of the next generation. By blood and affinity there are no fewer than 12,000 people in Kentucky who are included in this family fold, which is beyond dispute, the largest in the world.

Wurzberg Iced Chloroform.

Iced chloroform has been used as an anesthetic in Professor Shorburg's clinic in the Julius Hospital at Wurzberg, Bavaria, in over 14,000 cases without a single unpleasant result. The advantages claimed for this preparation of chloroform are the quickness of its action, its comparative freedom from danger and the absence of the nausea and depression so common with other anesthetics.—Medical Times.

Long Day in Norway.

At Wardburg, Norway, the longest day lasts from May 21 to July 2 without interruption.

BRAVE MEN.

Boston Enthusiastically Greeted Passing Volunteers.

FORMER WELCOME ECLIPSED.

Off for Two Years in the Philippines—Cuban War Is Over—Cadets Are Given a Vacation as Recompense for Restricted Diet—Detroit Off for Venezuela—Hospital Needs in Manila Ample Supplied—Scattering Notes of War and Warriors.

Boston, Sept. 7.—Colonel Rice and the Twenty-sixth volunteer regiment arrived in this city yesterday afternoon from Plattsburg, N. Y., on its way to the Philippines. Even the home coming of the Sixth Massachusetts last fall, with Colonel Rice also at its head, was eclipsed by the large and enthusiastic reception accorded the brave men who have volunteered for two years' service on the opposite side of the globe.

Although the regiment was several hours behind the time announced for its arrival, hundreds of people who came to the city early in the morning from the suburbs and neighboring cities to see the soldiers march through the streets were content to wait all day for a glimpse of the men.

At 2 o'clock the first section rolled into the North Union station, and as the men alighted they were warmly cheered. Every man was dressed in a new suit of dull yellow, with a reddish brown blanket rolled over his shoulder, a haversack hanging from one side, a canteen from the other and a tin dipper swung from the blanket roll, while every man had a new Krag rifle. The train was made up entirely of sleepers, the officers occupying palace cars and the men the regular tourist coaches, each man having a berth to himself.

The second section came in half an hour later, and the third followed soon after. It was 4 o'clock before the entire regiment had reported, and half an hour later the march was begun. The route was through the business section of the city, with the usual march by the city hall, where the men were reviewed by Mayor Quincy, and finally past the state house, where Governor Walcott was accorded a marching salute as he stood surrounded by his staff and backed by a multitude of many thousands. The streets all along the route were densely thronged and the men were frequently cheered.

Pursuing its way down Beacon street the regiment swung into the Common and finally rested in column of battalions on the parade ground, with Mayor Quincy and other city officials at the reviewing point.

After a breathing spell of 20 minutes the regiment was again put in motion and the formal review began. The line formed in columns of platoons, and the march was one of the best ever seen on the Common. After the review the regiment again formed in battalions and stood very steady as Mayor Quincy, accompanied by Colonel Rice, made the inspection.

This closed the exercises of the day and the regiment marched back to Charlestown to their cars for the night.

Havana, Sept. 7.—General Danderia visited General Gomez yesterday, and the latter recommended a policy of union and accord. He said he had given many trusts with his matchet, but now he wished to inaugurate in the eastern provinces a policy of conciliation. General Gomez said:

"Now that the war is over, the Spaniards should be considered as friends, and the past should be forgotten. We and they should live together as brothers, with a common language and similar customs. In our attitude toward the Americans we should give them full credit for a desire to reconstruct the island. I feel confident that such a gallant soldier as you are could subordinate a national antipathy for a former enemy to your desire to serve your country, and that your influence now paramount among the fighting Cubans of the eastern provinces would go far toward healing the differences that exist among those who took opposite sides in the great rebellion so successfully concluded by the valor of Cubans, with the assistance of their American allies, to whom the greatest gratitude is due.

It would be a great mistake to found a party in which the racial question would be prominent. All colors in Cuba fought with equal valor. All fought in the spirit of fraternity. All sacrificed everything to bring the Cuban flag through a sea of blood to the present spotless purity. I trust that flag will never be disgraced by racial differences, which are likely to lead to civil war."

Both generals were profoundly affected by the interview. Juan Gualberto Gomez says that their conference was an object lesson in brotherly love to all Cubans, especially in view of the fact that a few months ago they acted as if they wished to cut each other's throats.

General Arango, at a meeting at the Spanish club in Sagua, where Cubans and negroes were present, said: "The sailor Cervera is the Maximo Gomez of the sea. He has earned more laurels than the Yankees ever will, for the Yankees would never face a fleet of ironclads with four wooden ships. Some clowns have called the Spanish troops cowardly. I deny the charge. The Spanish army is the bravest in the world. If it were not so, it could not have made headway against the extraordinary bravery of the Cubans.

"The time for unity has come. Cursed be the Spaniard who does not love the Cuban, and cursed be the Cuban who does not love the Spaniard. The Americans are now in Cuba through their want of shame. If Cuba is to be lost to the Latin race on account of American ambition, God will punish the Cubans by sending lightning to destroy their faith land. May he also prevent the insatiable American cormorant from sullying his chosen island."

El Diario De La Marina, which for a time was on the political fence, with a slight tendency to favor independence, now quotes columns from El Nuevo Pais in defense of a protectorate.

Annapolis, Md., Sept. 7.—The United States training ship Monongahela, upon

which 120 naval cadets, comprising the second and third classes and a few of the fourth class men, which left on May 1 for a practice cruise, and about which there was no little anxiety among the friends of the middies, arrived at Annapolis under convoy of the government tug Standish. All aboard were well. The delay was caused by the Monongahela striking a calm. The vessel was out so long from her last port, Funchal, whence she sailed July 27, that all hands were ordered to be put on "salt horse and black coffee." As a recompense for the long voyage with its attendant hardships the cadets have been given leaves of absence until Sept. 30.

Washington, Sept. 7.—The navy department has sent orders to the Detroit, which has just arrived at Philadelphia from New York, to proceed at once to Laguayra, Venezuela. She will coal and start on the voyage in the course of two or three days. The Detroit should make the run to Laguayra inside of 10 days. The occasion for her presence at Laguayra is a report that there are signs of great unrest and excitement in the interior of Venezuela, and that the presence of an American warship might have a good effect in maintaining the confidence of the resident Americans and other foreigners in their safety. The extent of the disaffection is not known here.

Norfolk, Sept. 7.—Admiral Farquhar, commandant of the naval station here, will be detached from this duty and ordered to the command of the North Atlantic squadron, relieving Admiral Sampson. Norman H. Farquhar entered the naval academy at Annapolis, Sept. 27, 1854, from Pottsville, Pa. He became a lieutenant Aug. 31, 1881; a lieutenant commanding Aug. 5, 1885; a commander Jan. 12, 1892; a captain March 4, 1896; a commodore July 21, 1897, and a rear admiral March 3, 1899, and will retire in 1902, on his reaching the age limit of 62 years. Admiral Farquhar's war record is a remarkably fine one.

San Francisco, Sept. 7.—William J. Bryan, at Woodward pavilion last night, stated that he did not favor the withdrawal of our troops from the Philippines before a stable government is established. Mr. Bryan said he believed that our government, after establishing the Philippine republic, should extend to its people the same protection that it is now giving to the republics of South and Central America—protection from outside interference and unhampered freedom to work out their destiny.

Washington, Sept. 7.—General Otis has cabled the following in reply to an inquiry as to the hospital needs at Manila, made by Surgeon General Sternberg: "Do not need money for hospital accommodations at Manila. Nipa buildings, which will accommodate 2000 sick, being erected in good location, suburbs of city. Will be well furnished within a month. These buildings, supplement present hospital facilities."

Washington, Sept. 7.—Admiral Dewey will be given his real home coming welcome at Washington on the night of Oct. 2. The next day, between the hours of 3 and 4 p. m., he will be presented by President McKinley, on behalf of the nation, the sword voted to him by congress. A letter was received from the admiral yesterday, dated at Villefranche, France, Aug. 27, in which he stated he would arrive here on that date.

Gibraltar, Sept. 7.—Admiral Dewey spent most of yesterday at the Hotel Bristol, where he is living ashore, receiving constant streams of visitors. He has declined all dinner and public invitations, as he is suffering from indigestion. He will probably sail for the United States on Sunday next.

Chicago, Sept. 7.—Major General W. R. Shafter, commanding the department of the Pacific coast, has written a letter to Rev. C. O. Brown of Chicago, flatly denying the charge that he was not under fire at Santiago.

ENDORSES MCKINLEY.

State Ticket Nominated at Yesterday's Republican Convention.

Baltimore, Sept. 7.—The Maryland state Republican convention nominated the following ticket: For governor, Lloyd Lowndes; for comptroller, Philip L. Goldborough; for attorney general, John V. L. Findlay. The nominations were all made by acclamation. The proceedings were harmonious.

The platform in part says: "We believe in the gold standard, and that all our currency should be made by law redeemable in gold coin at the option of the holder.

"We continue to favor such a system of import duties as shall protect American industries and provide sufficient revenue for the expenses of government, economically administered.

"We commend the record made by our country in the late war with Spain. While we deplore the insurrection in the Philippine Islands, wherein by cession from Spain we acquired the right of sovereignty, duty demands that we retain and pacify them and safeguard the interests of commerce until the problem of their final disposition be solved in such manner that the glory of our flag be not sullied, nor the liberty it stands for restrained. We repose our trust for such a solution of the problem in our wise and patriotic president and the Republican majority in congress.

"Legitimate business interests, fairly capitalized and honestly managed, have built up our industries at home, given employment to labor as never before and have enabled us to successfully compete with foreign countries in the markets of the world. Such industries must not be struck down by legislation aimed at the dishonestly organized trust which stifles competition and oppresses labor.

"We are opposed to legislation merely for popular effect in reckless disregard of business revival after prolonged depression. We strongly favor laws to successfully suppress trusts and all combinations which create monopoly. It was the Republican party which passed the federal law against trusts and which is enforcing it so far as state rights permit."

The platform pledges the party to a non-partisan reorganization of the police department of Baltimore city.

The Chicago has sailed from Rio for Barbadoes, on her return to the United States, with Admiral Howison aboard.

IS GAGGED.

Terrible Handicap Under Which Dreyfus' Counsel Labors.

THREE EXCITING EPISODES.

Evidence That Picquart Was Dealt With Treacherously—Labori Bitterly Denounces Jouaust and Accuses Him of Partiality—Salvation of Dreyfus Now Hangs on Word of Germany's Emperor—Anti-Dreyfusards Incensed at Labori's "Trick"—The Testimony Which Gave the Opportunity.

Rennes, Sept. 7.—Yesterday's public proceedings in the Dreyfus court-martial were marked by three important episodes. The first was General Zurlinden's admission that the erasure and restitution of Esterhazy's name in the petit bleu could not have been perpetrated by Colonel Picquart and, consequently, must be attributed to some one inside the general staff.

The second was the declaration by M. Paleologue that the secret dossier contained a document which showed that Colonel Schwartzkoppen, in the opinion of Paleologue, sent to Esterhazy the identical petit bleu for which Colonel Picquart was detained 10 months on a charge of forgery.

The third was General Billot's insinuation that Esterhazy and Captain Dreyfus were accomplices, which led to an impassioned protestation on the part of the accused, and to a thrilling scene between Maitre Labori and Colonel Jouaust, resulting in the advocate's excited denunciation of Colonel Jouaust's treatment of him, a denunciation tantamount to an accusation of open partiality.

General Zurlinden's admission that Colonel Picquart could not have perpetrated the erasure in the petit bleu was a startling incident, because, although he declared that the matter formed only a small point in the prosecution of Picquart, and that, so far as he was concerned, the proceedings were only instituted in order to allow a French officer to lie beneath the blow of the charges brought against him by Major Lauth, yet the fact that Colonel Picquart languished 10 months in prison under these unproved accusations cannot be regarded otherwise than as a blot upon the reputation of General Zurlinden, and still more of the general staff.

Then the statement of M. Paleologue that Colonel Schwartzkoppen had admitted that it was almost certain that the petit bleu was sent by him or caused to be sent by him to Esterhazy, caused a sensation, as being the first official testimony to the treason of Esterhazy, and it was certainly a strong point in favor of Dreyfus. The importance of which was immediately seen by the prosecution, and shown subsequently in General Billot's broad insinuation of complicity between Dreyfus and Esterhazy.

From a spectacular view point, however, the great event of the sitting was the battle royal between Maitre and Colonel Jouaust over certain questions which the advocate wished to put to General Billot. Maitre Labori lost control of himself, under his deep feeling of indignation, and his belief that Colonel Jouaust was deliberately gagging him in the interest of the military establishment, the voice, which at first resounded through the court room, became choked with emotion. The spectators held their breath as he retorted defiantly to Colonel Jouaust's refusal to put the questions, his words drowning Jouaust's voice in an irresistible torrent, whose force was heightened by his passionate gestures.

When he finally fell back in his seat, with a look of hopeless indignation, his face blanched and his fingers twitched spasmodically—a speaking testimony to the high tension to which his nerves had been wrought by fruitless combat with the iron railing of the bench.

Captain Dreyfus, too, in his vehement protest against General Billot's insinuation of his complicity with Esterhazy, recalled his anguished outbursts early in the trial. It was a strange contrast to hear him a little later, when he had apparently mastered his feelings, deliver an argumentative reply to Major Gallatin, of the artillery, in a calm, moderate tone. Indeed, one was almost tempted to imagine that his emotional outburst in reply to General Billot was a piece of theatricality.

Major Gallatin's evidence left a decidedly unfavorable impression, despite the plausibility of the explanation given by Dreyfus.

The salvation of Captain Dreyfus hangs on a word from Emperor William. This is the general opinion here. If the kaiser consents to allow Colonel Schwartzkoppen, the German military attaché in Paris in 1894, to testify before the court-martial or to send a deposition, or what is considered still more probable, to allow his deposition to be accompanied by the actual documents mentioned in the bordereau, then Dreyfus is saved.

If the emperor, however, decides that it is not in the interests of Germany for Colonel Schwartzkoppen to intervene, then Dreyfus' case is hopeless and his condemnation certain.

The eyes of France are looking across the frontier to Stuttgart, where the kaiser is staying, and anxiously awaiting his decision. He is in the position of the spectators of a gladiatorial combat in the coliseum in ancient Rome, with Dreyfus lying at the feet of his antagonist and watching whether the emperor points thumb up or down. At a late hour last evening he had given no sign either way, and Frenchmen are awaiting with breathless interest the first indication of his will.

To all intents and purposes Emperor William stands today the arbiter of the internal peace of France, for everyone anticipates that King Humbert will follow his lead. This is probably the explanation of the delay. Emperor William has gone to Wurttemberg from Alsace-Lorraine and King Humbert is at Turin. Communication between the two monarchs is, therefore, somewhat complicated; and, as they will undoubtedly afford upon identical measures in replying to Maitre Labori's appeal, it is possible that several days will elapse before their decision is known.

The general opinion held here is that Emperor William and King Humbert

will allow Colonel Schwartzkoppen and Colonel Panizzardi to be examined by a rogatory commission and their depositions to be sent to Rennes with supplementary evidence from the originals of Esterhazy's treasonable communications.

The anti-Dreyfusards are extremely exasperated at what they characterize as Maitre Labori's "trick." He had long been seeking an excuse to invoke the intervention of the German and Italian sovereigns and seized the appearance of Cernuschi as his opportunity, declaring that the admission of the evidence of this foreigner justified his application regarding Schwartzkoppen and Panizzardi.

Maitre Labori insisted that the appearance of Cernuschi on the witness stand was quite without precedent; but the anti-Dreyfusards point out, and with a certain amount of reason, that the counsel for the defense was really the first to introduce foreign testimony, as they summoned the English journalist, Rowland Strong, on the question of Esterhazy's confession to having written the bordereau. Anyway it can be safely asserted that the admission of Cernuschi as a witness for the prosecution came as a veritable God-send to the defense, giving them almost at the last moment a more or less legitimate basis for Maitre Labori's application to summon the German and Italian attaches.

The anti-Dreyfusards assert that the members of the court-martial will ignore the affirmations of Colonels Schwartzkoppen and Panizzardi, because they recognize that the testimony of these officers will be given by order, with a view to save their own spy; but, in less prejudiced circles it is believed that the court cannot disregard the solemn declarations of the two attaches without giving rise to a still graver situation in an international sense than now prevails.

Berlin, Sept. 7.—The Lokal Anzeiger publishes an interview with Colonel Schwartzkoppen, which is believed to define Germany's policy toward the Dreyfus affair. When asked whether he would go to Rennes to depose, Colonel Schwartzkoppen curtly replied: "No, I do not think the emperor will permit me to make a statement. First, our ambassador to France declared that he had had nothing to do with the affair. Then Count Von Buelow, German minister of foreign affairs, confirmed that statement plainly and distinctly in the reichstag. What was the result? One stuck to one's opinion. What good can be done by a further assurance that would have no other result?" The German foreign office will await the arrival of the French communication through the ordinary diplomatic channels before taking any step.

SEPTEMBER HUNTING IN MAINE.

Several New Enactments in the Maine Game Laws Which Will Be of Interest to Sportsmen.

Several changes in the Maine fish and game laws, enacted by the Maine Legislature last winter, are of interest to sportsmen who pursue their favorite pastime in Maine woods and waters.

The principal change in regard to fishing was that the beginning of the fishing season, formerly fixed for the first day in May, will hereafter be regulated by the freezing of the streams and lakes from the ice in the spring.

This will give rather more fishing at Sebago Lake and other waters in the northern portion of the state which are usually free of ice the middle of April, while in more northern waters it lasts until well along toward the middle of May.

The change of most interest at present is that it allows the shooting of deer in September. The September deer law so called provides that camp owners and outposts are allowed to kill one deer after Sept. 1 on the payment of a fee of \$5 for non-residents and \$4 for residents of the state. This allows a man whose vacation comes in September to shoot a deer and carry home the head and hide as a trophy to adorn his home and serve to remind him of many happy days spent in the Maine woods.

Formerly the law provided that no deer should be shipped out of the state unless accompanied by the owner. This has been repealed, and instead it is provided that all sportsmen may send out one deer by paying a fee of \$2 and one moose by paying a fee of \$4. This will prevent the general shipping of deer for mercantile purposes, and at the same time enable sportsmen to send a moderate amount of venison to their family and friends before they return from their expedition.

It seems that this is a very wise law, for oftentimes a man will get his complement of game during the first few days of his visit, and, of course, one of the pleasures in getting the game is to have it to show to and present to friends at home.

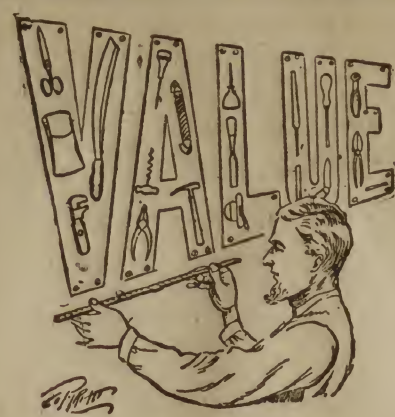
The old law required the owner to accompany the game, which made it necessary for a man to cut short his vacation if he wanted to get the meat home before it spoiled, while now he can ship it and remain in the woods for two, three or four weeks, according to the length of his vacation, and the state thus be the richer by the money left by him during that time.

Caribou has been given complete protection for a period of six years, and the penalty of fine or imprisonment or both for the illegal killing of moose will tend to stop the decrease of this noble animal.

The record of big game killed last year in the state has been so widely published abroad that it has brought into greater prominence that part of our country which is unquestionably a sportsman's paradise, for one can paddle his own canoe in the solitude of the unbroken wilderness for hundreds of miles and see no sign whatever of civilization.

Great preparations have been made the past summer for the entertainment of sportsmen, many of the camps having been enlarged and all improved in many ways to cater even more to the comfort and pleasure of their guests, and the great number of enquiries for information is evidence of the great popularity of such an outing season.

The number of deer and moose seen this summer along the streams and bogs of the Rangeley, Dead River, Moosehead, Penobscot, Masardis and Washington country districts of Maine has been surprisingly large, and the officials of the Maine Central R. R. have had their hunting and fishing guide revised to date, as all eyes are turned toward the Pine Tree State for fall sport, and the demand for this popular publication increases every mail. A vast deal of information can be obtained from one of these books, which can be had on application to the General Passenger Agent, Portland, Maine.



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VOL. I. NO. 7.

PEABODY, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1899.

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THE YAQUIS A NOBLE RACE

Most Remarkable Tribe of Aborigines Known to History.

MEXICAN TROOPS HAVE THEM AT BAY.



ATTENTION has again been called by the present hostile attitude of the Yaqui Indians, in the mountain districts of Northwestern Mexico to what is perhaps the most remarkable tribe of aborigines known to history. The Yaquis differ materially from the numerous other tribes inhabiting this section of the globe, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. While thoroughly partaking of the ferocious nature of the Apaches of the American frontier, and entertaining quite as pronounced a hatred for all people of more civilized tastes, they are characterized by a very distinct predilection for intelligent forms of government. But that any restrictions or obligations should be placed upon them by an alien people, such as they have ever been disposed to regard all mankind not of their tribe, they are disposed to consider as unwarranted interference with their hereditary customs, and hence intolerable. The Yaquis have been a constant source of dread to the Mexicans ever since the first attempt at civilizing the northwestern section of the republic, to which movement the former have been most strenuously opposed. Like other North American tribes, they hold that the territory they inhabit is theirs by right of inheritance from their forefathers, and every foot of land that has from time to time been wrested from them has ultimately been paid for by the life's blood of the invaders. During past centuries the Yaquis have been almost incessantly at war with the Spaniards and their Mexican descendants, and by degrees their once powerful tribe has been reduced



A YAQUI HERDER.

until at the present day it numbers less than 15,000 members. Of their former broad domain all the possessions that now remain to the Yaquis are a few leagues of land situated in the lower valleys of the Rio Yaqui, in the southern portion of the State of Sonora. Here, during the brief intervals of peace which they have occasionally experienced, they have made their homes, following their natural pursuits of farming, stock raising and mining. This is the land that has been officially assigned to them by the Mexican Government. Back of it, however, in the fastness of the great Sierra Madres, lies a territory that is theirs by right of their exclusive ability to penetrate and when necessary to inhabit it. This is the war home of the Yaquis. Here in the conflicts of late years they have proved



YAQUI GRASS HOUSE, SHOWING UTENSILS.

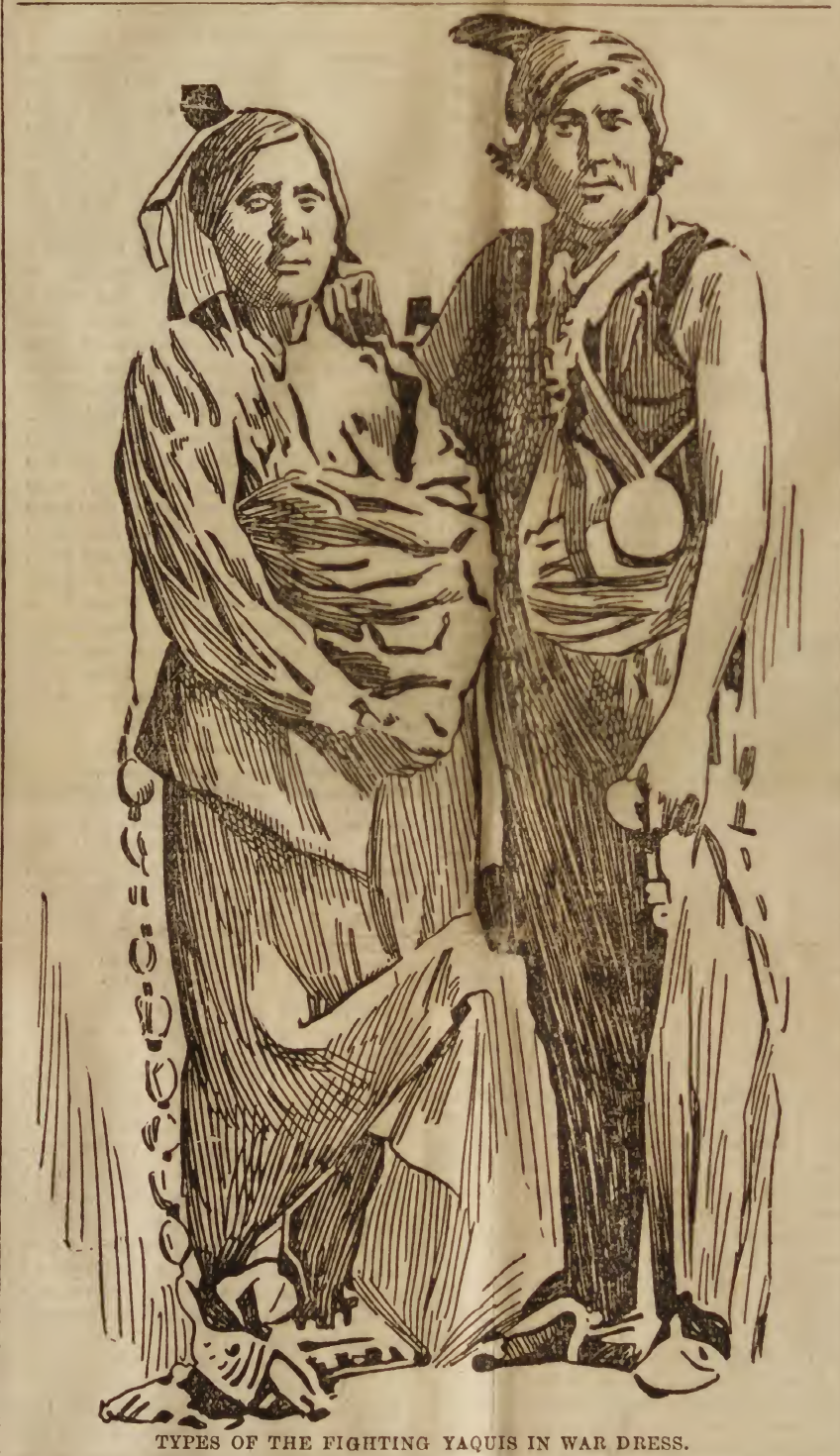
invincible, unconquerable. It is a country of rugged mountain steep, of deep, furnacelike defiles and desolate, sweltering mesa lands—a country inaccessible, intolerable to anything human save only the Yaquis.

They claim by tradition an earlier origin than the Aztecs, who built cities and possessed a civilization which was at its height in the time of the first expedition of Cortez. The Mexican Government has announced

a policy of extermination against these Indians.

The present uprising is the sixth in their history. The Indians revolted against Spain in 1735. The Hidalgoes were worsted in battle, but they made up for their failure in arms by their artful duplicity. The Yaquis revolted again in 1825, and again in 1832, against Mexico, when, armed with bows, battle axes and spears, and led by their celebrated chieftain, Banderas, they made it lively for the Government troops, but were finally overcome. They made another attempt in 1841, and defended their mountain fastnesses with Spartan valor, and for years held the Government at bay. Order was restored by a compromise. The conflict this time will be to the death. In their ten years' war the Yaquis were still using almost wholly their primitive weapons. To-day they are well armed.

The Yaquis are fine people, and rather deserve encouragement than



TYPES OF THE FIGHTING YAQUIS IN WAR DRESS.

in the Gulf of California, about twenty-five miles southeast of Guaymas, the principal Mexican seaport of the Gulf. The State of Sonora has an area of about 71,000 square miles, or nearly 25,000 miles more than New York, and a population of about 155,000. The assessed value of the property is about \$7,500,000. It consists in mines, cotton weaving, china potteries, cattle ranches and other branches of pastoral industry. The valley of the Yaqui, which is the scene of the present disturbances, according to American scientists and explorers embraces about 12,000 square miles. It is one of the most mountainous parts of Mexico.

The Yaquis as a race claim descent from one of the original seven emigrations from the North, having closely followed the Toltecs of the sixth century or before, who founded their kingdom on the site of Tula, about fifty miles north of the City of Mexico.

annihilation, writes an American officer who recently visited their country. They are the remnants of a brave and partly civilized people whom the Spaniards found in Mexico. They have never been conquered, and have never forgiven their Spanish enemies nor their descendants. Their military organization is almost perfect, and consists of companies, regiments and divisions.

The wife of our chief blushed with pleasure as one of our number hung about her neck a string of blue beads as a parting gift. She was truly worthy of our admiration. So was the grin on the face of her youngster as he began to realize what sweetness was concealed in a lump of maple sugar which we gave him. Their huts were our homes, the doors of which would always have been open to us had there been any. At the back end of each were two tiers of bunks for sleeping purposes; in the front the family squatted, cooked and lived. Mere justice demands that I should say I found nothing but cleanliness about their homes, persons and surroundings, and the high opinion which I then formed of their general intelligence, great bravery and intrinsic worth still remains unchanged. They are not savages.

The talk in the papers about surrounding them and starving them is rot, for it cannot be done at this season of the year. At this time down there everything is green and verdure is at its best. These Indians live on cactus, on a kind of brown sugar and on parched corn and of this they can find an unlimited amount at this time of the year. It is just as sensible to put a man in a well and talk of killing him by thirst as to talk of starving these Indians now.

Just south of the Yaqui Indians is another tribe which is about as large and which sympathizes largely with the Yaquis. These are the Mayo Indians and they are probably as fine specimens of physical manhood as are to be found on the continent. They are as numerous as the Yaquis, and it is the custom of these Indians to kill

all their old men and women long before they would die a natural death, and they prevent the marriage of either a man or a woman of the tribe who is in any way imperfect or deformed. The result is they have a



A YAQUI MAIDEN WITH PAINTED FACE.

tribe of magnificent specimens of manhood and womanhood. The Mexican Government will have its hands full with the Yaquis alone, but if the Mayos join them it will be a long drawn out contest.

BISMARCK BIRTHDAY BONFIRES

To Celebrate the Natal Anniversary of the Iron Chancellor in a Notable Way.

Students of the various universities in Germany recently decided to celebrate the anniversary of Bismarck's birth in a notable fashion on April 1, 1900, and a programme has now been arranged in accordance with which pillars or monuments in honor of Bismarck will be erected in many German cities, and on the morning of April 1 flames will burst forth from them and will continue to burn during the day.

The first step in this direction was taken when several leading professors met at Eisenach for the purpose of deciding on the form of the proposed monuments. The leading architects of Germany had been invited to compete, and the result was that 320 designs were submitted.

Of these ten were finally selected, and valuable prizes were awarded to the architects who had submitted them. The three designs which were esteemed to be the best were submitted by W. Kreiss, an architect of Dresden.

One of his designs of a Bismarck monument is notable for its strength and simplicity. We see a massive square structure, flanked by four pillars and with a hollow opening at the top, through which the flames are to burst. In this hollow opening is a large metal brazier, which is designed to hold the coal and other fuel, and within the structure is a staircase leading up to the brazier. The rear and sides of the monument are of smooth stone and are devoid of ornament, but on the front are several sculptural decorations.

This design is generally admitted to be the best, and the numerous monuments which it is proposed to erect in honor of Bismarck will be fashioned after it. These will be placed on the highest points near the various cities



BONFIRES TO MARK PRINCE BISMARCK'S BIRTHDAY.

and towns, and they will vary in size according to the wealth of the cities and the height of the elevations.

One hundred and seventy-four cities and towns have already arranged to erect a Bismarck monument, and in each place a committee has been appointed to select the most suitable spot for the erection of the structure. The plan is to have the fires in the various monuments lighted simultaneously on April 1, and it is believed that when that time comes the monuments will be so numerous that there will be a regular chain of beacon lights from one end of Germany to the other.

As a result of the penny postage scheme between the British colonies it has become necessary to extend the facilities of the general postoffice in London. The volume of Canadian business alone has doubled since the first of the year.

Corunna in Spain claims to have the oldest lighthouse in existence.

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SPAIN'S PAGE OF GLORY.

HANDFUL OF MEN HELD A CHURCH AGAINST A HORDE OF FILIPINOS.

Baler's Heroes Worthy to Rank With the Old and With Lycurgus—Held Out For 337 Days, Feeding on Bats and Snakes, and Rejecting All Terms of Surrender.

Hollow-eyed and exhausted, the remnant of the Spanish garrison at Baler has arrived in Manila. They find themselves heroes, for the word of their plucky fight has gone out to the world. They have endured a siege such as few troops in history have endured. They have starved, and many of their comrades accepted honorable death rather than an inglorious surrender. Thirty-one came back, including a Lieutenant—who is the lion of the hour—and a surgeon. Twenty-nine are enlisted men, but they rank as heroes. The sufferings they endured were terrible and the odds against them were great. But for more than a year they held back the insurgent forces, and at last won from them such admiration that the garrison was allowed to march out with all the honors of war. It was this for which they had fought, as they had long given up the hope of being rescued or relieved.

Baler is a little town on the east coast of Luzon. There is the least bit of a bay there. The Baler River flows into the bay. Just before it reaches the tide water it makes a turn around a hill, and this high ground shuts the town out of sight from the bay and sea. It was around this bend that Lieutenant Gilmore and his boat crew with rapid-fire guns from the Yorktown were captured by the insurgents. At that time it was made known to the world that a Spanish garrison had been left by the conquered nation and apparently had been forgotten by its Government.

The history of the siege is as follows:

A garrison of fifty-one officers and men was in Baler when the insurrection broke out against the Spanish. But the soldiers were able to hold their own and live in the barracks for some time. As the insurgents progressed and grew in strength a strong force was sent before Baler and an attempt made to capture the Spaniards. The Spaniards were under the command of Captain Don Enrique de las Morenas y Fossi, with two Second Lieutenants, Don Juan Alonso y Zayas and Don Saturnino Martiz Cerezo and Medico Don Rogelio Vigil de Quinones. On the Captain's order all ammunition and supplies were taken into the church, and on June 27, 1898, the little garrison took refuge in that strong edifice. The stone floors were pulled up and the material so obtained was used in barricading the windows and doors. The belfry was fortified and used as a place from which to carry on sharp-shooting while the soldier was protected from the insurgent fire by an extemporized stone wall with loopholes. The insurgents suffered severely from this method of warfare and attempted on many occasions to dislodge the Spaniards. The first attempt was in August.

The siege had been thoroughly laid in the meantime. Trench building was carried on under cover of darkness until the insurgents had two rows of trenches surrounding the church. From the nearest trench a charge was made on the church. It was at the time the Spaniards were preparing their evening meal and the kettle of soup was bubbling over the fire in the court. The call to arms brought the little garrison to its post, but not before the insurgents were under the walls and battering at the doors. They were so close that they were safe from the Spanish guns and were shouting in anticipation of victory as they hammered against the great door, the side door and windows. Captain Fossi made a tour of inspection, and in doing so passed the kettle of boiling soup. He hurried on his rounds and saw that his stronghold was fast giving way under the blows of his enemies. When he again entered the court two soldiers were with him. They were directed to pick up the kettle of soup and hurry to the balcony leading to the window over the great door. The stones that were piled before the window as a barricade were torn down and the sash was thrown open. The besiegers supposed that a parley was wanted and ceased their battering, stepping back to see what was going on. The kettle was poised on the window sill and then its steaming contents were spilled upon the besiegers. There was a cry of pain as the scalding liquid fell upon the upturned faces and bare shoulders below. Those that were untouched ran away, and their less fortunate fellows writhed and staggered toward their trenches. Volley after volley followed them as they ran, and when darkness fell they had retreated to the farthest trench, defeated in their attempt to force the stronghold of the Spaniards.

The suffering was terrible. Provisions ran low. From the start the garrison was put on short rations, which were reduced as time went on until the soldiers and officers were compelled to live on rats and mice, of which there seemed to be plenty in the church, and on an occasional dog which would come within range of the guns and close enough to the walls to be retrieved. This may seem disgusting, but it was life or death to the besieged. They tell of a day when a snake made them a meal. And as they stood about their officers at the train last night their sunken cheeks and sallow skins attested to the suffering they had endured.

But all did not endure. Worse than that—all would not endure, and it must be recorded that four men de-

serted when they saw the helplessness of the situation. There are their names as given in the official report, together with the dates on which they abandoned their fellows: Felipe Herrero Lopez, deserted June 27, 1898; Felix Garcia Torres, deserted June 29, 1898; Jaime Caldentio y Nadal, deserted July 3, 1898, and Jose Alcaide Bayona, deserted May 7, 1899.

Sickness came, and before the doors were opened to them in an honorable release eighteen of the forty-nine had died. They were compelled to bury their dead in the church from time to time, and the church became very foul. Fevers prevailed, and the surgeons said that the building must be aired or they would all die. But this could not be done. A window could not be freed from its barricade of stones without admitting a shower of bullets. The door could not be opened without letting in the army. They said that they would die where they were. The Captain came down with sickness in the early part of October, and on the 22d of that month he died and was buried in the church. Lieutenant Juan Alonso y Zayas was buried November 18—almost a month after his superior officer.

Fuel became exhausted, and nothing was left with which to cook the little rice that was left to each man. The insurgents themselves solved the problem. This was along in April, and the besiegers were growing impatient with their stubborn enemy. Great piles of wood were gathered and brought into camp and carefully tied in bundles. The Lieutenant watched the work progress and after awhile realized that he was to be smoked out. His force was then down to thirty-five, while the insurgents seemed to be swarming behind the trenches. Yet he determined on a movement that would end their career in open fight rather than be burned like rats in a hole.

The day came when all was ready. The order was given and silently the native soldiers shouldered their bales of wood, and under the cover of darkness advanced on the church from every direction. Then it was that the great door of the church swung open and the Spaniards poured out. They made a charge, firing as they ran. The insurgent leader was surprised at the suddenness of the sally, and before he could check his troops his army had abandoned the trenches nearest the church and were seeking the protection of the farthest earthworks. The Spaniards threw themselves down and kept up as hard a fire as they could. Part of their number were told off to bury their dead in the trenches, and the work of disinterring their comrades began. The church was opened and a sweeter air penetrated beneath the gloomy arches. And there was firewood. In no place had the Filipinos succeeded in lighting a fire. That night the soldiers worked like demons and brought in great quantities of wood, so that for all time they had sufficient. The next day the insurgents rallied and the Spaniards withdrew to the church. But they found it habitable and from that time on the sickness decreased.

The attacks on the church were few after that, and the siege settled down into a wait, the intention being to starve the Spaniards into surrendering. But the Spaniards would not starve. At night they gathered abazas leaves in the garden. They cooked their rice and ate whatever they could find. The story goes that the bats which flew about in the dusk were captured. Be that as it may, they ate what the cook set before them, and they asked no questions.

Many times they were in communication with the insurgent commander and were asked to surrender. The answer always was: "We are outnumbered, but we will die of starvation and fever or die fighting. We will surrender only on honorable terms." So it was that terms were made and accepted on June 2, 1899, by which they laid down their arms and marched away with the honors of war, having received passports from Aguinaldo assuring them safe conduct through his lines. And they were fed, for they were admired by their enemies. Slowly they came across the mountain road—the road that Lieutenant Gilmore traveled as a captive—until they came to San Isidro, where they embarked on the Rio Grande de Pampanga, arriving at Caudaba. Then they were in the American lines, and since then they have been shown the courtesy due to such brave soldiers.

So ended the defence of Baler and so ended the one page of glory in the chapter of a nation's dishonor.

Wireless Telegraph at Sea.

In the course of the British naval manoeuvres this year the Marconi wireless telegraph was submitted to severe tests in practice. One vessel of the fleet went ahead, and another vessel kept a middle course. Messages were exchanged and passed along, the greatest single gap being thirty miles. In this way the flag-ship was kept in close touch with the scout vessels, being informed of the whereabouts of the supposed enemy, the conditions of weather, anchorage, etc. The officers place the utmost confidence in the wireless messages, and the trial proved that the new system is going to be another element to reckon with in naval warfare.—The Pathfinder.

An Unnecessary Act.

At a recent duel the parties discharged their pistols without effect, whereupon one of the seconds interposed, and proposed that the combatants should shake hands. To this the other second objected as unnecessary. "Their hands," said he, "have been shaking for half an hour."

SKILL OF A MAN SLEUTH.

EXTRAORDINARY FACILITY OF AN INDIAN SCOUT IN TRAILING.

Arkichita, Also Known as the "Grass-walker," Who Served in Our Western Army, Had an Unerring Eye and Instinct—One of His Exploits.

"Arkichita: A Tale of an Indian Detective," is a true story of Indian skill in trailing, that would have delighted the heart of Fenimore Cooper. It is told in the St. Nicholas by Lieutenant W. C. Bennett, Sixth Infantry, U. S. A.

Arkichita, a typical Indian, was chief scout at Fort Sisseton, Dakota, in 1882. Although he knew English well, he held the old Indian hatred of its use, and would never speak it except under extraordinary circumstances. He stood about five feet nine inches in height, was slender, but wiry, and was about thirty-four years of age. Ordinarily he was slow and sedate in his actions—very dignified; but when the necessity arose, he could be as quick as a flash, and had, like every Indian on the North-western plains, a pair of eyes that could equal any field-glass.

His services—for he had been employed as a scout for some years—had been very valuable to the Government, and, in recognition of this fact, the officer in command had secured authority from the War Department to promote him to the rank of sergeant; consequently he went around in a neat uniform with chevrons and stripes, very much impressed with his own importance, which he considered second only to that of the commanding officer; and he took care that every one else should respect his rank and dignity.

As his native name is the Sioux for "soldier," it is easily seen why he was so named; but he had still another name, which the Indians had given him before his entering military circles, and that, translated into English, was the "grass-walker," or "trailer," from his absolutely marvelous ability to find the trail of anything that left even the slightest trace on the ground as it passed over it.

A desperate soldier named Brice broke jail, one night, and was pursued the following morning. The trail led to the west for a trifle over a mile; then it turned north for a quarter of a mile, and we followed until we came to a tree at the edge of a slough to the northwest of the fort, called the "garden bar slough." Here Arkichita pointed under the tree, and said Brice had lain down there to rest.

The trail here led into the slough. A Dakota "slough" is a shallow lake, the water of which is from six inches to three feet deep, with a soft, muddy bottom, but no general miry. The center of the slough is usually free from grasses or weeds, but along the edges, from twenty to sixty yards out, long tule-grass grows.

This particular slough was a mile long, and varied from an eighth to a quarter of a mile in width, and there was a foot of water covering as much soft mud. During the night the wind had rolled the water up considerably. It seemed hardly possible to track anything through it, except where the tule had been broken down. Where that was the case, even I could follow the trail; on reaching open water, however, the case was different.

The eastern end of the slough reached to a point near the fort not more than a hundred and fifty yards from a brickyard, on which was a kiln that had been built during the summer. The kiln was now ready for firing.

Once I thought Arkichita was baffled, after all; he had come to a dead standstill near the tule. Then an inspiration struck me; perhaps by a circle I could find the trail. Happy thought! I put it into immediate execution, and found one. Rather elated at my success, I called: "Come quick; heap trail!" He came over, took one look; just the suggestion of a smile played on his face as he said: "Cow."

I did no more trailing, but understood what was bothering him. The post here also had waded through here since Brice's escape, and it took all the scout's endless patience and wonderful eyesight to keep the trail where the cattle had passed through it. The grass-stem was of no use here.

We had passed over half the slough in this circuitous route, when suddenly Arkichita started, straight as the crow flies, for the edge of the slough near the brickkiln. Was he following the trail?

On he went until he came to the shore nearest the kiln; here he stopped, evidently bothered again. There was a scarcely discernible footprint in the mud and water right at the edge of the slough, apparently the last step the deserter had taken before reaching hard ground. This footprint showed the toes, so the deserter was now barefooted. Another thing about this print was its direction: it stood at right angles to the line previously followed. Either the man had taken a sideward spring for the land from his right foot, or he had turned around and started back over his own trail.

Arkichita went down on his knees, and inspected the grass, blade by blade. I kept a respectful distance at one side, astonished at the turn the affair had taken. Now, inch by inch, on his knees, he wrenched the secret from the apparently unwilling surface of the earth. Eighty yards from the kiln, he looked up and glanced at it. The same idea evidently instantly occurred to both of us. The trail was leading to the kiln! Then he rose, and, bending over, slowly advanced to the edge of the brickyard.

After reaching the yard, Arkichita walked slowly around the outer edge of it, examining the ground with the utmost care, until he came to the point from which he started, when he

said: "Trail come in—no go out; man in there," pointing to the kiln.

And circumstances proved him to be right, though it was thirty-six hours before the fugitive was located in the kiln, and captured.

Smart Woodpeckers in Maine.

Professor Eastman J. Clarke, with a party of students from Connecticut, a few days ago returned from a long trip after natural history specimens in the Maine woods. While on the headwaters of the Allagash, he says, he found a family of downy woodpeckers which seemed to be endowed with more intelligence than falls to the lot of the average bird. Woodpeckers feed upon worms that burrow into trees. As an active borer makes a gallery three or four feet long in a single season, the woodpecker is often obliged to make many punctures in order to get at its prey. The family of birds which came under Professor Clarke's eye has adopted a labor-saving device which has proved of great service. The rankest plant that grows in the Maine woods is the Indian poke, the berries of which are charged with an alkaline juice that is very offensive to all animal life. According to Professor Clarke, the Allagash woodpeckers, having opened up a gallery made by a borer, drops pokeberries in the office. The berries give out such an odor that the grubs are forced to come outside for fresh air, and the woodpecker does the rest. —New York Sun.

Quick Paper Making.

The paper making trade can boast of several famous feats in the way of quick work. On one occasion three trees near a mill at Eishenthal were felled at 7.35 a. m. and hurried to the manufactory near at hand, where they were sawn into pieces about one foot long, which were further decorticated and split. They were then conveyed by the elevator to five deburrers to do their worst with, and the wood pulp which resulted from the contact of the chips with the deburrers was run into a vat, mixed with the net altogether harmless but necessary chemicals, and the process finished. The liquid pulp was sent to the paper machine, which at 9.34 turned out the first completed sheet of paper, one hour and fifty-nine minutes after the first tree was felled. The manufacturers, accompanied by a notary public, who timed and watched the work throughout, then took the paper to a printing establishment two miles away, and by 10 o'clock, or in two hours and twenty-five minutes, the trees had been converted into newspapers ready for delivery. —Boston Globe.

People Along the Amazon.

The type of people along the lower Amazon partakes largely of the Portuguese. And as one recedes from the mouth there is a gradual admixture of Portuguese and Amazon Indians, until near the Tapajoz, where the Indian predominates. Near the Island of Marajo there would seem to be a larger mixture of the whiter races, for the people along the Breves and Bohl Boisseau passes show a marked difference in color. The aborigines of these waters are fast disappearing under the large influx of Portuguese—Brazil settlements from the Maranhao to Ceara regions, due to the rubber development. The death rate is high among the male adults owing to exposure during the rainy season in the forests, gathering rubber. But there is no prospect of a decrease of population, as from every hut or aggregation of huts children in unusual numbers appeared.

Varied Career of a Tree.

Men versed in woodcraft in the vicinity of New Brunswick, N. J., are puzzled about the experiences of a large cedar tree on the property of A. V. Sohenek. Until about six months ago there was nothing to distinguish the cedar from many others except that it was one of the finest looking trees on the place. Then a gale of wind gave it a decided lean to the northwest.

Shortly after it recovered from this another gale of wind blew it back to a vertical position. Once again a gale of wind blew it on the slant, and a few weeks ago a gale from the opposite direction not only restored it to an upright position, but overdid matters to such an extent that the tree has a decided slant to the northwest again. Through it all the tree continues vigorous.

Audacity of American Women.

The remarks of Emperor William to the two American women who cornered him on his yacht and forced him to listen to long arguments in favor of the new woman will doubtless become historic. None but American women would have attempted such an act. Their arguments must have been tiresome to his imperial majesty, yet he cannot be half a bad fellow, for we are told that he heard them through with patience.

The Emperor replied to them: "I agree with my wife, who says that women should not meddle with anything beyond the four k's—kinder, kuche, kuche and kleider (children, church, cookery and clothing)."

A Kansan's Description of the Iowa.

A Kansan man who recently visited Puget Sound, Wash., says he was sadly disappointed in the battleship Iowa. "I expected," said he, "to see a vast mountain of iron and steel, with great guns sticking out in every direction, while from her bowels would come continuously a deep, hoarse growl like a bulldog baffled of its prey. Instead, it looked more like a raft with little houses and cheese-boxes set on it, and the only growling we heard was from the non-commissioned officer who said we couldn't come aboard."

A TALE WITHOUT A MORAL.

But It Illustrates How a Story Changes by Much Repetition.

Not long ago a well-known minister of the Gospel of Chicago remarked casually, in the course of a conversation with an intimate friend, that a certain member of his congregation whom he had accidentally caught in the act of leaving a saloon looked as frightened as a man who expected to be shot. The friend repeated the minister's remark to another friend in a street car, and it was imperfectly understood by a stranger, who gave a newspaper reporter his version of it. The latter reported through the columns of the newspaper on which he is employed that a prominent minister of Chicago had expressed the opinion that any church member seen to enter a saloon, thus setting a bad example and bringing down disgrace upon the Christian religion, ought to be shot.

This was really the beginning of the trouble. A Boston paragrapher caught the headline over the item in the Chicago newspaper and wrote as follows:

"A Chicago preacher has declared in his pulpit that any member of his congregation who entered a saloon, should be shot before he had a chance to leave it."

This was followed by a statement in a New York newspaper which read as follows:

"Chicago ministers are advising members of their congregations to keep away from saloons unless they want to get shot."

A Cleveland newspaper picked up the item at this point and said:

"A Chicago minister says that any member of his flock who enters a saloon in broad daylight runs the risk of getting shot before he comes out. This minister must be very ignorant of the ways of the world if he doesn't know that the average Chicago man enters a saloon for the purpose of getting shot."

A Cincinnati newspaper could not let this opportunity for a ding at Chicago go by, so it printed this:

"A Chicago minister tells his congregation that any church member who enters a saloon in broad daylight is liable to get shot. It all depends. Chicago members have their faults, but most of them are unwilling to get only half shot, if it is during business hours."

Up to this point the general trend of these scurrilous misstatements is the same, but a St. Louis paragrapher who glanced over one or more of the above paragraphs hastily supposed he was grasping the situation intelligently when he wrote:

"The pastor of a fashionable Chicago church says that he proposes to take snap shots of members of his congregation who are in the habit of entering saloons. He believes that this is the only way the evil can be removed. If he expects to succeed in this laudable task it will be necessary for him to skip around pretty lively in Chicago, or plant automatic cameras in front of all the principal buffets."

The story has finally reached the Quincy Herald, which newspaper has handled it in this manner:

"A Chicago minister proposes to take snap-shot pictures of the men in his flock who go into saloons, and exhibit them in the church. His camera is liable to take on a hot box from overwork."

We see no possible way in which a moral can be pointed from a tale so beautifully adorned, and so let the matter rest here.

The Indian Territory's Traveling Court.

The United States Court of the Northern District of the Indian Territory is probably the only traveling Court, including the courtroom and all persons and things connected, in existence in the United States. United States Commissioner Harry Jennings, United States Marshal L. L. Bennet and a corps of assistants have adopted this novel plan of traveling over the district and holding court at several distant places, instead of at one place in the district, as heretofore.

The Northern District of the Indian Territory is large, and the towns are far apart, so that it is very hard for persons to travel to and from court, as well as expensive. Commissioner Jennings has had a small house built on wheels, much resembling a mover's outfit, in which they travel, and also in which they hold court in the various towns over the district. They carry cooking utensils with them and have an expert cook who prepares their meals, and also a servant who keeps their house in order.

They go from place to place, wherever they are wanted. They claim that they have saved the people considerable money, as it is much less expensive for the court to travel than for the people to travel in that country. Criminals can be reached more conveniently in this manner, as it is often dangerous to conduct criminals from town to town without a heavy guard, as their allies may attempt to rescue them.

The traveling court of the Indian Territory is a success, and the people of that district are well pleased with it. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Novel Sight in Ecuador.

The most novel and amusing spectacle in Guayaquil, Ecuador, is donkeys wearing pantalets. This is not due to motives of modesty, for most of the children go naked and many of the peon women nearly so. The pantalets, made of cotton cloth and suspended by strips of tape over the shoulders and hanches, are a humane invention to protect the animals from the vicious flies which attack them.

Power of Frozen Water.

No receptacle has ever been made with sufficient strength to resist the bursting power of frozen water.

A DANGEROUS CALLING.

Animal Trainers Are Always Likely to Lose Their Lives.

When you see an animal trainer performing with ferocious beasts you may be quite right if you imagine the man as a fearless master of them; but if you think for an instant that there is no danger you are wholly wrong. A trainer never confronts the beasts and compels them to do his bidding without literally taking his life in his hands.

He is so used to the danger that he does not think of it each time, and he holds his mastery of them by a sort of power that becomes habit, second nature, as it were, just as he eats his meals or performs other common employments. Or, to make the case more plain, he forgets the dangers that surround him, just as men in another dangerous calling do—a painter, for instance, who stands upon a narrow platform hundreds of feet from the ground. Nevertheless, the danger is ever present, and all the more terrible because of the uncertainty of it.

A trainer must inspire constant fear in the brutes. What a power for harm there is the elephant, for instance! One swing of that powerful trunk, and he could crush the life out of the man; but he is possessed of an ungovernable fear.

Some animal trainers live to a good age and never have an accident. They are absolutely fearless in their work, and yet they may be no braver than you or I when other animals are in question.

There was one trainer who gave a wonderful performance with a number of animals in the one cage. He would take all manner of liberties with the ferocious brutes, compelling them to do his bidding, making them form pyramids and lying down on them. When you consider how a cat or dog will sometimes turn upon you if not handled just so you must realize what a tremendous power the trainer must exert over such huge, savage beasts.

There were always a dozen other keepers about when this performance was being enacted, and they were armed with pistols, hot irons and rawhide whips. One of the lions turned upon this trainer once, and his arm was badly lacerated before he could be rescued.

Of all animals, keepers say the tiger is the worst and the most treacherous. It is necessary to keep the eye fixed pretty constantly upon it, or it may revolt at any moment.

Summer Jobs For Students.

College students who must themselves provide for all or a part of their expenses look upon the long summer vacation as a period especially devised by Providence to enable them to recuperate their waning fortunes. New fields have been opened for their exertions within the last year or two. The summer resorts have always been a source of revenue for college boys. There they wait upon dining tables, serve as porters, or sometimes even get to be clerks at the big hotels, or they find employment in similar capacities on the steamers which cater to the summer resort trade. In the ticket offices of the transportation companies there are frequently summer chances for college men. But these positions are now also sought by college women, and the men are being crowded in their search for summer work. Musical students find orchestral positions at the summer places extremely profitable, and the glee club men often hire out for the season to sing on summer resort steamers or at hotels. This is especially popular in the Catskills and Adirondacks. These latter occupations are looked upon as snaps. Hundreds of students get right down to real daily labor and stick to it all summer, coming back to the college or university in the fall as to a well-earned luxury. Many of them hire out to builders and carpenters or go out in the harvest fields and work by the day. Boys who live in the country towns do this very frequently. Others spend the vacation canvassing for book firms or collecting. Directory canvassing is almost entirely done in college towns by the students. Most of it is done in the early summer, and, although it is a quick job, it pays well while it lasts. —Washington Star.

Virtues of Mutton Tallow.

It is indeed refreshing to learn from Mme. Patti through the medium of the Ladies' Home Journal that her infallible system of preserving her complexion and avoiding wrinkles is the liberal use of mutton tallow. Thus we are returning to the wisdom of our grandmothers. There has never been any doubt in our minds that the longevity and beauty of our female ancestors were directly attributable to mutton tallow, which not only gave the creamiest complexions, but arrested croup, lung fever, bronchial troubles and other trials of a Puritan winter. Indeed, we have it from a member of Admiral Devey's family that when George was a little boy in Vermont he never went to bed in the cold nights of winter until his little nose was thoroughly greased with mutton tallow. To this treatment more than anything else he acknowledges his ability to "smell the battle afar off." The sooner we renounce all the high-sounding recipes of our generation and return to the sweet simplicity of mutton tallow the sooner we shall rear men and women as of old, notable for their valor and conspicuous for their blooming beauty. —Chicago Post.

The Benefit of Irrigation.

By irrigation 25,000,000 acres are made fruitful in India alone. In Egypt there are about 6,000,000 acres, and in Europe about 5,000,000. The United States has just begun the work of improving waste areas, and has already about 4,000,000 acres of irrigated land.

"Circumstances Alter Cases."

In cases of scrofula, salt rheum, dyspepsia, nervousness, catarrh, rheumatism, eruptions, etc., the circumstances may be altered by purifying and enriching the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is the great remedy for all ages and both sexes. Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Blind in Daylight Only.

The town of Columbia, this state, has a boy who can see by night but not by day. He is five years old. During the day his sisters and brothers lead him about the place and help entertain him as best they can. His mother says he appears to be sad during the day, but at sunset he becomes unusually bright and cheerful. —Kansas City (Mo.) Star.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes Tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot, Callous, Aching and Sweating Feet. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Choosing a Family Tree.

"Now that we are rich and intend going into society," said Mrs. Parvenue, "everyone says we ought to have a family tree."

"Assuredly," replied her new acquaintance. "All the best people have them."

"The trouble is," continued the would-be aristocrat, "to select one. Personally, I favor the oak. There's something so substantial about it."

The new acquaintance recovered her composure with difficulty.

"What's the matter with the birch?" she asked, recalling the fact that Mrs. Parvenue had once been a school teacher. —Chicago Post.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.
To quit tobacco easily and forever, by magnetic full of life, nerve and vigor, take No. 10. Bait the wonder-worm. It makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c. or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Simple Multiplication.

"I want two pairs of 6-year-old trousers," said the man.

"This isn't a second-hand store; we don't keep old clothes," answered the clerk.

"Well, I know it; I mean trousers for a 6-year-old boy."

"What's the matter with him?" asked the clerk, after the man had left. "He seemed to be mixed on everything. He bought two suits, two hats and two of everything, just alike. I've known men to see double, but I never knew any one to buy double, before."

"Oh, he's all right," explained the floor walker. "It's a case of twins."

Knows How to Beat Her.

"I suppose your wife always has the last word?"

"Not now."

"Why not now?"

"I've bought a phonograph."

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets and Cathartics. 10c. or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Other Senses the Same.

The accepted theory is that a blind person, by a certain kind of compensation, has his remaining senses made keener than the normal. Prof. H. Griesbach of Basel, Switzerland, however, has been prosecuting a long line of experiments on this subject and he reports that the popular impression is a fallacy. He finds that if there is any difference at all, seeing persons have a slightly better sense of touch than blind persons, and in respect to the other senses he cannot discover that there is, on the average, any distinction on account of sight. Blind persons tire more quickly than seeing persons when engaged in manual labor, because a greater demand is made on their other senses.

Juvenile Suffering.

"What's Bobby crying about?"

"Our new neighbors are baking ginger bread, and we're not acquainted with them yet."

Mrs. Barnard Thanks
MRS. PINKHAM FOR HEALTH.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 13,992]

"DEAR FRIEND—I feel it my duty to express my gratitude and thanks to you for what your medicine has done for me. I was very miserable and losing flesh very fast, had bladder trouble, fluttering pains about the heart and would get so dizzy and suffered with painful menstruation. I was reading in a paper about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, so I wrote to you and after taking two bottles I felt like a new person. Your Vegetable Compound has entirely cured me and I cannot praise it enough."—Mrs. J. O. BARNARD, MILLTOWN, WASHINGTON CO., ME.

An Iowa Woman's Convincing Statement.

"I tried three doctors, and the last one said nothing but an operation would help me. My trouble was profuse flowing; sometimes I would think I would flow to death. I was so weak that the least work would tire me. Reading of so many being cured by your medicine, I made up my mind to write to you for advice, and I am so glad that I did. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills and followed your directions, and am now well and strong. I shall recommend your medicine to all, for it saved my life."—Miss A. P., Box 21 ABBOTT, IOWA.

Good Ark Lumber Becoming Scarce.

It is reported that the chittim tree, from which chittim bark is peeled, is becoming very scarce in Benton and other counties. As is well known, whenever the tree is skinned of its bark it soon dies, and of course is becoming scarcer, until the chittim tree at no great distant future, at the present rate of consumption, will naturally be destroyed. The price chittim bark under these conditions will in a few years greatly advance. —Morning Oregonian.

Farm for Sale.

One of the very best hill farms in Waitsfield, Vermont, seven (7) miles from railroad, one-half (1-2) mile from steam sawmills, comprising 200 acres, half of which is under the highest state of cultivation. Plenty of good timber and excellent pastures. Sugar orchard of 2000 trees, equipped with twelve hundred tin tubs two years old; the balance wooden tubs newly painted and in first-class condition. Latest improved evaporator, iron arch, large sugaring-off arch, sugar-house containing 60 cords four-foot dry wood; three years' supply stove-wood on hand. Barns in first-class condition, one nearly new, 175 ton silo; abundance of small fruit; splendid orchard of grafted trees. The place kept through last winter forty (40) head of cattle, seven horses and other small stock; never-failing water at barns and dwelling. Complete set of tools of the best make. The whole place is well fenced and thoroughly well kept up. Dwelling is first-class; two stories 12 rooms, recently painted inside and out. The whole would be sold at a great bargain, on account of death in family. For further information apply to F. A. Joslyn, Waitsfield, Vermont.

Sad Death of a Regiment's Pet.

The trained goat which was so long a familiar figure at the parades of the Kaiser Alexander regiment of the German army has come to an unhappy end. A few days ago it shamefully deserted the colors, and, in spite of a diligent search could not be found. On Wednesday last it was captured by a man at Coepnick, who sold it to a local butcher. He promptly slaughtered it. In its stomach he found bits of cartridges, bullets and other tokens of its former military career, which led to its identification.



An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly, and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants. By a method known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

For sale by all Druggists.—Price 50c. per bottle

Heat of the Stars.

If the stars are the distant suns which astronomers say they are, they must be hot as well as bright. Until very recently all attempts to detect the heat of the stars have either failed completely or have yielded only uncertain results.

Within the last year, however, experiments with stellar heat have been made at the Yerkes Observatory by Dr. E. F. Nichols, professor of physics in Dartmouth college, which seem to have met with a fair measure of success. The instrument used was devised by Dr. Nichols, and is called by him a "radiometer." It was used in conjunction with a silvered glass mirror two feet in diameter. So sensitive was the apparatus, that it was able to detect the heat of a candle at the distance of fifteen miles.

The experiments of Dr. Nichols show that we receive a small amount of heat from the stars, though precisely how much was not easily determined. But Arcturus and Vega affected the instrument quite perceptibly, the former star about twice as much as the latter. It is said to be probable from these results that we do not receive from Arcturus more heat than would reach us from a candle at the distance of five or six miles.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. \$1. All druggists.

Dyeing Mother-of-Pearl.

To dye mother-of-pearl it is first treated with a lukewarm potash solution, in order to remove any fatty substances present. Now prepare an aqueous aniline solution, immerse the mother-of-pearl and place in a warm spot. The mother-of-pearl is left in the dye for the length of time requisite for the desired deepness of color.

THE MIDDLESEX EAST AGRICULTURAL ASS'N

Grand Fair to be Held Sept. 27-30 at Agricultural Park, Reading and Wakefield.

THIS YEAR IT WILL BE BIGGER THAN EVER.

Large Racing Purses—Balloon Ascension Daily—Great Continuous Stage Show—Racing Dogs—Splendid Showing of Farm Products and Fancy Work—New Grand Stand and Cattle Sheds.

The great fair of the Middlesex East Agricultural Association is now an event of more than local importance, and an exhibition that a few years ago hardly filled a small hall now covers acres and acres of ground and annually incurs an expense of many thousands of dollars.

At Agricultural Park.

Conveniently situated, about equally in Reading and Wakefield, and having a frontage of about 500 feet on a beautiful sheet of water called Lake Quannapowitt, a most ideal spot for the purpose is Agricultural Park. It comprises about 45 acres, and a half-mile track of regulation shape, pronounced by horsemen to be the best track in this section of the country and second to none in the United States, has been laid out. Last year the crack trotter "Woodshed" established a track record of 2:11 on this track, and this year its condition is such that a new and faster mark will surely be established.

The exhibition hall is a spacious three-story building to the left of the entrance, and during the fair each of the several floors are packed to overflowing with farming products, fancy work and a thousand and one attractive articles that are gathered from far and near. New cattle sheds, designed after the most approved plan, are now in process of erection, and a large tent will amply accommodate the great poultry exhibit.



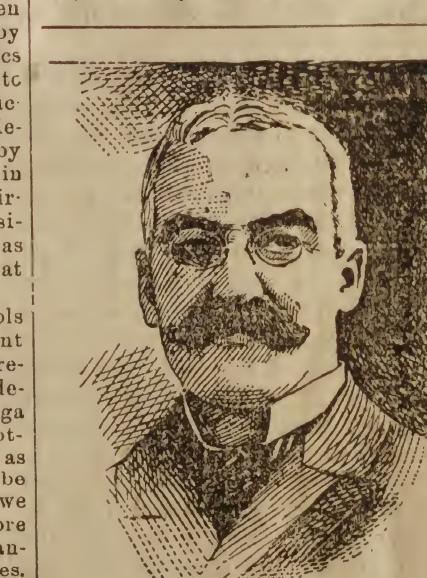
THE NEW GRAND STAND AT AGRICULTURAL PARK.

Way along by the stables, which will easily accommodate more than a hundred horses, is a new grand stand, now in process of erection, and guaranteed under contract to be ready for occupancy before the opening of the fair. It will accommodate more than 2,000 persons, is provided with numbered seats, and patrons will have the advantage of ordering their seats in advance of each day's races. Ample provision has been made for dressing rooms in the structure, and its estimated cost of over \$2,000, while insuring lovers of racing a grand opportunity of witnessing the sport, will enable them to enjoy without discomfort and shielded from the sun, the continuous vaudeville entertainment that is to be provided at a great expense.

The grounds are easy of access, electric cars from all points landing patrons at the gate, and during the fair cars will run direct from the Boston & Maine railway station in Reading to the grounds.

The Board of Officials.

With a board of 21 directors, the officers of the association are Frank P. Bennett of Saugus, president; Dr. G. H. Allen of Stoneham, first vice-president; Geo. H. Sweetser of Wakefield, second vice-president; Charles A. Loring of Reading, treasurer; R. S. Butterfield of Saugus, financial secretary, and Charles Talbot of Wakefield, recording secretary. Weekly meetings are held until



FRANK P. BENNETT, PRESIDENT.

within a few days of the opening of the fair, and then daily attendance on the part of its officials, with the various committees having charge of the different features, becomes an absolute necessity, and thus until the gates are opened and a waiting throng are admitted to the grounds on the first day, the most active efforts are necessary to make the undertaking a success.

ON AGRICULTURAL PARK.

Big Racing Events Promised—Large List of Entries Assured.

The basis of success of the grand fair which the Middlesex East Agricultural Association will hold at Agricultural Park Sept. 27-30, is the turf events, and the large list of entries already received promise no end of sport. No trotting track in the country is superior to the half-mile circle which Superintendent Edmunds has planned to the pink of perfection, and new figures will displace the track record of 2:11 of last year.

The purse events to be contested include the following classes: On the first day, Wednesday, Sept. 27, the 3-minute class will trot and pace for a purse of \$300, followed by a 2:25 trot and pace for \$250. On Thursday \$225 will be offered for a 2:33 mark, and \$200 will go to the 2:18 class. The 2:29 class will start on Friday, either trot or pace, for \$250, and a novelty in the shape of a matinee race of one-half mile heats, and every heat a race for a purse of \$100.

The free-for-all on Saturday, the last day, will be a grand attraction, trot or pace, for \$400, and on the same day the 2:40 class will trot or pace for \$200. Horsemen have been so well treated at Agricultural Park that there is always a good entrance and the best of racing, with no delays and no laying up of heats is assured.

THE EXHIBITION BUILDING.

Three Floors Packed to Overflowing.

In the large exhibition building, 100x50 feet and three stories in height, all is orderly activity during fair week, and under the direction of Geo. H. Sweetser, superintendent of building, a routine is perfected that insures each exhibitor the attention necessary to display his product to the best possible advantage.

This is Secretary Talbot's "busy day," and with a corps of assistants the checking and placing of articles is conducted without confusion. The first floor, prettily decorated for the occasion, is taken up with manufacturers' and traders' ex-



A VIEW IN THE EXHIBITION BUILDING.

hibits, and the space for such is always in active demand.

The second floor is the great centre of attraction, especially for the ladies, for here the Woman's Department is seen in all its glory.

Under the direction of Mrs. Jeannette W. Crafts of Reading, president of the Woman's Department, matters purely feminine connected with the undertaking are pushed with surprising energy. Chairmen of the woman's committee in the various towns comprising Mrs. W. S. Keene, Stoneham; Mrs. G. W. Sweetser, Wakefield; Mrs. Frank P. Bennett, Saugus; Mrs. F. O. Parkins, Lynnfield, and Mrs. J. B. McLane, of North Reading, report not a little interest in the woman's display, and are daily answering inquiries and indicating methods of showing articles to the best possible advantage. What was last year a striking educational feature will this year develop into a display of woman's handiwork positively bewildering. Special attention is called to the list of premiums offered for specimens of needlework from children of 15 years or younger and ladies of 75 years or over.

Calico designs will show their popularity with a large exhibit, and as last year, the display of china painting rivalled the showing made by any other fair in the state, extra space will now be provided for this artistic feature. Although the woman's department was able to report

last year that none of the exhibits received were broken or lost, at the last meeting of the board of directors an appropriation was made for glass show



A NEEDLEWORK DISPLAY.

cases, and exhibitors are guaranteed careful handling and safe return of their treasures.

The domestic science class from the Reading Woman's Club is also lending its aid toward developing the woman's department, and is preparing a cook book to be distributed for the occasion.

The third floor is confined to a display of fruits, flowers, vegetables and exhibits of a general character. They are always unusual, large and varied, and the premiums offered insure exhibits of a high class.

AMONG THE LIVE STOCK.

The New Cattle Sheds Centre of Attraction.

All the "farm animals that walk" are displayed in suitable quarters. In the long new cattle shed, erected under a special design, will be found selections of choice stock from all the surrounding towns. Indeed, it is wonderful that so many high class cattle can be found within the territory covered by the fair patronage.



IN THE POULTRY EXHIBIT.

Charles Wakfield of Reading is superintendent of cattle, and committees have been appointed to award premiums.

There is always a showing of working horses, breeding horses and colts, and family, gentlemen's driving and walking horses. The ploughing match always brings together in friendly rivalry a display of muscle and brawn, not to say high class stock, sufficient to make an attractive exhibition.

An expert judge, specially employed to supervise the poultry exhibit, will pass on a display that many exhibitions devoted solely to the poultry interests would feel proud to show. Space is assigned by the superintendent, and the moving or changing of fowl once in position must be under his supervision and by his consent. All poultry for competition or exhibition must be in position on the first day of the fair at 12 m.

Pigeons and pet animals will also receive recognition with suitable premiums. Last year the display of pigeons was especially fine, and every effort will be made to increase the display at the forthcoming fair.



A VIEW IN THE EXHIBITION BUILDING.

FUNNY FAKIRS AND SHOWMEN EVERYWHERE.

Hit the Nigger's Head or Have Your Picture Taken.

Fakirs and showmen always flock in large numbers to the Middlesex East Agricultural Association Fair and Agricultural Park on the opening day and in this respect outrival the world. The air is rife with the cries of the fakirs. Visitors to the fair find the grotesque and original methods of these itinerant showmen a source of great fascination.

LADIES' DRIVING PARADE.

A New and Popular Feature Sure to Be a Hit.

The track committee at the forthcoming fair of the Middlesex East Agricultural Association, Sept. 27-30, propose to offer suitable premiums for the best driving team, single or double, driven by a woman.

Following a grand parade around the track on the morning of the third day of the fair (Sept. 29), the prizes will be awarded, and judging from the interest manifested, a long list of entries is assured. Application for a place in the parade should be made to Chas. Talbot, secretary, Montrose, Mass.

GREAT VAUDEVILLE SHOW.

Wonderful Acts of Novelty and Merit Presented Daily.

The vaudeville (or stage show) of the Middlesex East Agricultural Association Fair to be held at Reading and Wakefield, Mass., September 27-30, has always been of a high class, and while the expenditure last year was very large, no expense has been spared this year to make the stage attractions and novelty features the finest ever produced in this section of the country.

Prof. Bonnette and Mme. Van Buren will make a balloon ascension each day,



PROF. BONNETTE AND MME. VAN BUREN

Make a balloon ascension daily.

and a startling leap in a parachute will be witnessed by thousands of people. This is the first instance where a lady has successfully performed this feat, and after their engagement at Agricultural Park, Prof. Bonnette and Mme. Van Buren will jointly fill dates at fairs in other parts of the country.

An innovation that will win the favor of the public is the world renowned troop of running dogs, in the training of which Prof. Welch has spent years of time. They are lithe, clean-built little animals about the size of an Italian greyhound, and at the crack of the pistol race as though their life depended upon it. They are not at all disturbed by any hurdles, over which they jump with an ease that is astonishing. Two races are given each day and one over the hurdles, and in addition a special race against a bicycle will be provided.

Astonishing feats from America's greatest acrobats, the Three Herberts, will be seen daily, and the McBride Brothers, in an entirely new act on the revolving ladders, will be the recipients of simultaneous applause.

The much talked about LaDells, Harry and Annie, known as America's greatest hand balancers and acrobats, will fill a four days' engagement.

Speaking of dogs, the King of Canine Tutors is Prof. Dave Burke, and by special arrangement he will appear with his grand collection of the best-trained dogs on earth each day of the fair. Combined in his troop are dogs that play similar music in perfect time and tune, appearing in boxing contest and in marvelous creations almost impossible to conceive.

There is something going on all the time, and under the direct supervision of



BOUND FOR AGRICULTURAL PARK.

Stage Manager Kelley a continuous show, made up of attractions of every imaginable description and variety, alone well worth the charge for admission, will delight old and young. The performances will be given directly opposite the new grand stand, for which seats can be secured in advance of the fair. Bicycles will be checked outside the park.

Notes.

The popular price of 25 cents admission will be charged each day of the fair.

Entries for the trotting purses at the Middlesex East Agricultural Association Fair will close Friday, Sept. 15.

The new grand stand will please everybody, and seats may be secured in advance.



A FAMILY DINNER.

Special consideration is given the woman's department, under the direction of Mrs. Jeannette W. Crafts of Reading.

The sixteen page programme that will shortly be distributed will detail more complete information. It is being elaborately printed in two colors, and 25,000 copies will be widely circulated.

The track committee promise rare sport on each of the four days that the fair will be held, and lovers of racing will see the real article from a luxurious grand stand and without discomfort of any kind.

A large detail of policemen will preserve order on the grounds, although last year not a single arrest for disorder was made, a great record when the attending thousands are considered.

The Peabody Star,
PUBLISHED -- EVERY -- SATURDAY,
BY THE
Peabody Star Publishing Co.,
A. MORELAND FULTZ, Manager.
Devoted especially to interests of Peabody.

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Boston office, . . 40 Appleton street

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One Dollar for eight months.
FIVE CENTS SINGLE COPY.

Communications of any length, poetry, store
ies, etc., if accepted by the editor, inserted
under conditions.

[ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE, PEABODY-
MASS., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.]

The Lieutenant-Governorship.

We must confess that our hope and expectation that the contest for the Republican nomination for lieutenant-governor would proceed without producing objectionable features is being dispelled, and there is every reason to expect in the next few days as keen a fight within the party as has been seen for many a day.

Every form of objection to Col. Guild's nomination that could be thought of has been urged, and yet not one of the points thus taken, nor all of them together, strike us as being either conclusive or weighty.

Much stress has been laid upon the "machine" argument by Mr. Bates and his friends. But this is a boomerang argument. Almost without exception every man in elective state and national office today has been the selection of the so-called machine, and this is especially true of the men of conspicuous ability. In the few cases throughout the nation where men have succeeded in an appeal from the voice of the machine, their success has been but temporary, owing largely to the fact that the people early discovered that the candidate's ambition o'ertopped his ability.

Col. Guild's individuality and ability have brought him to the front. If the leaders of the party have recognized this, what of it?

What is the machine? That element in every party that watches political events with the utmost keenness, in order that the whole party may be benefitted. They are patriotic, far-sighted, quick to catch the drift of public opinion, and knowing that the best and most permanent good for the country is the best for the party, they try to mould the selection of the best candidates. No one in political life will question this. The political machine is not necessarily an evil.

Then there is the suggestion of "legislative qualifications." There is nothing in it, whatever. The office of Governor is more important than the one under consideration, and yet he is not chosen because of legislative experience or qualification. What the lieutenant governor is in the state, the vice-president is in the nation; yet neither office necessarily calls for an experienced legislator. The people would make Admiral Dewey President, but the only legislation they would thus recognize would be his having legislated the Spanish navy out of existence. No Republican voter in Massachusetts would answer "No!" if this question were put to him—"Do you believe that Curtis Guild would satisfactorily perform the duties of Lieutenant Governor, if elected?"—Certainly he would, with honor to all concerned. Why, then, should such a question be raised?

It is not our funeral, and yet we are amused at the spectacle presented in the contest from the journalistic standpoint. The Democratic press is with Mr. Bates. This is not to be wondered at when the stalwart character of Col. Guild's Republicanism is considered. In his own party he is opposed by a large number of the generally-disgruntled, and the Democrats rejoice at the fun in the party, and possibly expect to profit by it in some way. Certainly, in this contest it would seem that the support of all loyal Republicans should go to that most uncompromising of Republicans—Col. Curtis Guild. Mr. Bates has a number of good Republicans in his following, but he seems to be attracting about all the other sorts.

The reports which have appeared to the effect that Col. Guild, if elected for lieutenant-governor, would turn Adjutant-General Dalton out of office, and bring about the appointment of Col. Pew, are simply a species of campaign lie. The statement originated in a Boston paper hostile to Col. Guild's candidacy, and it may be stated beyond question that there is no foundation whatever for the report. Col. Guild is not an intimate friend of Col. Pew; he was not in the same class in college, as has been stated in some report; he was not a fellow member of any society with Col.

Pew, and Col. Pew is not in charge of his campaign in Essex county. He is not doing anything to promote Col. Guild's interests beyond that which is being done by military men in general.

Believing that many of our readers would like to know what sort of man Col. Guild is, we give a full sketch of that gentleman in this issue.

Raising Things.

The coal trust has raised the price of coal, and the great American public must bow acquiescence. We hope some day to see the public raise Cain with the trusts.

Go Slow.

It is thought that some steps may be necessary either to check the large supply of water used in the factories, or to measure it by a system of meters and charge accordingly. No one should object to paying a fair rate for what he uses, and yet we should be careful about adding to the burden of those who are now doing business here.

About Job Printing.

Our printing office is fully equipped for the turning-out of book-printing, commercial and other job-work. Our prices are the lowest ruling in the State. The work must speak for itself. We are ready to quote prices to the business men of Peabody on anything they may need in printing.

Among our Boston customers are the Singer Sewing Machine Company, who, through their manager of the Collection Department, Mr. Henry O'Neil, say: "Since Mr. Fultz has been doing our work, it has been most satisfactorily executed and the price has been decidedly lower than we have been paying."

THE CHURCHES.

Recognizing the position and importance of the Church, we have decided to offer a column of the STAR to each of the denominational bodies in Peabody, to be used by them in any way the pastor may see fit. The copy for these columns should reach us Tuesday.

In this way the STAR can be made a tremendous power for good—especially in license campaigns.

STATE FAIRS.

There would seem to be two ways of running these fairs. For seven weeks the Middlesex East Agricultural Association has advertised its fair in the columns of the PEABODY STAR, and will pay for it. We have to thank the management for being kindly remembered in their invitations.

We know nothing about our own fair except what we have learned by accident. We have received no program, and any attentions of this sort coming now will be too late for us to use.

But we herewith serve notice that next year THE PEABODY STAR will be in it.

When your friends come to visit the fair in Peabody, take them to the enchanting grounds of J. M. Ward & Co., florists, Warren and Endicott streets. Many cities cannot boast of floral conservatories on so grand a scale. A new hot-house has been recently built by the proprietors, making six with an average of a hundred feet in length. In the month of August the firm cut 3600 roses, and they will have 3000 carnation plants in the ground in a short time. In October the beauty of the place will be greatly enhanced by the bursting into bloom of hundreds of giant chrysanthemums. While the firm do a large business in supplying cut flowers and designs for weddings, funerals, etc., they also ship quantities to Boston and other places.

—Mr. G. H. Pauley will have on exhibition at the fair some pieces of china of historic interest—saved from the late disastrous storm. The designs are varied and numerous, and all are adorned with sketches of "Peabody" interest—the Lexington monument, Peabody's birth-place, Central Square, etc. In all, there are nearly \$1500 worth.

Happened at Opportune Time.

New York, Sept. 14.—Yacht Shamrock met with an accident yesterday that would surely have lost her the race had she been contesting with the Columbia for the possession of the America's cup. Her steel gaff broke at a point about 10 feet from the jaws, and if she had not another gaff ready of the same length it will be at least a week before she can sail again with the same mainsail she set yesterday, for the present gaff and boom are the ones she is to race with in October, and the mainsail will not fit the spars she discarded on Tuesday.

MIDDLESEX EAST Agricultural Park
AGRICULTURAL READING AND WAKEFIELD.
GRAND TROTTING EVENTS:
Sept. 17-3.00 class, \$200. 2.25 class, \$250. Sept. 20-2.33 class, \$225. 2.18 class, \$200. Sept. 23-2.33 class, \$250. Matinee Race 1000. Sept. 30-2.00 for all, \$400. 2.40 class, \$200. Trot or pace in all classes.

The Electric Light Plant.

This letter was received by us before the committee reported.—ED. STAR.

Editor Peabody Star:

A most peculiar condition of affairs prevails in Peabody in regard to the electric light system. Every night some circuit has to be in darkness because of weak and defective apparatus. And every one connected with the lighting department simply allows his hands to hang listlessly down and says: "I cannot help it." While the head officials of the town, in the face of an unprecedentedly high taxation, say: "Oh, it belongs to a regular department."

Now, I want our Selectmen, who are really the executives of the people of Peabody, to understand that I for one will hold them to account for their remissness in this matter. Here is the county fair coming on, and Peabody should present its best appearance night and day to its visitors. The probability is that our reputation, which is already bad enough for slowness generally, will suffer still further in the estimation of the people of other towns.

Mr. Star, I am sick of the puffing of our town officials. They are behind the times—slow, dull, lacking in energy and originality. Some of them at least should be defeated at the next town election, and the indifference shown in this most important matter of street lighting is enough to justify it.

They are entrusted with the conduct of public affairs. Some one is to blame when any department fails to perform its work satisfactorily. Let them go to work and straighten this matter up; or be prepared to give a good reason to their masters, the people, for leaving our streets in darkness—a condition which will be more seriously felt when the short days of the bleak Winter season are upon us.

If it cannot be remedied in any other way, let there be a call for a special town meeting to deal with it. It is a question of the gravest concern. I call on the business men to make their influence felt in the matter.

A LARGE TAXPAYER.

Peabody.

—To Yarmouth and return, \$4.
H. L. D'Entremont, 31 Central Street.

—Distin has the largest and best stock of new fall goods ever shown in this town for pants, suits and overcoats. Come and get the best suit you ever wore for \$25. Pants from \$4.50 to \$9. Give me your order and I will give you the worth of your money.

—Following are the names of the Notaries Public, with dates of expiration of their commissions:

John J. Cahill, Mar. 17, 1904
Frank E. Farnham, Mar. 29, 1905
Benj. G. Hall, Sept. 2, 1904
Frederic G. Preston, Mar. 29, 1902
Arthur H. Sim, July 19, 1900
Benj. F. Southwick, June 13, 1902

—Letters unclaimed at Peabody, Mass. post office for the week ending September 6, 1899: A. Purcell Barnes, Miss Fanny Curren, Patrick Doyle.

For the week ending September 13: Silas Weymouth Berry, J. W. Crandell, Joseph George (2), Inquiry, James Nash, Andrew Schultz, Mrs. A. M. Williamson.

T. H. JACKMAN, P. M.

School has commenced. Have you got to buy your boy a new suit? We have a complete line of school suits, new desirable fall styles, made of good durable cloth and are well made. Try a Widow Jones suit or one of our Little Giants. If not satisfactory we will make it so. Prices from \$1.50 to \$5. A few more of those mark-down pants, worth from \$1.25 to \$4. for 99c to \$1.99 at George H. Jacobs, 25 and 27 Main street.

Health Officers' Important Find.

New York, Sept. 11.—Health Officer Doty reported last night that all of the four patients removed to Swinburne Island last Friday from the steamer Lampasas have developed yellow fever. The Lampasas arrived on Thursday from Galveston and Key West, and the health authorities at quarantine at once discovered that J. M. Burley, one of the passengers, had yellow fever. Three other passengers were ill with suspicious symptoms. The two women and two men were transferred to Swinburne Island. Burley is in a dangerous condition, having the disease in its most malignant form.

Key West, Sept. 11.—Twenty-three new cases of yellow fever and two deaths have been reported in the past 24 hours. The situation is still very gloomy, and large numbers of people are being sent to the detention camp at Dry Tortugas.

To Wrest the Precious Cup.

New York Sept. 11.—On board the steamer New York from Southampton were Mate Daniel Parker and 10 seamen who were formerly on the German emperor's yacht Meteor. They will assist the crew of the Shamrock in the cup contest.

Sketch of Col. Guild, candidate for the Republican Nomination for Lt. Governor.

Curtis Guild, Jr. was born in South street, Boston, on February 2, 1860. His father, who had learned his profession in the offices of the Boston Journal and the Boston Traveler, had at that time just started the Commercial Bulletin.

Mr. Guild was graduated from Harvard in 1881. At the college his associations were with the literary, rather than the club element. He was an editor of the Harvard Crimson and Lampoon, a leading spirit in the Greek play, and class orator by acclamation. At graduation he received the highest degree granted by the university, with special mention in English literature, French literature, history and English composition. After an extensive tour in Europe, he started at seven dollars a week as bill collector and traveling agent for the Commercial Bulletin (his father's paper), and after experience in every department in the office and editorial room, was ultimately taken into partnership by his father and his uncle.

In the class oration Mr. Guild departed from the conventional subject and delivered an address on the duty of the American citizen in politics. He practised the precepts there set forth by going deliberately into ward politics in the very first election in which he was allowed to vote. For a number of years he was either treasurer or chairman of the ward committee of Ward 9, Boston, and a constant attendant at all conventions of the party. Almost from graduation he has been a familiar figure on the Republican stump, not only in this state, but in many others. In 1895 he presided at the Republican state convention.

In 1896 he was chosen by acclamation delegate-at-large to the St. Louis convention and took a material and active part in the canvass of the convention by Massachusetts, which resulted in placing the gold plank in the Republican party platform and defining the issue of the campaign. His name appears on the records as one of the vice-presidents of that convention.

Immediately after the convention Mr. Guild responded to the call of the National Committee and spent the greater part of the ensuing months outside the state. Never a rich man, he had only his time and brains to give to the cause, and this was freely given. In addition to stumping ten states mostly in the central west, including West Virginia, where he was pitted against Mr. Bryan, Mr. Guild's thorough training in financial and commercial legislation, both state and national, as a newspaper man was utilized, as indeed it had been for many years, in the preparation of cards pamphlets, statistical comparisons, and other campaign literature supplied by Massachusetts to the national committee. Of all the Massachusetts speakers, with the exception of the two senators, his face is perhaps the best known outside the limits of this state. This political service, covering a period of eighteen years, has been entirely a labor of love; no compensation has been asked for or given, either in the shape of money or office.

Mr. Guild began his military career at the age of ten, rising through all the grades of the school battalion to that of major, and commanding his school for two years. His own desire was West Point, but that was negated by the wishes of his parents. He was for two years an officer in the Harvard Rifle Corps, until it disbanded. Later he joined Troop A, First Mass. Cavalry as a private soldier, becoming a non-commissioned and commissioned officer in that famous old troop. A staff appointment as colonel and inspector was offered him by the late Governor Greenhalge, and declined, Governor Wolcott for certain special reasons desired him to take the office of brigadier-general and inspector-general of rifle practise, one of the hardest worked positions in the whole state militia. This position was accepted.

The day after the sinking of the Maine, Mr. Guild waited on the governor, informed him of his belief based on some knowledge

of the Spanish character, that war was inevitable, asked that in case of its declaration his resignation be accepted of his position as a staff officer, which though hard worked in time of peace, is almost useless in time of war, and asked the governor to file his name as a volunteer. The governor did so without much belief that the name of the first volunteer in Massachusetts would ever be actually enrolled in the service of the United States government. Further, Governor Wolcott, in accordance with the continued representations of his staff officer, sent Mr. Guild, with General Dalton, on a special mission to Washington to find out what would be expected of Massachusetts in the event of war, and to make arrangements for it. Their written report was placed in the hands of the governor, and when war came Massachusetts was found ready.

On the breaking out of the war Mr. Guild sought employment as first lieutenant and aid on the staff of some general going to Cuba. His application was unsuccessful and he abandoned definitely all attempts in this direction, and enlisted as first lieutenant and adjutant of the Sixth Massachusetts. At that time the Washington authorities had stated that not over two regiments from Massachusetts would probably be sent out of the state. The people expected, as did General Fitzhugh Lee himself, that he would be the first general sent to Cuba. Owing to scarcity of officers in the regular army, resource was had to the militia records on file in the inspector-general's office in Washington, and Mr. Guild, without his request or even knowledge, was appointed lieutenant-colonel and inspector-general, and was selected from the list so appointed on his militia record by General Fitzhugh Lee, commanding the Seventh Corps. Mr. Guild was told by General Corbin that he must be ready to embark for Cuba within ten days. He was doomed to disappointment, however, as the administration sent, not General Lee, but General Shafter, to Cuba, and the Seventh Army Corps saw service only in Florida and Georgia, and later, in Cuba, as the army of occupation in Havana province. The corps inspector, however, had a busy time. He was obliged to act as drill master and part of the time as chief ordnance officer, in addition to performing all the duties of an inspector-general. Mr. Guild inaugurated a new method of weekly inspection reports, by which on a tabular view the corps commander was informed every Monday morning of the exact condition of every command in his corps, both as to health, drill, sanitation, food and equipment. The invention, which was unique, never before practised, together with the system of brigade inspectors, used in the Seventh corps, received the official endorsement and approval in the last annual report of the inspector-general of the army.

The special services of this Massachusetts soldier in the Seventh army corps were, the breaking up of the fever camp at Miami, the inspection and laying out of camp sites at Savannah, together with framing of port regulations and discipline of pilots during the period that United States forces were embarked from there. In Cuba, in addition to his regular duties as inspector-general, he was chief of secret service at the time when Cuban guerillas were expected to massacre the Spanish inhabitants. He also had entire charge in Cuba, as elsewhere, of the investigation of all claims for land damages, together with the inspection and reform of the slaughter-house system as practised in Havana province. At the close of his service as a volunteer, he was tendered by the president a position of military member of the colonial commission, to frame laws for Cuba and Porto Rico, with the rank in the army that he had borne in the volunteer forces. This meant two years more of absence from business and home, and Mr. Guild was obliged to decline it for that reason.

Mr. Guild was married in 1892, to the daughter of Mr. E. C. Johnson of C. F. Hovey & Co. He resides with his wife in a modest little house, commensurate with the salary of a newspaper man, on Marlborough street, Boston. He is not a club man, the only Boston club of which he is a member being the Tavern club, that well-known artistic and literary crowd of Bohemians, and the club of his profession, the Press club, of which he is a life member. He is a mason, but belongs to no other secret orders. He has made the Bulletin's statistics on wool the accepted authority on that staple, not only in the United States

but in England, the Continent and Australia, and in addition to his regular newspaper work has been an occasional contributor to the Atlantic Monthly, Harper's Life and the North American Review.

Most folks realize the beneficial effects of

A Bath

Nothing like the fine quality of Sponges, Soaps, Loefflers, the

The W. H. Carter Drug Co.

sell at 44 Main Street.

J. F. C.

IS THE
Best 5c. Cigar
IN THE MARKET.

—THE—

George Peabody

CIGAR IS THE BEST TEN-CENT SMOKE.

See that your dealer keeps them. Manufactured by J. F. Carbrey, 10 Mason street, Peabody.

New Periodical Store . .

Confectionery, cigars and tobacco, stationery, weekly papers, magazines, daily and Sunday New York papers. Coal orders taken for Winchester Smith.

N. E. MCCARTHY,
12 1-2 Lowell street.

Leave your orders for

Fruit and Ice Cream

—AT—

Shea's, LOWELL STREET.

A fine assortment of fresh fruit at low prices.



Now is the time to buy

School Shoes.

We have a full line at popular prices at

Raddin's, 52 Main Street.

J. M. WARD & Co., * FLORISTS *

Designs Artistically Executed. Cut Flowers and Plants.

Green-houses, Warren and Endicott streets.

TELEPHONE 547-2.



P. BUCKLEY,

21 FOSTER STREET.

Sale closes Sept. 16 at 11 p.m.

As we have made satisfactory settlement with the creditors, and will continue the business, I have a word to the people of Peabody. Before purchasing your footwear elsewhere, give us a call and see the different styles and prices on the goods now in stock.

P. BUCKLEY.

PHILIP E. REIDY,
Registered Pharmacist,

11 Walnut street,
Peabody, . . . Mass.

Special Sale.

375 pairs

Men's Pants

Worth \$1.25 to \$4.00, will be sold for

75c. to \$1.99.

GEO. H. JACOBS,
Peabody.



—TRY A—

LUNCH

—AT—

C. J. KEEFE & CO.,

Dealers in cigars, confectionery, fruit, etc.

CONNOR & TRACEY,

Wholesale and retail dealers in

**Groceries, : Teas,
and Flour,**

Beef, Mutton, Lamb and Veal
Butter, Cheese and Eggs a specialty.

23 FOSTER STREET.

Butter!

Take Butter, for instance. Our motto for many years has been: "Keep the best—always." If you want the best of anything in the grocery line, we have it, and carry nothing else. This butter is fresh churned, rich, just off the farm.

T. L. D. PERKINS.

FALL AND WINTER
LINES OF

Footwear

At

F. M. DAVENPORT'S,

98 Main Street.

W. O.

Batchelder.

Fine Potatoes, 65c. bush.
15 lbs. large Sweet Potatoes, 25c.
Pillsbury's Best Flour, \$5.00 bbl.
Eaton's Best Flour, \$4.50.
King Arthur Flour, at lowest market price.

St. John's Catholic Church

REV. MICHAEL J. MASTERTON,
Rector.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

First Mass at 7 o'clock A.M.
Children's Mass at 9.
Mass at 9.30.
High Mass at 10.30.
Vespers and Benediction, 3 P.M.

Devotion to the Sacred Heart.

A very beautiful and impressive ceremony took place in St. John's Catholic church on Sunday. It consisted in the consecration of all its members to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Devotion to the Sacred Heart has become a particular part of Catholic worship. It is as old as Christianity itself but it did not reach its full development until the year 1670 when Jesus made a special manifestation of His desire to have devotion to His Sacred Heart practised by the faithful throughout the world. The means He selected were simple indeed. There lived at that time a holy nun in the Visitation Convent at Paray-le-Monial, in France; her name was Margaret Mary Alacoque. One day while devoutly engaged in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament, she felt herself invested with the Divine Presence. Our Lord placed her heart in His, and then withdrawing it as a burning flame in the shape of a heart He restored it to the place whence He had taken it, saying, "See, my well-beloved, I give you a precious pledge of my love. I have enclosed within your side a little spark of the vivid flames of that love to serve you for a heart and to consume you to the last moment of your life; its ardour will never be extinguished."

Four years later she received a similar favor from our Saviour; the Divine Heart was represented to her as on a throne of fire and flames, shedding rays on every side, brighter than the sun and transparent as crystal. The wound which He received on the cross appeared there visibly: a crown of thorns encircled the Divine Heart and it was surmounted by a cross. These instruments signified, as our Lord gave her to understand that it was the unbounded love He had for men that had been the source of all His sufferings. Our Lord also gave her to understand that it was the great desire He had to be perfectly loved by men that had made Him form the design of disclosing to them His heart.

This holy nun did all in her power to preach devotion to the Sacred Heart. Rapidly the devotion spread through France, and Poland and Italy; it spread throughout Ireland, and England, and Scotland. It was taken up in America and Australia; and even in Africa and India, and China and Japan, and today it is practised by the people of every tribe and tongue.

Confraternities in honor of the Sacred Heart are established everywhere. Special devotions are held in all the Catholic churches every first Friday of the month in honor of the Sacred Heart. The faithful approach the Sacrament of Penance, receive Holy Communion and unite in the prayers of the church.

This year Pope Leo XIII has given a greater impetus to this devotion in his encyclical letter to the patriarchs, primates, archbishops and bishops of the Catholic world in grace and communion with the Apostolic See, on the consecration of mankind to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. He says in writing this letter that he has in mind a form of devotion which shall be in a manner the crowning perfection of all the honors that people have been accustomed to pay to the Sacred Heart, and which will be the most pleasing to Jesus Christ, our Redeemer.—Christ is the head and supreme Lord of the human race. His empire extends over all, Protestants and Catholics, infidels as well as Christians. Christ, the Only Begotten Son of God, has power over the whole church, and over the rest of the world to the utmost ends.

Christ as Redeemer reigns over the whole world. He gave himself for the redemption of all. Therefore not only Catholics, and those who have duly received Christian baptism, but also all men have become to Him "a purchased people."

To this twofold ground of His power He graciously allows us if we think fit, to add voluntary consecration. The Holy Father exhorts all to take part in these exercises, to remember those innumerable others upon whom the light of Christian truth has not yet shined, and pray that they may be brought to the true life. "As far as in us lies" he says, "We consecrate them to the Sacred Heart."

Lastly, for those unfortunate ones who are struggling in darkness "We shall all with one mind implore the assistance of Heaven that Jesus Christ to whose power they are subject, may also one day render them

submissive to its exercise, by giving them faith and holiness."

In accordance with this letter the Archbishop of Boston directed that on the eighth, nine and tenth of September certain appointed prayers be said in every parish and on each of these days there be added to the other prayers the approved Litany of the Sacred Heart. On the last day the form of consecration shall be recited.

The exercises in St. John's church began Friday evening and closed Sunday afternoon at vespers when all present arose and recited the act of consecration.

First Baptist Church

REV. MR. MOODY, Pastor.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

Preaching service at 10.30 a.m.
Bible School at 12 m.
Junior B. Y. P. U. at 3 p.m.
Young Ladies' Meeting at 4 p.m.
Young Men's Meeting at 6 p.m.
Evening service at 7.

Societies and Officers.

A complete list of the societies connected with this church, with the officers, will be published as soon as received.

BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S UNION.

Pres't, Miss Clara Hicks; Vice-pres't, I. M. Charlton; Sec'y, C. Nugent; Treas., Mrs. Ida Pike.

JUNIOR B. Y. P. UNION.

Leader, S. A. Cohoon; Committee: I. M. Charlton, Miss Clara Hicks, C. Nugent.

The following articles are taken from the *Clarendon Light*, and are published at the request of one of our subscribers. The articles are from the pen of Rev. J. A. McElwain, who has been performing the duties of pastor of Clarendon St. Baptist Church, Boston, since the death of Rev. Dr. Gordon. Mr. McElwain finds time in an otherwise very busy life to write many helpful articles in the *Light*, of which he is editor, and which easily leads all other papers published under the auspices of a Y. P. S. C. E.

The Training of God's Servants.

To appear before men and represent our Master according to His will we must first appear before our Master and there abide in the secret of His presence until He sends us forth. It is so difficult for the flesh to even wait for the training that is absolutely essential to fruitful service. Moses was in a hurry to deliver the Hebrews from their taskmasters, but the self-life in him was so active, it necessitated his being sent into the desert for a period of forty years and there he learned his own nothingness and God's greatness. God often suffers us to fail; to go into obscurity; to be disappointed in our most cherished plans; to be misunderstood, that we may, through these severe testings, learn to have no confidence in the flesh. The flesh is proud, self-exalting, boastful, loves to be preferred and to stand pre-eminent among men, and is self-choosing. Not until these "little foxes that spoil the vines" are mortified and kept in the place of death do we esteem living with God in secret, above living before the saints and with the saints. We may be comforted in the fellowship of saints; but our strength is in Him, knowing that we must "endure as seeing Him who is invisible."

Living before God in secret we use weapons divinely prepared. David's meeting Goliath illustrates the thought. On reaching the camp of the enemy he heard the challenge of Goliath and saw the dismay of Israel. Amid all the consternation the only unterrified one was the stripling whom his brethren despised. He did not weigh the outward resources of Israel against those of the Philistines, but looked to the resources of the living God. It was not a question of David's courage, but of David's faith. He came fresh from communion with God in the wilderness and when he looked at all the difficulties and dangers of the situation, the only question was as to the might of God in contrast with all that could be against Him. In the secret of His presence we are like David, invisibly girded for contending with the enemy and we then use the weapons that are mighty through God, neglecting or setting aside the armour of human might, wisdom and authority. If we study the lives of our great spiritual leaders and workers we learn that the power which was manifested in their lives and utterances was gathered in the still hour when they were shut in with God.

The restful hills and sequestered nooks of New Hampton scenery are witnesses to the frequent tread of the steps of the sainted Gordon, who was seeking a spot where the sounds of earthly toil and human voices were not heard, that he might in the secret of God's presence taste the sweets and imbibe the power of a life hidden with Christ. Our Lord found His quiet place at Nazareth and in the wilderness of Judea, amid the olives of Bethany and the solitudes of Gethsemane.

If a saint be greatly blessed in public utterance or testimony we may be sure that God has been dealing with him in secret.

Cheerfulness.

There is a difference between gaiety which depends for its continuance on external excitement, and the cheerfulness that springs from an internal source which connects with the throne of God. One is temporary and passes away as quickly as the morning cloud, if the mornings to which it is attached are cut away; the other is as

abiding as the nature of God. It is our duty to cultivate cheerfulness of heart. In these days that try men's souls, the influence of a cheerful disciple upon the depressed and discouraged is like a shower upon the parched earth; everything seems to spring into new life after it. That cheerfulness which comes from walking with God, is a power for good which no man for his own sake can afford to throw away.

Other Churches.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

Universalist—Rev. O. F. Safford, D. D., pastor.
Preaching at 10.30 a.m.
Sunday School at 12 m.

South Congregational Church,
Rev. George A. Hall, Pastor.
Morning service, 10.30 A.M.
Sunday school, 12 m.
Christian Endeavor, 6 P.M.
Evening service, 7 P.M.

St. Paul's Episcopal—Rev. A. H. Ross, Rector.
Morning service, 10.30.
Sunday School, 12.00.
Evening service, 7.00.
Week service, Friday evening 7.30

Washington St. Methodist church,
Rev. C. W. Blackett, pastor.
Morning service, 10.30 a.m.
Sunday-school 12 m.
Epworth League, 6.00.
Evening service 7.30 p.m.

SECOND CONG'L.—Rev. L. J. Thomas, Pastor.
Sunday-school at 1 p.m.
Public worship, 2.15.
Junior Endeavor, 6.30.
Evening service, 7.30.

Advent Christian.—Preaching, 10.30. Evening service, 7.30.

Bills of fare at the Central House, Peabody, C. W. Clark, proprietor, taken at random. Sunday:

BILL OF FARE.

SOUP.

Tomato Bisque.

ROAST.

Beef,

Stuffed Turkey.

ENTREES.

Charlotte of Green Gages.

VEGETABLES.

Boiled Onions, Mashed Potatoes, Cranberry Sauce.

PUDDING AND PASTRY.

Vanilla Ice Cream.

Apple, Custard.

Tea and Coffee.

Saturday:

BILL OF FARE.

SOUP.

Turkey.

ROAST.

Stuffed Beef,

Dish Gravy.

English Baked Ham.

ENTREES.

Banana Fritters, Wine Sauce.

VEGETABLES.

Dressed Tomatoes, Boiled Squash,

Parsnip in Cream,

Plain Boiled Potatoes.

PUDDING AND PASTRY.

Steam Fruit Pudding, Hard Sauce.

Apple, Mince, Cranberry.

Tea and Coffee.

Paced by Motor Tandems.

Philadelphia, Sept. 14.—Harry Elkes, the champion middle-distance bicyclist, broke the one hour world's record in a test of speed for that period on the Woodside park, one-third mile, board track. The best previous record was held by Edouard Taylore, the French champion, who some weeks ago rode 31 miles, 698 yards in one hour in France. The champion was paced by three motor tandems.

Weathered Two Hurricanes.

Pensacola, Fla., Sept. 14.—The bark Trojan, which had been given up as lost, arrived at San Juan, P. R., yesterday. Hyer Bros., shipping merchants, received a cablegram from the captain of the vessel stating that she had encountered two hurricanes and had rough passage generally. She had a crew of 12 men.

Was Paid to Murder.

San Francisco, Sept. 12.—Jack Casey, an Australian, who is confined in the city prison, has confessed to the police that Howard, Alias Hill, the Australian plunger, paid him \$5000 to dispose of Millionaire Green of Colorado on the outward voyage of a steamship four months ago. The police are looking for Howard on a charge of swindling Green out of \$100,000 on a bogus deal in Australian land. Before Howard disappeared three weeks ago Green, through threats of prosecution, made the plunger give up \$52,000.

Flower Thief Caught Tartar.

Cleveland, Sept. 11.—William Morrison was shot and killed yesterday by Mrs. Henry Schwartz. Morrison, with several companions, picked flowers in Mrs. Schwartz's yard. When she protested, Morrison assaulted her, pulling her hair and hitting her with a fence picket. The woman then shot Morrison through the head. She is charged with manslaughter.

A new Peruvian cabinet has been formed with Senor Galvez as premier and minister of foreign affairs, and Senor Belaunde as minister of finance and commerce.



[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

The conviction is gaining ground among the thoughtful citizens of this city that the charter of the municipality must be amended before it will be safe from the assaults of scheming political speculators. It was no easy task to draft a charter that could be adapted to all conditions that might arise. A charter is like a great vessel. It must have a thorough test by actual experiment. Even the best architects, the best engineers and the best builders cannot dispense with that. This test the charter has had. Tammany may be depended upon to present sufficiently exacting conditions for that. If there is a weakness of joint or seam, Tammany will find it. If there is structural defect, Tammany instinctively learns the point of least resistance. So, some consolation may be derived from the reflection that the worst is known or is likely to be known concerning the charter, through the thoroughness with which Tammany has attempted to break through or beat down all its restrictive provisions.

Now that the Ramapo water steal or leak, or whatever it is or was, or hoped to become, has found itself a topic for jokes on the vaudeville stage, more light on it is felt to be needed. Columns have been written about it in the papers here, but everybody hasn't had the time to wade through them, though everybody wished they knew all about it, and tried to look exceedingly knowing and appreciative when the said vaudeville stage joke reached their ears. As a matter of fact, some clever Alecks formed themselves into a "gang" and then secured a right from the city to catch and store rain water, the city to provide all catching and storing appliances, and then the "gang" was to sell this rain to the city at a good handsome figure. Now the citizens here are beginning to sit up and take notice of the proposed scheme—and the citizens of New York and the city of New York are not interchangeable terms; but it's likely that the citizens will have things their way.

The friends of the underground railroad tunnel are in high glee over Tammany Hall's change of heart in regard to the scheme. Heretofore, under the pretext that the city's debt limit would be overstepped by it, Tammany Hall has strenuously opposed the construction of the tunnel. Now that a way has been found, by increased assessments and an amendment to the state constitution which will probably be made next winter, to increase the city's bonding capacity, the Tammany officials come out and advocate the expenditure of the \$50,000,000 or more of the public money, which they previously denounced as imprudent. What will happen when Tammany Hall gets control of the \$50,000,000, at least, which the tunnel will cost, may be conjectured.

It is remarkable how the late John Y. McKane managed to maintain his standing in the Methodist church through all his early troubles. He was always a sturdy churchman, a Methodist of voice most potential in prayer and praise. He was superintendent of the Sunday school, and afterward, when his political sins had landed him in Sing Sing, its minister was the most eloquent for his release. McKane's piety was of the sort that goes about helping the poor. No Coney Islander's hunger lasted past one mealtime if McKane knew it. He took the children on Sunday school picnics. He ordered public improvements to give their fathers work. So they all loved McKane and said they'd go to jail for him. Some of them made the promise good.

By the will of Judge Hilton, who inherited much of A. T. Stewart's property, one of his sons, Henry Graham Hilton, is cut off with only \$25,000. The value of the estate is estimated at about \$8,000,000, of which \$5,000,000 is in real estate, and \$1,000,000 in personal estate. The will was written by the testator himself, and a note was added by Judge Hilton, asking that Elihu Root, now secretary of war, be made executor of the estate. Henry Graham Hilton, who is cut off with but \$25,000, is forty-two years old. He was one of four sons, and will contest the will if a friendly settlement is not made.

New Yorkers are asking if Mr. Astor isn't too hard on them? Not satisfied with renouncing his American citizenship, he is now negotiating, it appears, to sell his immense realty in this city valued at \$150,000,000, to an English syndicate. Mr. Astor may do this; he may have that \$150,000,000 changed into pounds, shillings, and pence. Yet the money will have come from America just the same. The American dollar mark is tattooed all over the Astor skin. The only way in which Mr. Astor can really renounce America, is to renounce that \$150,000,000 of American dollars.

So after all Appraiser Wakeman is to be allowed to remain in his present office at the custom-house here. There has been a great cry among importers over his zeal in enforcing the laws against undervaluations, and strong pressure brought to bear to secure his removal. But, say all good people, let us have the tariff law severely and impartially applied. It was not enacted in the interests of importers, and this might as well be understood.

J. A. Roome,

Carriage * Manufacturer,

36 Foster Street.

Horse Shoeing and repairing,
promptly done.

A LARGE STOCK

—OF—

**Native Veal, Fowl,
Chickens, Calves'**

Liver,

PORK SAUSAGES, etc.,

VEGETABLES AND FRUIT

—AT—

J. W. Trask & Co.'s

FRUIT!

BEEF IS HIGH!

Why not eat

Fruit?

We are receivers of large quantities of all kinds of fruits, and our prices are low.

S. H. WARE,

24 Main street.



Ammunition of all kinds, shells, powder, cartridges. Also,

Guns to Let!

At Hamblet & Hayes, 13 and 15 Lowell street.

That Fall Suit

Will fit well, wear well, look well if made at 27 1-2 Main street.

We give you the best workmanship, the best goods, the best cut at

DISTIN'S.

BUY "DEADSTOCK"

—FOR—

BUGS

Kills them in hundreds. 25 cents.

C. E. Flint's,

BURSLEY & CREHORE,

DEALERS IN

Fine Groceries

Staple and Fancy.

Corner Central and Walnut streets,
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**Blackburn and
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**LIVERY, HACK, and
BOARDING STABLE.**

Corner Summer and Foster streets,
Peabody, Mass.

Special attention paid to boarders.

GEO. E. MEACOM CO.,

Apothecaries,

No. 126 Main Street,

PEABODY.

BY JULIA SCHNER.

There's a twisted golden cable
Hanging near my study table;
If I seize and gently pull,
All at once the air is full
Of a merry, liquid chime,
Like the pealing of sweet bells,
Silver bells, bells, bells.

But the very truth to tell,
'Tis no bell-pull, and no bell;
Only Margie's shining hair,
Dangling backward o'er her chair;
Only Margie's merry laugh,
Sweeter melody by half
Than the sweetest of all bells,
Silver bells, bells, bells.

—New York Independent.

PEARL FARMER'S DOG



INFINITE in variety indeed, and sometimes very odd, are the enterprises in which Americans are now embarking in all quarters of the globe—gold-mining in Terra del Fuego, lumbering in Chile, distilling camphor in Formosa, boring for petroleum in Siam, breeding sea-otters for their skins in Alaska, or capturing white monkeys in Mindanao. But none of these is so curious as the artificial growing of pearls in the Gulf of California, where four of our enthusiastic fellow countrymen are now in hopeful pursuit of a fortune, and believe themselves sure of it.

Driven away from the vicinity of the Pribilof Islands three years ago by the Bering Sea patrol, and forced to abandon pelagic seal-hunting from the growing scarcity of the fur seal in those waters, the four adventurers—whom we will call Frost, Bradbury, Hovey and Cleaves—sailed southward in their schooner, and as a last resort, after a visit to the Galapagos Islands, began pearl-fishing in this desolate bay of the Lower California peninsula.

At first they had no better method of pearl-hunting than dredging, and they even practised diving for the oysters after the manner of the native fishermen; but having found several fine pearls of considerable value, they were able to put in practice the ingenuity of the Yankee, and devise better methods. Two submarine diving suits and the necessary apparatus

were replanted, so to speak, in other oysters and left there to grow larger. They believed fully in this novel idea of pearl culture, and with true North American industry inoculated hundreds of oysters, which were then returned to experiment beds by themselves, in from thirty to sixty feet of water. Some time in the not very distant future these beds will be "harvested," and it is their confident belief that the result will be gratifying. In this hope they work and are content to pass the next few years of their lives at that solitary bay, the shores of which are a veritable desert.

Meantime they have encountered perils from pirates and from a tribe of hostile Indians, and have had at least one notable adventure afloat.

The peninsula of Lower California, which politically belongs to Mexico, is geologically a part of California, being a southerly prolongation of it, and logically should belong to the United States. It is separated from Mexico by the Gulf of California, which Professor Jordan, of Stanford University, has recently found remarkably rich in all forms of marine life. The interior of the peninsula is a lofty plateau, said on good authority to be one of the most salubrious regions in the world, surpassing Florida, Colorado or California proper as a health resort for invalids.

The exact location of the bay in which these novel experiments in pearl-growing are going on may not be told. About four miles in extent, the bay begins at the entrance with a breadth of a few hundred yards, which increases inland to a mile or more.

Until January 27th last, the largest marine creatures which our pearl-farmers had seen here were the sharks, the sea bass, the sunfish and several huge octopuses and sting-

back fins, rising five or six feet out of the water, could be seen cutting it in foamy lines.

Rushing past the schooner and float at great speed, the whale soon reached the head of the bay and beached itself. For some time it floundered in the shallow water, the orcas still continuing their attacks. Twice the tortured creature appeared

to roll completely over, and then, freeing itself at length, rushed back down the bay, this time passing the float so closely that the waves raised by its passage swept the dog off, and he with difficulty regained the raft.

Fearing that the whale would run blindly into their schooner, Hovey and Frost fired not less than twenty shots at the combatants, in the hope of frightening them away. Neither bullets nor the reports of the carbines produced any visible effect; round and about the bay the battle raged for more than an hour.

Once the whale rose, blowing, directly under the bows; and an orca, in its eagerness, plumped into the vessel, causing a heavy shock. The shots fired seemed but to add fury to the fight. Presently two orcas were seen to have their teeth fastened to the whale's heavy, soft lips, and were still hanging on there, like wolves to an elk's flank, when the whale rushed out of the bay as precipitately as it had entered.

It had been an exciting hour for the pearl-farmers, and they were thankful to see the sea-fighters making off to settle their quarrel in the open ocean outside the bay. But more was to follow.

Poor Pomp, who had been twice washed off the float during the battle, had regained his footing on it, and appeared too much terrified to swim ashore. He stood and howled dismally for aid. They called to him to swim to the schooner, but he only ran about the float, whimpering. At last Frost got into their dory and pulled up to the float to take the dog ashore; but he had scarcely reached it when Cleaves saw two of the orcas returning up the bay, their tall black fins cutting two white lines on the surface.

"Look out, Frost!" Cleaves shouted. "Better pull ashore!" Frost, however, got out on the float and drew the dory up on it. The orcas had probably lost the whale outside, and were coming back in quest of it, for they coursed to and fro, like hounds seeking a trail.

Meantime Pomp stood barking at them on the float. Suddenly then one of the orcas, as if it had heard the dog, made straight at the float at great speed.

"Take care, Frost! Take care!" Bradbury shouted. "He's charging you!" and Hovey fired a shot at it. But there was nothing that Frost could do in defence or for protection. The orca came full at the float, and rising clear of the water, threw its entire length upon it. Frost barely escaped being knocked off, and the next instant found himself in the water, for the float careened and settled down under the great weight of the creature. He had the line of the dory in one hand, however, and was thus able to keep hold of the boat. By a vigorous effort he climbed into it.

He had heard a frightful yelp from Pomp, and as soon as he could see, looked about for the dog. The orca had now cleared itself from the float and was swimming slowly away. Pomp had disappeared. The other orca was at a distance.

Frost paddled for shore as fast as he could. He had scarcely reached it when the orca turned, and dashing back, cast itself on the float a second time, submerging it as before. Thereupon Cleaves and Bradbury began firing at it, and one of their bullets presently took effect, probably reaching the spinal cord or the brain of the big fish. It struggled for a time and finally turned over in the water, but sank in the course of half an hour.

About a week later it rose to the surface and drifted ashore. Frost describes this orca as being about twenty feet long and having a girth of fourteen or fifteen feet. The head was large and rounded; the mouth, which was three feet in width, presented a formidable array of teeth. The back and sides were black, the belly pure white, and there was a crescent of the black over each eye. The doubt which they had felt, whether the orca or a shark had seized Pomp, was set at rest when the carcass was opened. The orca appears to have picked the dog off the float with a considerable degree of precision.—Youth's Companion.

A Quick Way to Multiply.

Everybody knows that learning the tens in the multiplication table is as easy as "pie" and that the fives are not much harder. But slight as is the mental effort required in multiplying any number by five, it may be lessened still more by discarding the multiplier entirely and substituting a divisor, instead. This may sound paradoxical, but by experimenting you will find that dividing by two will bring the same result as multiplying by five, providing you add a cipher to the quotient if the dividend be an even number, or five, if it be odd. For instance, if you multiply 2734 by five the product is 13,670. What is still easier, divide 2734 by two, which is done almost instantaneously. Then tack on your 0 and you have 13,670.

Wrote Eighteen Hours a Day.

It is related of Professor Johnson, the late eccentric professor of Biblical criticism in the University of Aberdeen, that he often wrote eighteen hours a day. If at any time he became tired he slipped into the next room, where he kept a bath, and, summer or winter, plunged into the cold water—breaking the ice if need be—and resumed his pen.

AN OBJECT-LESSON IN WEALTH.

How an American Girl is Teaching the French the Magic Power of a Fortune.

Parisians had heard of the late Jay Gould and his high-piled millions of money, but for the past two years they have been receiving a special object-lesson on the power of wealth in new-

world hands, in the effort of his daughter, the Countess de Castellane, to reproduce in Paris the palace of the Grand Trianon, as built by the French Kings at Versailles more than two centuries ago. Three-quarters of an acre of land was bought at the intersection of the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne and the Avenue Malakoff, at an expense of close to a million of dollars, this being the most costly residential site in Paris. Public interest has been made keen by the announcement that while the exterior would hold true to the fourteenth century, the interior was to be a blending of the fourteenth and fifteenth periods, if the Gould millions and the cunning of the French architects could compass this unique desire. The revival of two historic periods in French architectural history was so remarkable an undertaking that from its beginning the progress of this house has been followed with such a wide interest as has been given to few purely private building projects. In May the family was occupying the central portion, but the interior decoration of the two wings probably cannot be completed in less than two years more. When it became known such a maison was to be attempted many of the French said it would take twenty years to build and furnish with art treasures; but Western enterprise and local ingenuity promise its completion in a fifth of the time. The property will then have cost thirty millions of francs, or six millions of dollars. Both the Count and Countess are collectors of rare art works and bric-a-brac, and in a single year, it is said, they expended a million of dollars in purchases for their new residence. When the matter of ceilings was being arranged for the Castellanes went to Italy and sought the splendid palace of Verona. They did not want the palace, but coveted the eleven ceilings it contained from the brush of Tiepolo, and these could be secured only by the purchase of the old structure.—Edward Page Gaston, in the Woman's Home Companion.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

They also serve who only stand and wait.—Milton.

The man who pardons easily courts injury.—Corneille.

The best teacher one can have is necessity.—Shakespeare.

Good manners and good morals are sworn friends and fast allies.—Bartol.

To be good and disagreeable is high treason against the royalty of virtue.—Hannah More.

It is not the place that maketh the person, but the person that maketh the place honorable.—Cicero.

The opportunity to do mischief is found a hundred times a day, and that of doing good but once a year.—Voltaire.

The conditions of conquest are always easy. We have but to toil a while, endure a while, believe always and never turn back.—Simms.

So remarkably perverse is the nature of man that he despises those that court him, and admires whoever will not bend before him.—Thucydides.

Mental pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.—Colton.

Much ostentation and much learning are seldom met together. The sun, rising and declining, makes long shadows; at midday, when he is highest, not at all.—Bishop Hall.

The Real Way a Pope is Elected.

As a matter of fact the Pope is elected quite in the ordinary way. As many of the seventy members of the Sacred College of Cardinals as happen to be in office meet in solemn conclave in the chapel and each writes on a ticket his own name with that of the Cardinal whom he chooses. These tickets, folded and sealed, are laid in a chalice which stands on the altar of the conclave chapel, and each elector approaching the altar repeats a prescribed form of oath. When all have voted the tickets are taken from the chalice by tellers appointed from the electing body. When it is found that any Cardinal has two-thirds of the votes in his favor he is declared elected. Should none have received the necessary two-thirds another process is gone through, namely, "access"—so called because any Cardinal may accede to the choice of another by filling up another ticket made for that purpose. The present Pope was chosen almost unanimously. The Sacred College is seldom full. Just now there are only fifty-six members.—New York Press.

Queer Companions.

The Kennebec (Me.) Journal tells of a man who has a fox and a hound that are boon companions. When both animals were in the pup stage they were placed together, and have now enjoyed a year of each other's society in peace and harmony. They sleep together and play with each other much after the manner of two frolicsome pups.

Killed the Flock For an Earring.

A farmer's wife near Wellington, Mo., while feeding chickens recently, dropped an earring, which was quickly gobbled up by one of the fowls. She could not pick out the particular chicken, so killed them one by one—twenty-seven in all—but failed to find the earring. Then she began to look around and found it in the grass, where the old hen had dropped it.

AROUND THE HUB

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

The Liquid Air Power & Automobile company of Boston has bought a five-story and basement brick factory here, which it has held under a lease for some time past. The building has been equipped with all necessary machinery and has about one and one-third acres of floor space. The company was organized only a short time ago for the manufacture of liquid air and its use as power and as a refrigerant. It is claimed that the patents it controls cover processes which reduce the cost of manufacture to a minimum, and enable the practical application of liquid air energy as power for driving all sorts of machinery. The company's automobile wagons, run by this power, will, it is stated, weigh less than 300 pounds when fully equipped for a run of 100 miles, and will make a trip of that extent at an expense of only a few cents. It is claimed that the company's methods of using this power will revolutionize all stationary and tractile engines, as it largely reduces the weight of equipment, and gives greater effectiveness with less expense than steam, electricity, etc. The purchase of such a substantial property as this would indicate that the company has a pretty firm foundation for its statements as to the availability of liquid air as power.

The season of the famous Boston floating hospital has closed, the last regular trip being named in honor of A. C. Burrage, Jr. The work has been uncommonly successful, a new ward having been added for permanent patients, so that now 60 babies can be cared for in the permanent wards. It is hoped that next year 100 day patients can also be cared for, with certain improvements that are now being considered. Nothing like it in practical operation for hospital purposes could be found by the physicians. The work of the floating hospital does not actually cease with the close of the season. A private milk fund has been placed at the disposal of the physicians to be used between seasons, and a great deal of work growing out of the summer's service has devolved upon the physicians and managers. The work is one of the noblest and most beneficent private charity has yet devised.

One of the lions of the past week here has been Alvin A. Long of Northfield, now in his 84th year, who was employed as a stonemason on the Boston custom house for eight months when it was in the course of erection in 1840. He has just visited the building for the first time since he worked on it. About 100 men were employed, and he had the distinction of being the only man who, during his two years term of service, never missed a semi-annual rollcall. The stone all came from the Quincy quarries. The big solid columns, twenty-four in number, were hauled over the road to Boston on a specially constructed cart, drawn by forty yoke of oxen. It took several days to get in each column, so that some months were consumed in transporting them. The work was done by the day, the stonemasons receiving \$1.75 for a day of ten hours.

Nearly four times as much freight is carried eastward as westward on the Boston and Albany road—whose annual report has just been given out. But in through freight the difference is much greater. For the fiscal year the through freight traffic from Albany to Boston amounted to 1,243,283 tons, while the through traffic from Boston to Albany amounted to 118,383 tons, or less than one-tenth of the east-bound traffic. This means that for every 10 cars which go through to Boston loaded, nine have to be taken back empty, so far as through train traffic is concerned, and three out of four go back empty when all business is considered. As rates on the bulk of the through traffic eastward are on a profitless basis, it cannot be a business which the road prizes very highly, however great store Boston may place upon so much of it as is intended for export.

Boston's first trade union Labor day parade was reviewed at the state house by a throng of spectators but no state official was seen among those who crowded all available standing room. In spite of the one unpleasant feature—the insult to the governor—and the fact that some organizations did not turn out as largely as had been hoped, the parade was pronounced a success, and it was agreed by all that so many people have never watched a Labor day demonstration. One thing which was specially pleasing to the paraders was that none but organizations affiliated with the American Federation of Labor were in line, this being the first strictly trade union parade to be held in the twelve years that the demonstration has been established in this state.

It was eminently fitting that the new Masonic temple here should be dedicated by the oldest lodge of Freemasons in the country, and fortunately that lodge is located in Boston. St. John's lodge, which performed the work, was instituted in 1773. The other lodges which will own the Temple as a home will come in about a month, and the great building will be fully completed in about two months. The formal dedication by the grand lodge will then take place.

OBSERVER.

Dr. Jameson Evans, of Birmingham, England, points out by citing cases that came under his observation that boric acid is very productive of baldness when taken into the system. In some of the cases utter baldness came on an astonishing short time from continued use of the acid. Boric acid is one of the most common and at the same time one of the most injurious drugs used in the preservation of milk, butter and meat.

According to the European scientific papers, at the present time the glaciers of Europe appear to be nearly all growing smaller. A recent report shows that of fifty-six glaciers in Switzerland thirty-nine are retreating, five are at a standstill, and twelve are growing. Italian glaciers of several groups show a marked retreat, as do nearly all of those of Scandinavia. Whether this general recession of the ice formations indicate any permanent letting up of the climate or only a temporary swing of the pendulum remains yet to be seen.

Porto Rico was originally mantled by forests from the level of the sea to the summit of its mountains. It is doubtful if there was a single foot of its area which was not at some time covered by tree growth, varying in height from the diminutive mangrove bushes, which border the seashore, to the gigantic deciduous trees mingled with the fronds and trunks of towering palms, which add height to the loftiest peaks and ridges. The island, although wooded in the sense that it is still dotted by many beautiful trees, is now largely deforested from a commercial point of view.

It has recently been discovered that an alloy of seventy-eight parts of gold and twenty-two parts of aluminum has a characteristic deep purple color that cannot be imitated. The strange thing is that aluminum being white and gold yellow, any alloy of them can be purple; and another mysterious thing is that when the portion of the constituents is varied, however slightly, the purple color is lost. This is a remarkable case of change of color, though others are known. Alloys of aluminum with platinum, palladium, nickel and cobalt have distinctive colors running from straw color to green and red. No particular uses have been found for these highly-colored alloys.

A remarkable feat of surgery was lately accomplished by Dr. Pagensteher of Eiberfeld, Germany, to whom a youth of seventeen was brought who had been wounded by a comrade in such a manner that the point of a small knife had slightly perforated the heart, and the boy was rapidly bleeding to death and already in a comatose condition. The color of the blood made the nature of the wound clear enough, and Dr. Pagensteher decided to make a desperate attempt to save the lad's life. He therefore removed a portion of the rib just over the heart and laid bare that organ. He then sewed up the small cut with four tiny stitches and the hemorrhage soon ceased. No fever ensued, the heart's movement went on regularly and the lad was pronounced cured in about nine weeks.

"Criminal Type" Nonsense.

A few years ago most of us had considerable faith in Lombrosio's "criminal type." We looked at ear lobes and finger nails and thought we detected in them the "stigmata of degeneration."

This illusion was lost when it was found that, in fact, the criminal was about as well formed as the jury or the judge. The "criminal type" fell into oblivion.

But the "criminal mind" remained. The psychology of evildoers must have something in it radically different from that of "respectable people." We forget the force of the Rev. John Newton's saying when he saw a thief led to the gallows, "there goes John Newton but for the grace of God."

Now, however, such authorities as Naecke and Baer and Dallenmagne have pronounced the whole edifice of "criminal psychology" a phantom and a delusion. Criminals are just like other people of their sex, age and condition in life. They are tempted, fal and are caught, especially the last, and that is the only difference.—D. Brinton, in Science.

Dreamed His Son's Death.

A wealthy gentleman of Bordeaux had an only son and two daughters. The mother was dead, and the family lived together in one of the most fashionable quarters of the city. The boy, a wild young fellow, quarreled with his father and left the house. He wandered to Paris, where for some time he continued to receive allowances from home, until his dissipation became so extravagant that his father wrote to him for the last time and disowned him. Upon receipt of the letter the lad gave way to a fit of despondency and blew his brains out. A dispatch sent to his family was received by the sisters while at the breakfast table, and they agreed not to then disturb the father, who was still asleep upstairs. Coming down sometimes afterward, he found them looking very pale and nervous. He stopped them as they were about to speak by quietly remarking: "You needn't tell me; I know all about it. George shot himself last night. I dreamed it."—Chicago Record.

Worse Than the Dumdum.

The British Government is now manufacturing a new bullet which is even more deadly than the dumdum. The new projectile has a soft metal point, which expands with the friction of flight.

There are 7004 pianos in Chicago, or only one for every 300 inhabitants.

GOOD ROADS NOTES.

The Cost of Bad Highways.

Maurice E. Eldridge, of the Department of Agriculture, who has special charge of the office of Public Road Inquiries, has been collecting data as to the cost of hauling farm and other products over American roads.

The conclusion which he draws from the replies to 10,000 letters of inquiry sent to reliable farmers and teamsters in the United States is that the average cost of hauling one ton a distance of one mile is twenty-five cents. For the same amount of money a ton can be carried 200 miles by steamer and fifty miles by rail. Evidently horse power or mule power is expensive.

But while it costs the farmers of this country a quarter of a dollar to team a ton of produce one mile, it costs European farmers only 6.8 cents. The latter have hard, smooth and comparatively level roads, which can be traveled in all kinds of weather.

It is impossible to figure out the cost of the bad roads bills which the farmers pay yearly needlessly and without complaint. One road reformer says that these bills foot up \$250,000,000 annually. That is a mere guess, but it may be near the truth. Whatever the sum may be, it falls on the farmers exclusively, and thus cuts down their net receipts from their corn, wheat and other crops.

It would not be difficult for the farmers of an Illinois township to ascertain the weight of all the produce they take to and from the nearest market during a year, and thus find out what bad roads are costing them. When they have the information it may be they will vote for a higher road tax. Every year about \$30,000,000 is spent in this country in the repairing of mud roads. The money is expended to no purpose, but the farmers keep on paying it out, while refusing to contribute a larger sum which, if judiciously expended, would give them permanent roads, which it would cost but a trifle to keep in perfect condition.

Then they would not have to keep as many horses as they do now. There would be less wear and tear of horses, harness and wagons. The farmers would be able to get their products to market at all times, while it happens now often that they cannot market their products when prices are highest, because of impassable roads. The taxes which bear hardest on the farmers are those they are unthinkingly impose upon themselves.—Chicago Tribune.

The Money System.

The number of towns in New York State changing from the old system of day's work in road improvement to what is known as "the money system," is growing with encouraging rapidity. Four towns in Onondaga County recently made the change, and the Supervisors of the county hope to effect a like reform in many other towns by circulating a statement of the benefits to be derived. The law authorizing the change is an amendment to the highway act. It provides that towns adopting the money system of highway taxation shall benefit by the distribution from the State Treasurer of a sum equal to twenty-five per cent. of the amount raised by them for road improvement, this distribution being limited to one-tenth of one per cent. of the valuation of the town. It is further provided that the money tax shall equal fifty per cent. or more of the labor rate. Reports from thirty towns which adopted the new method show that vastly better results were obtained under the money system at one-half the cost.

Convicts as Roadmakers.

It is probable that the utilization of prisoners in the way proposed in New York State would prove a blessing to the community. It would not involve convict competition with honest industrial labor and the American people are slowly beginning to learn the value of decent roads. They are by no means as common as they should be. But the time appears to be coming when the demand for respectable highways will be strong enough to secure them in one way or another, and as far as it will serve the convict plan is entitled to consideration and a trial.—Washington Times.

A Future Undertaking.

It is too plain for dispute that the improvement of American highways must be one of the great undertakings of the near future. The country is disgraced and badly handicapped by its poor roads, and it is too intelligent, rich and energetic to endure much longer the annoyance, waste and economic injury which can be traced directly to the lamentable condition of most of the highways in all sections.—Cleveland Leader.

The Anti-Rat Agitation.

New Jersey is building more and better roads than any other State in the Union.

At the spring "gravel-road" election, the vote in favor of gravel roads was two to one in Rockville, Ind.

The roads throughout India are so good that you can ride a bicycle from one end of the country to the other.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis have abandoned their automobile trip from New York to San Francisco on account of bad roads.

The good road convention of Albermarle, Md., favors issuing bonds for \$150,000, to run forty or fifty years, for road improvement purposes.

The county turnpike commission have decided to expend \$18,000 this season on the roads leading out of Knoxville, Tenn., to the adjoining counties.

CIRCUS LIFE

As Seen by Two Men Who Followed the Tents One Season.

"If you have been working, where is your money?" asked the court, giving the nice-looking man in the greasy overalls a sharp look, reports the Minneapolis Tribune.

"I haven't any," he replied, in a very frank manner, for a vag.

"That's what your companion said. It appears very funny to me that you two men have been with the circus since June 12 and haven't any money to show for it."

"You never roustabouted with a circus, did you?" asked the bright young man. "You never left home to follow the tents for a season and see how it seemed to be a dog?"

"N-no, I think not," said the court. "I might have had a hankering, but I never went."

"Well, it's a dog's life, without any mistake. The pay is poor and you get little out of it."

"But you should have had enough to show some money when you left. You say you were going to harvest and you left Sunday morning. Now, you must have had some money coming."

"All of which shows that you never traveled with a circus," was the reply of the young man, while his bald-headed companion in the prisoner's chair nodded his head emphatically.

"I was with the horse outfit and this man was with the black tent gang. The pay is not large—\$13 a month if you stay all the season and go into winter quarters, and if you don't \$15 a month."

"You had your board and lodging," said the court, sententiously.

"Yes, but that shows how little people know about a circus life. If every boy had my experience, or knew of it, he wouldn't hanker to travel with a show. You see, we had to be up at all hours in the morning, usually 4 o'clock, and from then until 7 it is as hard work as you ever saw. At about that time you are as hungry as a horse, and breakfast is not served until 9 o'clock. That is one of the schemes of the show. So to fix it for us they have a privilege wagon, where we can go and buy a cup of coffee and lunch, and we need that every morning. Then we have dinner, a good one, at 1 o'clock, and supper at 5 o'clock."

"Now, it is after that where we again begin to be aware of our appetites, and we get so hungry by about 10 o'clock that we have to go after the privilege wagon again, and that takes money. Then we are always needing things. The horse work wears out and tears clothing, and we have to have little odds and ends. The circus is just like a traveling city. You think a town gets some good out of a circus, but not much. None of the hands buy anything in town."

"You see the circus people have a commissary wagon, in which they keep all kinds of necessary clothing, shoes and outfitting, and the little things men need. It is like a mine's general store. We go there when we need anything, and it is charged up to us. So when the day for pay comes around there isn't much and sometimes less than nothing for us, and we have to work a few days on the next month to even up with the show business, and had a mind to go harvesting."

"You look as if you had been hard worked," said the court. "If I let you go do you think you can get out of town to-day?"

"Yes, sir, we want to get right out to the fields."

"You may go."

Two very happy men, Charles Hansen and Joseph Morris, in greasy overalls, bronzed faces and hardened hands, went out into the street, and struck straight for an employment office.

The Abuse of Medicine.

Both men and women are prone to meddle far too much with drugs which they understand little or nothing about. Medicine is very necessary at times, but in overdoing a remedy it is only too easy to increase or produce the ill which we wish to prevent. Aperients and tonics are perhaps the two medicines which are most often abused in the hands of an amateur, for the indiscriminate and constant use of medicine has the worst possible effect on the complexion.

Cosmetics, emollients, lotions, etc., are all very good and useful in their way if used when necessary and with care, but women as a class are far too eager to see the result of their doctoring and have not the necessary patience to wait for the effects, for they should remember that it is useless to heap on coating of cosmetics and lotions one after the other before the first application had time to do its work. Nature declines to be hurried and will only respond to external help when it is wisely given.

When medicine is prescribed by a doctor, the hour of administering the dose should be carefully observed, or it may not take proper effect and if perchance a medicine has been forgotten at the time stated it is useless to administer it at any other time.—Trenton (N. J.) American.

He Waited Twenty-five Years.

De Witt C. Cregier, ex-Mayor of Chicago, went to the Windy City in 1853, and was urged to accept the nomination for Mayor. "Of a city of 60,000?" he asked. "Wait twenty-five years and ask me then." He was elected just a quarter of a century later.

A Soldier's Lamp.

A German officer has invented a lamp for use in war times, which can be carried in a soldier's knapsack without adding much to the weight. It is supplied with acetylene gas and destined for use on the battlefield to assist the search for wounded.

MALARIA AND MOSQUITOES.

Only in Certain Places Do the Pests Prove Infective Agents.

In his address at Portsmouth Dr. Hin gave an account of the present position of the malaria problem and the mosquito theory. The feature of the year in regard to these questions had been the discovery of the exact means by which man becomes infected. The life history of the parasite within the blood of man and within the body of the mosquito had already been traced, and it was obvious that the mosquito became infected by sucking malarious blood. But how the parasite was carried back again to a fresh host, that is, how man became infected, remained a question. Dr. Manson had thought it probable that the water in which the infected mosquitoes died became contaminated with the spores of the malaria parasite, which thus might be taken into the human body, or they might be breathed in the dust of dried-up pools. During the past year, however, it had been proved by actual experiment that infected mosquitoes—and all kinds of mosquitoes do not seem to be capable of carrying the disease—when allowed to feed on susceptible persons are capable of conveying the infection to them. Thus we now have plainly displayed the complete life-cycle of the malaria parasite, together with the mechanism of its transit from man to mosquito and from mosquito to man.

What we now want to know is the particular sort of mosquito by which each form of fever is carried, and this is what Major Ross has gone out to Africa to discover. We may add, however, that even though we shall not know the complete history of the parasite as it exists in nature, for we can hardly look upon man as its natural host. It cannot be doubted that the natural cycle of the life of the organism lies between the mosquito and the creature whose blood the mosquito naturally sucks, and this is certainly not man. On his first entry into virgin forests, where human feet have never before trodden, man may be attacked by the disease complete in every detail, and we may be quite sure that when the disease is thus endemic man has taken no part in its development. When he is attacked he does but take the place of some other creature who had before served as the host of the parasite alternately with the mosquito, and thus the life history of the organism will not be complete until we know what is this other creature in whose blood the parasite normally has its being. When we know this, perhaps we shall be able to understand more clearly than we do at present why it is that only in certain places do mosquitoes prove infective agents. It is not, then, in regard to the mosquito alone that we want information, but as to the creature on which it naturally feeds.—London Hospital.

India's Remarkable Tree.

Among the numerous things considered sacred in India is the banyan tree, one of the fig genus, remarkable for its vast rooting branches. The horizontal branches send down shoots which take root when they reach the ground and enlarge into trunks, which in their turn send out branches. In one of the districts of the Central Provinces is a celebrated banyan tree with about 350 stems, each equal to a fair-sized trunk, and about 3000 smaller ones. It has been said that a regiment of soldiers could encamp under it. It has, in fact, the appearance of a grove of trees.

In the fruiting season the banyan is an arbor for the feathered creation, and a rude temple is often set up under or close to its shade, at which the wayfarer stops to cook a meal more frequently than to offer a prayer. These sacred trees, with their grateful shade, are common in every part of India and are, I believe, confined to the tropical zone. As timber they are of no value, but gum-lac is obtained from their juice and the bark is used by the Hindus medicinally.

The phrase "banyan-days," which is still applied to days of fasting, more or less, has no connection with this tree. It originated from English sailors in former times having had no flesh-meat served out to them on one day in the week, and giving this day the name of "Banyan"—a corruption of the Hindustani word banyan, which signifies a banker or trader, the class best known to them as abstaining from a flesh diet.—The Sketch of London.

Horse Tied With a Piece of Twine.

"I saw the other day," said Mr. Glimley, "and I have seen just the same thing before, a horse tied to a post with a piece of twine; tied not with a chain, you understand, nor a rope, nor even a halter strap, but just a piece of twine, that the horse could have broken as easily as he could a thread. But he didn't break it, he stood there; the twine to all appearances serving the purpose of a halter as well as a cable would have done. I don't exactly understand this. It may be that the horse was simply deluded by the twine, that his training had led him to regard a halter as a halter, whatever it might be made of, and that a piece of twine would do to hold him until he made the discovery of how easily he could break it."—New York Sun.

Sweetheart Died, He Returned to the War.

From the little town of Augusta comes a pathetic story of a volunteer's home-coming. Private Radcliff, of Company F, had a sweetheart there before the war broke out, and they were to have been married when he came home. When he arrived at the little town he found the girl had just died of heart disease. The soldier was prostrated. He left at once for San Francisco, where he enlisted again.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Conversation Without Words.

The traveler in a foreign land is not necessarily helpless because he does not know the language. Nor was a correspondent of the Chicago Record, who admits that when he entered Italy his nine words of French and fifteen words of German were of no great use to him. He says:

"In Genoa, I went into a photographer's shop and selected a dozen photographs."

"I pointed at the photographs and looked at him inquiringly, which meant, 'How much?'"

"He nodded his head, and wrote '14' on a slip of paper."

"I nodded, signifying, 'I will take them.'"

"He walked over to a calendar hanging on the wall and pointed to 29; then he walked back and picked up the photographs and shook his head, which clearly meant that he could not allow me to take the ones I had selected, but would have others printed by the 29th."

"Thereupon I pointed to 25 on the calendar, and said 'Roma,' which meant that I should depart on that date."

"He nodded and then pointed to 30 and asked, 'Eh?' which meant, 'Shall you be in Rome until the 30th.'"

"I nodded violently."

"Hotel?" he asked.

"I wrote my Rome address on a slip of paper."

"In making change he held one lira."

"Poste," he explained.

"Then I departed. Ordinarily a shopper selecting a dozen photographs to be printed to order and forwarded to him at the next town would spend ten minutes or more in making inquiries and giving directions. Our total of conversation was just five words."

No Eclipse for Years.

No total eclipse will be visible in New England or in the middle States till January 24, 1925. On June 20, 1957, will occur the longest eclipse for many centuries, totally lasting more than seven minutes in the island of Luzon, or at very near Manila.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic, clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin today to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

A Matter of Breeding.

There are certain unparadoxical rude things that people do without receiving the censure that is their due. For instance, to how many religious arguments have we been forced to listen, perhaps not realizing that the scoffer who tries to show to a believer the flaws or weak spots in the particular form of belief to which he clings is unkind, and consequently discourteous? If a man is an unbeliever, this fact should not blunt his sense of courtesy to such an extent that he can bring himself to try to prove to others that their faith is ridiculous.

In a recent novel a priest says, reprovingly, to a scoffer who openly sneers at religion:

"Do you wish me to believe that an atheist cannot be a gentleman?"

Was it not a deserved rebuke? Do we not in these days of free thinking and free speaking pass over too easily the slights cast upon our religion? It is quite as rude to make a mocking or depreciatory remark concerning a man's religious hopes as it would be to ridicule his father, mother or wife. He who has any claims to the name of gentleman will not be guilty of such a breach of good breeding.—Harper's Bazar.

Discreet Silence.

"I told Bunks a story and it didn't remind him of another."

"Perhaps he was afraid that if he told one it would remind you of another."

Ayer's Pills

Dizzy? Then your liver isn't acting well. You suffer from biliousness, constipation. Ayer's Pills act directly on the liver. For 60 years the Standard Family Pill. Small doses cure. 25c. All druggists.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the hair and beard. 50 CTS. OF DRUGGISTS, OR R. P. MALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

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THE LAUNDRY CLASS.

In many of the schools of Domestic Science, Laundry work is now taught in a thorough and scientific manner. In the Laundry class-room Ivory Soap is always used to wash the articles that require special care and it is frequently used to the exclusion of all other soaps.

It is as important to know the best materials for domestic use as to know the best methods for using them, and Ivory Soap is very generally recognized, by those who have carefully investigated the subject, as the safest and purest soap.

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The Hand of Fate.

"Did you hear about my railroad accident the other day?" she said, as they were perched on ice cream stools.

"No, really? Can you get damages?"

"I don't want any—it wasn't that kind of accident. It's about Harold. You know our engagement was broken two months ago, and I heard that he was coming to Detroit, and I was determined not to see him, so I went to Toledo and I spent a week. Well, coming back I laughed all the way, for I knew how miserable it would make him."

"The people in the car must have thought you were crazy."

"No, they didn't; there wasn't any one there but a man and he slept nearly all of the way. All of the berths were made up except No. 9, and about all I did was to speculate on what kind of a man would turn out of there. I imagined every one from an Indian chief to the wild man from Borneo. And who do you suppose it turned out to be?"

"Harold, of course."

"Of course. That's the reason I'm wearing my engagement ring again."

—Detroit Free Press.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

P. J. CUNNEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Three hundred and sixty-eight vessels were in collision last year.

I can recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption to sufferers from Asthma.—E. D. TOWNSEND, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 4, 1894.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Congressman Reuburn of Philadelphia has a collection of American flags which includes over two hundred specimens of all types. NE37

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise free. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

TAPE WORMS

"A tape worm eighteen feet long at least came on the scene after my taking two CASCARETS. This I am sure has caused my bad health for the past three years. I am still taking Cascarets, the only cathartic worthy of notice by sensible people."

Geo. W. Bowles, Baird, Mass.

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Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Grip. 10c, 25c, 50c.

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"Knowledge is Folly Unless Put to Use." You Know

SAPOLIO?

THEN USE IT.

WILL NOT MIX.

Tribes in Philippines Multiple and Heterogeneous.

ONLY COMMON IN RACE.

Civilized and Savage With Different Customs and Different Languages — United States Having Assumed Sovereignty Is Responsible for the Maintenance of Peace and Order and Intelligent Filipinos, Not Less Than Foreign Nations, Expect It — United States Will Hold It Together and American Democratic Ideas Will Train and Elevate the People — President Schurman's Statement.

Ithaca, N. Y., Sept. 14.—President Schurman yesterday gave out a statement to the Associated Press on Philippine affairs, repeating the information in regard to the present conditions that he has already given in interviews, and continued:

"It is very important that the public should know the actual facts of the situation. The American public should understand them, whether they agree with or run counter to the public's wishes.

"First, it requires some effort to realize the vastness of the archipelago, which extends in triangular form through 16 degrees of latitude. Never going out into the Pacific ocean on the east nor the China sea on the west, I made a



PROFESSOR SCHURMAN.

circle of 2000 miles all south of Manila. This gives some idea of the difficulty of maintaining an effective blockade, as the coastline of all the islands embraced in the archipelago is many more thousands of miles.

"Second, the multiplicity and heterogeneous nature of the tribes is something astounding. Over 60 different languages are spoken in the archipelago, and, though the majority of the tribes are small, there are at least half a dozen each having over 250,000 members. The languages of these people are distinct from one another, so that the speech of any one tribe is unintelligible to its neighbors. These tribes are all civilized and Christianized, but small, uncivilized tribes, among whom the Igorotes seem best known in America, inhabit the mountains in Luzon, and form a large part of the population of Mindanao. In this island also there is a large Mohammedan population, which is independent of the Mohammedans in the neighboring Sulu archipelago.

"Third, it is the Tagalogs inhabiting some of the provinces about Manila who are resisting the authority of the United States. Other civilized Filipinos are neutral, except where they are covered by armed bands of Tagalogs who seized upon their governments during the making and ratification of our treaty of peace with Spain. It would be incorrect to assume, however, that these tribes are allies of ours. They are not, indeed, they are not without suspicion of the white race, of which they have had experience only through Spain. But there are men of intelligence and prosperity, and the masses, when not stirred up by the Tagalogs, recognize the advantages to them of American sovereignty, and so remain passively neutral, although robber bands from time to time descend from the mountains to plunder and burn the estates of the peaceful inhabitants on the plains.

"Fourth, the insurrection, though serious enough, as experience has proved, is not a national uprising. Indeed, there is no Philippine nation. As I have already said, there is a multifarious collection of tribes, having only this in common, that they belong to the Malay race. The inhabitants of the archipelago no more constitute a nation than the inhabitants of the continent of Europe do.

"Fifth, the United States, having assumed, by a treaty of peace with Spain, sovereignty over the archipelago, became responsible for the maintenance of peace and order, the administration of justice, the security of life and property among all the tribes of the archipelago. This is an obligation which the intelligent Filipinos, not less than the foreign nations, expect us to fulfill. Nor will the national honor permit us to turn back. In taking the Philippine islands, we annexed great responsibility. The fact that the responsibility is heavier than most people supposed it would be is no excuse for failure to discharge it. I repeat that the Philippine question is essentially a question of national honor and obligations."

In reply to an inquiry whether anything was now left to be fought out, President Schurman said:

"In my opinion, much good would be done by a declaration on the part of congress of the form of government to be established in the Philippine islands, or, better still, let congress establish a government for the Philippine islands and have it put in force in all parts and among all tribes hostile to the United States. This would serve several purposes. It would distinguish between our friends and our enemies, and treat the former according to their deserts. It would also give to our enemies an actual demonstration of free government on the American plan, a very important point when it is remembered that the Tagalogs claim to be fighting for their liberty. And I had better call attention to the fact that the govern-

ment which is well adapted to one tribe may need considerable modification to be available for another."

Asked about the capacity of the Filipino peoples to govern themselves, President Schurman replied that they had had no experience in self-government, except in municipal affairs, and even these were subject to the control of the Spanish authorities.

He thought, however, that each tribe might, subject to the supervision of a wise general government, manage in the main its own municipal and provincial affairs. Supervision from Manila would vary with the position which the different tribes occupied in the scale of civilization.

President Schurman seemed firm in the conviction that some form of home rule for each of the tribes, and under the watchful supervision of the general government at Manila, was the solution of the governmental problem in the Philippines. "Considering the marked intellectual capacity of the Filipinos and their admirable domestic and personal virtues," said Mr. Schurman, "imagination cannot easily set the limits to their progressive achievements under the inspiration of American civilization, and while American sovereignty means this blessing to the Filipinos, it is beyond all doubt the one thing which can save the archipelago from division and appropriation by the great nations of Europe. The United States will hold it together, and, with the American democratic ideas, train and elevate the people to an ever-increasing measure of self-government."

STILL IN THE DARK.

Mazet Committee Trying to Probe Ramapo Water Affairs.

New York, Sept. 14.—At yesterday's session of the Mazet legislative investigating committee Frank H. Platt was called as a witness for the purpose of throwing additional light upon the organization and the plan and scope of the Ramapo Water company. He was unable to give very much information in regard to the origin of this water company which hoped to secure a \$200,000,000 contract from the city of New York. Questioned by Mr. Hoffman, Mr. Platt declined to answer regarding the amount of stock which he held in the City Trust company. Silas B. Dutcher, president of the Ramapo Water company, was also questioned, but he was unable to give details concerning the organization because of the absence of the secretary. A number of other witnesses were called to the stand, but nothing of general interest was elicited.

HARMLESS WHEN SOBER.

But Drunk Patrick King Killed Both Parents.

Southbridge, Mass., Sept. 14.—Patrick King and wife, an aged couple, were murdered by an insane son, Peter. The crime was committed about midnight, when Peter arrived home after an evening of dissipation. His parents upbraided him for drinking. With scarcely a word, he went to the shed, and getting a heavy club, returned and dragged the old couple to a heavy block of wood, and, placing their heads upon it in succession, pounded out their brains. A brother who was asleep in the house was awakened too late to interfere, but was just in time to save his own life, for, after despatching the old people, King started for his brother's room. Peter is a carpenter. All who know him say he is very eccentric, but harmless when sober. He is about 40 years old.

MANY BREATHE FREER.

Practical Close of Boston's Teaming Fraud Cases.

Boston, Sept. 14.—Assistant District Attorney McLaughlin has taken new action in some of the city of Boston alleged teaming cases. The small contractors and others who were indicted with J. R. Mulvey and the other large contractors are, by the new move, freed from prosecution, the indictments having been placed on file. The indictments against J. Scollans, the missing contractor, still stand. The indictments against William Scollans, his father, also stand, but are likely to be not pressed. Nawn J. and young Scollans have both gone to parts unknown, and their bonds, amounting to \$12,000, have been collected by the county. All the defendants were charged with defrauding the city of Boston by means of falsified returns for contract work performed.

Archbishop Counsels Moderation.

St. Paul, Sept. 14.—Archbishop Ireland, speaking of a meeting to protest against the verdict of the Rennes court-martial, said: "It is my belief that public meetings in America, such as it is proposed to hold for the purpose of protesting against the sentence of the Rennes court-martial are untimely, unfair to France and likely to breed regrettable ill-feeling between that country and our own."

Cologne, Sept. 14.—The German trades union Association, on the motion of its president, adopted a resolution today not to exhibit at the Paris exposition, declaring that the Rennes sentence was an insult in its disregard of the official statements of Germany. The press of the city, however, urges German exhibitors to avoid hasty decisions and to await until other nations have declared their attitude.

Berlin, Sept. 14.—The association of German celluloid manufacturers has decided to abstain from exhibiting at the Paris exposition.

Legislation the Chief Weapon.

Kansas City, Sept. 14.—The American Equal Wage Union, a new labor organization, was incorporated at Jefferson City yesterday. Legislation will be its chief weapon. The new union will contend for "equal and exact justice to all wage earners without respect to age, sex or occupation; for the emancipation of children from industrial servitude, and for the protection of woman wage earners in their equal rights with men."

Thirty-five New Cases.

Key West, Fla., Sept. 14.—Thirty-five cases of yellow fever have been reported in the past 24 hours, 13 of which were adults, the balance children, making a total to date of 253. There have been no deaths reported in the past 24 hours.

KNOTTY PROBLEM.

Uses and Abuses of Trusts Under Fire at Chicago.

STATES THINLY REPRESENTED.

Not Half the Appointed Delegates Present — Wooten of Texas the Bright Particular Star—Wild Enthusiasm Among Labor Representatives and Western and Southern Delegations, but Easterners Kept Cool—No Dispute as to Conditions, but Loss as to Remedies.

Chicago, Sept. 14.—The great conference of representative men of this country to consider the trusts, these great industrial combinations which have arisen in this country within the past fifteen years and have multiplied so rapidly during the past 12 months, opened at Central Music hall yesterday.

The meeting was called to order by Franklin H. Head, the temporary chairman, appointed by the civic federation. Addresses of welcome were made by Attorney General Akin, on behalf of Governor Tanner, who is ill, and Dr. Taylor, on behalf of Mayor Harrison.

The trust problem in general as it presents itself to the delegates seems to be very complex. The effect of these combinations on employees, will it not lower their wages and throw many out of employment? Their effect on the prices of the great necessities, will they not raise them and thus act as a two-edged sword upon the wage-worker? Do they, or will they—for all recognize that we are not at the end, but rather at the beginning of the era of trusts—make the lot of the young man of today more unfortunate, his opportunities for advancement less than before they came? Are they not in the line of individual repression? And finally, will not the over-capitalization of the great combinations which exists in many, lead to a collapse when their real character and amount is sifted down, just as city booms burst when the foundation is seen to be flimsy and weak? This is a statement which all will agree is debatable ground.

There have come to this conference few who bodily and firmly declare that trusts are wholly right. Nearly all admit their defects and their evil results if allowed to work without supervision. Those who take the side of the trusts mostly pronouncedly declare that the outcry against trusts is simply a protest against corporations, and that trusts are the logical result of fierce competition, and are irresistible, as all industrial currents seem to have been, and an attempt to crush them out would be as futile as was the attempt to prevent the introduction of machinery. These say that while there may be individual cases of hardship arising from this new system, the public and the laboring men will become adapted to the situation in time, and the net result will be better for the race and the world. So far, there has been no serious proposition advanced by any of the delegates to wipe out trusts. They all feel that their abolition is impossible, just as many states feel that in the liquor problem prohibition is a failure.

So far as a statement of conditions is concerned, there is not a wide divergence of view. But in regard to the future one is lost in a maze of contradictory propositions and remedies. Many of the friends of the trusts advocate a national supervising commission, with more and more clearly defined powers than the interstate commerce commission. Others advocate a constitutional amendment permitting congress to have the widest power in dealing with this problem. One wants a constitutional amendment laying an income tax upon all trusts whose product is a monopoly. Others believe that the matter should be left to the states, and there are many other schemes which will be presented in the course of the debate.

Taking a broad view of this conference and the status of public opinion as to the subject, one cannot fail to be impressed with the growth of the nationalistic or socialist idea. While most of those who advocate the national control of these combinations would scorn to describe themselves as socialists, their remedy and propositions are essentially socialist. For this reason pronounced socialists like Mayor Jones of Toledo offer no objections to trusts, believing that they open the way to nationalization of all large concerns, especially those in which there is now a monopoly. Certain it is that if any resolutions are passed at all, they will contain a recommendation for some sort of government regulation of the trusts.

A meeting of anti-trust delegates to the conference was held last night, the object being to organize the "anti-trust" that they may "touch elbows" in exigencies. Several speeches were made in opposition to combinations.

The addresses yesterday were received attentively, but it remained for Dudley Wooten of the Texas delegation to stir up enthusiasm of the camp meeting variety. He spoke in part as follows:

"Accepting in good faith that amendment which the heroic legions of the south resisted unto death on a thousand battlefields, we believe that neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as punishment for crime, shall exist within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction. And we confidently assert that the commercial and industrial bondage being rapidly imposed upon the toil and talents of 70,000,000 American citizens by the syndicated wealth of a few corporate monopolies is more dire and dangerous than the slavery which bowed the heads and burdened the backs of 4,000,000 southern blacks."

And above and beyond those great written guarantees of equality and justice, we look to the lessons of history and appeal to the authority of experience. When we are told that commercial combination promises golden rewards to the present tendencies of our economic system, we remember that no republic has ever survived the mercenary despotism of merchants and money changers."

Mr. Wooten aroused wild enthusiasm in the ranks of the labor representatives and the delegations from many western and southern states, while the easterners smiled critically and kept their arms folded.

CLEAR, RESOLUTE, EARNEST.

Chamberlain's Despatch Not Ultimatum, but Prelude to Ultimatum.

London, Sept. 14.—President Kruger and the executive council re-assembled last evening, according to a dispatch from Pretoria, to consider the reply to be made to Joseph Chamberlain. They are still conferring by telegraph with the Orange Free State. The decision is anxiously awaited by the crowds outside the executive building.

A communication has been received at Pretoria from the imperial government stating that, although anxious for a prompt reply, the imperial authorities do not desire to tie the Transvaal authorities down to 48 hours.

The reply will possibly come before the Volksraad today. The decision of the executive will undoubtedly be influenced by the action of the Orange Free State.

The Transvaal war office denies any knowledge of the reported offer of 10,000 Irish-Americans to fight against Great Britain.

The Times regards Mr. Chamberlain's dispatch as "clear, resolute and earnest, without being peremptory, not necessarily an ultimatum, but a prelude to an ultimatum should the Transvaal's reply prove unfavorable."

This fairly represents the feeling of the London morning papers today. Even The Daily Chronicle, which is virtually pro-Kruger in its sympathies, urges the Boers to accept "the imperial government's reasonable demands, which threaten no ulterior danger to the independence of the Transvaal."

A Cape Town dispatch says that the report as to a time limit of 48 hours arose from the fact that the British diplomatic agent at Pretoria, Mr. Greene, in presenting Mr. Chamberlain's dispatch, expressed a hope that a reply would be given by the Transvaal government by Thursday. The Cape Times and Cape Argus both consider the British note generous and conciliatory, and all the papers, including the Krugerite organs, assume that the Transvaal will comply with the British demands. It is believed that the Orange Free State Volksraad will be summoned to consider the situation.

Military developments at Cape Town continue, and the work of preparation for emergencies goes on. Upon the arrival of the next batch of British troops, the headquarters' staff of the royal artillery will be transferred to Kimberley, whither a battery will proceed to protect the diamond mines.

It is asserted in Afrikaander circles at Cape Town that the Transvaal government will accept the British note, leaving the question on the basis of the convention of 1894.

The war instructions issued at Johannesburg to the railway officials direct them to remain at their posts as long as possible. When the enemy seizes any section of the line the officials must go to the next unseized point. They are forbidden to carry arms or to resist any military force.

A dispatch from Pietermaritzburg, capital of Natal, says that the outlander's council expresses great dissatisfaction with the British note, complaining that the imperial authorities are willing to accept inadequate concessions in order to avoid war.

BEATS THE GREAT EASTERN.

Arrival in New York of World's Biggest Vessel.

New York, Sept. 14.—Never since the arrival here of the steamship Great Eastern has there been a vessel in this port comparing in size with the Star liner Oceanic, which arrived here yesterday from Liverpool on her maiden voyage. The Oceanic is 704 feet in length. While the ship did not break any records, she made a fair voyage. The average hourly speed was 18.95 knots. The weather during the voyage across was mild. The time of the voyage from Queenstown was six days, two hours and 37 minutes. Chief Engineer Sewell said that no attempt had been made to get speed out of the vessel. The amount of coal burned every 24 hours was 400 tons. In the engine room of the Oceanic 182 men are employed.

Many Societies Benefit.

Worcester, Mass., Sept. 14.—By the terms of the will of Mrs. Hester N. Wetherell, widow of Colonel John W. Wetherell, the public bequests are: Worcester Children's Friend society, \$20,000; Washburn Home for Aged Women, \$10,000; Home for Aged Men, \$10,000; Temporary and Day Nursery, \$10,000; Worcester Art Museum, \$10,000; Worcester Employment society, \$10,000; Worcester Boys' club, \$5000; Worcester Natural History society, \$5000; to the incorporated society or association which maintains and supports district nurses, \$5000; Worcester Society of Antiquity, \$4000; Memorial hospital, \$3000; Good Samaritan society of Worcester, \$1000; Kitterell Institute of Kitterell, N. C., \$2000; Worcester Polytechnic Institute, \$5000.

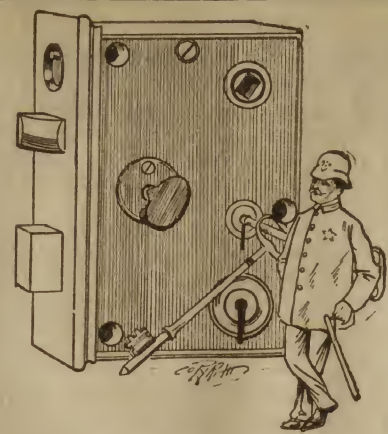
None of Britain's Business.

Washington, Sept. 14.—At the war department it is stated that to Ambassador Choate has been referred the question arising from the detention in Hong Kong by the British authorities yesterday of the United States transport Tartar, which the English authorities there are holding because they claim she is overcrowded. This reference of the matter to Ambassador Choate makes an international question of it. The contention of the war department is that, notwithstanding the fact that the Tartar flies the British flag, the assumption of British authority over her is unauthorized, as she is chartered by the United States government.

Criminal Code Permits Petition.

New York, Sept. 14.—Lawyer Weeks, counsel for Roland B. Molineux, who is a prisoner in the toms awaiting trial on the charge of murdering Mrs. Katherine J. Adams, has served notice upon Acting District Attorney McIntyre that he will move for the dismissal of the indictment against Molineux. The criminal code makes a motion for dismissal of an indictment permissible when more than two trial months have passed without trial.

The Jacksonville, Fla., board of trade passed resolutions of sympathy for Captain and Mme. Dreyfus, condemned France for "her travesty of justice," endorsed the movement for a boycott and advocated the withdrawal of this nation's support of the Paris exposition.



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Mails arrive from Boston, Foreign, N. Y., Western and Southern, 7.07, 8.30 a.m.; 1.00, 5.00, 7.00 p.m. Eastern New Hampshire, Maine and Maritime Provinces, 7.07, 9.06 a.m.; 1.00, 5.00, 7.00 p.m. Danvers, Boxford, Georgetown, Haverhill, Newburyport and Amesbury, 7.07, 9.06 a.m.; 1.00, 5.00, 7.00 p.m.

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THE PEABODY STAR.

VOL. I. NO. 9.

PEABODY, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1899.

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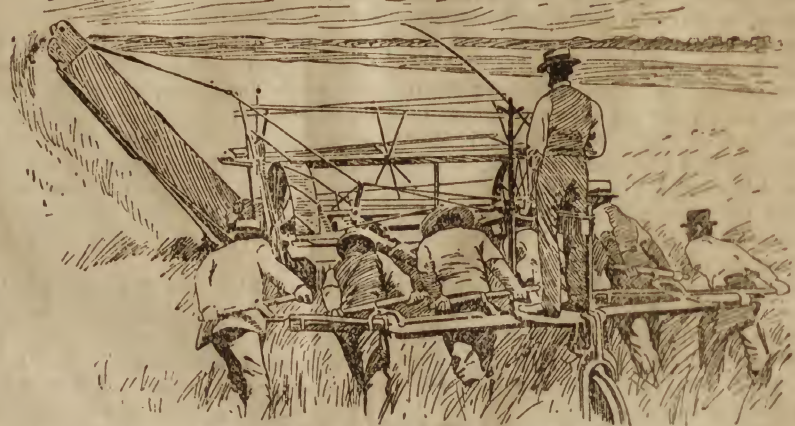
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The development of the newspaper press in America has been chiefly influenced directly by three agencies; first, the constantly changing social and political conditions of our environment; second, the industrial evolution which has taken place in our midst; and third, the invention and discovery of the devices and materials which enter into the mechanical production of the modern newspaper.

"A New York docther says American Gulls are the worst cooks in the world, does he?" indignantly exclaimed Bridget. "He'd lver say it to me, I'd shap his face for him!"—Chicago Tribune.

CHEAPER TO FARM WITH TRAMPS THAN HORSES IN OKLAHOMA.



MAN POWER IN OKLAHOMA FARMING.

The farmers of Oklahoma have decided to do away with horses to pull their binders and reapers. At this day the machines can be drawn so easily and horses are at such a high price that it is cheaper to advertise for a gang of tramps and hire them to pull the machines during the harvest. The first work of this kind was done on the big "101" Ranch, in the northern part of the Cherokee Strip. "Joe" Miller, the man who owns the ranch, says that he has hired teams from the neighbors to help in his harvest for many years, and that this year he hired twenty tramps and the work was done at just half the cost. In Oklahoma the ranches are so large that no one man owns enough horses to do the work, and in harvest time a horse is a scarce article and costs a great price. The Miller ranch contains five thousand acres, and is said to be the largest wheat farm in the world.

The Technique of Yachting.

Diagrams That Will Make Details of the Columbia-Shamrock Race Plain to Landlubbers.



HE diagram which accompanies this article shows a sloop yacht, or a cutter yacht, as the Englishman would say. A sloop yacht has one mast, the main mast. The great race between the Columbia and the Shamrock is a race of sloop yachts. The America, which was the original winner of what is now known as the America Cup, was a schooner yacht, but nearly all of the cup contestants since that time have been sloops. It is supposed, to begin with, that the reader knows that the extreme forward tip of a yacht is called the stem, that the forward portion is called the bow, that the rear end is called the stern, and that the sides of the boat are the beams. Everyone also knows that the keel of a yacht is the portion which cuts deepest into

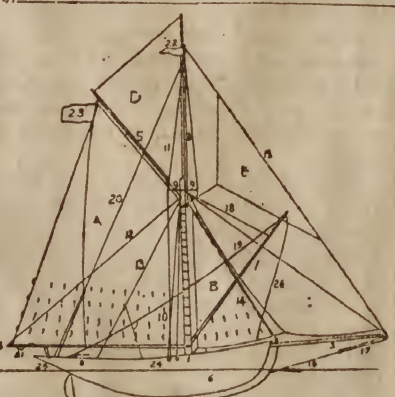
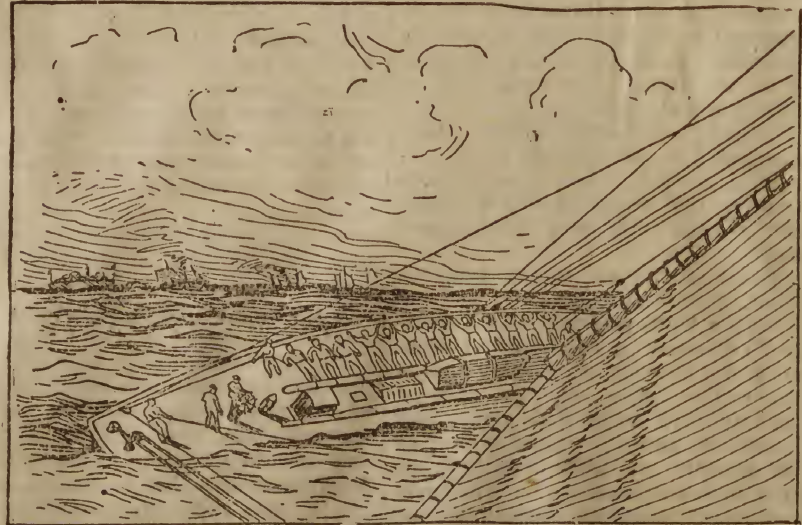


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE ARRANGEMENT OF SPARS AND SAILS ON A SLOOP YACHT.

the water, and it is in the construction of the keel that the greatest changes and progress have been made in yachting. Everyone who reads the papers knows of the discussions which have gone on for years as to the comparative value of the center-board keel—a board which lets down sideways from the interior of the boat through the bottom, the fin keel, which is a deep, sharp, fin-like projection on the bottom of the boat, the bulb fin and the ordinary cutter keel.



HOW THE COLUMBIA'S CREW LIE OUT ON THE DECK.

So much for the hull of the boat. The backbone of a sloop's rigging is the mainmast, marked (1) in the diagram. This is usually made of the very best and straightest spruce tim-

ber, although in the case of the Columbia an immensely strong steel tube has been used. At the top of of the mainmast, the topmast (2) is attached. In the case of the new cup defender this topmast is so made that it will slide down into the hollow portion of the mainmast, but in



DIAGRAM OF COURSES FOR COLUMBIA-SHAMROCK RACE.

The first will be a triangular course, the second fifteen miles straight to windward and return. Dotted lines show course taken to beat to windward and round stake boats. The best three out of five races will decide the fate of the cup.

ordinary yacht construction it is firmly attached to the outside of the mainmast, as shown in the diagram. These masts are held in place by what are known as shrouds, long, heavy wire ropes (10 and 11), which run from the "hounds" at the top of the mainmast and from the top of the topmast to each side of the hull, where they are firmly attached. In order to further strengthen the topmast a cross-tree (9) is placed at the head of the topmast for spreading the topmast shrouds. It was the breaking of this spreader which caused the recent accident to the Columbia. When the cross-tree snapped the topmast was loosened and fell before the wind with such force that the steel mainmast broke short off about half way of its length. Next to the mast in importance is the bowsprit (3), which is held down by the bowstay and the bowstay fall (16 and 17). The main boom (4) spreads and holds fast the lower portion of the mainmast (A). At the top of the mainmast is the gaff (5), and above that is the club topsail (D), reaching higher even than the top of the topmast. These are the principal sticks in a sloop yacht. The racers are also provided with a very important boom called the spinnaker boom (7). This boom is removable, and is only used when the yacht is running full before the wind. It is always conveniently placed on the deck, so that when the wind is right

opposite the mainsail, so that it gives to the yacht practically two broad wings, by means of which she can take full advantage of a following wind, in this way immensely increasing her speed. A yacht with spinnaker set and bellying full of wind is a most beautiful sight, resembling some huge seagull skimming over the surface of the water. Indeed, the sails are so big and reach so far on each side of the yacht that the body of the boat itself is hardly visible. No doubt much will be said in the reports of the coming races about the spinnaker and how it is set, for it is an exceedingly important feature in yacht racing.

The principal sail of a sloop is the mainsail (A). It is held in place by the ropes and tackle shown at (25). These ropes are called the sheets, and they are by all odds the most important ropes connected with a yacht. The skill of a yachtsman is based largely on his ability to let out or take in these sheets, thereby giving the sail more or less wind. The speed of the yacht is dependent very largely upon the exactness with which the mainsail is managed. If the wind is behind the boat the sheet will, of course, be eased out until the mainsail stands at a wide angle with the length of the boat, thereby exposing as much surface as possible. In sailing into the wind or "by the wind," as the old seamen say, the sheets are drawn in very close; in other words, the yacht is "close-hauled," so that the mainsail stands almost parallel with the length of the boat. The skipper must keep his eyes wide open and never allow his hand to leave the sheets for a moment, if he would get the best speed from his boat and prevent being capsized by sudden

squalls. The mainsail is assisted by a number of smaller sails before the mast. These are attached to various ropes connecting with the tip end of the bowsprit and with the stem of the yacht. The rope which connects the bowsprit with the top of the topmast (15) is called the topmast stay and holds the topmast from being pulled backward, just as the topmast backstay (20) holds it from being driven forward. The line which reaches from the top of the mainmast to the stem of the boat (14) is called the forestay, and it supports the mainmast from falling backward. The sail (B) is called the foresail. The sail (C) is the jib, and the sail (E) the jib topsail. They are all held in by ropes which can be easily extended or shortened so as to draw more or less wind. One of the most picturesque of the sails is not shown in the diagram because it is used only under certain favoring conditions. This sail, the balloon jib, is an enormous sail made of very light cloth—in the Columbia of silk—and it is larger than either the mainsail or the spinnaker. It is attached at the very front of the boat, and it is supposed to gather up all the wind that there is. It is usually used when the winds are very light. The correct method of using a balloon jib is a very important feature of the yachtsman's work, and it may play an exceedingly important part in the coming race. The little flag at the top of the topmast (22) is called the burgee, and that which flies from the tip of the gaff (23) is called the pennant. In case of heavy winds it is found necessary sometimes to reef the sails. This is done by means of the little strings which are seen hanging in rows along the lower part of the mainsail. The canvas is pulled down to the boom and tied with these strings, so that less surface will be exposed to the wind. Reefing is only done in case of a very heavy storm or squalls.

Association Devoted to Custard Pie.

The town of Hartford, in Oxford County, Me., has a Custard Pie Association, which meets annually in a hemlock grove on the margin of Swan Pond and gorges itself with custard pie. It grew out of a custard-pie-eating contest between two residents of the town on the annual Fast Day thirty-nine years ago. The match was adjudged to be a tie, the association was formed, and everybody in it now strives to beat everybody else eating custard pie. Secretary John D. Long, who was born in the near-by town of Buckfield, is an honored member.

MOST FAMOUS COLORED DIVINE.

Synopsis of Brother Jasper's "Sun Do Move" Sermon.

The Rev. John Jasper, of Richmond, Va., is one of the most popular colored divines in this country, and on the celebration of his eightieth anniversary of his birthday a short time ago his church in the Virginia capital was crowded to the doors by a congregation that had assembled to testify its devotion to him.



THE REV. JOHN JASPER, OF RICHMOND.

The sermon on which his reputation rests is upon the text, "The Sun Do Move." This famous discourse he preaches at least once a year, and the bare announcement is all that is needed to throng his pews.

The Rev. Mr. Jasper is well thought of outside his parishioners, and is always pointed out to visitors as one of the notables of the city.

The text of Jasper's famous sermon is Exodus, chapter xv., verse 3, "The Lord is a Man of War. The Lord is His name." The theories advanced are: The earth is square and immovable. The sun rises in the East and moves toward the West and there sets. The world is flat.

"The Bible says the sun stood still," he announces dogmatically. "Is anybody going to say the sun was standing still before Jasper told it to stand still? Do you think Jasper would have asked the privilege to stop the sun if he had not been moving. This morning when the sun rose it was over there (pointing to the East). How, in the name of God, could the sun get from that side of the house over to this (pointing to the West) unless it moved."

"Now Solomon was certainly a scholar. Do you know he was the man who said, 'The sun ariseth and goeth down and hasteneth back to the place she moved from.' It is nonsense to say the sun does not move. The man who says the sun does not move he does not read the Bible."

He fortifies himself in the same manner in his belief that the earth is square and flat.

Moved a Court House Twenty Miles.

A county court house arrived in Alliance, Neb., recently, after a journey of twenty miles by rail. It had been located at Hemingford, and when that town ceased to be the county seat the loss of the building might have been regarded as inevitable, as its estimated weight was seventy tons, its height forty feet, and its other dimensions thirty-six by forty-eight feet. Fortunately, however, the new county seat was on the same branch of the Burlington and Missouri River Railroad, only twenty



THE BOX BUTTE (NEBRASKA) COUNTY COURT HOUSE TAKES A RAILROAD JOURNEY.

miles away. The "movement," as it was called locally, began when the floor and frame were made rigid by the building of four semi-elliptical trusses of the entire width of the building, then the court house was loaded on four common car trucks, one under each of the trusses; next a large freight engine was attached, which at times drew its singular train along at the rate of ten miles an hour, though most of the trip was made at a speed of two or three miles an hour. The diagonal guy ropes shown in our illustration were fastened to two loaded coal cars having a capacity of sixty thousand pounds each.—Harper's Weekly.

Where Pearls Are Found.

Pearls are found in both salt and fresh water, and it is said that they belt the earth, including all of the tropical portion and a part of the temperate zones. The great "Queen Pearl" was found in Paterson, N. J., in 1857. It was sold to the Empress Eugenie of France, and is valued today at \$10,000.

PEABODY'S BUSINESS - MEN.

[These business firms are recommended to the people of Peabody and to visitors to the town, who may depend upon receiving fair treatment at their hands.]

HARRY NEWTON,
"THE OLD RELIABLE"

Builder and Repairer of
BICYCLES.

Our Own Make, "THE MAINE,"
\$40 and \$55.

BUILT TO ORDER, of first-class material and workmanship. The finest wheel in this vicinity or out of it. We learned how to do it at the famous "Humber" factory in England. Nuff said. Don't forget that, and "Remember THE MAINE!"
Repairing and Wheels Built to Order.

7 Lowell St., Peabody.
"On the Square."

—THE—

Central House

First-class accommodations.
Rooms and board by day or week.
Steam heating and electric lights.
Steam and electric cars pass the door.
C. W. CLARK,
Proprietor.

Whisk Brooms

10 cents.

A fine Broom.

—AT THE—

Family Drug * Store,
D. P. GROSVENOR,
Pharmacist,
35 Main street, Peabody.

PORTER & LORD, Insurance.

Fire, Life, Accident, and Employers' Liability.

23 Lowell street, Peabody.

OPP. TOWN HALL.

Ici on Parle Francais.

THE SAMSON HOUSE,

Is a new house, and first-class in every respect. Headquarters for Commercial Travellers and Theatrical Troupes. Special attention given to bicycle riders.

11-13 Central Street, Peabody

½ minute from depot. All lines of electric cars pass the door.

W. J. DALEY & CO.,
DEALERS IN

Meats, Vegetables, AND Fish of all Kinds.

21 Main Street, Peabody. 41 Boston St., Salem.

Herbert Gardner, HARNESSES

AND
Horse-Furnishing Goods,
PEABODY SQUARE.

C. H. GOULDING,
DEALER IN

FURNITURE,
BEDDING, CARPETS, ETC.

Walnut Street,
PEABODY, . . . MASS.



P. BUCKLEY,

21 FOSTER STREET.

Sale closes Sept. 16 at 11 p.m.
As we have made satisfactory settlement with the creditors, and will continue the business, I have a word to the people of Peabody. Before purchasing your footwear elsewhere, give us a call and see the different styles and prices on the goods now in stock.

P. BUCKLEY.

PHILIP E. REIDY,
Registered Pharmacist,
11 Walnut street,
Peabody, Mass.

Special Sale.

375 pairs

Men's Pants

Worth \$1.25 to \$4.00, will be sold for
75c. to \$1.99.

GEO. H. JACOBS,
Peabody.



—TRY A—

LUNCH

—AT—

C. J. KEEFE & CO.,

Dealers in cigars, confectionery, fruit, etc.

CONNOR & TRACEY,

Wholesale and retail dealers in
**Groceries, : Teas,
and Flour,**

Beef, Mutton, Lamb and Veal
Butter, Cheese and Eggs a specialty.

23 FOSTER STREET.

Butter!

Take Butter, for instance. Our motto for many years has been: "Keep the best—always." If you want the best of anything in the grocery line, we have it, and carry nothing else. This butter is fresh churned, rich, just off the farm.

T. L. D. PERKINS.

FALL AND WINTER
LINES OF

Footwear

At

F. M. DAVENPORT'S,
93 Main Street.

W. O. Batchelder.

Fine Potatoes, 65c. bush.
15 lbs. large Sweet Potatoes, 25c.
Pillsbury's Best Flour, \$5.00 bbl.
Eaton's Best Flour, \$4.50.
King Arthur Flour, at lowest market price.

J. SMITH, MILLIONAIRE

It was a typical autumn London night, the streets flowing with greasy mud, the air yellow with smoky fog, and a cold, sleety drizzle falling, as Hilda Smith arrived at Paddington station.

It was her first experience of the great metropolis, but she had received her instructions, and selecting her portmanteau she had it removed to a cab, and, jumping in, ordered the man to drive to the Ballarat mansions in Victoria street, Westminster.

Hilda was not a little anxious because she had arrived in town a day ahead of her invitation, and she was not certain whether her bachelor brother, with whom she was going to stay for a month or six weeks, would be ready to receive her.

The door was opened by a hard-faced looking woman of the charwoman type, who stood gazing at her without moving away from the entrance.

"Is this Mr. Smith's?" asked Hilda.

"Yes, miss," replied the woman, without offering to let her in, however.

"Is he at home?"

"No, he ain't, and I don't know when he will be."

"But did he not expect me? He is my brother, and I have come to stay with him."

"Oh, indeed, miss. Well, he didn't say nothing to me about it," answered the woman. "But I suppose you'd better have the spare room," and she stepped aside with a grudging air as she allowed the fair girl to enter.

Turning on the electric light, she showed Hilda into a handsomely furnished bedroom, whose white and gold paint and blue satin furniture caused her to open her eyes in wonder, for her brother was not supposed at home to be in luxurious circumstances, and by the time she had washed her face and hands the housekeeper brought her a cup of tea and some bread and butter, after which she retired to rest, and did not wake until late the following morning.

"Mr. Smith came home late last night, miss," said the housekeeper, when she aroused her with the hot water, "and told me to say that he would join you at breakfast."

The breakfast table was a picture to the eyes of the frugally brought up country girl, for it was covered with every delicacy in or out of season, and

would most probably find "the other Mr. Smith" at home to lunch.

Hilda hurried away to put her hat on, and the more she looked at the exquisitely furnished room, with its cut-glass perfume bottles, chased silver powder boxes, and all the hundred and one little additions that go toward making a woman happy, the more she wondered who it had been prepared for.

Fortunately, when they arrived at 8 Ballarat mansions, they found "the other Mr. Smith" at home on the top floor, and Hilda could not help noticing how wonderfully civil he was to her host, and how eagerly he accepted his offer to dine on the following evening for himself and sister.

After he had gone, however, the matter was explained.

"That is John Smith, the millionaire, said her brother, impressively, "and he is the managing director of the company I work for."

The dinner was followed by a theater and a supper, and so it went on, until the night before she should have gone home Mr. Smith asked her if she would change her appellation from Miss to Mrs. Smith.

Hilda has always had an overwhelming desire to penetrate the mystery of the spare room, but all the information she could obtain from her husband was, that he kept it fitted up in that manner in order that he might be able to entertain an angel if one called upon him unawares, and he always added:

"And if it had not been for that precaution, my dear, I should not have had the dearest and sweetest little wife in the world."—Ally Sloper.

DANK CLERKS.

Are Specialists in Handwriting, but Are Not Experts.

New Orleans Times Democrat: "I am free to say I don't repose much confidence in bank clerks as experts in handwriting," said an experienced paying teller of this city. "I mean, of course, experts in the broad acceptance of the term. The average teller becomes familiar with the signatures of the customers of his bank and in time he acquires a remarkable facility for memorizing the characteristics of any autograph on sight, that doesn't make him a scientific expert in chirography. In nine cases out of ten his opinion as to whether two documents, for instance,



HILDA HURRIED AWAY TO PUT HER HAT ON.

Hilda was admiring the priceless china when she heard footsteps approaching, and turned around to welcome her brother.

"Oh, Jack!" she exclaimed, dancing toward the door with her arms outstretched. "I'm so glad—"

Then she stopped suddenly as though she had been shot, for a tall, dark, handsome man, quite the opposite of her brother in appearance, entered the room.

"I am afraid that somebody has made a mistake," he said, in a soft, kind, reassuring voice. "But I can not be sufficiently grateful to whoever is to blame for sending me such a charming guest to breakfast."

"I expected to meet my brother—Mr. Smith," observed Hilda, nearly choking with confusion. "John Smith."

"My name is John Smith," said the stranger, with an amused smile.

"Of No. 8 Ballarat mansions," continued Hilda.

"Ah! Now I see how the mistake occurred," exclaimed Mr. Smith. "This is No. 6, but there is another John Smith at No. 8, and our letters frequently get mixed up. I can only say that I am sorry it is the other John Smith who is the lucky man on this occasion. And now, my dear young lady, let us go to breakfast."

At first Hilda could neither eat nor speak, but her host in a short time had succeeded in putting her so much at her ease that she was chattering away to him about her family, her home, and all her little domestic affairs.

That breakfast must have lasted an unconscionably long period, but Mr. Smith did not appear to be desirous of hurrying it, and everything was so delightfully strange and novel to Hilda that she did not notice the lapse of time until her companion suggested that if they went around now they

were written by the same man, would have no special value, and for that reason a great deal of the so-called expert evidence received in court is really worthless. A bank teller or cashier is a specialist in signatures, but exactly how he identifies them and detects forgeries with almost unerring accuracy is something that very few of them are able to explain. It is very difficult, in fact, to put it into words. As nearly as I can express it, a teller recognizes a signature in much the same way that he recognizes a friend on the street—not by any single feature, but by the ensemble, by a general summing up of all his characteristics. He would know him in spite of changes in attire and even changes in the manner of wearing his hair or beard, and by a similar process he recognizes signatures written under varying conditions—they are dissimilar, but they have the old familiar look. A forgery on the other hand is almost certain to impress him as strange. He can't tell exactly why, perhaps, but he knows it "doesn't look right." A modern expert in handwriting basis his opinion on certain exact rules and close, detailed analysis, but with a banking man the thing is half instinctive. He has to decide on the spur of the moment and has no time for measurements and microscopes. Most tellers know nothing whatever about the science of chirography.

Mrs. Gladstone.

Mrs. Gladstone, widow of the grand old man, is a woman of wonderful strength and endurance. Not long ago she was driving in a pony carriage, when the animal started to run and overturned the vehicle. Though much shaken up and shocked at the time, the venerable lady soon recovered and showed no ill effects of her accident.

HER FRIEND SAID NO.

The manager threw the manuscript down upon the table, tilted his chair, thrust his hat a little further back on his head, and gave two or three satisfied puffs at his cigar.

"We've got a winner there, Colby," he announced decisively.

The stage manager took up the manuscript and looked over the list of characters.

"Looks like it—if you get the right people," he assented; "but it calls for a strong company."

"Oh, I won't spare expense! I'm going to give it a production that will make it the talk of London. It's splendidly advertised already, you know! The people are crazy over Crinton's work, and this is the best thing he's done. Supposing we could get the people, how would you cast it?"

"Beverly, of course, for Lord Rothsay, Norris for the heavy, Ellerton for young Hal, Barry for Sir Jerry, Benton for the low comedy, Mrs. Frisby for the dowager, Carbridge for the earl—he's the best old man on the stage. As for the adventures, went on the stage manager, checking off each name rapidly as he spoke, "Lady—what's her name?—I don't know a woman who could beat Wallace in that role. She'd be great! Little Dellaboy would make a good Kitty Darling—the part suits her down to the ground!"

The manager took his cigar from his mouth, and gazed at it meditatively.

"Don't let such a trifle as the salary list bother you," he commented briefly. Colby stopped his checking to look keenly at his chief. "You've got to have the best," he answered. "I know they're all high-priced, but it will pay you to engage them."

"How about Lady Clare?" asked the manager. "You've mentioned nobody for that, and it's the star role of the piece."

"I don't know. I've been running that over ever since I read the play and nobody I've thought of seems to equal it. There's Maud Lester—she'd look the part to perfection, and she's sympathetic, but she hasn't the power. Helen Dracy's got power and intelligence, but she hasn't the looks. Can you suggest anybody? The success of the piece depends on Lady Clare."

"I know of only one woman who can play it as it should be played, and has the looks to go with it," said the manager. "That's Edith Kingsley."

The stage manager shrugged his shoulders.

"Her declination was very decided," he remarked.

"I've known women to change their



CAN YOU ANSWER THAT ARGUMENT?

minds occasionally!" said the manager, with flippant sarcasm.

"But she said her retirement was final—that she would never act again."

The manager bestowed a look of pity on his subordinate.

"Kingsley had the world at her feet when she married and retired two years ago. She's had time to think it over, my boy; the novelty of private bliss must have worn off somewhat by this time."

Colby gave another look at the manuscript.

"If you can get her it's a success," he said.

He had too much on his mind to enter into the ethics of the philosophy of a woman's change of mind.

The manager gave another self-satisfied puff at his cigar.

"I'll see Kingsley today," he said.

Two hours later he was ushered into the pretty drawing-room of a house in a fashionable quarter of the city. With his practiced eye he took in the handsome surroundings, while the neat maid carried his card to her mistress.

"She's got all the money she wants," thought the manager; "but money isn't everything to an ambitious woman."

Something on a table near by attracted his attention. He went to it, and took up a large tinted photograph of a beautiful, grave-eyed girl in Juliet's bridal robes.

"B'm!" he chuckled. "She hasn't forgotten her old triumphs."

As he put down the picture the mistress of the house entered the room and greeted him with outstretched hand.

"How glad I am to see you, Mr. Hunt. Is this a social visit?"

With a keen, professional eye to effect he looked on the beautiful woman before him—on the queenly pose of the stately figure, on the deep-set flashing dark eyes, with their long lashes and perfectly curved brows; on the straight, patrician nose, with its thin, delicate nostrils; on the small red mouth, with its short upper lip and its cupid's bow; on the white, resolute chin, cleft with a deep dimple; on the delicately clear cheek, with its faint rose-flush; on the soft wave in the masses of velvety black hair; and the managerial heart within him rose in revolt against this waste of

youth and beauty on the desert of private life.

"My dear Miss Kingsley—I beg pardon, Mrs. Arnold—I have come in person to urge the offer I made in my letter."

"But I answered your letter!" she replied, smiling, but with a very decided curve to the red lips. "I am happily married—my old ambitions are dead."

The manager's eyes turned in a swift glance toward the Juliet photograph.

Her voice dropped suddenly.

"I never had a home before; I lived on the stage."

"Best child-actress we ever had!" promptly broke in the manager. "Now, listen to me." He pulled out his watch. "Will you give me half an hour? I want to show you what you are throwing away."

Nature had endowed the manager with a gift of plausible eloquence which had tided over many a crisis in his theatrical career; but never had he sounded so plausible, so eloquent, even to himself, as when he tried his persuasive powers on the woman before him. When his half-hour was ended he felt that he had made good use of it.

"Don't think me inhospitable if I must ask you to say goodbye," she said, as she held out her hand. "You have spoken very persuasively, but I can not answer you at once. I have a dear friend—a very dear friend—whom I must consult. Come tomorrow, and you shall have my answer."

When the manager walked into the office his face was glowing.

"I think you may cast Miss Kingsley for Lady Clare," he said.

The stage manager looked up incredulously.

"You don't mean to say she has consented?"

"Well, she's to talk it over with a friend, and I'm to go for her answer tomorrow. But I rather think, Colby, that friend is going to decide in our favor."

The manager still felt sure when he went next day for his answer. It was not in human nature, he argued, to refuse to sparkle as a bright particular star in the leading production of the season. "That woman isn't human if she resists it," he murmured, just as the tall, graceful figure he was mentally posing before the newspaper camera entered.

"Well?" he said.

"I have consulted my adviser, and I am convinced that my original decision was best."

The manager groaned aloud.

"My dear Mrs. Arnold," he said, "I think, if I could see your friend and talk to him, I could convince him that you are making a mistake."

She shook her head.

"His opinions are very positive."

"You don't object to my calling on him?"

She smiled.

"Not at all. And he is very near—in fact, he happens just now to be in the house. Will you come with me?"

The manager followed her, a little mystified.

She threw open a door, and they entered a large room flooded with sunshine.

"Here is my friend, Mr. Hunt. He is ready to hear all your arguments."

The manager fairly gasped with astonishment. He found himself standing at a little crib in which lay a fat, round, rosy baby, crowing to himself in perfect content.

"The gentleman wants to talk to you, darling," she said, bending over, with a tender thrill in her voice new to the man standing beside her, well as he thought he knew its every accent.

The baby's great bright eyes looked up at them; then, as he saw his mother's face bending over him, he gurgled ecstatically, while the little face broke into dimples of delight, the fat little fists clutched eagerly at her, and the bare, rosy little heels beat a triumphant tattoo in accompaniment to the gurgles.

"Mam-mam-mam!" he cooed, rapturously.

She turned to the manager with shining eyes.

"Mr. Hunt, can you answer that argument?"

By this time the manager had recovered himself.

"My dear madam, this is hardly fair—" he began.

"By-by," said the baby.—Answers.

The Possibilities of Peace.

Three powers stand out pre-eminent in the world as being strong at the present time, and as having great possibilities of development before them—England, with her dominion on the shores of every sea; Russia, with her vast empire in the old world; and America, with her magnificent union of states in the new. Each of these powers is aiming at peace, though by different methods. Russia proposes a self-denying ordinance of disarmament; America proclaims the sufficiency of arbitration; but neither of these countries has as yet abandoned the effort to secure exclusive advantage for industrial and commercial development; and the possible clash of national interests still looms in the future. Each: the thunderclouds have not dispersed. But there is a better method of pursuing the same end; if we can prevent strife from arising, we need not concern ourselves about methods for keeping it within bounds or allaying it. England alone has entered upon a line of policy by which the old occasions of hostility are laid aside; with all her national pride, she shows a genuine unwillingness to take offense. Perhaps this is the more excellent way.—William Cunningham in Atlantic Monthly.

Most folks realize the beneficial effects of

A Bath.

Nothing like the fine quailit of Sponges, Soaps, Loefflers, that

The W. H. Carter Drug Co.,

sell at 44 Main Street.

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IN THE MARKET.

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CIGAR IS THE BEST TENCENT SMOKE.

See that your dealer keeps them: Manufactured by J. F. Carbrey, 19 Mason street, Peabody.

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Shea's, LOWELL STREET.

A fine assortment of fresh fruit at low prices.



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J. M. WARD & Co., * FLORISTS *

Designs Artistically Executed.
Cut Flowers and Plants.

Green-houses, Warren and Endicott streets.

TELEPHONE 547-2.

Productive co-operative associations in France now number one hundred and twelve, of which eighty have been organized since 1892. Co-operation prevails in numerous industries, but over one-half of the French associations belong to the building trade.

IN MY LADY'S GARDEN.

NATURAL ARRANGEMENT AND PLANTING FOR PERMANENT EFFECT.

Hints That Will Be Useful the Year Round—From Snowdrop to Autumn Green—Culture and Value of the Lily and the Iris—Hardy Plants and Shrubs.



RECENTLY, cultivators of flowers are beginning to realize the folly of depending upon bedding-out plants and annuals for the ornamentation of their grounds—a custom which confines its effects to three or four months at the most, leaves the garden almost entirely denuded at the end of the season and necessitates beginning all over again each year. Whether on a large or small scale, the system, in the case of those who own or lease their homes, is as short-sighted as it is improvident, and to the genuine flower-lover unsatisfactory. What should be aimed at in any garden, is not one effect, however dazzling, but a succession of effects appropriate to and expressive of the passing months. The most skillful arrangements of bedding-out plants weary the eye and starve the heart. A chord of music, no matter how rich the tones, how perfect the intervals, of which it is composed, if incessantly reiterated becomes first tiresome, then maddening. What we want in our gardens is not one chord, nor even one pretty tune, but a symphony, beginning with the delicate tremolo of snow drops and crocuses, and ending in the grand finale of the chrysanthemum. The "bedding-out plants" speak the idle chatter of afternoon teas, the hardy plants the language of poets and philosophers.

LANDSCAPE GARDENING.

The landscape gardener has never lost sight of those truths, but where ever given full scope has availed himself of the possibilities contained in many hardy plants almost forgotten, or indifferently regarded by the present generation. Believe me, our great-grandparents knew precisely what they are about; their gardens had a dignity and grace, a significance, which our modern ones lack, but which they need no longer lack. First must come the conviction of our mistake, then careful study of means and ends. The first cost may be a little startling, the desired result not as immediately apparent as under the old system, but a garden once stocked with good, hardy, well-chosen plants will be the source of inexhaustible pleasure and artistic development. In the end the saving in expense and labor will be apparent to any one. Not that hardy plants need no care, for some of them require considerable over and potting about that mere summer flowers demand.

CITY BACK YARDS.

Once again the writer urges the beautifying of city back yards. The American abroad finds nothing more surprising than the glimpses of beauty gained from windows overlooking court yards and rear enclosures in foreign cities. A little splashing fountain encircled with handsome plants, rockeries and grottoes wreathed in vines and ferns, bits of velvet sand not larger than a dinner napkin, neat gravel walks, grapes and apricots trained against the dividing walls, which are never of unsightly planks as with us, but of good, solid masonry. Truly we can learn many a lesson of thrift and beauty from the "effete citizens" of European countries. Let us then rise as one man and banish ash barrel and garbage pail from our back yards, and make them little oases of verdure if not of bloom. Few are the spots where nothing will grow, thanks to bountiful nature's adaptiveness.

Study your ground. Note where the sunshine falls earliest and remains longest; note if there is any spot where water settles and remains after rains or melting snows. This last spot should be given an outlet by draining it into an alley. Or it may be deeply dug, say three feet, and a layer of stones, cinders or bricks placed at the bottom before anything is planted upon it. No plants can long survive water settling and freezing about the roots.

THE PRACTICAL DETAILS.

Layout your beds generously, grudgingly allowing for domestic purposes. Examine the soil and supply what it lacks. If you do not trust your own judgment in this, get some one who knows to advise you. Devote at least as much thought to all these preparations as you would to the planning of a new gown or luncheon party, and to the selection of what shall be planted a thousand times over. (All beds and borders are the better for being raised somewhat in the middle.) Inform yourself of the nature of the plants you desire to cultivate. If possible, visit all the fine gardens and lawns within reach. No matter how inferior your own resources, some valuable hints are sure to be obtained, and professional gardeners and florists are generally willing to talk to people who appreciate their work. Study works on floriculture, make diagrams of beds and arrangements, plant imaginary gardens and, finally, decide on what seems most likely to succeed well under the existing conditions. Allow a margin for the evanescent summer flowers, annuals, etc., which help out wonderfully, especially in the first season or two, and be sure to plan for a succession of bloom. Such a garden once started is as satisfying as a good, solid bank account.

NATURE AND ART.

Study for natural and picturesque effects. Mass your plants—a clump

of peonies here, another of lilies there a group of spirea in one place, of red beekia in another, of scarlet phlox or ornamental grass elsewhere. Around the roots of hardy shrubs plant narcissus; in grassy corners, which the lawnmower must not invade, plant our native lilies, the scarlet "Turk's cap" or a great clump of tiger lilies. In the borders, too, plant in clumps tall growing plants down the middle lower ones along the edges—not in stiff rows, but as if dropped accidentally by spring in her joyous flight. This is true gardening, that rests and refreshes eye and soul.

SUCCESSIVE EFFECTS.

Perhaps it would not be amiss to suggest how these successive effects may be obtained. Suppose preparations to have been made in the fall, as they should be, and confining ourselves to hardy, permanent bulbs and plants exclusively, here, in brief, is about what the amateur gardener may have almost without effort after the first planting: March and April, crocuses, snow-drops, hardy violets, pansies, anemones, daffodils, lilies of the valley, flowering almonds, tulips; May and June, many of the above mentioned, roses of all sorts, irises of various sorts and colors, June lilies (L. Candidum), Columbines, foxgloves, pinks, spireas, dentzias, peonies, oriental poppies—in short, June is the most prodigal of all the months. The list could be indefinitely extended. July and August are the off months for many flowering plants. The hybrid roses are resting; the early blooming bulbs have vanished from sight entirely. But see what we now have: Hollyhocks, magnificent in their right place; Japanese irises, the golden-banded lilies (L. auratum), all other varieties of lilies belonging to the speciosum or Lanceolatum family, and many others; the delphinium or giant larkspur; the phloxes, pure white (rose) and scarlet, the achillea, a pure white flower resembling the fever-few; the August lily, or Funkia; the hydrangea, the rudbeckia, or summer chrysanthemum—a great acquisition to any collection. Most of these last well into September.

QUEEN COMES LAST.

Then came the late-blooming anemones, a class of hardy plants almost unknown to the amateur, but once known never dispensed with, and lastly the chrysanthemum, queen of autumn, and third in rank in the floral kingdom, the rose being the first, the lily second, and how many more besides these, omitted for lack of space, or through oversight. Add to these the ever-blooming roses, and see how eminently easy it is to have a truly beautiful permanent garden, that will be a delight to the artist, and a continual feast to the possessor.

Add to these, if one wishes, some of the finer annuals, and foliage plants, and, as a matter of course, vines, flowering and non-flowering, wherever vines can find support. Such a garden will be the home of bird, bee and butterfly, who will give it its final touch of grace and beauty, and when she or he who has planted it passes on to the undiscovered country it will remain a precious legacy to the living. —Washington Star.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Game cocks in Porto Rico bring as high as \$100 each.

The chance of two finger-prints being alike is not one in sixty-four billions.

Milk weed—condemned as poison in this country—is a staple article of food in Tyrol.

The capital of Herzegovina has a man named Gjuzja, who is 100 years old, and boasts of 136 descendants.

Seal flesh, though perfectly black, is matchless for flavor, tenderness, digestibility and for heat giving power.

It is believed to be bad luck to cut the finger nails on Friday, and manicurists say their business is lightest on that day.

Among birds the swan lives to be the oldest, in extreme cases reaching 300 years; the falcon has been known to live over 162 years.

A clock is being constructed for Liverpool Street Station, in London. The interior of its case could allow five persons to dine comfortably.

The stairway leading to the tower of the Philadelphia City Hall contains 598 steps, and is said to be the tallest continuous stairway in the world.

Every inhabitant of the Austrian village of Storbeck is a chess player. The children are taught to play chess just as they are taught to read and write.

The longest tunnel in the world is that of St. Gothard, on the line of the railroad between Lucerne and Milan, Italy. Its length is nine and one half miles.

There were in 1760 over three-fourths of a million people living south of Philadelphia, and Charleston and Baltimore were the only cities of any importance south of Philadelphia.

Paul Brown, who died at his home near Sedalia, Mo., the other day, at the age of 108, was called the Missouri Samson. When he was ninety-eight years old he carried logs sixteen feet long from a clearing to his farm house, where he split them into fence rails. On his one hundred and eighth birthday he jumped over the back of a kitchen chair to show his agility.

Kaiser Succors a Soldier's Fiancée.

While the Emperor of Germany was viewing the drill of the Twenty-seventh Field Artillery at Mayence he witnessed the death of a gunner, who had carelessly handled his piece. His Majesty was deeply moved and shook the dying man's hand. He inquired what his last wishes were and has since sent the man's fiancée a letter of condolence, inclosing a large sum of money.

CATTLE RANCHING BOOM.

THE HIGH PRICE OF BEEF REVIVES A LANGUISHING INDUSTRY.

How a Herd is Grown in the Southwest—Changes in the Business—Arizona as a Cattle-Ground—Methods of the Cowboys—Stampedes Their Terrors.



URING the past few weeks the rise in the price of beef has directed attention anew to the ranching business. It had fallen into a state of decadence

owing to the poor returns of the past few years, but it is certain that it will now take on a boom.

The most conservative recent estimates of the cattle industry of Arizona and New Mexico put the invested capital at \$56,000,000. This includes the value of the ranges and the cost of cattle, ranch houses, cowboys' horses, and a thousand and one articles that comprise an up-to-date working cattle range. All grades of cattle bring very profitable prices now, and the ranges and cowboys have seldom been in better spirits. There are a score of men, living in rude adobe houses with mud floors and having few of the modern conveniences and comforts of life, who have made great fortunes in cattle ranching in the Southwest territories in the last thirty years. About a dozen of these men have property worth easily from \$1,200,000 to \$2,000,000 each, and sell cattle each year for \$50,000 and even \$80,000. John Akers, of New Mexico, who sold over \$90,000 worth of cattle last year, and whose landed possessions are over 70,000 acres, lives in an adobe house with his Mexican wife and nine children. He cannot read or write, and has been out of the territory but twice in twenty years.

Stock-raising in the West began to be a business at about the close of the Civil War, when meat, as well as other kinds of food, increased so much in price. The Mexican ranchers in Texas owned immense herds of semi-wild cattle of inferior breed, which roamed over the prairies in herds of from fifty to one hundred thousand, of little value to their owners in the absence of a market. When beef began to be scarce at the North, a few Government contractors drove some small bunches of cattle from Texas over the weary trail which has since become historic, for the use of the Northern armies. In those days steers could be bought for six dollars, and sold at the end of their two or three months' journey for thirty-five. The profits were enormous; the secret leaked out; men with large capital and unfettered by Government contracts took up the traffic, and until the easy-going Texan rancheros discovered what profits were being made, and "cut things finer," capital was doubled in a few months.

More than one-half of Arizona's area offers good grazing. There is no intense cold, very little building of barns or corrals is necessary, nor is it indispensable to store winter food. Black and white gamma grass, bunch and mesquite grasses, grow on plateau and valley, mesa and mountain so abundantly that after the rains of July and August the country rolls a billowy sea of living green. Gamma grass is particularly nutritious.

Stock-raising in the Southwest territories, where the conditions for the industry are so favorable, and where so little capital is required, is an attractive occupation. The intending stockman, supposing him to have about \$3000 capital, either takes "squatter's right," by building a hut on unsurveyed land, or buys 160 acres from the Government at a nominal price. A house need not cost more than \$400. Provisions bought, there is no expense but the wages of the cowboys, each one of whom, for \$30 monthly pay, will take care of about 250 cattle.

Cowboys may be divided into two classes—those recruited from Texas and other States on the eastern slope, and Mexicans from the southwestern region. Mexicans are unrivaled as cowboys—splendid riders, hardy, born to the business—but they have a bad reputation, and are quarrelsome and unreliable. Americans are perhaps less skilled, but they are more orderly. The cowboy tracks his animals as Indians do game; dismounting, he leads his pony and follows patiently faint tracks in the dust—which, after all, may prove to be those of unsold ponies.

The most important matter for the stockman is how to get his cattle. He can buy them "on the range," which is the quickest but the most expensive way. The cattle are bought so many head, "more or less," but this mode leaves a good many openings for sharp-witted guile, to which the novice may fall a victim. The best way for the newly arrived settler is to make a contract with some responsible drover for a number of cattle, breed and age specified, about seventy-five per cent. of the cows to have calves, the purchaser to be free to reject any animals not in good condition when delivered at his ranch.

The third way of procuring stock, which was originally the only one, is to go to Texas, Oregon, or Utah, the three best sources from which to draft cattle, buy the animals in "bunches" from different owners, and start homeward with them as soon as the spring sun causes the grass to crop up on the prairies. Riding on trail is an undertaking requiring the natural talent of a trapper and some of the astuteness of a commander, adroitness, firmness, a quick eye, and a quicker hand with the revolver. Great mountains have to be crossed; vast stretches of dreary plains have to be traversed; rivers full of dangerous quicksands, in which whole herds have been known to perish,

and streams given to sudden frosts, must be forded; long expanses of barren alkaline desert, where for forty or fifty miles not a drop of precious water is to be found, must be passed over—and all this with a crowd of semi-wild cattle, just taken from their pastures; home, unaccustomed to the sight of human beings, and easily startled into a general stampede; and through countries where Indians, if not actually hostile, are always ready for a "rustle" systematically for a living.

Thunderstorms, the chief danger through the summer months in these regions, are terrifying to cattle. On the approach of one, the herd should be collected in as small a space as possible, while the men should continually ride around them, calling to each other in tones not too loud; for, like horses, cattle derive courage from the voice and presence of man. Sometimes, however, a steer more alarmed than the rest, and unable to contain his terror, will make a dash through an opening in the guardian chain. His example is sure to be followed, and in two minutes the whole herd will have stampeded—a surging mass of bellowing, terrified beasts, rushing headlong through the storm.

Once fairly started, they will run for twenty, thirty, perhaps forty miles at a stretch, many of the cattle being killed by falls or trodden to death, while "bunches" stray from the main herd and disappear forever. It is dangerous work, and many a cowboy has lost his life in a stampede. The run has taken the cattle far off the trail, and led them perhaps into close vicinity to hostile Indians or crafty "Greasers." Often on these occasions men do not leave their saddles, except to change horses, for thirty-six hours.

Arrived at the ranch, the cattle are branded, and then carefully distributed, some here, a few miles farther on others, and so on, until the whole herd is "turned out." If young steers are kept two years on the range, they can be sold as four-year-olds at an increase in value of from ten to fifteen dollars per head; thus the ranchman nearly doubles his capital in that short time, providing his losses do not exceed five per cent, and he has luck on his side.

In connection with the cattle business the truth that "a man out West is a man" is asserted by the poorest cowboy. That marked feature of America, social equality, must never be forgotten by settlers fresh from the East. The cowboy asserts his perfect equality with all comers, and let a "tenderfoot" once get the name of being possessed by unsocial pride, there will not be a man in the cattle region who—while otherwise he would readily share his last bite or sup with the stranger—will not, for his real or supposed arrogance, be eager to spite and injure him. In no business is popularity more indispensable, in no walk of life is a man so dependent upon the good will of his neighbors as in stock-raising on the plains of the West. —New York Post.

Plants That Seem to Reason.

"Do plants think?" said a St. Mary plaster. "Have they powers of reason or any way of determining what is going on around them? The questions seem rather fantastic, I admit, but they are prompted by some very curious observations made at my home only a few weeks ago.

"My daughter, who is very fond of flowers, has a morning glory vine growing in a box on her window ledge. While watering it recently she noticed a delicate tendrill reaching out toward a nail in the side casing. She marked the position of the tendrill in pencil on the wood, and then shifted the nail about an inch lower. Next day the little feeler had deflected itself very noticeably, and was again heading for the nail. The marking and shifting were repeated four or five times, always with the same results, and finally one night the tendrill, which had grown considerably, managed to reach the coveted support, and we found it coiled tightly around it. Meanwhile another bunch of tendrills had been making for a hook that was formerly used for a thermometer. Just before it reached its destination my daughter strung a cord across the window sash directly above. It was a choice, then, between the old love and the new, and as a morning glory always seems to prefer a cord to anything else, it wasn't long in making up its mind. In a very few hours the pale, crisp little tendrills—which, by the way, convey a surprising suggestion of human fingers—had commenced to lift toward the twine. Next day they reached it, and took such a firm grip that I don't believe they possibly could have been disengaged without breaking the fibre. Scientists are no doubt familiar with such phenomena, and, if so, I would be very glad to learn whether they have formulated a theory on the subject. To me it seems simply inexplicable." —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Had Cut Away the End.

After pulling in forty or fifty fathoms of the line, which put his patience severely to proof, as well as every muscle of his arms, he muttered to himself, but loud enough to be overheard by an officer:

"Sure, it's as long as to-day and to-morrow! It's a good week's work for any five in the ship. Bad luck to the leg or arm it'll leave last! What! More of it yet? Ooh, murder! The say's mighty dead, to be sure!" After continuing in a similar strain, and conceiving there was little probability of the completion of his labor, he suddenly stopped short, and looking up to the officer on the watch, he exclaimed:

"Bad luck to me, sorr, if I don't believe somebody's cut off the other end o' this line!" —Oxford Democrat

BIRTH OF A PERUVIAN ISLAND.

An Earthquake Made San Lorenzo and Destroyed Callao.

The island of San Lorenzo, one of the largest upon the whole western coast of South America, which protects the harbor of Callao, Peru, writes W. E. Curtis, in the Chicago Record, is a modern improvement. It was not there when the Spaniards came, but was born October 28, 1746, when the natives believe it rose from the bottom of the sea as a monument to commemorate an earthquake which took place on that occasion and destroyed the city of Callao. The geologists, however, assert that this story is preposterous because the island shows signs of greater age, is composed of the same rock as that upon which the town is resting, contains the same fossils, is covered with the same soil as the adjacent shore and belongs to an older period than the middle of the last century. They admit that the earthquake may have separated the island from the mainland, and the topographical appearance confirms such a theory, but that the great barren pile of rocks came into existence as Venus did they positively deny. It is, nevertheless, a pretty legend.

One Lorenzo Villalta, a humble fisherman, was setting his nets in the bay on the night of October 27, 1746, when he was interrupted by a prodigious commotion on the inside of the earth. He was frightened into a swoon and when he awoke found himself on the top of a mountain entirely surrounded by water. He could see the shore line very clearly, but it looked strange to him, and the city of Callao had disappeared. With difficulty he made his way down to the water and swam to the mainland, where he found that the town had been entirely destroyed by an earthquake and a tidal wave, and that 5000 persons had perished. To-day at low tide the submerged walls of the old city can be seen through the clear water where the Yankee cruiser Newark is anchored, and because of the extraordinary experience of Lorenzo Villalta the island was christened in honor of his patron saint.

The Peddlers of San Juan.

Quite a lot of business is done in the Porto Rican cities by peddlers. The streets are full of hucksters, easily sellers and ice cream vendors. Each has his own cry and the walls ring with them from daylight until dark and after dark. Here comes a man yelling chickens. He is yelling a cry we do not understand, holding out as he does so one of the three dozen fowls he has tied together by their legs and slung over his shoulder.

The chickens squawk as he carries them along the street, and their shrill cries are apparently in opposition to his statement that he will sell fine chickens for seventy-five centavos—about forty-five cents apiece of our money.

But see those queer bundles he has under his arm. He seems to be a feather peddler as well. The bundles are wrapped with jagua palm bark, and out of their ends stick what look like feather dusters. Now he has turned about and we see the other ends of his bundles. Each contains a live turkey, and it is poking its head out of the bark. The turkeys are laid flat with their legs doubled up under them. The legs and wings are bound around with strings, and the whole is wrapped up in the thick bark of the jagua palm. In this way he can carry three or four turkeys, and at the same time the dozen or so chickens he has thrown over his shoulders. —Frank G. Carpenter, in Washington Star.

Blue Jays Kill Chickens.

Clerk of Courts John Tate, who lives in Capital Park, owns a half interest with his brother in an incubator and a big brood of young chicks. During the past few weeks, on going to care for the chickens, they have found numbers of them dead. Each chicken had a hole pecked in its head and the brains had been taken out. The work was evidently not that of rats, weasels or of hawks, so it was decided to watch, and Mr. Tate and his sister took turns.

A couple of mornings ago, while the sister was watching the chicks, she saw a couple of blue jays swoop down into the coop. The chicks did not run from them, evidently not realizing they were in danger. A blue jay would attack a chick and peck at its head two or three times, invariably killing it on the second or third stroke, and then would pick the brains out and fly away.

Since that time Mr. Tate and his brother have been watching the coops and gunning for blue jays, with the result that they have bagged a number, and find that the chicken casualty list is on the decrease. —Des Moines (Ia.) Leader.

Literature and Business.

The uncertain rewards of literature were never more clearly set forth than in the following (as the poet assures us) "original lines, which were dashed off between meals."

"Many a man on the road of life succeeds where another fails; Johnny is writin' stories, an' Billy is splittin' rails; Johnny is makin' a name an' fame (he says) while the years roll on; But Billy is making the money, an' Billy's supportin' John!" —Atlanta Constitution.

Nameless and Dateless Tombstone.

Speaking of tombstone literature, we have some in our own cemetery which read a little queer. On one of the stones which marks a grave not so very old is the following:

Born July 184—,
Died September —, 187—,
May He Rest In Peace.
From His Wife.
—Frankfort (Ky.) Roundabout.

HOW HIDES ARE TANNED.

Process of Leather Making From the Fresh Skin to the Finished Article.

The leather man was busy hoisting bundles of leather up from the cellar by means of a pulley rope, weighing it and loading it on the cart which stood at the door ready to carry the load to the shoe manufacturers. He looked up, however, at a question and paused to wipe the perspiration from his brow.

"Tell you about leather? Well, that's a long story. You see, there are fifty different kinds of leather if there is one, and the processes through which the hides go between the time they leave the stock yards and the time when the shoe man gets them are many and varied. There are steer hides, calf skins, goat skins and others, which are prepared each in one certain way.

"The green skins come from the great stock yards in Chicago and Kansas City to the tannery, which is generally built on the bank of a pure stream and near woodland. At the tannery the hides are at once placed in great vats filled with fresh cold water, and left there to soak for two or three days. The water tends to soften them. Then the skins are put in a long trough and run through a sort of slide, while heavy hammers pound them to a greater softness and pliability. Water is played on them in a steady stream. When the work in the trough is finished the hides are placed back in the vats, and they soak there a little more; for a day or so. The next move is to keep them four or five days in the sweat pits. The sweat pits are dug out in the sides of the hills and the skins are hung up in rooms inside. It is dangerous for a man to stay in one of these pits, owing to the fumes of ammonia which issue from the hides after they have been confined for a little while. They are powerful enough at times to overcome a person. But the workmen know what they are about and do not imperil their lives by remaining too long in the place.

"After the turn in the sweat pits the hides are ready for scraping. It takes a trained tanner to know just how long to keep them in the sweat pits. When the thing is done right the hides should be just about at the point of decomposition before they are taken out. Then bare-armed men stand ready with long, sharp knives, which they work over the skins with both hands, removing all the hair and the small particles of flesh so that there is not a shred of it left. Each skin is gone over thoroughly and tossed into still another vat filled with a liquid in which there are small strips of hemlock bark. The hemlock bark has a hardening tendency on the skins. In some cases acids are used in addition to the bark.

"Tanners have an instrument they call a barkometer with which they test the strength of the liquid. It would not do to have it too strong or the skins would be burned. So they are generally put first into a weak solution. The bark juice, or whatever you want to call it, permeates the skin through every pore. The next process is that of drying. Then the dry hide is rolled and a coating of fish oil spread over it to give it the peculiar gloss which you notice in leather. The skins are next stored in a loft for two or three days and afterward shipped to the leather sellers in New York and other cities. We have nothing to do here but weigh them and send them off to the shoemen. That is the way that sole leather is prepared." —New York Sun.

Queer Business Signs.

All the business of Porto Rico is done in Spanish. It would be foolish for our people to send commercial travelers here who cannot speak Spanish, and an American merchant who did not understand the language would fare badly. The business signs of San Juan are in Spanish. You see them over the stores. They are not the names of the owners and gives no indication of the character of the goods for sale. There is one named La Perla, or "The Pearl." It is a notion store. Opposite it is a dry good establishment, over which I see the words "El Gallo de Oro," or "The Golden Cock," while further down the street is a hardware store labeled "The Flower of July." There is a store here labeled "La Nina," or "The Maiden," which really sells gentlemen's shirts and hats, and a barber shop labeled "La Hija de Borinquen." "The Daughter of Borinquen." A man never puts his own name over his store. I suppose he chooses the name of the mascot which he thinks is to bring him luck. —Frank G. Carpenter, in Washington Star.

Expert Indian Swordsmen.

Some of the most wonderful swordsmen in the world are found in the Orient, and notably among these are the wiry little Gurkas of India. The sword they use is quite unlike anything to be seen elsewhere. The "kukri"—for that is the name they give it—is short, heavy and much bent, with the cutting edge on the inner side of the curve, like a sickle. Its blow is usually delivered from below upward, with the "drawing cut."

These brave and clever dwarfs are now staunch allies of the English, but formerly would charge in irregular squads hard to repel by musketry, dive under the bayonets, rip upward with the kukri, and then dart away, leaving their victim almost split in halves. They would also stoop under the horses of the cavalry, rip them open and slash the legs of the riders as they fell. Even the medieval legions can hardly outdo their actual performance. It is said that they have been known to decapitate a buffalo with one blow of the kukri.

Handkerchiefs to the amount of \$1,600,000 were imported to this country during the last fiscal year.

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Next Week's Star.

Owing to the fair running into Friday, our plans to publish a full report of the events, exhibits, etc., have been interfered with. We hope to leave nothing unmentioned that deserves a place in the report, and we should be glad to hear from any exhibitors who feel that their products are specially worthy of notice. We want to make our report of the fair in our next paper better than any that has ever been given in the history of Essex fairs.

"In Early Autumn," from the pen of an esteemed correspondent, will find a place in our next.

For the first time since THE STAR was published, we will begin the printing of town news in full next week. Of course we will draw the line at the police reports and news which might injure the community or the individual. But let the record speak for itself.

We desire to acknowledge the prompt response of Revs. C. W. Blackett, L. J. Thomas, and M. J. Murphy to our offer of a column space to each of the churches. In our next we expect to have each Peabody church in line.

We are now publishing the Postal Timetable, and next week we will add, as matters of permanent and general information, the timetables of the Narrow Gauge, Electric and B. & M. R. R. These have been asked for by regular readers.

Many readers throughout the year will want to find a Justice of the Peace or a Notary Public. The addresses of these officials will in future be found in these columns.

The names of the members of the town government and officials will be published. The political situation will be thoroughly canvassed.

At last we have reached a stage where we can broaden out on town lines, and make the paper what it should be. The addition of forty-eight names, paid to our subscription list in one week—an average of eight per day—is good enough evidence for us that Peabody wants its town paper, and will pay for it.

Our advertisers this week during the fair had the advantage of the free distribution of five thousand copies of the STAR.

A new training school for nervous and backward children, the first of its kind in the world, has been established in Chicago. It is called the Chicago Physiological School, and its purpose is to provide a home and school for boys and girls who are unable to cope with normal children, owing to illness or infirmity.

William C. Whitney says the American thoroughbred horse is recognized in Great Britain as superior to the English. Inasmuch as the American locomotive and the American trolley car is also recognized in the same class there is nothing surprising in that. Next, the American automobile will be recognized as ahead of all others.

There is no royal road to success; there can be none, writes Edward Bok in the Ladies' Home Journal. Each man is an individual problem, and he must work himself out. He must first know himself—in other words, find himself; then he will quickly discover what particular line of work is best adapted to his abilities. Determination and hard work, after he has once made a choice of profession, trade or business, will soon develop the best that is in him.

In 1800 there were two hundred newspapers of all kinds regularly appearing in the United States. Then the population of the country was 3,308,483. To-day, almost upon the dividing line of the centuries, with our population of 85,000,000, we have more than 20,000 newspapers and periodicals. During the period spanned by these figures our population increased seventeen fold, while the number of newspapers and periodicals increased no less than one hundred fold.

It is reported that the great ocean steamship companies seriously contemplate an abandonment of the record-breaking policy. High speed at sea is costly, out of all proportion to any advantage that may accrue from it. Experiments made by the British cruiser Highflyer show this conclusively. It required 3458 pounds of coal per hour to drive that ship at the rate of 12½ knots. Yet when she was running at 19.4 knots it required an additional 3780 pounds of coal merely to add seven-tenths of a knot to the speed.

The machine has its limitations and moreover creates demands of its own. A certain proportion of new inventions increase the demand for labor, and human intelligence, human skill, human responsibility, must always be back of the metal mechanism, be it ever so adroitly constructed. The prediction of Aristotle may yet be fulfilled, without friction and without conflict, and the machine assume its proper function of discharging the drudgery of the race, while the labor it displaces is peaceably taken up by the handicrafts, the arts and the professions, to the betterment and uplifting of humanity.

There is a vacant panel in the dome of the Capitol of Washington, which has for twenty-five years been waiting for a subject worthy of being inscribed on the surface. The New York Journal suggests that the victory of Admiral Dewey at Manila is the subject which has been so long coming, a suggestion that cannot fail to meet the approbation of every member of both houses of Congress. The battle of Manila was really the deciding battle of the Spanish War, for in its overwhelmingness and completeness the moral effect which it exerted on the Spanish navy so demoralized it that Cervera and his men became a comparatively easy prey at Santiago.

The Fall Mall Gazette has suddenly discovered that the American system of naming ships of war is better than the English. This is chiefly because the British way is rather a lack of system than a system. The paper referred to complains that the Magnificent class, for instance, contains not only a Majestic and a Victorious, but also a Caesar and a Hannibal, which certainly is evidence of unsystematic naming. The Gazette proceeds to advocate copying our method of giving the name of a State to a battleship, the name of a large city to a first class cruiser, and of a small city to a second-class cruiser, and of a naval hero to a torpedo boat. The Gazette says with justice that this method reveals by the name the class to which any ship belongs.

One thing at least is in favor of the automobile. When it is broken down it cannot be canned.

To check unnecessary display at funerals is a reform worthy of encouragement. Usually it is the people least able to indulge in such silly extravagance who are the most likely to consider themselves bound by custom so to do.

That was an eloquent note in the advertising columns of the Boston dailies in which six large firms joined in announcing that their doors would be closed, out of respect to a highly respected member of a competing firm, during the hour of his funeral. A noble character sanctifies the ways of trade.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, when asked at what age the training of a child should be begun, replied "20 years before it is born." Many an unthinking parent brutally punishes a child for wrong-doing for which not the child, but the father, should be held responsible. The very first step in disciplining children is self-discipline on the part of the parents.

At the Paris exposition special effort will be made to make a striking exhibition of Indian corn and its food products. It is intended to establish in connection with the American agricultural exhibits a "corn kitchen," in order that the visitors may be furnished with all kinds of maize foods. It is hoped that this will increase the market for American corn.

The report of the Ohio's state college telling how largely the students come from the families of humble circumstances, will tend to increase everywhere the respect in which our state colleges are held. That they are destined to become recognized as the popular channel of higher education to which the public high schools will be largely tributary, seems, in this light, more and more probable.

There does not seem to be much doubt in the minds of foreigners that America is an unmusical country, but for some reason they seem to like our musical instruments. The Musical Age publishes an interesting table of the exports of musical instruments from this country in the last fiscal year. This report shows that our pianos and organs are going to all the countries of Europe, even Turkey. It is one of our boasts that we make better pianos than the Europeans, and it is to be hoped that, if they continue to import them, the concert of the European powers will hereafter be more harmonious.

Travelers and lovers of the sea who are afflicted with sea sickness must grieve over the failure of the French rolling-boat. If the experiment had succeeded, they might have looked forward to some relief from their sufferings on board ship. The new boat, it was thought, would minimize friction and prevent the slow motion from side to side that to sensitive stomachs is utterly disastrous. The French have been experimenting with the boat for a long time now, and it was thought that success was near at hand. The recent failure, however, is not likely to put an end to other experiments in the same direction.

Ten years ago the annual loss by forest fires in Pennsylvania was estimated at \$1,000,000. In 1897 it had fallen to \$394,827. In the following year laws to punish the wilful or careless starting of forest fires, and providing a force to fight such fires, became effective, and the fire loss for that year was only \$53,345. This betterment is not ascribed directly to the existence of the laws on the subject, although they have had an undoubted deterrent effect. It is thought that the public sentiment, which called for the law, and the added publicity given to the matter by the action of the Legislature, have had a tendency to make men more careful with fires in the woods. The railroads, too, are becoming, year by year, more careful in the disposition of locomotive ashes, and more particular in the use of spark-arresters.

Ten acres of the best spruce land in Maine will yield about 75,000 feet of timber. Converted into wood pulp and thence into paper this will weigh about 125 tons. This is only enough to print a single issue of some of our big metropolitan dailies. In other words, our forest resources are being exhausted with a rapidity that is hardly imagined by the general run of people. Some experts say all the spruce will be gone in five years; certainly the end is not very far off. So all over the country, for one purpose or another, the timber is being exhausted, and nothing is being done to renew the supply. We do not imagine that the world will come to an end even if all the timber is destroyed, for substitutes will be found; but nevertheless the ruthless devastation of our forests that is now going on is a crime against prosperity. It is one of those crimes that is visited on the succeeding generations and not on the perpetrators; hence we are callous to it.

An innovation in railroad management, made by the General Manager of the Baltimore and Ohio, is the issuance of passes to all engineers and conductors who have served the road in such capacities for a year or more. The passes are also made to include the wives and minor children of the men to whom they are issued, and are good for use over all the lines of the company east and west of the Ohio River. There are about 3000 engineers and conductors in the employ of the company who will be benefited by the order. In justification of the consideration shown, it is said by the officials that the duties of engineers and conductors are important and responsible. By care and faithfulness they can reduce accidents to a minimum, run trains on or near schedule time, and thereby facilitate and encourage business. It is claimed, therefore, that they are entitled to this additional consideration. It will also be an incentive to firemen, baggage-men and brakemen to give the best service in order to earn and gain promotion.

It would seem as though our foreign wars should at least be suspended till after the close of the baseball season.

MIDDLESEX EAST AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION.
READING AND WAKEFIELD.
GRAND TROTTING EVENTS:
Sept. 27—2.00 class, \$200; 2.25 class, \$350. Sept. 28—2.30 class, \$225; 2.15 class, \$300. Sept. 29—2.35 class, \$250. Hurdles Race \$100. Sept. 30—Free for all, \$400; 2.40 class, \$200. Trot or pace in all classes.

BACK FROM ICY LANDS

WALTER WELLMAN AND PARTY FAILED.

They Discovered Some New Plants of Interest However—Resume of the Latest Arctic Expedition—Start Made in June, 1898.

Walter Wellman and the survivors of the Polar expedition led by him, arrived in Europe Aug. 17 on the steamer Capella, having successfully completed their explorations in Franz Josef Land. Mr. Wellman discovered important new lands and many islands. The expedition brings a grim story of arctic tragedy. In the autumn of 1898 an outpost called Fort McKinley was established in latitude 81 degrees. It was a house built of rocks and roofed over with walrus hide. Two Norwegians, Paul Bjorvig and Bert Bentsen, the latter of whom was with Nansen on the Fram, remained there. The main party wintered in a canvas covered hut called Harmsworth house, at Cape Tegethoff, on the southern point of Hall's island, latitude 80. About the middle of February, before the rise of the sun to its winter height, Mr. Wellman, with three Norwegians and forty-five dogs, started north. It was the earliest sledge journey on record in that high latitude. On reaching Fort McKinley Mr. Wellman found Bentsen dead, and Bjorvig, according to promise, had kept the body in the house, sleeping beside it through two months of arctic darkness. Notwithstanding his terrible experience the survivor was safe and cheerful. Pushing northward through rough ice and severe storms, with a continuous temperature for ten days between 40 and 50 degrees below zero, the party found new lands north of Freedom island, where Nansen landed in 1895. By the middle of March all hands were confident of reaching latitude 87 or 88, if not the pole itself. Then began a succession of disasters. Mr. Wellman, while leading the party, fell into a snow covered crevasse, seriously injuring one of his legs and compelling a retreat. Two days later the party was aroused at midnight by an icequake under them, due to pressure. In a few moments many dogs were crushed and

Nansen approved the plans, and after Wellman had returned to this country he also secured the approval of the National Geographical society, of which Professor A. Graham Bell was president, and that organization, as well as the United States coast and geodetic survey and the United States weather bureau, co-operated with him in the scientific preparations for the enterprise.

ROTHSCHILD'S DAUGHTER.

England's richest young heiress, Miss Evelina Rothschilds, daughter of Lord Rothschilds, has recently become engaged in marriage to Lieutenant Olive Behrens, of the Royal Horse artillery. Lieutenant Behrens is the son of one of the wealthiest merchants of Manchester, but he wears no title. Like his bride-elect, he is of German-Hewish origin and comes of good stock. His branch of the family has insisted



on retaining the Jewish faith as well as the original spelling of the family name; whereas Mr. Alexander Berens on marrying into the aristocracy of England, changed both. Mr. Alexander Berens is the father of Lady Ross whose divorce case was the sensation of the London season two years ago. Lord Rothschilds has only three children, two sons and this daughter. Her fortune under the circumstances will be one of colossal proportions. Lieutenant Behrens will now probably en-



WALTER WELLMAN.

the sledges destroyed. The members of the expedition narrowly escaped with their lives, although they managed to save their precious sleeping bags and some dogs and provisions. On Mr. Wellman's condition becoming alarming, as inflammation set in, the brave Norwegians dragged him on a sledge, by forced marches, nearly 200 miles to headquarters, arriving there early last April. Mr. Wellman is still unable to walk and will probably be permanently crippled. After reaching headquarters other members of the expedition explored regions hitherto unknown and important scientific work was done by Lieut. Evelyn B. Baldwin of the United States weather bureau, Dr. Edward Hofma of Grand Haven, Mich., and A. Harlan of the United States coast survey. The expedition killed forty-seven bears and many walrus. The Capella arrived at Cape Tegethoff in search of the expedition July 27 last. Aug. 9 she met the Stella Polar, hearing the expedition headed by Prince Luigi, duke of Abruzzi, which had sailed from Archangel to reconnoiter northwest Franz Josef Land and to meet, if possible, the Wellman expedition. Mr. Wellman and his companions found no trace in Franz Josef Land of the missing aeronaut, Professor Andre.

The Wellman expedition was started in June, 1898, and is the second which he has led in search of the north pole, the first one having taken place in 1893 and 1894. On his first attempt Wellman's ship, the Ragnold Jarl, was crushed in the ice, but he came back undaunted, and determined to make the trial again. Mr. Wellman went abroad in 1897, and laid his plans for the second expedition before Nansen, the explorer. He unfolded the details of a sledge trip of 110 days for 550 miles to the north pole by way of Franz Josef Land, which lies almost north from Nova Zembla, and had previously been explored as far as latitude 82 and said that he intended to establish a supply station at Cape Flora, in latitude 80.

ter the banking business and give up military life altogether.

HOW IT IS DONE IN GERMANY

Tree Culture Is One of the Most Priced Occupations of the People.

While congress and the several state legislatures have for years been flooded with petitions and proposed laws for the preservation of the forest trees of the country, nearly all of them more or less defective, the people of Germany have solved the problem with very little ado. Germany is an old country. Centuries ago what we might call its virgin timber was exhausted and the country found itself with a dense population dependent on a limited area of land to supply its needs for wood material. What should they do? Should they stint their use in this direction to a niggardly amount? Should they call on the stock of newer countries for their supply? They did neither of these things. They went to work to develop the resources and capabilities of their own lands. The states and the nobles supported the work. Scientists labored and managers experimented. Forest schools were established to spread through the land the knowledge that had been gained. Finally they piled up a mass of exact information about trees and everything related to their life, and established a system of forest management that is one of the finest monuments of the thoroughness, the conservatism and the patience of the German race. And today the forest stands as one of the prime objects of the people's regard, a source of health, wealth and national independence.

Miss Fortune.
Mr. Stubb—"There comes 'Fortune' Mrs. Stubb—'Who, John?' Mr. Stubb—"Fortune"; the female book agent." Mrs. Stubb—"Why in the world do you call her 'Fortune'?" Mr. Stubb—"Because she knocks at every man's door."

A full line of Toilet Articles, Drugs, Cigars, Confectionery always on hand at

The W. H. Carter Drug Co.,

44 Main Street.

J. F. C.

IS THE

Best 5c. Cigar

IN THE MARKET.

—THE—

George Peabody

CIGAR IS THE BEST TEN-CENT SMOKE.

See that your dealer keeps them: Manufactured by J. F. Carbrey, 19 Mason street, Peabody.

New Periodical Store . .

Confectionery, cigars and tobacco, stationery, weekly papers, magazines, daily and Sunday New York papers. Coal orders taken for Winchester Smith.

N. E. McCARTHY.
12 1-2 Lowell street.

Leave your orders for

Fruit and Ice Cream

—AT—

Shea's, LOWELL STREET.

A fine assortment of fresh fruit at low prices.



Fall and Winter styles

Black and Russett.

The Latest Designs in Boots and Shoes, at

We have a full line at popular prices at

Raddin's, 52 Main Street.

J. M. WARD & Co.,
*** FLORISTS ***

Designs Artistically Executed. Cut Flowers and Plants.

Green-houses, Warren and Endicott streets.

TELEPHONE 547-2.



P. BUCKLEY,

21 FOSTER STREET.

Sale closes Sept. 16 at 11 p.m.
As we have made satisfactory settlement with the creditors, and will continue the business, I have a word to the people of Peabody. Before purchasing your footwear elsewhere, give us a call and see the different styles and prices on the goods now in stock.

P. BUCKLEY.

PHILIP E. REIDY,

Registered Pharmacist,

11 Walnut street,

Peabody, . . . Mass.

Special Sale

OF

Underwear

Special Sale.

375 pairs

Men's Pants

Worth \$1.25 to \$4.00, will be sold for

75c. to \$1.99.

GEO. H. JACOBS,

Peabody.



—TRY A—

LUNCH

—AT—

C. J. KEEFE & CO.,

Dealers in cigars, confectionery, fruit, etc.

Butter!

Take Butter, for instance. Our motto for many years has been: "Keep the best—always." If you want the best of anything in the grocery line, we have it, and carry nothing else. This butter is fresh churned, rich, just off the farm.

T. L. D. PERKINS.

FALL AND WINTER
LINES OF

Footwear

At

F. M. DAVENPORT'S.

98 Main Street.

W. O.

Batchelder.

Fine Potatoes, 65c. bush.
15 lbs. large Sweet Potatoes, 25c.
Pillsbury's Best Flour, \$5.00 bb.
Eaton's Best Flour, \$4.50.
King Arthur Flour, at lowest market price.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The solutions to these puzzles will appear in a succeeding issue

—46—

181.—A Metagram.

Whole I am a body of water, change my head and I become successively an evil, inflexible, a limb, a paste and a hollow murmur.

182.—A Double Letter Enigma.

In laugh, not in cry;
In Paul, not in pry;
In will, not in deed.
In kill, not in creed.
A little time, then tell to me
That you two large birds do see.

183.—A Rhomboid.

Across—1. A city. 2. A masculine name. 3. Moderately warm. 4. A city. 5. A fruit.

Down—1. A consonant. 2. Elevated. 3. A trap. 4. A separate particular. 5. Part of a flower. 6. An article of food. 7. A title anciently given to the Pope. 8. A negative. 9. A consonant.

184.—Six Buried American Cities.

1. We found the garden very beautiful.
2. We came from a haven of Massachusetts.
3. The mob I left when I discovered their motive.
4. The postage stamp arrested our attention.
5. We met the man coming from a concert.
6. The sale may not take place this month.

ANSWERS TO PREVIOUS PUZZLES.

177.—A Charade—Legacy.

178.—A Diamond—

C
W A R
W A R E S
C A R A M E L
R E M I T
S E T
L

179.—A Metagram—Weal, Deal, Heal, Meal, Peal, Seal.

180.—A Square—

B A N K
A L O E
N O T E
K E E N

NEW JERSEY TOMATO CROP.

Big Enough to Turn Out Fifteen Million Cans There.

"The season has been most favorable for the growth of tomatoes in Southern New Jersey, where it is estimated that this year's crop will amount to about 850,000 bushels," said the proprietor of a leading packing house in Salem County, N. J., to the writer. "This season's tomatoes are exceptionally fine in quality, but being very abundant not only in Jersey, but on Long Island and in New York State, the markets are just now pretty well glutted with the vegetable. As a consequence, the farmers are only receiving from fifteen to twenty cents per bushel for their product, or about half what they do get when the vegetable is not so plentiful. Prices might even go lower for tomatoes were it not for the heavy demand that now exists for the vegetable for canning purposes. This demand is caused by the partial failure of such crops as peas and string beans in Jersey and elsewhere. With a comparatively short supply of peas and beans the Jersey packing house people are anticipating an unusually large call for canned tomatoes between now and next spring, and in their efforts to satisfy this expected demand they are purchasing large quantities of tomatoes. This tends to keep up the price of the vegetable."

"There are thirty-two canning factories in Salem County and fifteen in Cumberland County, and these forty-seven concerns have a capacity for turning out 15,000,000 cans of tomatoes annually. This year it is thought that the New Jersey pack will not exceed 12,000,000 cans, which is one-tenth of 126,000,000, the average yearly output of canned tomatoes in the United States."

A Choice Weapon to Own.

The Hon. William Wortham, long State Treasurer of Texas, was in a New York jewelry store one day, when he noticed a show-case filled with splendid jeweled revolvers with silver and gold grips and chased barrels, having precious stones set into the butts. "Lemme see one of those guns," he said to the clerk: "Which one, sir?" "The gold one with the big ruby in the handle." The clerk took it from the case. It was marked \$300, and it looked worth even more. The Texan took it tenderly in both hands and held it admiringly up to the light. Then drawing himself up to his full height, which was six feet and a half, he rested the revolver barrel upon his left elbow, crooked for the purpose, and looked over the sights down the long store. Those persons who saw him involuntarily dodged. "Say," said Mr. Wortham, with quiet but intense enthusiasm, as he returned the weapon, "if I was to wear that gun down in my State this people would be falling down on their knees begging to be killed with it."

Tailors and dressmakers, if they marry, should suit each other.

"MATILDY'S BEAU."

I hain't no great detective like yer read about,—the kind That solves a whole blame murder case by footmarks left behind;
But then, agaln, or t'other hand, my eyes hain't shut so tight
But I can add up two and two and get the answer right:
So, when prayer-meet'n's, Friday nights, got keepin' awful late,
And, fer an hour or so, I'd hear low voices at the gate;
And when that gate got saggin' down 'bout ha'f a foot er so,
I says ter mother: "Ma," says I "Matildy's got a beau."

We oughter have expected it, she's most eighteen, yer see;
But, sakes alive! she's always seemed a baby, like ter me;
And, so, a feller after her, why, that jest did beat all!
But, t' other Sunday, bless yer soul, he comes around to call;
And when I see him all dressed up as dandy as yer please,
But sorter lookin' 's if he had the shivers in his knees.
I kinder realized it then, yer might say, like a blow,
Thinks I, "No use! I'm gettin' old; Matildy's got a beau."

Jest twenty-four short years gone by,—it don't seem five, I vow!—
I fust called on Matildy—that's Matildy's mother now;
I recollect I spent an hour a-tyin' my cravat,
And I'd sent up ter town and bought a bang-up shiny hat.
And, my! Oh, my! then new plaid pants; well, wa'n't I somethin' grand!
When I came up the walk with some fresh posies in my hand?
And didn't I feel like a fool when her young brother, Joe, Sang out: "Gee Crickets! Looky here! Here comes Matildy's beau!"

And now another feller comes up my walk, just as gay,
And here's Matildy blushin' red in jest her mother's way;
And when she says she's got ter go an errand to the store,
We know he's waitin' round the bend, jest as I've done afore;
Or, when they're in the parlor and I knock, why, bless yer heart!
I have ter smile ter hear how quick their chairs are shoved apart.
They think us old folks don't catch on a single mite; but, sho!
I reckon they forgit I was Matildy's mother's beau.
—Joe Lincoln, in Puck.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Father—"So you have decided to become an artist?" Son—"Yes." Father—"Well, I have no objections, if you don't draw on me."

A man has to be brave to say "I can't afford it," when he is asked to do something—unless it is his wife who asks him.—Louisville Journal.

"Look upward!" said the teacher stern. The youth in accents sad and slow Replied: "I've got to it I learn How high the mercury will go." —Washington Star.

Wabash—"Are you fond of re-parte, Miss Olive?" Miss Olive (of St. Louis)—"No; I wouldn't give one cup of coffee for all the tea I ever saw."

Patient—"I suffer from insomnia. What shall I do?" Doctor—"Pay your doctor bills. Then your conscience will not trouble you."—New York Journal.

Mosely Wrags—"I never was so busy as I am now, Mum." Mrs. Smith—"What are you doing?" Mosely Wrags—"I'm looking for a job."—Baltimore Jewish Comment.

Tactful Shoe-Clerk—"Here is a pair of one-and-a-half shoes that the maker has marked number six by mistake. Just try this on, please; I believe it will just suit you." (Trial and speedy sale).—Judge.

"Watch me," remarked Jupiter Tonans, and, drawing a thunderbolt, he hit the earth. "Good eye!" shouted Mercury. For it was known among the immortals, even at that early day, that the earth was a ball.—Indianapolis Journal.

"Money talks," they observed. There came into the eyes of the trillionaire the wild, hunted look peculiar to his kind. "But it doesn't give itself away!" he cried agonizedly. For the fear that he would die rich was haunting him in day and night shifts.—Detroit Journal.

Food That Makes Brain.

According to a recent health report, blanched almonds give the brain and muscle food, and the man who wishes to keep his mental power up would do well to include them in his daily bill of fare. Juicy fruits develop more or less the higher nerve or brain, and are eaten by all men whose living depends on their clear-headedness.

Apples supply the brain with rest. Prunes afford proof against nervousness, but are not muscle-feeding. They should be avoided by those who suffer from the liver. But at the same time it has been proved that fruits do not have the same effect upon everybody. Some people have never been able to eat apples without suffering the agony of indigestion; to others strawberries are like poison.

Toast and Tea Harmful.

Up-to-date doctors have for some time sounded a warning against the all too common invalid diet of "toast and tea." Few things, say they, are harder for the weakened stomach to digest than hot buttered toast. Now the physicians' warnings have received reinforcement from the French chef, who says: "I am no doctor, but if I were I would not let my patients eat hot buttered toast. I fully believe it causes as much indigestion as hot griddle cakes. In this country the average woman eats hot toast with quantities of butter on it every day."

LIVING IN FRANCE.

It Does Not Come Up to Our American Ideas of Comfort.

We exaggerate in our minds the luxury of life on the continent. No hotel there equals any of the first-class hotels in our great cities. The first thing to disappoint us is the lift—what we laboriously call the elevator. It is a poor piece of machinery abroad, always stopping and always out of order.

In the best hotel in Paris, the Continental, one gets luxury, comfort and even splendor, but never one's cards or notes. There is a fatal gulf for these. One is a number, not an individuality. The table is, however, very luxurious. It is a clean and well-ordered caravansary. As for the comfort of warmth in winter, they do not know the meaning of the word. We are justly accused of exaggerating the heat of our rooms in America; the furnace is denounced; but after freezing to death in Paris, one of the coldest of cities, very far north, cursed with an abominable winter climate, one returns willingly to the heated rooms of America.

We exaggerate the excellence of the French bed. There is no such thing in France as that comfortable, broad, low thing which we call a French bed. A high, hard, narrow shelf is the apology for it.

We exaggerate our comforts by having gas in our sleeping rooms, and hot and cold water in our stationary wash bowls and bathrooms. They never exaggerate comfort in France. You have as many candles as you will pay for, and no bath, unless you order it, when men laboriously bring you a tub filled with hot or cold water, and take it away after you have bathed.

We exaggerate very much the supposed good living in France. To go to a hotel in Paris to live we must expect out of the season very little good food, very little that is sustaining and nourishing. It is "all sauce." There are no good joints of mutton, no good American desserts. There is an especial discomfort to the sick, who never get good toast, good custard, good tapioca pudding, nor oysters that they like.—Harper's Bazar.

WISE WORDS.

We live no more of our time here than we live well.—Carlyle.

One ought to have a good memory when he has told a lie.—Fuller.

The fruit derived from labor is the sweetest of all pleasures.—Vanenarques.

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.—Goethe.

The highest manhood resides in disposition, not in mere intellect.—H. W. Beecher.

He that wants money, means and content is without three good friends.—Shakespeare.

Unbecomingly forwardness oftener proceeds from ignorance than impudence.—Greville.

Of all the faculties of the mind memory is the first that flourishes and the first that dies.—Cotton.

The desire of knowledge, like the thirst of riches, increases ever with the acquisition of it.—Sterne.

Always remember that there are two sides to every question, and that there is a possibility of your being on the wrong side.—Spurgeon.

Spare minutes are the gold dust of time; the portions of life most fruitful in good or evil; the gaps through which temptations enter.—Mrs. Thrall.

Opportunities are never found by the indolent and inattentive; they are for the men and women who try to advance, and you should endeavor to enjoy them in their fullness.—Sterne.

That is not the best sermon that makes the hearers go away talking to one another and praising the preacher, but that which makes them go away thoughtful and serious, and hastening to be alone.—The Watchman.

Marble Hearts Organize.

A Wisconsin town has entered the lists as the promoter of a very singular crusade. It is the organization of the Marble-Heart Anti-Matrimonial Association, into which all the bachelors of the place have been induced to cast their fortunes. An initiation fee of \$25 and annual dues of \$10 are exacted; the young man joining is pledged not to marry, but should he break the vow, he loses all claim to the funds of the society. The last Marble-heart to remain unmarried gets the whole fund, and then is at liberty to marry if he wishes. The young women have organized a counter society, whose vow is not to marry anyone of the male Marble hearters. There is, however, no stonewall or strong block in the way of the breaking of the pledge in either organization.

Godsend For Golfers.

Little swear-wheels, in form not unlike the Burman prayer-wheels, are now in use on the golf links in Kashmir. They are conducive to silence, as, when one misses a particularly good stroke, one takes the wheel hurriedly from the caddie and violently turns it around.—Delhi (India) Morning Post.



[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

The colossal White Star steamship Oceanic has just made her dock here. Her welcome at the pier and all the way up the bay from Sandy Hook was enthusiastically American. The noisy salutes of the river craft and cheers of the thousands who thronged the docks were to have been expected, but the breadth of enthusiasm shown along the North river was unlooked for. It proved, however, hearty recognition of the fact that there had come to New York for the first time the largest steamer ever floated—larger by 24 feet than the Great Eastern. The docks from Charles street to West Twelfth street were thronged as the magnificent boat was slowly warped to her pier, but there was no crowding on the White Star dock, as the tickets of admission had been limited to 1000, and the great floor space would hold twenty times that number. Those 1000, however, gave a welcome to the passengers and the ship that was generous enough for a city full of people, and the demonstration was taken up along shore north and south of the docks, lasting for ten minutes. The monster liner was safely in her berth fifteen minutes after reaching the outside point of her pier, and a few minutes later her many hundreds of passengers were having trouble with the agents of Uncle Sam from the appraiser's office.

The information placidly put forth by some of the sentimental advocates of the tunnel scheme of rapid transit, that under the existing laws the local Tammany administration could have nothing to do with the work, is amusing. Even though the powers now vested in the rapid transit commission be rigorously upheld, they cannot be extensive enough to suspend all city laws and charter ordinances. The commissioner of highways, the department of water supply, the police, the building department, the board of health, the dock department, the corporation counsel, and the municipal assembly must all be reckoned with. If the elevated railroads, chartered for nearly a quarter of a century, and with all their legal rights buttressed by legal decisions, can be attacked as they have been recently, what chance in opposition to Mr. Croker's politico-money-making power will the contractors of the new terminal have if they cast down the gauge of independence? Fifty million dollars of public money, or any part thereof, cannot be expended without the supervision of public officials in New York.

The return of Admiral Dewey is to be the harvest time for New York, beyond all precedent. As the crowds expected are considered certain to exhaust the supply of rooms, appeals are being made to the householders to open their rooms for this occasion. Windows and other vantage points from which to view the parade are commanding exorbitant prices, with the supply insufficient for the demand. The bunting supply is already running on, as is the \$150,000 appropriation. The board of aldermen is to add \$25,000 to this, while the committee on decorations is raising \$2500 by private subscription to add to the \$3000 accorded it by the general committee. So elaborate a parade has been laid out, by the way, that it is estimated that it cannot be concluded before the late evening. All things considered, therefore, those who play to see Dewey day in this city will be wise to spend the night there. There will be no certainty of transportation to outside points after the great day has passed.

The committee having in charge the decoration of the city on the occasion of the Dewey celebration is going about its work in a manner to insure highly artistic results. Not only is attention being given to the public decoration, but the private efforts in this line as well. Thus all householders are requested to restrict the mass of decoration on their houses up to the third story windows, making this the emphasis line along the street. This feature alone will give an appearance of unity to what would otherwise be a straggling, irregular mass of decoration. Below this line it is proposed that individual taste and discretion be exercised, although specific recommendations are also made with reference to the materials that ought to be used to produce the best and most harmonious effects. The celebration is going to be something both grand and artistic.

Here is the latest defence: Mrs. Laura Belle White had her husband arrested on a warrant charging him with abuse and disorderly conduct. The husband and wife both came from Hartford. They met and were married in Tampa, Fla. In the police court the complainant said that her husband had recently threatened to kill her. "My husband used all his own money," she said, "and then began to squander mine. I am not of age yet and want protection." The prisoner, who seemed on the verge of physical collapse, admitted that he had abused his wife, but said that it was because he was nervous. The magistrate advised the man to keep away from his wife and dismissed the case.

KNICKERBOCKER.

A Reason Easily Supplied.

"How still it always is before a storm."
"Yes; nearly all women are afraid of lightning."

Full Line of Fresh Vegetables on Hand. Also,

the best Meats in town.

C. E. Flint's.

J. A. Roome,

Carriage * Manufacturer,

36 Foster Street.

Horse Shoeing and repairing promptly done.

A LARGE STOCK

—OF—

Native Veal, Fowl,

Chickens, Calves'

Liver,

PORK SAUSAGES, etc.,

VEGETABLES AND FRUIT

—AT—

J. W. Trask & Co.'s

FRUIT!

BEEF IS HIGH.

Why not eat

Fruit?

We are receivers of large quantities of all kinds of fruits, and our prices are low.

S. H. WARE,

24 Main street.



Ammunition of all kinds, shells, powder, cartridges. Also,

Guns to Let!

At Hamblet & Hayes, 13 and 15 Lowell street.

That Fall Suit

Will fit well, wear well, look well if made at 27 1-2 Main street.

We give you the best workmanship, the best goods, the best cut at

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BURSLEY & CREMORE,

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Fine Groceries

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Corner Central and Walnut street,

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LIVERY, HACK, and BOARDING STABLE.

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Special attention paid to boarders.

GEO. E. MEACOM CO.,

Apothecaries,

No. 126 Main Street,

PEABODY.

TO THE CANNON'S MOUTH.

A Tale of the Sepoy Mutiny.

BY L. J. BEESTON.



FOILED in his attempt to escape, Major Arthur Fitzgerald-Lascelles sat near to a corner of the dungeon and watched the tarantulas. The tarantulas, bodies elevated on hairy legs, regarded the Major. Their name was legion. Upon every projecting angle, from floor to ceiling, hideous, fat, loathsome, they waited patiently.

Close by the Major, with chin resting upon drawn-up knees, sat Color-Sergeant John Halliwell. This man had no eyes for the tarantulas; his gaze was introspective. Strange reptiles crawled over his motionless feet, but he heeded them not. At times his companion swore, loudly and deeply; the Color-Sergeant uttered no word. Occasionally the former rapped and stamped round the dismal apartment; the latter never raised his head.

The dungeon was subterranean to the extent of ten feet. High up on one side of the room an opening resembling a balustrade admitted cross rays of feeble light. The massive walls were mired with damp and the unwholesome air. At intervals the moisture swelled into huge drops and plashed upon the green floor. Sometimes one fell upon a spider and made him shiver; but the tarantulas never moved, only just waited, waited.

Half an hour in this dungeon would have cowed a savage dog. Yet into it man had thrown his brother man. To whom did it belong? To the Rajah of Bhitoor better known as Nana Sahib of execrable memory.

In the year '57, when the flames of rebellion swept over India, every day

not been so miserably caught, I would have won promotion at this time, when honor and glory lie within the grasp of every brave man. And speaking with all respect, my lineage will bear comparison with yours. But now—well, Dundoo Pant's word is sterner than yours, Major. Only I would ask you, sir, should you elude the clutches of this most infamous villain, this Nana Sahib, to tell Constance that one man met his end unflinchingly, thinking of her honey eyes and heaven reflected therein."

Thus spake John Halliwell, knowing nothing of the terror to come.

Major Lascelles grew sullen and irritable, though he controlled his feelings. He resumed his limited walk, with arms folded and face frowning. The Color-Sergeant continued to sit motionless. Thus for an hour both maintained an almost intolerable silence, until a key grated harshly and the door of the dungeon was flung open. Half a dozen Sepoys entered, and the two Englishmen were led forth.

Hundreds of eyes followed their egress. The tarantulas, it seemed, were doomed to disappointment.

Down a flight of stone steps, through subterranean passages reeking with damp, up again into a drier atmosphere, through more corridors tortuous and innumerable, all forming part of the great palace of the wealthy Rajah of Bhitoor, were the prisoners led by their dusky guard.

All this abruptly terminated. Darkness gave place to light, squalor to splendor, misery to magnificence. They were confronted by the Rajah himself in one of his state apartments.

The Mahratta prince stood surrounded by the emblems of wealth

seems we shall have to run a race." And his face grew white as death.

Softly though the words were uttered, the Rajah's attentive ear did not miss them.

"A race—that is it," he said, his voice trembling with half-suppressed excitement. "A race for life. See, I am merciful. If you leap the gun before the fuse burns to the touch-hole, you shall dine with me to-night, and go where you will with the sunrise. You first; the other remains—to observe."

At a glance from the Rajah's stern eyes Major Lascelles was seized; but the officer, by a powerful effort, wrenched himself free, and faced upon his captors with a look rendered more terrible by its despair than by its anger. While they hesitated, the Major turned to his companion with extended hand.

"Halliwell, you have my word. If I escape I will deliver your message. God bless my darling girl."

Halliwell gripped the hand offered to him and wrung it fervently.

"Thank you, Major. Heaven help you. Good-bye. And run hard—hard! One never knows, you know."

The next instant the Major had gone.

III.

In a few moments he appeared in the court and took his station in front of the iron shield, facing the gun. Two Sepoys held him by the arms, awaiting the signal. Halliwell could see it all clearly; the loading of the gun, the careful adjustment of the fuse.

"He will never do it," groaned the Color-Sergeant inwardly. "He's too fat. He will be blown to shivers."

Suddenly the man at the gun raised his hand and touched off the fuse. At the same instant the Major was pushed forward. He bounded with great swiftness down the passage, so narrow that he had scarcely room to swing his arms. In a trice he had covered a quarter of the ground—a half—three-quarters. Then Halliwell cried, "Merciful Powers!" for a horrible jet of red flame burst from the cannon's mouth.

A man's body cannot check a charge of grape shot, so the missiles came on, all bloody, and smashed into the iron shield. Major Lascelles had been blown to pieces. The watchers at the window heard the patter of a ghastly rain upon the stones.

Halliwell turned his face to the prince, to show him that a soldier can look upon a soldier's death and not flinch. The Nana's dusky skin had paled a little. He took some grapes from a dish, and ate them slowly. Then he turned to one of his retainers. "The cursed Feringhee has lost a dinner."

The man smiled and bowed without replying.

"This one is thin. Think you he will run faster?"

"Your highness will have the better sport. Dundoo Pant traced a pattern with his foot upon the cloth of silver. His brow grew sullen; he seemed to anticipate the vengeance of a Havelock. Presently he said: "Let him try."

Halliwell was led from the apartment. He paid no heed to the changed scene. A face swam before his eyes, the face of a woman into whose heart a great sorrow would shortly come, a woman left fatherless. The vision lent him strength, gave courage to his sinking heart and vigor to his limbs, which privation and imprisonment had weakened.

Then he realized that he was facing the grim muzzle of the cannon. Never runner took the mark to so dreadful a race. He saw the runner attending to his piece, watched him brush away the priming, and carefully reload. His feelings were indescribable. The sunlight flashing on the steel trunnions dazzled his eyes. He clenched his hands, clenched his teeth.

"For life and love," he muttered, "and the rest with God."

Suddenly he received a violent push, and knew that the fearful sprint had commenced.

Have you ever, in the grip of nightmare, run from one who follows fast? You strive to fly, but your feet cling to the ground, and you only crawl. The sensation is maddening. So it was with John Halliwell. The stone flags seemed glued to his limbs; in reality he scarcely touched them at all. Every nerve, every muscle of the man were engaged in the frightful struggle. The gunner, who stood by his piece, recoiled with amazement from the face of the Englishman, who, rushing down upon him, cleared the gun with one superb bound, even as the leaden death roared out.

The Color-Sergeant waited not to test the verity of the Rajah's word, and the invitation to dinner failed to tempt him just then. He continued his rapid course, through the maze of mud-beds and coco-palms, over the baked plain, and finally plunged into the river, which bore him, half-swimming, half-floating upon its deep and even current. The Nana never saw his prisoner again.

The Color-Sergeant had won his life. Two years subsequently Lieutenant Colonel John Halliwell won a prize even more dear to him—Cassell's Magazine.

Sample of Philippine Mahogany.

One of the finest pieces of dressed lumber the writer has ever seen is the top of a table in the director-general's office at the observatory. It is of mahogany, and measures twenty-two feet in length and seven feet five inches in width. There is not one flaw of any kind to be detected. What possibilities rest in the virgin forests producing such lumber can easily be conjectured.—Manila (P. I.) Freeman.

"There goes one of these women rights reformers." "How do you know?" "Don't you see his wife carrying the baby?"

WOMAN'S WORLD.

WOMAN AND THE BUSY BEE.

Experience of an Amateur Who Has Now Become a Professional.

Beekeeping as an occupation for women is attracting considerable attention at the present time, and yet there is nothing new about it. A prominent New York dealer in apiarian supplies says that about one-half the beekeepers of the country are, and probably always have been, women, although most of the business connected with their work is done in the name of a husband, father or other male relative. Bees, like children, require constant attention, and as women are almost always at home it is only natural that the care of the bees should fall to them. The independent woman beekeeper is comparatively new, however, and so beekeeping may be regarded as in one sense a new field for feminine enterprise. It is also, those who have tried it say, a delightful one.

"It is such interesting work," declared one woman apiarist, "and there are so few pleasant occupations open to women that I wonder more of them don't go into it. The way I learned to manage bees was by getting a book and a colony of bees and going to work. I didn't know a honey bee from a bumble bee when I started, and I had the misfortune to be the recipient of a great deal of advice on the subject from my neighbors and acquaintances. I had sense enough, fortunately, to pay little attention to this, but still it confused my judgment somewhat, and altogether I had a pretty hard time. I don't think any one should begin with as little knowledge as I did, but I do strongly advise starting on a small scale."

"Even if a woman has plenty of capital and could start with a full stock if she wished to, she should limit herself the first season to a few colonies. I found my one colony all I could manage, and I don't think I am so exceptionally stupid. It happened to be an unusually good year and the wretched insects swarmed five times. If I had had two colonies swarming at that rate I don't know what I would have done, and if I had had three I am sure I would not have survived the summer."

"How much capital does it require to start with a full stock?" she was asked.

"About \$500 will purchase fifty colonies and all the necessities appertaining, and any one who understood the work could secure a return the first season. But for an inexperienced person to begin with so many colonies would be madness. One of the beauties of the business, however, is that if one can contrive to get one's bread and butter from some other source for a few years one can start with almost no capital. There are a great many women in country homes who could easily build up apiaries in this way, and others who could carry on other occupations with beekeeping until the latter became profitable."

"Are there any qualities that you would consider particularly conducive to success as an apiarist?"

"Only those that are necessary to success in anything else—common sense, thoroughness, etc. I think of all occupations there are none more suitable than this for a broken down brain-worker. It is just intellectual enough to be interesting, it takes one into the open air, and the physical exertion required is not beyond the strength of one previously unaccustomed to manual work. The business is a profitable one, too, without being too laborious. There is no fortune in it, but there is a good living and peace and quietness."—New York Tribune.

Pretty Made Ties.

The made ties in lace and silk for the season are prettier than they ever have been, and are arranged so that they can be worn with any kind of waist. The collar itself is no longer lined with heavy buckram or canvas, but is kept in shape by the edge being well cut with a curve in front to allow of the throat having some room, and at the back the high points are kept up by small whitebones that are inserted between the lining and the collar itself. Plaited mousseline de soie or fine lace make the collars, and then there is a little overpiece that can be taken off and laundered. This of fine white mousseline de soie, with insertions of lace and a little lace edge. The bow to match this collar can be either entirely of lace or of mousseline de soie and lace, and can be made of black and white. There are not many colored silk collars. The color is toned down, and the white lace bow is a necessity. The long lace ties are to be fashionable once more. They are about a quarter of a yard wide and generally of net, with lace ends, or with pieces of lace appliqued on. The yellow, or cream, is more becoming than the white, and the net should be of a quality that would launder well, for anything worn about the neck is sure to become soiled quickly, not only from the neck, but from the coats that rub against the collar of the waist.

How to Remove a Tight Ring.

Many women who wear rings have trouble in removing them from their fingers. "There is really no necessity for all this ado about removing a tight ring," said a jeweler. "In that, as in everything else, the secret of success lies in knowing how to do it. Here is a recipe that I have found unfailing for removing a tight ring, and there is no painful surgical operation involved, either. Thread a needle flat in the eye, using thread that is strong but not coarse. Then pass the head of the needle under the ring. Care, of course, must be used in this, and it

would be best to soap the needle before beginning. The needle having been passed through, pull the thread through a few inches toward the hand—so." By this time the jeweler had passed the needle and thread under the ring on his own finger, and was prepared to illustrate the little lecture. "Wrap the long end of the thread tightly and regularly around the finger toward the nail in this manner. Then take hold of the short end and unwind it—so. The thread, thus pressing against the ring, will gradually remove it, however tight or swollen the finger."—Chicago Record.

Clever English Fishermen.

The Princess of Wales is a very clever wielder of the rod, and is said to be able to drop a fly with great delicacy and precision on a likely spot, and to hook and play her fish most skillfully. The Duchess of Fife each season has accounted for excellent baskets of trout, and has killed some fine salmon. The Duchess of Bedford is so enthusiastic for fishing that her Grace has gone to Norway for the sport when it was impossible in Scotland, and has killed some fish of great weight in both countries. The Marchioness of Breadalbane has also been most successful in salmon fishing, while Countess Annesley is a clever wielder of the rod, and so fond of the sport that she will spend day after day fishing, she and Lord Annesley taking out luncheon, and fishing hour after hour.

These are but few of the names of women who fish, and who do so most successfully. It is a sport in which a woman's delicacy of touch gives her some advantage over the sterner sex, although, of course, they are at some disadvantage when it comes to a call on strength and endurance in playing a strong fish.

Kate Field's Love Letter.

If that charming woman, the late Kate Field, did not marry, it was assuredly not because she did not have many an admirer. A Washington lady has in her possession a little old bit of yellow paper upon which is penciled a boyish scrawl. It was preserved by Miss Field from her little girl days. The scrawl runs thus:

"Wont you mete me down bye The Gate after school Yuc nowe i Luv yue."

On the other side of the bit of paper is the address, thus:

"Miss Kate Field, Esq., last Seat nex to the Door goin out."

It must have been like a breath of the forgotten perfume of yesteryears when the clever, kindly woman happened upon this little old piece of yellowed paper on a rainy afternoon of rummaging.—Washington Post.

A Handsome Visiting Gown.

A dainty visiting gown is of gray wool, embroidered in small, bright figures. The skirt is trimmed with several rows of gray velvet, edged on each side with a blue silk cord. The bodice is a slight blouse, made with no seams, and trimmed to give the effect of a fichu or shoulder cape. The sides of the choker are of guipure, and run down to form a little vest, leaving a strap of gray velvet, edged with blue, for the front of the choker. The little cape to which the lace forms a vest is draped about the shoulders, fichu fashion, and fastened in front with a steel buckle. It is edged with a guipure flounce that is headed with velvet.

Books and Papers to Cut Up.

A student of child life says that many fits of ill temper and perversity in little ones might be averted by suitable amusement. Let the mother keep old magazines and books with pictures that are not otherwise worth preserving just for the use of the children, providing also colored crayons or a box of water colors. With an occasional hint from mamma, hours are passed pleasantly. The love of color is innate, also the love of occupation, and the two combine to give amusement to the children and relief to the mother.

Gleanings From the Shops.

Beautiful fancy ribbons in narrow widths, with cashmere and Oriental borders.

A world of new ideas in silver and gilt bangles, in plain and engraved varieties.

Tucked muslin and gingham gowns enhanced with much handwork and fine embroidery.

Large butterfly bows of net or some tissue material, edged with cream lace, finished with a narrow white silk fringe.

Fringed ribbon ties that pass twice around the neck and terminate in long ends that reach or extend below the waistline.

Petticoat bodices in fichu form trimmed with entretaux of valenciennes lace threaded with delicately colored ribbons.

Large black fancy straw hats showing a profusion of light delicate trimmings in combination with numerous ostrich plumes.

Many white pique suits trimmed with bands variously applied of red, light or dark blue, with collars and vestings to match.

White pique shirtwaists in the very finest quality showing alternating rows of tucks headed by hemstitching and openwork inserting.

Collar fichus that terminate in long stole ends of figured net, garnished with flouncings of the same material or some light weave of lace.

Walking costumes of light-colored cloth elaborately stitched with jacket opening over a deep collar of yellow satin covered with superb lace.

Many new hats for fall wear, with high Empire crowns, composed of consecutive folds of satin or velvet, upon which small rhinestone buckles are applied in diagonal arrangement.—Dry Goods Economist.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Way to Heal Sprains.

For sprains, either cold or warm applications may be used and perfect rest should be given the part affected. Bandage with carded wool or cotton moistened with arnica or witch hazel. As the ankle or wrist begins to feel strong again, massage thoroughly every day and douche with hot and cold water alternately. This lessens the tendency to rheumatism.

White Ostrich Feathers.

Dirty white ostrich feathers should be cleaned and curled at home without sending them to the milliner or discarding them for new. Dissolve a few pieces of pure white soap and a pinch of soda in boiling water. Let the water cool off; then dip the white feathers in it, and draw them gently through the hand. Repeat this operation until the dirt is removed, using two or three waters if necessary to remove all the dirt. Finally rinse the feathers in cold water, with a very small amount of bluing dropped in. Shake them and let them dry in a wind or over a stove, and curl them with a knife and the thumb. They can be made to look almost as bright, clean, and curly as new by this process.

Use For Flour-Sacks.

The strong sacks in which flour comes can be utilized in a number of ways for household purposes. It is first necessary to clean them and remove the lettering on them. The printed letters can be taken out by soaking in buttermilk for several hours before washing. The sacks make excellent towels, dish-rags, mops and coverings for ironing boards. Those buying their flour in bags will find it of value to save the cloth, and put each one away until a pile is collected. Then some day when it is convenient wash them out and cut them up into useful articles, hemming the edges for towels or dish-rags the same as if the material had been purchased at the stores. The flour-sacking is superior to much of the toweling material, for it is made very strong and durable in the beginning.

Advice to the Young Housekeeper.

A housekeeper of experience advises the woman who is just beginning her career as chaperone to buy for the kitchen outfit only utensils of good quality. The first cost of these is heavy, but in the end they are the most economical. They save the wear and tear of constant replacement, which is in itself considerable, and their service is better throughout their use. For example, a roasting-pan of Russian iron costs more than one of block-tin, but the former lasts longer, and as the heat is evenly applied does its work better. In considering a choice of materials for cooking-vessels, preference is usually given to copper. While this is undoubtedly the best and cheapest in the end, an outfit of this metal needs an expert to care for it. There is danger unless each vessel is kept absolutely clean and highly polished. Better for use in the average kitchen, through which, alas, the average cook passes in incompetent procession, is the German enamelled ware, the French agate ware, or the aluminium ware. The best quality of either of these three is to be recommended.

How Pictures Should Be Hung.

"To hang and properly group pictures is not an easy matter," writes Maria Parloa in the Ladies' Home Journal. "To succeed, one must have a good eye for distances, for straight lines, and for harmony in grouping, as well as a fund of patience—putting up and taking down each picture, or set of pictures, until the position, height and grouping are perfectly satisfactory."

"There are two kinds of picture wire—one is gilt, the other is silvered. The gilt is more flexible, and remains untarnished and flexible longer than the silvered, but it is also more expensive. Extremely heavy pictures should be hung with copper wire."

"The picture hooks should be broad and well curved, that they may hold firmly to the moulding and be a secure support for the wire. A yardstick or tape measure is indispensable, as careful measuring will lessen the labor and assure accuracy of position."

"A picture should be so hung that the bottom shall lie flat and the top be thrown forward slightly. The manner in which the screw-eyes are put in produces this effect. For a small picture they should be fastened two or three inches from the top of the frame; the larger the picture the greater should be the distance of the screw-eyes from the top."

"If the room be high it is easy to make it appear lower by fastening the picture moulding two or more feet below the ceiling. This can be done only when the wall finish is the same all the way up, or when the frieze is deep. When there is the space of several feet above the moulding small pictures and bas-reliefs in plaster are effective."

Recipes.

Buttermilk Batter Cakes—Stir one teaspoonful of soda and a saltspoonful of salt into one quart of buttermilk; add enough flour to make the batter quite stiff. Bake a rich brown when smooth and light.

Raised Tea Biscuit—One and one-half pints of flour, measured before sifting, one-half cup of yeast or one-half cake of compressed yeast melted in one-half cup of warm water; one-fourth pint of sweet milk, one-half cup of lard and butter mixed, one egg, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of sugar. Set this mixture at eight o'clock in the morning with one-half of the flour; make it up at one o'clock with the rest of the flour; put in the pans at three o'clock and bake at six.



HE CLEARED THE GUN WITH ONE SUPERB BOUND.

was fraught with incidents dramatic, tragic, pathetic, terrible. The following is the narration of one such incident, the story of a friend's thought, of a madman's exultation, of the cruelty of the Tiger of Cawnpore.

Now Color-Sergeant John Halliwell, like most of his kind, loved his life. He knew he was about to lose it; that made him brave. He also loved a woman. The loss of the one implied the loss of the other; this made him sad. Presently he looked towards his companion, and seemed about to speak. Then, thinking better of it, became once more lost in meditation.

Why, he asked himself, should he make the confession? Probably he would be harshly rebuked for his temerity; he would draw upon himself the Major's wrath, and all to no purpose, seeing that death lay just behind that little iron door. But then, at such an hour a man yearns to open his heart to his fellow. Possibly, too, his companion might escape, and though he might refuse the misère of the living, yet the message of the dead is sacred.

"Major," he began—peril had bred intimacy between the superior and his subordinate—"Major, I have something to tell you."

The Major's knitted brows relaxed. He paused in his walk.

"If I did not believe, sir, that I have fought my last battle, my secret should have remained unrevealed. It is just possible that one of us may see the light again. If that one may see the light again, sir, will you deliver a message from me?"

"Why, certainly, Halliwell. What is it?"

"A message, sir, to your daughter Constance, whom heaven preserve from this land gone mad! I love her. You look angry. I cannot help it. She is the angel of my life."

"Confound it, sir! But I am angry, and very angry, too. By jove, you look high, my friend."

"Let it not disturb you, sir. Life might have given her to me—I believe it would have done; for, had I

and Eastern luxury. The heavy fragrance of incense was in the air, water splashed in marble basins, light entered through windows of delicately tinted glass. One of these windows was flung open, and by it stood the Rajah, attended by three of his suite. Upon a motion from him the two prisoners, their arms securely held, were led forward.

The Rajah's eyes filled with an evil fire as he glared upon the men who had once esteemed themselves his friends; for they, in company with others, had not infrequently shared his hospitality. The nation which now holds his name in deepest loathing once trusted Nana Sahib as an ally, until thwarted ambition—breeding successfully hatred, treachery and revenge—turned the prince into a traitor, the man into a tiger.

His prisoners regarded him with proud indifference. He smiled, and pointed a bejeweled finger through the window. The men's eyes followed the direction of the gesture.

Cawnpore lay stretched out before hundreds of bamboo and mud huts interspersed indiscriminately with public buildings of a more substantial structure. The broad river appeared as a streak of silver; the mirrets flashed in the golden sunlight.

"Down—look down." It was the Rajah who spoke.

They obeyed, and this is what they saw:

A long court of extreme narrowness, bounded on either side by edifices apparently consisting of the quarters allotted to the prince's retainers. At the near end of this court, and almost against the palace wall, a square, thick iron shield had been erected. At the opposite end, some fifty to seventy yards distant, a cannon stood mounted upon a stone carriage. The polished steel gleamed in the sunlight. The piece was a muzzle-loading nine-pounder.

Major Lascelles shrugged his shoulders.

"Of course, you see the scoundrel's game, Halliwell," he whispered. "It

BUSY BRUCE.

Will Not Head Massachusetts Democratic Ticket This Year.

PAINE AND MACK CHOSEN.

Slattery Says He Is Out of Politics—George Fred Williams Wrote the Resolutions Endorsing Bryan—Platform Advocates State Ownership of Boston & Albany Railroad and Declares Against Expansion.

Boston, Sept. 21.—The declaration of the two men who headed last year's Democratic ticket—A. B. Bruce and E. J. Slattery—to run again this year, proved the sensation of the preliminary gathering of the Democrats for the state convention.

Mr. Bruce announced his intention to withdraw late yesterday afternoon, and Mr. Slattery followed suit soon after, and for a few hours there was considerable commotion among the delegates, Robert Treat Paine, Jr., of this city consented to head the ticket, but there was quite a contest for second place. There was, however, a general sentiment in favor of John E. Mack of North Adams.

There was great surprise manifested over the declaration of Bruce and Slattery to head the ticket this year. Mr. Bruce gave as his reason that he was a very busy man, and did not care for further honors, while Mr. Slattery gave as his reason his retirement from politics altogether. The state committee was not long without a candidate, for as soon as the announcement was made that Bruce had declined, Robert Treat Paine, Jr., was called upon to fill the gap, and he gave the state committee every assurance that he would accept if nominated. Mr. Paine is regarded as a particularly strong candidate, and, being a Boston man, with friends in all factions of the party, it is expected he will be able to poll a majority in Boston. Mr. Paine comes of a family long and favorably known in Boston, which has been identified with the business prosperity of the city.

The second man on the ticket is a young lawyer of North Adams, John H. Mack, who has done great service for the party in the state. Both candidates are members of the state committee. As to the remainder of the ticket, Harry Lloyd will be named for secretary of state, J. B. O'Donnell of Northampton or Judge Moffett of Boston for attorney general.

George Fred Williams wrote the resolutions, which endorse William Jennings Bryan for president, the Chicago platform, including the free coinage of silver, and against trusts, while it also declares against any foreign alliances.



GEORGE FRED WILLIAMS.

against the continuation of the war in the Philippines, which is styled a war of criminal aggression. It is in favor of state ownership of the Boston and Albany railroad, in favor of state supervision and control of public utilities, and in favor of municipal ownership of gas and electric light plants.

The convention was called to order by Christopher T. Callahan of Holyoke, chairman of the state committee, who spoke, in part, as follows:

This convention day is the opening of a campaign which should prove to be productive of a more satisfactory result for the Democratic party than that of any campaign since 1893. The struggle within the ranks between those who took their places under the standard of the new Democracy and those who would haul it down has happily ended in the complete triumph of the platform of principles proclaimed at Chicago in 1896. Three times has the Democratic party of Massachusetts spoken, and three times it has expressed its unshaken confidence in the policy of the party of the nation.

It does not seem unreasonable to assert that our strength in spirit and in numbers is greater today than at any time during the past six years. Thousands who have held aloof since 1896, appreciating the menace to our Democratic institutions in continued Republican rule, are returning to the party whose principles are built upon the Declaration of Independence and the constitution of the United States.

The confident assertion that a great victory is to be achieved by the Democrats in the national campaign next year is warranted by the prospect at this time. The outlook for the Democracy is bright with the promise of reunion. The Jeffersonian policies proposed by the last Democratic convention are no longer regarded by the people of the east as the odious doctrine of anarchy and dishonor. We have a righteous cause, we do not lack an able leader. The people placed him in command in 1896 and have not withdrawn the commission. Repulsed, but not conquered, in the campaign of that year, he has been steadily advancing against the citadel of plutocracy and imperialism up to this day. He who rescued the Democracy of Jefferson from the clutches of his enemies suffered defeat in behalf of his cause, as did Jefferson, who founded Democracy just 100 years before. But Jefferson became president in the opening year of the 19th century, and the people will celebrate, in the opening year of the 20th century, the centennial anniversary of the elevation of Jefferson, the founder, to the presidency by the inauguration of the reformer, President William Jennings Bryan.

Let us, whose souls are stirred with indignation at France's great injustice

to Dreyfus, deliberate and determine whether France, in condemning to punishment an innocent captain whom she believed to be guilty, has committed a greater crime than has President McKinley in shielding from punishment a captain found guilty of swindling his government out of millions of dollars, and whom the president knows to be guilty.

Not until he was overpowered by congress and an indignant people did he abandon his opposition to the war for the freedom of Cuba, but, grasping the tailboard of the war chariot, he and Hanna hung on and now cheekily claim full credit for the glorious victory for themselves and the Republican party.

This whole policy of imperialism presents but one question for discussion, the natural right of man to be free. It is for those who believe as we believe upon this great question, to unite with us in the glorious struggle, regardless of other questions. Appealing to the patriotism of these men we confidently count upon their support in the great campaign of next year. Then shall it be known to all the world that the Declaration of Independence was not written in vain. Then shall it be written in the political obituary of President McKinley: "He died of political cholera morbus, caused by partaking too freely of the 'fruits of victory.'"

One of the important phases of the convention will be the discussion of purely state issues, which is foreshadowed in the address of Chairman McNary and form some of the most rugged planks of the party platform. The proposition that the state lease the Boston and Albany railroad, upon which it has an option through a clause in the charter, is one of these, and there are several other questions affecting the people of Massachusetts, which it will be thought wise to discuss from the stump this fall, rather than to confine the campaign to a presentation of national questions, however important, at least one of which is in a very confused condition. The active champion of these measures in the house will be Representative McNary, who regards it as a "step-down" from a former senatorship thus to initiate on the floor of the house issues from which his party is expected to gain largely in the popular estimation.

SCATTERING WAR NOTES.

Kearsarge Ready for Trial—Luzon City Deserted.

New York, Sept. 21.—The new battleship Kearsarge left the Brooklyn navy yard this morning for Boston. The vessel is now in first-class trim for her official trial, which will take place over the Cape Ann course on Monday. On Friday and Saturday a private test of the ship's powers will be made over the course by the builders. She will then be taken back to Boston, where she will take on the government board of inspection for her official trial.

Manila, Sept. 21.—Cable reports from Iloilo concerning the result of General Bates' trip among the southern islands indicate that only about 400 rebels at Zamboanga refused to recognize American authority. Pending the outcome, Luzon City is practically deserted. The rebels are in camp, four miles in the country. The Moros and Filipinos are unfriendly, and disturbances between them are liable to occur. Iloilo is quiet, and the natives continue friendly.

Havana, Sept. 21.—Governor General Brooke has issued a circular order directing that the only legal holidays, so far as business documents are concerned, shall be New Year's day, Christmas, Holy Thursday, Good Friday and Sunday. This order was found necessary, owing to the large number of saints' days and the frequent attempts to defraud by documents signed on those days. It will not, however, interfere with people observing any days they desire.

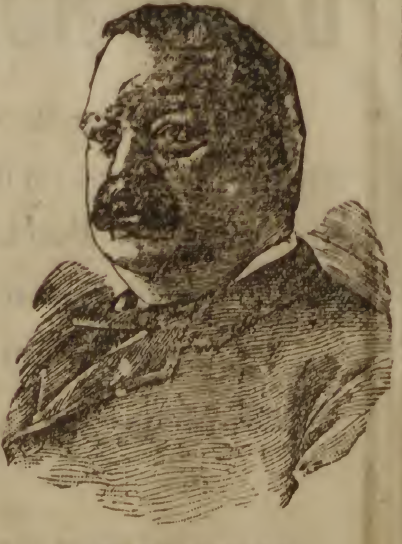
Kington, Jam. Sept. 21.—As a sequel to the recent difficulty of the steamer Adula in regard to the landing of immigrants at Santiago comes the official promulgation here of a regulation requiring colored men from Jamaica desirous of landing in Cuba to produce certificates showing that they have had yellow fever. This practically amounts to their exclusion and is causing considerable excitement, because yellow fever among the blacks is unknown here.

Jacksonville, Fla., Sept. 21.—The Queen Regent of Spain has presented the Spanish casino at Tampa with 400 books for its library for public use. They were sent as a mark of the queen's appreciation of the kindly manner in which the Spanish population of that city was treated during the recent war.

CLEVELAND WILL LECTURE.

Princeton to Have His Views of Public Life.

Princeton, N. J., Sept. 21.—The formal opening of the university took place yesterday. President Patton, in an address, said: "I am happy to say that we have succeeded in prevailing upon



GROVER CLEVELAND.

the ex-president of the United States, Mr. Cleveland, to deliver a few lectures during the current academic year on some phases, probably of public life."

The internal revenue receipts for August, from all sources, amounted to \$24,420,930, an increase as compared with those of August of last year, of \$1,949,482. During the last two months the receipts were \$2,157,285 in excess of those of the corresponding months in 1898.

KRUGER SQUAWKS

Appeals to Victoria to Prevent Bloodshed.

ADDRESSED AS "DEAR QUEEN."

Boers' Preparation for War as Complete as Can Be Made—If They Are to Fight She Wants to Fight Now—England Not to Be Caught Napping—Press Not to Be Given Information—Orange Free State Will Throw Its Might With Transvaal.

London, Sept. 21.—The Cape Town correspondent of The Daily Mail says: President Kruger has cabled a strong personal appeal to the queen, beseeching her to intervene to prevent bloodshed. It is about a column in length and is intended to "scarily the consciences of the 'uncoiled'" when published.

Sir Alfred Milner has wired a courteous message to President Steyn, assuring him that the northward march of the British troops is not meant as a menace to the Orange Free State, and requesting to be informed regarding the latter's attitude.

Reliable information has been received at Cape Town that a large command of Free State burghers has been concentrating near Boshof, on the Kimberley border. Two hundred burghers were dispatched to that point from Bloemfontein during the week past. If the Free State joins the Transvaal the first battle is likely to be fought at Boshof.

The Cape cabinet has determined to prolong the session of the assembly indefinitely, so that it may be sitting when hostilities begin.

According to the Cape Town correspondent of The Daily News, President Kruger, in his personal appeal to her majesty, addressed the monarch as "Dear Queen."

A special dispatch from Rome says that the Italian government, in reply to Mr. Kruger's request for intervention, has advised him to yield.

The Johannesburg correspondent of The Morning Post says: The Boer preparations are as complete as the government can hope to make them. It is believed that martial law will be proclaimed on Thursday if no reply has been received from England by that time. It is understood that the dispatching of British troops to South Africa will be regarded as a casus belli. The Boer officers are urging the government to begin hostilities forthwith. It is felt that the Orange Free State can best be forced to action by a successful military demonstration on the part of the Transvaal.

England is not going to be caught napping any more than the Transvaal. While Lord Salisbury is quite at home in Hatfield House, Mr. Chamberlain is buried in work at the colonial office, and double forces at the royal arsenals and dock yards are straining every nerve to equip and transport troops to the Cape. It may be set down for certain that Great Britain will do nothing to precipitate matters, and the colonial office is far from admitting that the case is hopeless. The report that Great Britain had demanded the disarmament of the forts at Johannesburg, together with a material reduction in the armament of the burghers, the colonial office would neither confirm nor deny, although it is much doubted.

Meanwhile, the Marquis of Lansdowne, secretary of state for war, has held long conferences with General Wolseley and General Wood, and the activity at headquarters is reflected in the contract, supply and transport departments.

The Marquis of Lansdowne has issued a strict order to the staff of the war office warning all subordinates to refrain from giving the press any information without the authority of their superiors, and calling attention to previous breaches of duty in this respect, which, the order says, "will be no longer tolerated."

Advices from Cape Town are to the effect that the Afrikaners declare that the Transvaal will not yield further, and that if the imperial government does not recede from its present position war is inevitable. The South African News supports the contention of the Transvaal that the convention of 1884 abolished the suzerainty.

According to other advices the burghers are rapidly going into Laager, while the exodus from Johannesburg yesterday reached 1000 persons. The stock exchange at Johannesburg has resolved to close the moment martial law is proclaimed. In the meantime the merchants are erecting barricades in front of their shop windows.

At Pretoria the interest seems to be centered in the meeting of the Orange Free State volksraad, which, it is hoped, may somehow suggest a modus vivendi that would save the situation.

On the other hand advices from Bloemfontein announce the arrival there of a large number of members of the raad, adding that the result of today's sitting is already agreed upon, as the Orange Free State will throw in its lot with the Transvaal, all the Free State burghers being fully armed and ready to start at a moment's notice.

Odd Fellows Overrun Detroit.

Detroit, Sept. 21.—For more than an hour yesterday 4500 Odd Fellows and their sisters of the Rebekah order were passing in review before Grand Sir Pinkerton and officers of the grand state's staff. All the states and the Canadian provinces were in line. It is estimated that 10,000 persons connected with the various divisions of Odd Fellowship are now here.

Boston Signs College Boy.

Worcester, Mass., Sept. 21.—Manager Seloe has signed Patrick Carney of Holy Cross college for the Boston baseball team. Carney will continue in college and will report in Boston June 26 next. He was pitcher for Holy Cross high school before coming to Holy Cross last year, and has been played here in the outfield. Carney is a left-hand batter and fast on the bases.

The president has issued a proclamation declaring that the local Hawaiian officials are without power to transfer title to public lands in Hawaii pending legislation by congress.

WILL FIGHT FOR HONOR.

France Has Given Dreyfus Full Liberty—Traveling Secretly.

Paris, Sept. 21.—The council of ministers decided Tuesday to pardon Dreyfus in principle. Dreyfus has relinquished his appeal for a reversal of the judgment of the court-martial.

The announcement that Dreyfus was to be pardoned had already been discounted by predictions, and there was no excitement displayed anywhere along the boulevards when the newboys ran along, at about 3 p. m., with the first editions, containing the statement that the cabinet had decided to pardon Dreyfus. The newspapers sold quickly, but there was no rush for them upon the part of the boulevardiers.

Nantes, Sept. 21.—Dreyfus arrived here yesterday from Rennes, accompanied by his brother, Mathieu Dreyfus, Chief of Secret Police Vigier and one policeman. The party travelled as ordinary passengers. Enquiry was made concerning the Bordeaux train, which they were informed, left at 8:53 a. m. All four then entered a first-class compartment, in which there were already other passengers. It was intended, by thus refraining from any attempt to secure privacy, to avoid exciting curiosity, and this, apparently, succeeded. M. Vigier and the policeman only went as far as the first stop, Vertou, leaving the brothers to continue the journey alone. It is believed that Dreyfus alighted at an intermediate station, to take a fresh start in an unknown direction.

Paris, Sept. 21.—The *Aurore* today publishes the following declaration from Captain Dreyfus: "The government of the republic has given me my liberty. But liberty is nothing to me without honor. From today I shall continue to seek reparation for the frightful judicial error of which I remain the victim. I wish France to know by a definitive judgment that I am innocent. My heart will only be at rest when there remains not a single Frenchman who imputes to me the abominable crime perpetrated by another."

TEN EYCK WINS EASILY.

Worcester Boy Defeats Halifax Gunner at Latter's Home.

Halifax, Sept. 21.—The single scull race between James A. Ten Eyck of Worcester, Mass., and John Brennan of Halifax for \$200 a side was rowed on



EDWARD B. TEN EYCK.

Bedford basin in a heavy wind and rain storm. Ten Eyck won by a length. Time, 23.17. The slow time was caused by the water being very rough.

THE G. A. R. IS MAD.

Thinks It Is Slighted and Will Not Parade.

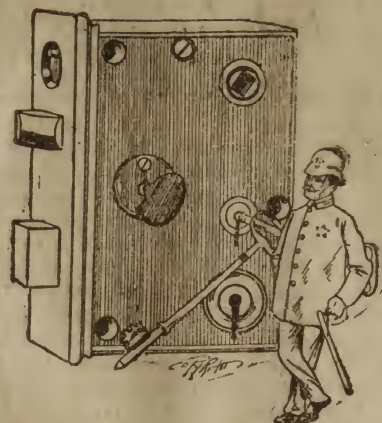
New York, Sept. 21.—Unless the plans of General Roe, chairman of the land parade committee of the Dewey celebration, are changed, the G. A. R. organization will not be represented in the parade. Joseph W. Kay, department commander of the New York G. A. R., has sent a letter to General Roe declining the invitation for a number of reasons. These are that the G. A. R. forces have been placed at the end of the procession instead of at the head of the column; that General Roe has taken no cognizance of Commander-in-Chief Shaw, and has sent him no invitation to attend the functions; that the invitation for the G. A. R. organizations to participate in the parade has been extended second-hand, through Colonel H. H. Adams, and that General O. O. Howard has been placed in command of the G. A. R. forces on the day of the parade, contrary to the regulations of that organization.

This action had been contemplated for some time, and the entire matter had been placed before General Roe, who refused to reconsider his plans. Commander-in-Chief Shaw insisted that the G. A. R. organization should have the head of the line of march and should be under command of its own officers. He pointed out that General Howard, who had been designated to command the forces, had no authority to call out the posts.

Chief among the reasons given by General Roe in his final refusal to alter the position assigned the Grand Army was that the parade would be in every sense a military one, and that being such, according to regulations, such an unarmed body of men as the G. A. R. could not march before a body of men bearing arms. The G. A. R. officials, however, claim that the parade is in no sense a military one, but a city one.

General Roe has announced this provisional order of march for the land parade: General Roe, commanding staff; Sousa's band; sailors of the Olympia; Admiral Dewey and the mayor in a carriage; Rear Admiral Sampson and the officers of the fleet in eight open carriages; sailors of the fleet; forces of the regular army under General Merritt; N. G. S. N. Y. under Governor Roosevelt; Toronto Highlanders (doubtful); naval militia, state of New York; national guards of other states assigned to place in the line in the order in which the states were admitted to the union; G. A. R. (if they parade, now doubtful); ex-Confederates; veterans of the Spanish-American war. The governors of states, who are accompanied by troops, will ride with their troops. The others will ride in carriages escorted by members of the reception committee. It has not yet been decided where in the line they will ride.

General Roe now estimates that there will be 32,000 men in line.



F. E. PUTNAM, Agent, 27 Walnut Street.

HENRY L. D'ENTREMONT, 31 Central Street, PEABODY.

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Wall Paper. Fire Insurance. to Nova Scotia

Angus Reid & Co., COAL AND WOOD, Furniture Moving and Jobbing.

RAILROAD AVENUE, near Sawyer St.



Mortgagee's Sale.

BY virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by E. W. Upton and Mary L. Upton, his wife, her right of Peabody, Essex County, Massachusetts, to Annie B. Webb, of Salem County, dated April 28th, 1884, recorded with Essex, South District, Deeds, Book 1439, Page 187, and for breach of the condition in said mortgage deed contained, and for the purpose of foreclosing said mortgage, will be sold at public auction on the premises hereinafter described, on Monday, September 18th, 1899, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, all and singular the premises conveyed in said mortgage, namely: A certain lot of land with the dwelling house and other buildings thereon situated in said Peabody and bounded as follows, viz.: Beginning at Lowell Street at land now or late of Stephen Bandy, thence the line runs northwesterly by said Lowell Street eighty-five feet, thence southwesterly by land now or late of C. W. B. Batcher one hundred and ninety-six feet, to the northerly side of a street laid out by Stephen Bandy (now a public street) which leads out of and is a continuation of Franklin Street; thence southeasterly by the northerly line of said street eighty-five feet, then northeasterly by said land now or late of Bandy two hundred one and one-half feet to the point of beginning; being the same conveyed to said Mary L. Upton by deed of Arthur L. Huntington, dated April 28th, 1884, recorded Book 1409, Page 186, subject to the reservations and restrictions therein referred to.

The premises will be sold subject to unpaid taxes, including that of 1899, while the purchaser must assume and agree to pay in addition to the amount bid at the sale. \$100.00 will be required to be paid in cash at time and place of sale. Terms of payment of balance will be announced at the sale.

ANNE B. WEBB, Mortgagee, By EDWARD D. ROPES, her Attorney, duly authorized by power of attorney recorded with said deeds. Book 1439, page 187.

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U. S. RATES OF POSTAGE.

Letters, 2 cents per ounce; Papers and Magazines, 4oz. for 1 cent; Merchandise, 1 cent per ounce; Books, Circulars, Etc., 2 oz. for 1 cent.

SPECIAL DELIVERY.

Mail intended for special (immediate) delivery should bear a 10 cent special delivery stamp in addition to regular postage.

MONEY ORDERS.

Issued and paid week days from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. ONLY.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

Mails close for Boston, N. Y., South, West and Foreign, 6.30, 8.20, 10.20 a.m.; 1.40, 4.30, 6.20, 7.30 p.m. Salem, Lynn, Beverly and local points, 7.45, 10.20 a.m.; 1.40, 4.30, 6.20, 7.20 p.m. Northern New Hampshire, Vermont, Canada, East and West, 6.55, 8.20, 10.20 a.m.; 1.40, 4.30, 7.20 p.m. Eastern New Hampshire, Maine and Maritime Provinces, 7.00, 10.20 a.m.; 2.25, 4.30, 7.20 p.m. Danvers, Boxford, Georgetown, Haverhill, Newburyport and Amesbury, 7.07, 9.06 a.m.; 1.40, 2.00, 5.00, 7.30 p.m.

Mails arrive from Boston, Foreign, N. Y., Vermont and Southern, 7.07, 8.20 a.m.; 1.00, 5.00, 7.00 p.m. Eastern New Hampshire, Maine and Maritime Provinces, 7.07, 9.06 a.m.; 1.00, 5.00, 7.00 p.m. Danvers, Boxford, Georgetown, Haverhill, Newburyport and Amesbury, 7.07, 9.06 a.m.; 1.40, 2.00, 5.00, 7.30 p.m.

CARRIERS' DELIVERY

GENERAL DELIVERY, 8.45 A.M. and 1.00 P.M.
BUSINESS DELIVERY, 7.30 A.M. and 5.00 P.M.

THOMAS H. JACKMAN, P. M.

THE PEABODY STAR.

VOL. I. NO. 10.

PEABODY, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

PEABODY'S BUSINESS-MEN.

[These business firms are recommended to the people of Peabody and to visitors to the town, who may depend upon receiving fair treatment at their hands.]

Men's Fall and winter goods in Box Calf and Russets, all Styles and Prices AT

Manning's,

ON THE SQUARE.

Butter!

Our reputation for the best butter at the lowest prices, is growing. It deserves to. We personally selected it at the start, and our consignors dare not send us anything but the highest standard. If you are not already a customer of ours drop in, and take home with you a small order of our choice butter, and we feel confident that you will after that get your butter at our store. Of course, we have everything else in groceries and provisions that you may need.

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OUR OWN MAKE!

THE MAINE

Is the best wheel on the market, without exception. You know us. We are not new in the business. Our wheels stand the test, "even if we have wheels." The remarkable record made by our wheels attest their perfection. First in 2-mile handicap, second in 1-mile open, second in 1-mile novice at Glenmere.

MAINE CYCLE CO.,

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PRESTON & FOWLER, Real Estate and Insurance,

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PEABODY, . . . MASS.

Oranges.

First consignment received in Peabody this season. Sweet and juicy. 30 and 35 cents.

-AT-

Shea's,

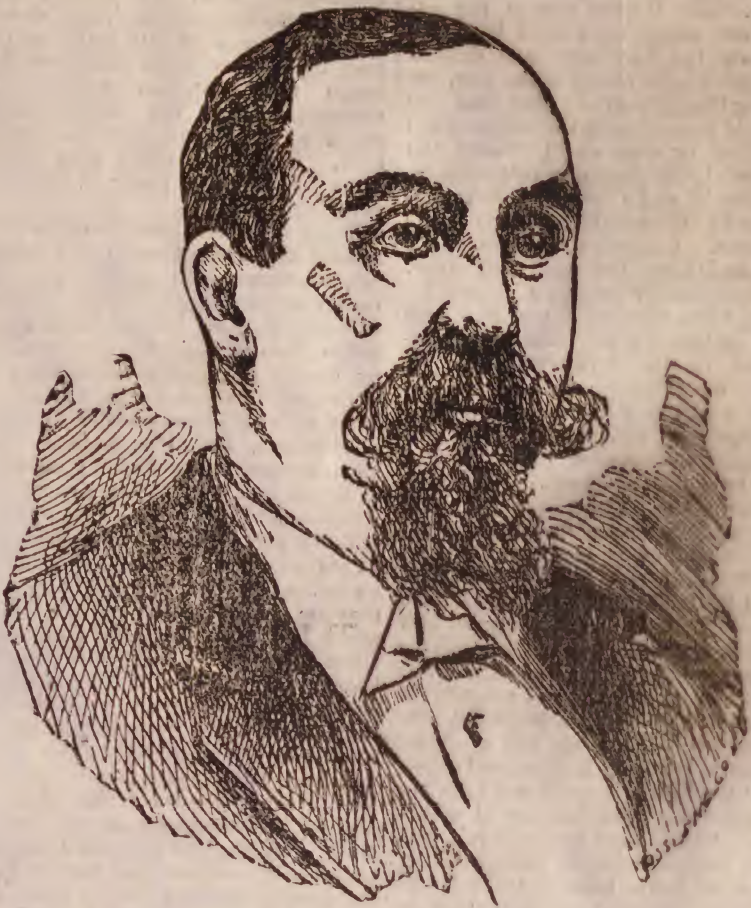
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A fine assortment of fresh fruit at low prices.

HARRY E. STOCKWELL, Funeral Director and Embalmer.

Office—cor. Lowell and Chestnut St
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John Y. McKane, a Remarkable Product of Politics.



JOHN Y. MCKANE.

The death of John Y. McKane removes one of the most remarkable political characters ever known to local politics in New York State. He was born in the County Antrim, Ireland, August 10, 1841. He lived in Ireland until he was about four years old, when the McKane family immigrated to this country and settled at Sheephead Bay, Long Island. McKane did not smoke or drink. He was a hearty, rugged, blue-eyed man with Scotch-Irish blood in his veins, who did not know what it was to become weary either of work or of political turmoil. As a boy he dug clams on the beach in summer and went to the village school in winter. He worked at gardening and other odd jobs until he was fourteen, when he was apprenticed to a carpenter. He learned the building trade and laid the foundation of his wealth at this business. McKane always did what he pleased with the vote of Gravesend. In 1893 McKane was in the height of his power. William J. Gaynor, after carrying on a fight against the McLaughlin Democracy, became a candidate for Justice of the Supreme Court. He made a demand on McKane for a copy of the registry lists of Coney Island. They were refused. He said over the telephone on October 30, 1893: "Mr. Gaynor will find out that if he wants to get along with me the easiest way to do is not to fight me." As a result of the fight McKane became a convict in Sing Sing, and William J. Gaynor became a Justice of the Supreme Court. McKane served his term, which, with rebate for good behavior, was shortened to four and a half years. He was released from prison April 30, 1898.

Terrible Effects of Porto Rico's Hurricane

Ponce, Porto Rico.—The hurricane, said as is the havoc it wrought, great as is the misery it caused, has accomplished in a day what would have taken diplomacy years to bring about. It has taught the natives that the Americans are their real friends. The Americans, by their prompt and gen-



HOUSE IN PONCE DEMOLISHED BY THE HURRICANE.

erous assistance, have wiped out all lingering prejudices.

Porto Rico suffered more than any to the island occasioned by the hurricane, estimates vary. So far as I can figure it out the loss to the whole island will amount to about seventy-five million pesos, or more than \$30,000,000.

This amount covers damage to build-

ing and machinery, damage to warehouses and stores of coffee, tobacco and sugar; damage to this year's cane, in the island's list of misfortunes. Everything has been more or less destroyed. What the hurricane left the

coffee and fruit crops, including estimated loss on the next three years' other colony by the hurricane of August 9. Every district in the island has been devastated. Thousands of homes have been ruined, and crops upon which the whole population depended for subsistence have been laid waste beyond retrieve for at least three years.

Porto Rico to-day is as barren as was Cuba at the close of the insurrection. Here, in Porto Rico, fields that were once beautiful with waving canes, hillsides but a few days ago covered with the green coffee and banana trees now present a bare and sorry view. Homes that sheltered happy families have been washed away. The villages are crowded with shelterless people.

The homeless to-day number about one-third of the whole population of the island.

I have passed through every district from the capital to Ponce, and often ridden for miles without seeing a house left standing. Where the houses withstood the wind the roofs were gone and furniture and clothing were ruined by the rains.

It is the well-to-do who are, perhaps, to be the most pitied. Beautiful haciendas and powerful sugar factories were laid as low as the native's shack; crop; damage to live stock, and damage to railways and shipping. It does not cover the loss sustained by the Public Works Department, which will be heavy; nor does it cover the loss to the island of capital that was confidently expected to seek investment here this winter, and which may now be frightened away.

The loss of growing crops is, beyond question, the most serious item



STREET IN ARECIBO, PORTO RICO, DURING THE HURRICANE, SHOWING HEIGHT OF WATER ON THE HOUSES.

ence to the warning. At half-past five the wind was blowing thirty miles an hour.

Daylight was long in coming, for the sky was inky black. When dawn did come we could be sure the storm was not far away, and everything movable was taken in. Tenants began to run to us for shelter and we took them in also.

At half-past seven o'clock the storm began in earnest, and in half an hour it was impossible to stand against the wind. We had braced and tied down the roof as best we could, but one single puff carried away all our stays. In half an hour our roof was gone and the rain pelted in. At ten o'clock the wind was blowing seventy-five miles an hour. Once we made a sortie, and rescued a woman and two children, but hardly had we got them inside when the house began to creak and groan, and we sought the open. Dodging flying branches of trees and stray bits of timber, we crawled along the lee side of a penguin fence to a shack, sheltered behind a hill.

It was half-past twelve before the storm was over and we could venture forth. Our house, we found, had not blown down entirely; but the wooden walls were slanted at an angle of thirty



WRECKED CAFE IN PLAZA ADJOINING CUSTOM HOUSE, PONCE.

degrees. The roof was completely off and everything inside absolutely ruined by the water.

It was two days before we could cross the river to get to market. Every peasant's hut for three miles around was down. Four hundred houses on the outskirts of Bayamon were piled up in the public road. The railroad running to San Juan had been completely washed away. The highways were blocked with rubbish. It was two days before supplies of bread reached the town. In the interim the people lived on half ripe fruit.

degrees. The roof was completely off and everything inside absolutely ruined by the water.

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FUNERAL BY TROLLEY CAR.

Custom Growing in Chicago, Largely Because of the Great Saving in Expense.

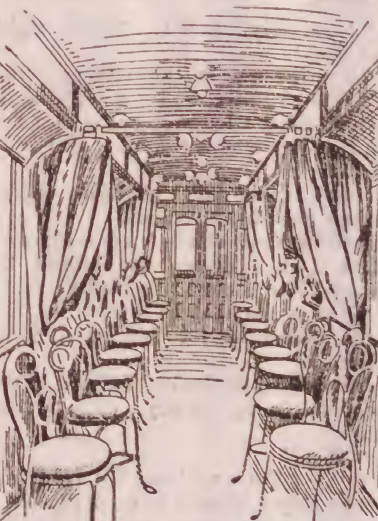
Trolley car funerals threaten to supplant the old style in Chicago. A saving of expense is one of the chief arguments in favor of the new plan. The undertakers dislike to give up the liberal commissions from livery establishments they once enjoyed, but popular feeling is too strong to withstand. It costs but \$11 for a motor car and a trailer, with an extra charge of \$3 for every additional car needed.

On the line of the Chicago Electric Traction Company, a special funeral car, the Virginia, is provided. It is dark green in color. At each end is a vestibule, having a door in its front for the admission of the casket. In one of these vestibules the casket remains during the journey to the cemetery, screened from the rest of the car by heavy curtains. The car proper is richly furnished, and accommodates twenty persons.

first hour of the storm. Fifteen minutes after the walls had toppled in the men, who had even formed ranks outside in the pelting rain, had appointed a delegation to wait upon Captain Wheeler to ask permission to render assistance to the town. The captain joined his men. Without a thought of their own loss, without thought of any danger, the whole troop crossed the swollen river between the barracks and the town, and were soon engaged in the work of rescue, dodging pieces of flying zinc or rushing into tumbling houses.

On the night of the hurricane I was sleeping on my own plantation in the district of Bayamon, about ten miles from the capital. At about half-past seven o'clock Tuesday night my captaiz, or head man, came to the door and reported that the Government had sent out notice that a hurricane was approaching, via St. Thomas. Like many others, I did not give full cred-

The Calumet Company has no special funeral car, but the back is removed from the seat of an ordinary motor car and on this the casket is placed. On either side of the casket the pall bearers take their places, while rela-



INTERIOR OF CHICAGO TROLLEY FUNERAL CAR.

tives and friends occupy the remaining seats.

On the Calumet line, which covers a wide stretch of territory, south of Sixty-third street, the number of trolley funerals sometimes reaches five a day. Arrangements with the undertakers in suburbs along the line are made by the company.

Allen's Sense of Humor.

No man in Congress has a keener sense of humor than John Allen, of Mississippi, who for various reasons has been much in the public eye during the past few months. Not long ago, in the midst of a very interesting speech, a member on the other side of the Chamber asked:

"May I interrupt the gentleman from Mississippi for a moment?"

"Is it for applause?" queried Mr. Allen. "The gentleman from Mississippi allows no interruptions except for applause."—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Sold With the Coal.

A new carman was engaged at a coal yard and he went off to deliver his first load. He failed to return and search was thereupon instituted.

The missing man was found at the house where he had put the coal in the cellar and had taken up his quarters in the kitchen. The cook said she could not get him to leave, and the carman was asked what he meant by such conduct.

"Why," he replied, "I thought I was sold with the coal—I was weighed with it."—Tit-Bits.

PEABODY'S BUSINESS - MEN.

[These business firms are recommended to the people of Peabody and to visitors to the town, who may depend upon receiving fair treatment at their hands.]

—THE—

Central House

First-class accommodations. Rooms and board by day or week. Steam heating and electric lights. Steam and electric cars pass the door. C. W. CLARK, Proprietor.

PORTER & LORD,

Fire, Life, Accident, and Employers' Liability Insurance.

23 Lowell street, Peabody.

OPP. TOWN HALL.

Ici on Parle Francais.

THE SAMSON HOUSE,

Is a new house, and first-class in every respect. Headquarters for Commercial Travellers and Theatrical-Troupes. Special attention given to bicycle riders.

11-13 Central Street, Peabody

1/2 minute from depot. All lines of electric cars pass the door.

WARREN NATIONAL BANK, PEABODY, MASS.,

Capital, \$250,000, Surplus, \$100,000,

Solicits the accounts of Mercantile Firms, Corporations and Individuals, and is prepared to furnish such depositors business facilities in keeping with their balances and financial standing.

Tooth Brushes.

10c., 15c., 20c. and 25c.

A fine line. Also the best

Tooth Wash

in the market.

—AT THE—

Family Drug & Store,

D. P. GROSVENOR, Pharmacist,

35 Main street, Peabody.

DO YOU WANT A

Top Coat ?

Price from

\$5 to \$10.

GEO. H. JACOBS.

C. H. GOULDING,

DEALER IN

FURNITURE,

BEDDING, CARPETS, ETC.

Walnut Street,

PEABODY, . . . MASS.



P. BUCKLEY, 21 FOSTER STREET.

Sale closes Sept. 16 at 11 p.m.
As we have made satisfactory settlement with the creditors, and will continue the business, I have a word to the people of Peabody. Before purchasing your footwear elsewhere, give us a call and see the different styles and prices on the goods now in stock.

P. BUCKLEY.

PHILIP E. REIDY,
Registered Pharmacist,
11 Walnut street,
Peabody, . . . Mass.

Special Sale.

375 pairs

Men's Pants

Worth \$1.25 to \$4.00, will be sold for

75c. to \$1.99.

GEO. H. JACOBS,
Peabody.



—TRY A—

LUNCH

—AT—

C. J. KEEFE & CO.,

Dealers in cigars, confectionery, fruit, etc.

CONNOR & TRACEY,

Wholesale and retail dealers in

Groceries, : Teas, and Flour,

Beef, Mutton, Lamb and Veal
Butter, Cheese and Eggs a specialty.

23 FOSTER STREET.

Butter!

Take Butter, for instance. Our motto for many years has been: "Keep the best—always." If you want the best of anything in the grocery line, we have it, and carry nothing else. This butter is fresh churned, rich, just off the farm.

T. L. D. PERKINS.

FALL AND WINTER
LINES OF

Footwear

At

F. M. DAVENPORT'S,
98 Main Street.

W. O. Batchelder.

Fine Potatoes, 65c. bush.
15 lbs. large Sweet Potatoes, 25c.
Pillsbury's Best Flour, \$5.00 bb.
Eaton's Best Flour, \$4.50.
King Arthur Flour, at lowest market price.

OUT ON THE ROAD.

By Cy Warman.



"TOOTOOT!"

It was a black night.

The porter, in response to the push bell, had just come back with the cigars, and at the sound of the two short blasts of the whistle he shot a scared look at his master. Mine host, the general manager, looked the man in the eye for a moment, and then, as the speed of the train did not slacken, said curtly, waving him away: "Bridge watchman!"

A moment later our train sucked through a deep cut, roared across a long bridge and swept up the slope to the west.

"Notice how that porter shied when the engineer answered the watchman's dag?" asked the manager.

"We had an experience, years ago, with train robbers, and this porter has never been able to live it down. I was on the Hannibal and St. Joe at the time," he went on, dividing his glances between me, his cigar and the speed recorder over the back window.

He pressed the button again and the porter responded instantly. The manager moved his thumb slightly and the porter pulled the blinds.

The veracity of the speed recorder had been questioned, and we had been holding our watches on it between stations, but I now lost all interest in the speed of the train or the reliability of the indicator.

When one of these interesting soldiers of the rail who has begun the battle as water boy and who ends as president of the road he has helped to grade becomes reminiscent I always listen, for he has lived volumes of thrilling stories.

Out on the road the general manager delights to forget the busy grind of the office, to watch the blue rings rise as he smokes, to think, and (if he can trust you) talk over the exciting incidents of the past.

"This thing happened on a Sunday evening," resumed the manager, when the porter had teetered softly down the side aisle that led to the other end of the car. "About eight o'clock I heard a sharp rap, rap on the front door. I knew that the servant had just gone out, so I stepped to answer the knock. As I reached for the handle the rap, rap was repeated with added earnestness. I was annoyed, for I had gone to some expense to have a system of bells put in the house, rather a rare thing in St. Joe at that time; but now to my amazement the knob turned, the door opened slightly and a man doled in."

"Excuse me, Mr. Blank," said he; "I want to get in out of the glare of that street lamp, and I was not sure that any one heard—pull that shade, please," he said parenthetically.

"Now," thought I, "here's an innocent sort of crank," so I pulled the shade on the parlor window. Still my visitor appeared uneasy.

"Would you mind stepping into a room a little further back?" he asked, earnestly.

"Certainly," said I. "Come right this way."

"My wife was in the sitting room with the children, and not wishing to disturb them I led my visitor into the dining room where the gas was still burning low."

"As I turned on the light my visitor shrank back into the hall."

"Pull that shade," he said, and when I had drawn the blinds he stepped into the well-lighted room.

"For a moment he waited, as one waits listening for expected footsteps."

"Presently he looked me full in the face and said, frankly: 'I'm a robber.'"

"Yes?"

"Yes, I'm a robber. We are going out to Roy's Branch to hold up No. 3 to-night. We went out last Friday night, but we mistook No. 3 for 17. Seventeen was late that night. When we had discovered our mistake it was too late, in fact the engine had already passed us before we realized that it was not the freight."

"In those days," explained the general manager, "and for years previous, we were constantly being steered out against fake robbers. We would learn that a certain train was to be held up at a certain time and place. We would arrange to have detectives on the train, post the engineer, and in nearly every case it would prove to be a false alarm. Plenty of hold-ups there had been on other roads, but on the Hannibal and St. Joe, none."

"And how do you account for that?" I asked, my interest veering for the moment.

"Oh," said the manager, with a slight wave of his hand, as though the matter were scarcely worth explaining, "Mrs. Samuels always had an annual over our road—she was Jesse James's mother, you know. We knew that the St. Joe was safe so far as the old gang—"

"Excuse me," said I, breaking in again (for I meant to steal the story), "is that true?"

"What?"

"About the pass."

"Sure."

"On what account?"

"Oh, complimentary, same as yours."

"Go ahead, gang," said I.

"—was concerned, and so, of course,

I doubted the story of my wild-eyed visitor. I began to question him. He declared that he was the son of a respectable shopkeeper, in the town, whom I knew, and asked me to tell his parents the whole truth, and not to shield him. He said that the thought of what he was about to do, and to be—to rob and so become a murderer, if murder became necessary, had so preyed upon him day and night, that he was almost insane. At times he had planned suicide. Now, as the appointed hour for the gang to meet drew near he had been running about like a chicken in a storm. He had gone home to bid his parents good-by, but had not the courage to face them. Hurrying down the street he saw my house, and acting upon the impulse of the moment had come to tell me, for his father liked me, he said.

"I tried to show him that if what he told me were true I should be on the train with armed officers to kill or capture the robbers, and that in all probability he would be killed."

"Yes," he said, "he knew that; but the gang had taken an oath to kill any man who 'peached,' and if he failed to show up on time at the rendezvous they would go after him and they would surely kill him, for most of them had murdered men before."

"Well," he said, "presently, 'I must be off,' and he held out his hand, saying good-by."

"I put him out with a faint suspicion that he was crazy, but it was my duty to look after the company's interests, and so I concluded to call the Chief of Police and tell him the story, and at least get his advice."

As I put the receiver to my ear I noticed that some one was talking over a tangled wire that touched mine at some point.

"What?" demanded a voice, and it sounded as if talking directly to me, and then came the reply: "Will 17 be ahead of No. 3 to-night?"

"I dropped the phone, stood back and stared at it until my wife, who had heard the wild story of the bold young robber, stepped to my side, peered into my face and asked the cause of my agitation. That brought me round. I lied, mercifully, hurriedly to her, called Central and asked who had been talking. The middle yards, she said. I asked to be connected. The man at the phone said he didn't know who called him. Somebody wanted to know if 17 would be ahead of No. 3 to-night. I asked what answer would be given, for I had dropped the receiver when the voice from the grave—this shade of Jesse—had broken upon my ear. Well, he said he had answered no, adding the information that 17, the fast freight, which, according to the schedule, should leave ahead of No. 3, was late."

"Now this talk of the telephone seemed strangely coincident with the tale of the robber, so I called the Chief of Police, asking him to meet me at a certain corner a few minutes later. I then called the Sheriff, and told him to go to the station, but to keep out of sight and to board the first train pulling out through the yards. My next move was to tell the dispatcher to hold all outgoing trains until I arrived. I then instructed the yard master to make up a dummy No. 3, and sailed out to meet the Chief of Police."

"My wife was frantic at my leaving, and finally I was forced to promise to return to the house when I had succeeded in starting my little army out to fight a hidden foe."

"Into an empty express car we put an empty piano box for the sharpshooters to hide behind, lighted the lamps dimly in the day coaches, save in the last car. This car we left dark to resemble a sleeper, and in it the Sheriff, whom I now put in command, hid the bulk of his hastily organized posse. A deputy sheriff and a fearless locomotive engineer, off duty, were stationed in the express car with rifles."

"The Sheriff and the Chief had been laughing at my expense, but now as the train was about to pull out, and I began to give final instructions to the trainmen, it dawned upon them that I was not to be numbered with the slain."

"I was simply pointing the way, and pushing them out to do or die, or both. Now they began to chaff me. I was general superintendent, getting good pay. I was my duty to protect the property of the company and the lives of its patrons. I was willing to send the poor employes out to fight robbers, and then return to the quiet of my hearth. Well, altogether, the picture was not one that I liked, though drawn half in jest."

"All the while, during the half hour of which we made up the train and arranged the details, I noticed this faithful porter following me like a shadow. I wanted him to go to the house and throw a little dust in the tear-veiled eyes of my distracted wife, but he was nowhere to be seen. Well, I would not go back, so I gave a signal and stepped aboard."

"We had scarcely crossed the last switch when I sneaked my shadow, the porter, with an old-fashioned, muzzle-loading shot gun. The train ran slowly along for a little while and the men in the car began to laugh at me again, and at each other, at the porter with the long shot gun, and the general job that some wag had put up on us. Presently we heard the engineer answer a flag: 'tootoot.'"

"Instantly the car grew as silent as

the grave. As the wheels ground sand and the train began to slow down the Sheriff whispered to the men to keep cool, and not to fire until they were sure of what they were shooting at. Now the train stopped. The silence was deathlike, save for the heavy breathing of my shadow. For at least a minute we waited breathlessly, and then a voice out in the darkness said, 'Open up.' 'Open up,' the voice repeated, but there was no answer that we could hear. 'Open up,' and they began to beat upon the door of the express car with the butts of their guns. Still the men inside were silent. 'Open up, or we'll blow this car to pieces; we've got dynamite on the door sill.'

"By this time we were all afoot in the darkened car, waiting developments. Now the two men in the express car, preferring a fight to dynamite, slid the door open and dodged back behind the empty piano box, expecting the robbers to jump into the car. At that moment the stillness was disturbed by what was probably the accidental discharge of a rifle outside. The Sheriff and a few of his followers dropped to the ground to deploy in the darkness. A deputy peeped out at the front end of the last car, still dark, and immediately became a target for the robbers, who could see him outlined against the sky, while they remained in the darkness below. I peeped out at the rear end just in time to see a man near the steps aiming at the deputy on the front of the car. A shot from another robber caused me to dodge back. Running through the dark car, I told the deputy where the man was hiding, and just at that moment a bullet cut an upper half crop from the officer's ear. I tip-toed back, caught a glimpse of the man and banged away at him through the window. Being anxious to know whether I had hit him I put my face to the window and peered into the night. Suddenly I heard a scuffle among the coach seats, felt a strong man seize me from behind and crush me to the floor. I could not turn my gun upon my assailant, for it was a rifle. 'Bang' went the robber's gun again, and the window was shattered. As I went down I heard the voice of my captor, right at my ear: 'Fo' de Lawd sakes, Mistah Blank, keep away from dat window, for dat robber blow yo' head clean off wif dat cannon o' his.'"

"That was the voice of the porter, and he had pulled me from the window in time to save my life."

"By this time the firing grew pretty general. In the confusion, and while I held the attention of the robber's rear guard, the deputy with the smarting ear crawled under the car, and when the robber stood up to shoot at me the deputy located him and the two men fought it out under the window. In a few seconds the robber lay dead. Now only two of the gang kept up the fight. Seeing that they were surrounded and hemmed in against the train they called out to the Sheriff and surrendered."

"The battle had lasted probably not more than five minutes, but it had been a life time to my family, who could hear every shot distinctly."

"I gave orders to pick up the dead and wounded, and with our three prisoners hastily backed into town."

"The wounded man died shortly after our arrival at St. Joe."

"The informer, of course, turned State's evidence, and so went free, but that was all that remained of the original gang of five, four of whom were desperate men. Of this four we buried two and sent two to the penitentiary for a long term."

"All this happened some years ago," added the general manager, after a pause, "but that porter still remembers, and he always shies when the whistle says 'tootoot.'"—New York Independent.

Poor Baby!

There is a physician in West Philadelphia who has a son one year old, and this baby is probably the strongest human being for its age and weight in the world. Its father will hold a cane in his two hands and the baby, grasping it, will draw itself up to its chin three times. That is but one of its numerous feats of strength. The physician says that his boy's unusual muscular development is due to a daily massage treatment. Every morning he lays the little fellow, naked, on a blanket and kneads his muscles for thirty minutes. Once a month he weighs the baby and measures its calves, chest, arms, etc. The monthly increase of weight and girth is remarkable. The baby has never had shoes or stockings on its feet or a hat on its head, and in the summer it wears only a little sleeveless dress that comes to its knees. It gets a cold bath every morning.

"If nothing goes wrong," the physician often declares, "this child will be one of the strongest men the world has ever seen. He will never get bald, and he will never lose a tooth. As for muscles, with massage and a course of exercise that I have laid out, they will be big and supple all over his body. All his flesh will be, when tense, as hard as steel, and when relaxed as soft as the flesh of a young girl."—Philadelphia Record.

The Last Stand.

The castle of San Felipe, in the harbor of Callao, Peru, is famous because the Spanish flag waved from its battlements for the last time on the continent of America. It was the ultimate refuge of Spanish authority on this continent, and the Governor of Peru with a garrison was beleaguered there for eleven months by the armies of the patriots during the war for independence. They did not surrender until they had eaten all their old boots and shoes, made soup of the rats and mice and other animals that infested the place and three-fourths of them had died of starvation and exhaustion.—Chicago Record.

EFFECT OF SMOKELESS POWDER.

Firing Said to Be More Terrifying to Men and Horses.

In the British army the four-legged recruits are drawn up in a ring round an instructor who fires a pistol. Some take the flash and report very quietly, and these are very soon passed on to several trials, while the others have lesson after lesson until they are quite convinced that there is no danger to them, and before long you might fire a seventy-pounder within a yard of them and they would hardly look around. After this they are taught to face fire—that is to say, to gallop fearlessly up to a line of square of infantry, blazing away with their rifles, and to charge batteries of quick-firing guns. Of course, only blank cartridges are used, and so to a trained horse going into battle for the first time there is no difference between the harmless thunder of maneuvers and the death-dealing storm which sweeps over the battle field. The poor brute only learns what the difference really is by bitter experience.

When smokeless powder came into general use it was found that in many cases horses which would face the smoke of guns using black powder without finching flinched and shied at the flash and roar unaccompanied by smoke. Continental opinion is somewhat divided as to the moral effect of smokeless powder on men and horses, but the general conclusion seems to be that in daylight it is not more terrifying than black powder, although some hold that to see men and horses struck down by an invisible agency must necessarily be so. But it is generally agreed that the use of smokeless powder at night has a much more disturbing effect than that of the old powder, because the flashes of the guns unobscured by smoke, are a great deal more vivid. The fear thus inspired can, however, be overcome by training, but there is another fear which must, in the nature of the case, be felt for the first time on the battle field, and that is the often uncontrollable terror produced both in men and horses by the whistling of bullets and the screaming and banging of shells. Some authorities have, indeed, said that since the introduction of smokeless powder and the great increase in the range and accuracy of weapons, it would be impossible to keep cavalry in hand under the fire of modern artillery, but this is probably an exaggeration.

The Rarity of Hydrophobia.

It has been asserted by many friends of animals, who rightly object to the annual torture and slaughter of dogs, and even by some physicians, that there is no such disease as hydrophobia, or rabies, as it is more correctly called. Those who have studied the subject carefully, however, are certain that there is a disease of dogs which is communicable by one suffering from it to other animals and to man. But this disease is very rare, and probably not one person in a thousand bitten by dogs is in any danger of it, and not one dog killed among 500 supposed mad dogs is really mad.

The word hydrophobia is a misnomer, for a mad dog has no fear of water, and will run through a shallow pool without the slightest hesitation; the fear is that of drinking water or of swallowing anything, either fluid or solid, as the attempt is almost certain to throw the sufferer, man or beast, into spasms.

The only way of transmitting hydrophobia is by inoculating; that is, by the introduction of the virus into the body through a wound of the skin or the mucous membrane. The most usual way for this rare event to occur is, of course, through the bite of a rabid dog, cat or other animal. But not every bite, even of a genuinely mad dog, is followed by hydrophobia. If the animal's teeth, for instance, have passed through a man's trouser leg or boot, the saliva, which contains the virus, may be wiped away from its teeth.—Youth's Companion.

The Mistakes of Forgers.

The literary and artistic forger usually gets into difficulties by forgetting things. For instance, a man once sold to Mr. Hoppo, of Amsterdam, a "painting upon wood by Rembrandt" for \$10,000. Presently it was discovered that the wood was mahogany, of which Rembrandt never saw a piece, as it was not introduced to Europe during his lifetime.

Simonides, who pretended to have found a very ancient Homer, written on locust leaves, was exposed by the fact that his manuscript had all the typographical errors of a recent German edition.

When Ireland forged a correspondence between Shakespeare and Lord Southampton he had never even seen a bit of handwriting by the latter. He wrote Shakespeare's letters with his right hand, Southampton's with the left, which worked well until a genuine Southampton letter turned up.

Cuts to Fit Hunchbacks.

A curious illustration of the advance of the cutter's art is shown nowadays in the making of clothes for hunchback men. Forty years ago, as middle-aged persons can recall, the coat of a hunchback man was likely to fall more or less loosely from him, while now his coat is made to fit him, as far as it goes, as well as any man's. While the tailor overcomes many ordinary defects of man in fashioning his clothes, he cannot of course overcome this one, but he can cut garments that will make the least of it, and will fit the wearer with the same appearance of trimness as that which characterizes every garment designed with care; and that is what he does.—New York Sun.

The automobile vehicles which cost about \$800 are very popular in Paris.

A full line of Toilet Articles, Drugs, Cigars, Confectionery always on hand at

The W. H. Carter
Drug Co.,

44 Main Street.

J. F. C.

IS THE

Best 5c. Cigar

IN THE MARKET.

—THE—

George Peabody

CIGAR IS THE BEST TEN-CENT SMOKE.

See that your dealer keeps them; Manufactured by J. F. Carbrey, 19 Mason street, Peabody.

New Periodical Store . . .

Confectionery, cigars and tobacco, stationery, weekly papers, magazines, daily and Sunday New York papers. Coal orders taken for Winchester Smith.

N. E. McCARTHY.

12 1-2 Lowell street.

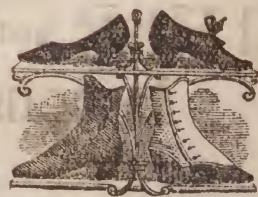
Leave your orders for

Fruit and Ice Cream

—AT—

Shea's, LOWELL STREET.

A fine assortment of fresh fruit at low prices.



Fall and Winter styles

Black and Russett.

The Latest Designs in
Boots and Shoes, at

We have a full line at popular prices at

Raddin's, 52 Main Street.

J. M. WARD & Co., * FLORISTS *

Designs Artistically Executed.
Cut Flowers and Plants.

Green-houses, Warren and Endicott streets.

TELEPHONE 547-2.

"The Prudent Man Setteth His House in Order."

Your human tenement should be given even more careful attention than the house you live in. Set it in order by thoroughly renovating your whole system through blood made pure by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Then every organ will act promptly and regularly.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

The number of failures from all causes in automatic block signals as compared with the total number of movements of each signal does not exceed more than one in 30,000.

Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder to shake into your shoes; rests the feet. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25 cts. Sample mailed FREE. Adre: Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

A family named Hanson now occupy the house in New Hampshire where Horace Greeley was born. Mrs. Hanson is mother of six sons, and being at a loss for a name for the sixth says she decided to name him Horace Greeley.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c. or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Titles and Boots. An engaging manner is useful everywhere. This axiom is amusingly illustrated by a story which Justin McCarthy tells. Soon after the civil war, he says, I happened to be standing on a bridge in New York city amusing myself by studying the crowd, when a shrill, youthful voice accented me with, "Cap'n, shine yer boots?"

The chance distribution of military titles was ready and liberal at the time, when so many soldiers were returning to civilian life, and I paid no attention to the invitation.

Just then a rival bootblack passed, and imagining where the cause of my indifference lay, he advanced, and pushing past the unsuccessful claimant, he gave me a military salute and appealed to me with the captivating words:

"Brigadier-general, shine yer boots?" I had my boots shined on the spot.—Youth's Companion.

A million dollars were spent in stipends to Presbyterian ministers in Canada in 1898.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c. 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

The King of the Conflict Islands. Another "paradise" has come into view in the Pacific. The "King of the Conflict Islands," in the person of H. A. Wickham, has been in London lately, giving glowing accounts of the picturesque little archipelago where he rules supreme, under a concession granted to him some four years ago by the government of British New Guinea. The conflicts constitute a group lying off the east coast of British New Guinea, between the mainland and the Louisiades. There is a rough chain of islands spread around a central one, on which Mr. Wickham has made his home and headquarters, and he has already opened out several coconut plantations in various parts of the group. The islands are rich in natural resources, and as the "King" is able to get all the native labor he needs from the mainland he seems to be in a fair way to make his fortune in the out-of-the-world spot which he has chosen for his home.—London Chronicle.

THE ills of women overshadow their whole lives. Some women are constantly getting medical treatment and are never well. "A woman best understands women's ills," and the women who consult Mrs. Pinkham find in her counsel practical assistance. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.

Mrs. MABEL GOOD, Correctionville, Ia., tells how Mrs. Pinkham saved her life. She says:

"I cannot thank you enough for what your medicine has done for me. I can recommend it as one of the best medicines on earth for all women's ills. I suffered for two years with female weakness and at last became bedfast. Three of our best doctors did me no good so I concluded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking a few bottles of your medicine, I was able to do all my housework. I know that your medicine raised me from a bed of sickness and perhaps death, and am very thankful for what it has done for me. I hope that every suffering woman may be persuaded to try your medicine."

Get Mrs. Pinkham's advice as soon as you begin to be puzzled. The sick headaches and dragging sensation come from a curable cause. Write for help as soon as they appear.

Mrs. DOLE STANLEY, Campbellsburg, Ind., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I was troubled with sick headache and was so weak and nervous. I could hardly go. A friend called upon me one evening and recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, saying that she knew that it would cure me. I then sent for your medicine and after taking five bottles of it, I was entirely cured. I cannot praise it enough."

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A Symbol of Wealth.

The Joneses did not know they were rich, or even considered so, until another tenant in the flat building said that the janitress had spread the report of their wealth. What's more, the janitress said she was sure of their financial standing, because she herself had seen their means. She gave out this piece of gossip on rent day: "Yer see this bit of white paper with some writin' on it? Yes? Phewell, that's wnt Mrs. Jones gev me for the rent, and it's all roight, 'cause the owner takes it without a wurrd. That paper is wort' \$35, and—would yer believe it?—Mrs. Jones has got a little book with hundreds of thim in it. Them Joneses is wealthy."

—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Setting a Bad Fashion.

"My only objection to the chainless wheel and the horseless carriage is their responsibility for such an awful lot of pointless jokes," was the remark of the Cornfed Philosopher at the close of the grocery symposium.

—Indianapolis Journal.



SYRUP OF FIGS
ACTS GENTLY ON THE
KIDNEYS, LIVER
AND BOWELS
CLEANSES THE SYSTEM
DISPELS EFFECTUALLY
COLD, COLDS, HEADACHES
OVERCOMES & FEVERS
HABITUAL CONSTIPATION
PERMANENTLY
TO GET
ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS.

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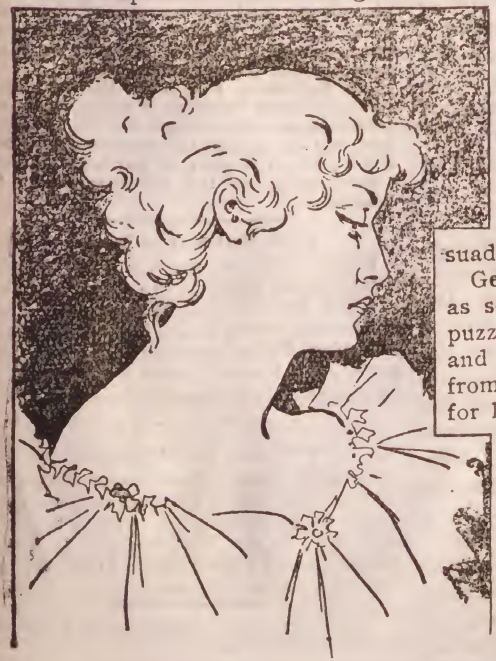
Best Part of the Dinner.

Riverside hotels are more notorious for their prices than the food they supply, and an amusing story is told on this subject. A man, who was somewhat of a gourmet, ordered a dinner for himself and his party, which, from the menu, should have been very palatable. Course succeeded course, and toward the end of the meal the host could contain himself no longer.

He called up the waiter, and expostulated: "I ordered a good dinner, and we have waited patiently for some satisfactory dish. The soup was a failure, the fish a disappointment, the entree uneatable, and I am sorry to tell you that during the whole dinner there has been nothing worth looking at."

The waiter looked troubled for an instant, and then, brightening up, said, "If you will wait one moment, sir, I will bring you the bill."—London Telegraph.

PRACTICAL HELP FOR SUFFERING WOMEN



evening and recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, saying that she knew that it would cure me. I then sent for your medicine and after taking five bottles of it, I was entirely cured. I cannot praise it enough."

WOMAN'S WORLD.

SOME WOMEN'S POT BOILERS.

Unusual Occupations Which Mean a Good Living, and Sometimes a Fortune.

A former society woman of New York City whose fortune is now gone finds in house decorating a means of support. She takes orders for interior decorations, including walls, wood-work and furnishings. She not only makes the purchases, but superintends the workmen. Her friends, admiring the taste shown in the furnishing of her own home, suggested that she give the world the benefit of her talent.

In a Western city a large home delicacy association, which supplies tearooms, clubs and railway cafes, is controlled by a woman. It began in a small way, the originator being asked to bake things for a luncheon room. Her first contribution was gingerbread. This was homemade gingerbread, and evoked enthusiasm. Then there was a demand for cakes, rolls, salads, pickles and jellies. The demand continued, and the association was the outcome of her experiment.

One woman who on account of poor health was obliged to give up teaching bought up a lot of bog and marsh land in a little New Jersey town, and fencing it with wire started a frog farm, sending the frogs to the market. She found a frog crop easy to raise, and it is said that she has made from \$3000 to \$5000 a year out of this unusual enterprise.

A young French woman whose home was the joy and envy of her friends was asked one day by one of them if she would out of pity arrange the petitioner's home, for in spite of many pretty and costly things it had "that stiff look." The success she made in the rearranging of her friend's home was so great that the question was suggested "why not make some pin money by putting homes in order?" So she advertised to do dusting and artistic arranging "by the hour." Her first customers were so well pleased that they recommended her to their friends, and now she has more than she can do.

A Southern girl has found a unique way of earning her living and is, indeed, making a fortune. She raises mocking birds and sells and rents them. She gets the birds when they are fledglings—sometimes from the nest just before they have to fly or when in attempting to fly they fall helpless to the ground and are rescued; or, sometimes, when they break a wing, which does not hinder their singing and makes them content in a cage. This young woman will never sell her birds to a Northerner, for she knows they will die when brought to the North, and she loves them too well for that. She rents them to visitors at the hotels and cottages who go to the South for the winter.

The New Paris Coiffure.

A new coiffure which has already been adopted by many French women is decidedly piquant to some faces. The hair on either side is waved slightly and puffed out, the middle part is waved in soft, irregular waves and dressed in the shape of a large mussel shell, which is made to fall over the forehead. One large puff, placed high on the head, forms the chignon; this puff is pulled out soft and wide, the hair being carried forward and the strand bent, as when making an 1890 puff. The remainder of the hair is then tightly twisted and arranged around the base of the puff. A comb placed at the back gives a pretty finishing touch.

The artistic hair dresser insists that every comb and pin, bow or butterfly placed in the coiffure should have a reason for its presence. Hair not puffed or waved does not look well with jeweled pins, or fanciful ornaments and bouquets disturbing its severity and destroying the effects of its becoming simplicity. An Empire comb placed at the base of a low coiffure is inconsistent and in bad taste. The whole reason for these combs is either to support the hat or as an ornament pure and simple. If as an ornament its proper place is in front of the twists, which come no higher than the level of the top of the ears.

The gauze butterfly, particularly the black ones spangled with jet or gold or silver, which go so well with the sequined lace frocks of the season, are not as becoming to everyone as one might imagine such pretty things to be. Tulle bows of white or in light colors, gaudy or plain, are less trying if very pretty and becoming. Tulle bows with applique designs in lace are particularly pretty, giving the effect of a lace bow against a cloud-like colored background.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The New Styles in Millinery.

The hats and bonnets for the season are very picturesque, and while some are not very different from those of a year ago the slight changes make for beauty and "becomingness." The velvet toque of immense size is among the new styles for the season, but its tendency is to dip over the eyes, while the chief charm of last season's toque was that it was a frame for the face and displayed the pompadour to its best fluffy hair. A rather pretty new style in toques has a low crown, a rolling brim, and while coming further over the forehead than last year's variety is dented directly in the centre of the front, making place for a big bow of panne or satin, or for a breast of grebe and a soft osprey. A great

choon of bright tinted velvet, with a barrette of pearls or steel, is also very effective, and looks wonderfully pretty when the color of the hair is carefully considered in choosing the velvet. The poke bonnet, with tiny crown, flaring brim and long strings of tulle or velvet, is quaint and becoming to the woman who has a picturesque face. Some of the bonnets are made of ribbon velvet, gathered slightly and placed row upon row like rose petals the brims are faced with rows of velvet pipings over satin or lace. Chions of lace, flowers and velvet leaves add to the old-time air of these bonnets, and jeweled brooches are used to fasten the tulle strings which are intended to be twisted around the neck twice and fastened at one side.

Susan B. Anthony Abroad.

Two little stories are told about that staunch exponent of democratic and republican institutions, Susan B. Anthony. On one occasion she actually undertook to introduce one of the greatest lords in the kingdom to two poor little girl employees on a London paper, and, as if this were not sufficiently heinous, she told him frankly that she had forgotten his name. He did not tell it to her, and if Gibson could have caught the expression of his lordship's face he might have produced his masterpiece.

At another time she was invited to a swell luncheon to meet the Princess Christian, the Queen's daughter. After shaking hands with her and talking a few minutes Miss Anthony sat down. Presently some one came and told her she must not sit while royalty was standing. Some of her friends say that her eighty years and the fatigue from the strain of the past weeks justified her in sitting. Others say that she could have stood up two hours if she had had a sufficient speech to make, but that the awful breach of etiquette was due to that spirit of her Quaker ancestors which made them face death rather than take off their hat to a king. Miss Anthony herself only laughs and "refuses to be interviewed."—Washington Post.

Has Lived Under Four Flags.

On July 24 the Daughters of the Republic of Texas observed in a quiet way the eightieth birthday of Mrs. Anson Jones, widow of the last President of the Republic of Texas. Mrs. Jones lives in St. Louis with her son, Dr. C. E. Jones, and in spite of her eighty years is hale and hearty, taking much interest in the Daughters of the Republic—of which she is one of the mothers—and in her church.

Mrs. Jones has lived under four flags, few who can say that being in the land of the living. She was born under the Stars and Stripes, came to live under the Snake and Cactus of Mexico, saw the rise and the honorable retirement of the Lone Star of Texas, witnessed the rise and the fall of the Stars and Bars, and is again under the Stars and Stripes, happy and contented in her old age.—St. Louis Republic.

How to Stick in Your Hat Pins.

With the hair dressed low an elastic can be substituted; but in the case of a coil worn high up two pins must be used. Let them be of moderate length, and take the trouble to run them in among the trimming of feathers, so that a bare bit of straw is not damaged and left exposed to view another time. The point should pass through the hair on the top of the head and just penetrate the opposite side of the hat, so that it is fixed firmly, though the pins remain invisible. When the hat or bonnet is lavishly trimmed this course is easier, naturally, but a sailor hat with its plain band can be treated in the same way, the pin going across just above the ribbon.

Wash For an Oily Skin.

For an oily skin with large pores an authority advises washing every night with hot water and pure castile soap; then, with gentle massage, apply a good quality of cold cream. Glycerine is beneficial to some skins, but injurious to others, so every individual must note the effect upon her own. In the morning put about a teaspoonful of tincture of benzoin in a quart of cold water, and wash the face and hands well in it.

The Winter Colors.

Light neutral colors will be in vogue for the winter.

Fashion Fads and Fancies.

Smooth cloth gowns will be much in vogue.

Handsome stiff silver bracelets are out in a heavy robe pattern.

Red and pink have taken very many of the foremost seats in fashion's court this season.

The demi-long coats in white caoutchouc or waterproof, in a thin and supple quality, are very stylish.

The rage for jewels is on the increase, and they will undoubtedly be used more than ever this season.

Elbow sleeves are almost universally worn, sometimes with long gloves and sometimes with no gloves at all. The pullback and the princess are really revived. The fewer seams and the fewer darts the more fashionable a woman appears.

A legion of women will undoubtedly hail with undisguised delight the announcement that cotton shirt waists are to be worn entirely through the winter season.

The new supple weaves of taffeta silk are in great use this season, both for gowns and accessories, to say nothing of the pretty dotted and striped patterns and the weaves barred with satin in contrasting colors for fancy waists.

Gauzy materials, like the heavier materials, are much in vogue when pierced and buttonholed. Many of the fichus, plastrons and yokes made of this pierced stuff are laced with bright-colored comet ribbon, which gives a striking effect.

19TH-CENTURY PROGRESS

GREAT COMPARED WITH THAT OF ALL PREVIOUS TIME COMBINED.

President Orton's Address to the American Association For the Advancement of Science—Twenty-four Discoveries and Inventions of the First Class.

Alfred R. Wallace has recently made a careful inventory of the discoveries and inventions to which the progress of the race is mainly due, and he divides them into two groups, the first embracing all the epoch making advances achieved by men previous to the present century, and the second taking in the discoveries and advances of equal value that have had their origin in the nineteenth century. In the first list he finds but fifteen items of the highest rank, and the claims of some even of this number to a separate place are not beyond question. They may not really be of epoch making character. But he puts into the list the following, viz.: Alphabetic writing and the Arabic notation, which have always been the two great engines of knowledge and discovery. Their inventors are unknown, lost in the dim twilight of prehistoric times. Coming after a vast interval to the fourteenth century A. D., we find the mariner's compass, and in the fifteenth the printing press, both of which beyond question are of the same character and rank as alphabetic writing. From the sixteenth century we get no physical invention or discovery, but it witnessed an amazing movement of the human mind, which in good time gave rise to the great catalogue of advances of the seventeenth century. To it we credit the invention of the telescope, and, though not of equal rank, the barometer and thermometer, and in still another field the invention of the differential calculus, the all important discovery of gravitation of the laws of planetary motion, of the circulation of the blood, of the measurement of the velocity of light. To the eighteenth century we refer the more important of the earlier steps in the evolution of the steam engine and the foundation of both modern chemistry and electrical science. This completes the list.

What is there to be added to this list? Some would urge that Jenner's discovery should be included here, but this claim Wallace would indignantly deny. In making such a list, it is evident the personal equation of the author undoubtedly needs to be recognized, and different orders of arrangement, even if the elements were the same, would be assigned by different students.

And now what has the record been since 1800? How does the nineteenth century compare with its predecessors? A brief examination will show us that in scientific discovery and progress it is not to be compared with any single century, but rather with all past time. In fact, it far outweighs the entire progress of the race from the beginning up to 1800. Counting on the same basis as that which he had previously adopted, Wallace finds twenty-four discoveries and inventions of the first class that have had their origin in the nineteenth century, against the fifteen or sixteen already enumerated of all past time.

Of the same rank with Newton's theory of gravitation, which comes from the seventeenth century, stands out the doctrine of the correlation and conservation of forces of our own century, certainly one of the widest and most far-reaching generalization that the mind of a man has yet reached. Against Kepler's laws from the seventeenth century we can set the nebular theory of the nineteenth. If the first reveals to us myriads of suns, otherwise unseen, scattered through the illimitable fields of space, the second tells us what substances compose these suns and maintain their distant fires, and, most wonderful of all, the direction and the rate in which each is moving. Harvey's immortal discovery of the seventeenth century finds a full equivalent in the germ theory of disease of the nineteenth. The mariner's compass of the fourteenth century easily yields first place to the electric telegraph of the nineteenth, while the barometer and thermometer of the seventeenth century are certainly less wonderful, though perhaps not less serviceable, than the telephone and phonograph and the Roentgen rays of our own day.

In addition to the advances now enumerated, the great doctrine of organic evolution, supported especially by the recapitulation theory in embryology, finds nothing to match with it in broadening and inspiring power in all the past history of the race. The same can be said of the periodic law of Mendeleff in chemistry, of the molecular theory of gases, of Lord Kelvin's vortex theory of matter, of the Glacial Period in geology, and of the establishment of the origin and antiquity of man, all of our own century.

Nothing can be brought from all the past to compare for one moment in direct application to "the relief of man's estate" (Bacon) with the discovery of anesthetics, while by his discovery of antiseptic surgery the name and fame of Sir Frederick Lister will grow to the last syllable of recorded time. In the mobilization of man and the giving to him the freedom of the globe, the railways and the steamships of our century are absolutely without any elements for comparison in all that the past has left us.

Solo by the Choir.

A correspondent vouches for the truth of the following story. It was at a tea and concert given in a dis-senting place of worship in a village in the Midlands. A local magnate presided, and when the programme was entered upon he rose and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, the choir will now sing a solo."—London Chronicle.

MYSTERY OF JOHANN ORTH.

One of the Most Remarkable Romances in the Dynastic History of Europe.

One of the saddest of episodes is that known as the mystery of Johann Orth, the most remarkable romance in the dynastic history of Europe in this century. The Archduke, John Salvator of Tuscany, a nephew of the Emperor Francis Joseph, had fallen in love with an actress and singer, Ludmilla Hubel, whom he married in spite of all family opposition, renouncing at the same time all his rights, privileges and rank, and assuming the name of Orth, after one of his castles. The romantic marriage was celebrated secretly, but in a perfectly legal manner, by the Registrar of Islington, and was witnessed by the Consul-General of Austria in London.

Johann Orth next bought, in 1891, a fine ship in Liverpool, which he named Santa Margarita; and so anxious was he to guard against the vessel being recognized that he stipulated that all drawings and photographs of it should be handed over to him, and these he burned with his own hands; moreover, he caused all portraits and negatives of himself and of his wife to be bought up at any price, and these were likewise destroyed. We are giving here only absolute facts. Shortly afterwards the ex-Archduke and his wife set sail for South America, and the vessel was duly reported to have arrived at Monte Video, and departed for a destination unknown. But from that moment every trace was lost of the ship and all on board, no news at to her fate having ever been heard, although many a search has been made along the coast by order of the Emperor of Austria and his Government.

Adventurers and treasure-seekers have been at work, as it was well known that Johann Orth had on board over one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in specie; it is believed that he intended to have bought an estate in Chile with the money, and to have settled there, but that the vessel foundered off Cape Horn during a terrific storm which raged on the coast shortly after the ship had left. From time to time since then the most startling rumors have been set afloat about the missing prince having turned up; one being that he had been one of the leaders of the Chilian rebellion, having divided his treasure among his crew, burned his ship, landed on a lonely coast, etc. His own mother, who died only a few months ago at the Castle Orth, believed her son alive to her very last hour, and expected his return. The Swiss Government is of a different opinion, and assumed the death of the Archduke, and paid over to Frau Orth's next of kin a large amount of money, which Johann Orth deposited as a settlement for his wife with the Swiss authorities before his departure, and there is little doubt that the Santa Margarita lies at the bottom of the sea, and that all on board perished.—Strand Magazine.

How a Man and Wife Corresponded.

One of the houses on my route is the home of a traveling man who spends about half his time out of town, said a New Orleans letter-carrier. When he goes on a trip he and his wife exchange a postal card every day, regular as the clock. The lady always gives me her cards to mail, and I couldn't help noticing that both they and the ones she received were always perfectly blank. All they ever contained was the address, and those that came to the wife had even that printed instead of written. I confess the thing made me curious, and I thought up all kinds of theories—sympathetic ink, secret marks on the edges and a lot of other nonsense for which I never discovered any evidence.

I happened to know the drummer pretty well, and, meeting him one day, I couldn't resist asking him about the blank cards. "So you've been trying to read 'em, have you?" he said, laughing. I expected that, and took it good naturedly. Then he explained, "My wife and I are naturally poor letter writers," he said, "but we want to hear from each other every day so as to know that nothing has gone wrong. We used to write like other folks, but it was a hard job, and one evening we got to looking over some of our old letters and they seemed so stupid and forced that we were really ashamed of ourselves. Then we thought of this blank card scheme, and it has worked like a charm. I means simply that all is well. Before I go on the road each of us knows the other's programme, and the receipt of cards means that nothing has happened to change our plans. The saving of ink and imbecility has been enormous."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

President Grant's Suggestion.

An official who quite generally knows what he is talking about was dilating the other afternoon upon the funny hopelessness for all reasonable purposes of many of the little creeks and rivers for the "improvement" of which Congress was asked to appropriate money under the River and Harbor bill.

"When Grant was President," said the official, "he used to alternately chuckle and fulminate against the expenditure of good Government coin for the 'improvement' of measly little streams that he himself knew could never be made fit for any human purpose. There was a Virginian who, failing to get Congress to stick in an appropriation for the dredging of a little stream down in his section, finally importuned Grant in the matter.

"Let's see," said Grant, musingly, "I believe I crossed that stream it 1864, wasn't it?" "The Virginian, who remembered Grant's crossing of the stream pretty well, replied affirmatively. "Look here," said Grant, after a pause, his face lighting up suddenly, "why don't you macadamize it?"—Washington Post.

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SATURDAY, SEPT. 30, 1899.

Man has so much trouble in earning a living that he should waste no time wondering whether he has the right to die or not. The normal man never thinks about his death. He knows intellectually that he will die some time, but every healthy man acts as if he believed that he would live forever. It is something like the White Queen's "jam every other day. Jam yesterday and jam to-morrow, but never jam to-day." So the healthy man knows that to-morrow he will die, but to-morrow is never to-day, so why worry?

Mrs. Hearst's gift of between \$7,000,000 and \$8,000,000 for buildings of the University of California is perhaps the largest ever given for such a purpose by an individual. It suggests the sudden realization of high educational ideals made possible to-day by great wealth, in contrast to the slow growth of the past. There is one thing, however, that a gift like this cannot do. A university, like a cathedral, is built by its associations as well as from the plans of architects. Nothing can ever deprive the older universities of the educational influence due to their history. From the broader point of view, both the old and the new supplement each other for the good of higher education.

There have been marked indications for years that unless protection can be provided for fur animals against overkilling they will become extinct. The animals that supply the most valuable land furs are being exterminated, just as the fur seal in Antarctic waters utterly disappeared before the wholesale war waged upon him. The once great fur catch of Northern Russia was worth in 1896 only about \$75,000, the polar fox, ermine and other valuable animals having nearly disappeared. The "Statistical Year Book of Canada" gives little detailed information, but its statement of the value of the dressed and undressed furs exported between 1888 and 1896 shows a steady decline in the business.

There is no longer outcry of any moment touching abandonment of farms in New England, says the Lewis (Me.) Journal. There are fewer idle farms than a year ago. The trolley will eventually make the idle farm a busy land for some purpose or other as our prosperity advances. Some of these farms have been bought for summer resorts and vacation homes. Some prosperous farmers are enlarging their borders—seeing that grazing and dairy and beef products supply profits. The advance in the price of timber is worth many millions to the State of Maine. What the full effect is to be in the farming industry of New England has yet to appear, but some of the results are already discernible. The energy and enterprise of the shop is coming to the farm to make it a really successful business enterprise.

Another effort is to be made for the propagation of oysters in the waters of Oregon and Washington. The native oysters of the Pacific Coast are very small and have a coppery taste. Seed oysters from the Chesapeake thrive there, growing large and retaining their flavor, but they do not propagate their species. Recently they have begun to breed in San Francisco Bay, but it is thought that the more northerly waters of Washington and Oregon are too cold for them. Now, at the suggestion of the United States Fish Commission, private enterprise is to bring a stock of seed oysters from Yezo, an island to the north of Japan. Coming from a latitude considerably more northerly than Puget Sound, it is hoped that they will propagate here. These Yezo oysters attain a large size, are plump, and have a flavor distinctly their own, but said to be equal to that of the Chesapeake.

The Philadelphia Public Ledger, referring to the flow of English and German capital into Cuba, says: "American capitalists, on the other hand, continue timid, and are letting the foreigners capture the cream of the market that should be theirs."

To-day the American newspaper is the open forum, chronicling history in the very hour of its making, propelling by its own force the thought directly or indirectly of all our people in one direction or another, and facilitating the conduct of life in such a degree that without it society would be reduced almost to a primitive state and business rendered almost blind.

The State Warden of Indiana has taken a commendable step in abolishing all prison discipline that tends to leave a permanent mark upon the prisoners. The object of imprisonment is reformation as well as punishment, and the aim of prison officials should rather be to eliminate all that is distinctively criminal in the men and women under their charge, so that a new and honorable life for them may be made possible.

Professor Atwater's interesting conclusion in regard to the food value of alcohol will lead people into error who suppose that it alters the path of healthful living in the direction of freedom as to alcoholic indulgence, says the Christian Register. The common-sense physician's advice remains true—we are better off without it. That we eat too much is the most useful conclusion to be taken from Professor Atwater's researches.

An illustration of the eagerness with which foreign iron masters are studying our manufacturing methods is furnished by the experience of an engineering office in Pittsburg, which supplies the designs for large steel works and rolling mills, and which, it is said, has received during the last year an average income of \$1000 per month in payment of blue prints of details of manufacturing plants which have been sent abroad.

Our postal machinery ought to be made of greater use, not only between countries in the international postal union, but for domestic purposes, thinks the Chicago Tribune. The domestic parcels post, which is such an immeasurable economy and convenience in Great Britain, where it has largely absorbed the express business, ought to be paralleled in this country. The charge is common that private interests hold back the hands of the National Government from developing our postal system in these lines. This charge ought to be effectually disposed of by the extension of our postal service to include these branches. They have proved immensely beneficial to other leading countries of the world, and would, beyond question, be of like benefit to our people.

For every woman who is dressed in the latest style on the other side there can be found hundreds in this country, and this not merely in New York or Chicago, but in all the more important cities. In Europe, outside of Paris, London and Berlin, the effort to be well dressed is confined to a few. The majority of European women are in one degree or another of a mind with the English woman who said that "there was no use in being well dressed at home, because everybody in the town knew who she was, and that there was no use in dressing well when she went elsewhere, because then nobody knew who she was." This is an altogether different attitude from that of the American woman, who feels that she owes it to herself to be well dressed, observes the Dry Goods Economist.

It takes courage to pay taxes. There is something rather appalling about the idea of giving up one's proper share for the maintenance of the Government. The advantages seem so remote and indefinite and so certain to accrue to the individual, whether he pays his taxes or not, that the temptation to be a tax-dodger is nearly irresistible, muses the Chicago Journal. Then there is the additional fact that you hardly know one man in a hundred who really pays what he should. The custom of defeating the assessment in some way is so general that a man who does make out a proper schedule is almost ashamed to confess it for fear of being thought simple, or mildly insane, and altogether it takes no little courage to face the taxation music. The courage it does take might well be called financial heroism. Almost everybody has a chance at one time or another to pay his taxes, and the spirit in which he discharges that duty is a pretty good test of his devotion to principle and to his fellow man.

The Question of the Ages.
An infant, playing in a room,
Grasped at a sunbeam dancing.
And saddened that he could not catch
The rays o'er frescoes glancing.
And so thro' life he eager went
With hand outstretched, and yearning,
To find the prizes sought for most
Were only shadows, spurning.

Grim Fate! Why was man born to strive
To climb life's golden ladder?
His efforts vain may make him wise,
They surely make him sadder.

Say! Is there not beyond the grave
A place where souls are rested?
—Dreamt of by Plato, hoped by all,
By Deo's love bequeathed?—
Where every hope to human heart
Made known
Shall not be answered by a mocking
moan?

A. MORELAND FULTZ,
of the Peabody Star.

Peabody.

Telegraph operator Mr. Frank H. Childs of the B. & M. Station is ill at his home.

—George Stringer fell from a nut tree Sunday afternoon, sustaining severe contusions of his face.

The Union veterans have voted to attend the muster in Manchester N. H. on Thursday Oct. 12th.

—Those gingham aprons made to order, any shape or size, from 25c. up, can only be found at A. L. Cassino's, 42 Main street.

—Rev. James Murphy attended the annual convention of the Young Men's Catholic Union of America in Newark N. J. last week.

—Mr. Shea usually manages to come in ahead. This week he has the first consignment of fine juicy oranges. 25c. doz.

—We are pleased to learn that a private kindergarten has been opened at 105 Lowell St. by a most efficient teacher, Mrs. Newhall, formerly of the Wallis kindergarten.

—Max L. Livingston, for the past few years assistant manager of the Standard Thermometer & Electric Co. has resigned his position, and has gone to Cleveland, Ohio.

—Letters remaining unclaimed at the Peabody, Mass. Post Office for the week ending Sept. 20, 1899: Philip Cohns, John Desmond, George S. Grant, Miss Nellie Horan, Miss Sara H. Lord, Gordon Woods.

NEW BOOKS added to Peabody Library, September, '99

FICTION.

Austin, Oscar P. Uncle Sam's Soldiers. War with Spain	j385 26
Barr, Robert. Strong Arm	323 475
Bryden, H. A. Exiled Saot	310 85
Churchill, Winston. Celebrity, The	387 20
Doyle, C. W. Taming of the Jungle—(short stories of India)	392 127
Green, Anna K. Agatha Webb	407 119
Harrison, Mrs. Burton. Carcellini Emerald and other tales	j384 c66
Hewlett, Maurice. Forest Lovers	310 110
Howard, Gen. O. O. Henry in the War	j385 127
McChesney, Dora G. Rupert, by the Grace of God	387 24
McManus, L. Lally of the Brigade	391 130
Munroe, Kirk. Shine Terrill, a Sea Island Ranger	j404 123
Murfree, M. N. (C. E. Craddock). Bushwhacker and other stories	376 873
Olliphant, Mrs. M. O. W. Widow's Tale	324 225
Ollivant, A. Bob, Son of Battle	320 115
Phillipotts, Eden. Children of the Mist	386 22
Ralph, Julian. Prince of Georgia and other tales	384 115
Rod, Edouard. Sacrifice of Silence	412 94
Russell, W. Clark. Captain Jackman	393 98
Sienkiewicz, H. In Vain	419 446
Stannard, Mrs. A. (John Strange Winter). Heart and Sword	384 86
Stevenson, R. L. and Robinson, L. Wrong Box	326 446
Warner, C. D. That fortune (sequel to Golden House)	390 413
Warnan, C. V. Snow on the Headlight (story of the great Bur-	
White Mail	335 c80
Wharton, Edith. Greater Inclination	386 23

DESCRIPTION AND TRAVEL.

Garland, Hamlin. Trail of the Gold Seekers (Alaska)	486 65
Johansen, H. With Nansen in the North.	488 65
Karageorgievitch, Prince. Enchanted India	443 60
Kipling, Rudyard. From Sea to Sea (2 vols.)	421 109
Ranshme, Stafford. Japan in Transition	446 101
Young, Lucien. Real Hawaii	420A114

HISTORY.

Decle, Lionel. Trooper 3809. a Private Soldier of France	631 830
Douglas, Robert R. China (story of the Nations)	540 445
Lodge, Henry Cabot. War with Spain	529 19
McCrary, E. S. So. Carolina under Royal Gov't—1712-1776.	523A45
Mass. Hist. Soc. Collections, vol. 10, 6th ser., Pepperell Pap.	510 30

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Arnold, Sir Edwin. Gulistan, The—being the Rose-Garden of Shaikh Sa'di (from the Persian)	948 A23
Coleman, Ambrose. Friars in the Philippines	95 33
Cragin, Belle S. Our Insect Friends and Foes	691 473
Curtis, W. E. United States and Foreign Powers	21 148
Howe, Reginald H., Jr. On the Bird's Highway	692 A67
Jordan, David S. Imperial Democracy	21 147
Markham, Edwin. Man with the Hoe and other Poems	293 51
Colby, F. M., Editor. International Year Book, 1898	Reading Room

—Letters remaining unclaimed for at Peabody, Mass. Post Office for the week ending Sept. 27, 1899: Annie L. Arnold, N. I. Crosby, Mrs. George L. Crane, Phil. Frazer, Patrick Fay, J. D. Thurber, Wm. Thornton.

T. H. JACKMAN, P. M.
—A fire caused by inflammable stove polish, called the department Saturday to a house on Willow St. occupied by the family of James Desmond. Mrs. Desmond and her baby were both slightly burned. The damage to property was small.

—On Monday afternoon a lad by the name of David Connelly, had one of his hands seriously injured at the works of the Standard Thermometer & Electric Co. necessitating the amputation of his thumb.

—The engagement is announced of Miss Grace F. Batchelder, only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. W. O. Batchelder, and Mr. George R. Underwood, Superintendent of the American Glue Co.'s works in this town.

—Distin has the largest and best stock of new fall goods ever shown in this town for pants, suits and overcoats. Come and get the best suit you ever wore for \$25. Pants from \$4.50 to \$9. Give me your order and I will give you the worth of your money.

—Tax Collector Mr. Lyman Osborn is busy reminding us of the old saying that "there is nothing surer than death and taxes," for he is very busy sending out tax bills for 1899. Taxes must be paid on or before Tuesday Oct. 10, 99, if you wish to escape paying interest on them at the rate of 6 per cent.

The Republican caucus was a very interesting affair, and resulted in the election of delegates favorable to Mr. Bates for Lt. Governor, and Mr. B. B. Humphrey for representative. Unquestionably the caucuses of the previous day in the cities affected the votes in many towns.

—The Salem Entertainment Co. purposes renting the spacious town hall for one night each week during the winter. They will run first class plays at popular prices. If, as they hope, the venture turns out to be a success from a financial point of view, we are promised a series of first class dramatic entertainments at the low price of 10 and 30 cents. Friday evening will probably be the one selected for the shows to be given on, and the opening night will be Friday Oct. 13, or thereabouts. We shall tell you more about this anon.

—The new Chemical engine for West Peabody has arrived from Chicago. It was built by the Cham-

pion Engine Co. of that city. It is expected to cost about \$1200. It is said to be a first class machine—provided with two 40 gallon tanks, a cage for hose, four reserve tanks on standing board behind, a pony chemical on the front footboard, lanterns, a roof and extension ladder, hooks, axes, bars etc. The engine will carry eight or more men on both ends, will weigh 3000 lbs. will require two horses to draw it, and will be stored in a building belonging to Daniel Brown, close to the R. R. Junction in West Peabody. B. F. Taylor, E. A. Needham, J. F. Ingraham, A. W. Felt and S. S. Littlefield, were the committee appointed to buy the engine.

New R. R. Timetables next week.

St. John's Church was the scene on Thursday morning of a very pretty wedding, when Miss Catherine E. daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John O. Donovan was married to Mr. Bartholomew J. Foley of Salem. The bride's sister was bridesmaid, while the groom's brother Mr. James J. Foley was best man. Rev. M. J. Masterson performed the ceremony, which was followed by a nuptial mass, in the presence of a well filled church of relatives and friends. The bride's parents gave a breakfast and reception after the marriage, at their home 10 Harris St.

After a short wedding trip they will take up a residence at 47 Washington St. The presents from their many well wishers were useful and ornamental. This is a popular couple, and we join in the congratulations of their friends.

—Mr. and Mrs. Albert H. Merrill celebrated their silver wedding at their home 102 Lowell St. Saturday evening, and received their friends from 6 to 10 o'clock. During that time about 150 people called to extend congratulations and many sent regrets at their inability to be present. Mr. and Mrs. Merrill (nee Miss Helen Potter) received their guests in the room in which they were married by the late Rev. George N. Anthony 25 years ago, and were surrounded by all the comforts and luxuries of a beautiful home. The house was handsomely decorated for the occasion with palms and other foliage plants, and with cut flowers. Mrs. C. H. Brooks, caterer, provided the refreshments, and the Cadet Orchestra furnished music throughout the evening. It was a very social affair happily carried out. Many gifts were received, which will be treasured as souvenirs of the pleasant anniversary. Mr. Merrill is the well known treasurer of the Warren 5 cents savings bank and a son of Amos Merrill, Esq.—News.

FOR THE PEABODY STAR.

In Early Autumn.

All too soon our summer days are over, and autumn,—

"Applied Autumn, golden-sheeked and tan," is coming to his own again. Mother Earth is about laying away her emerald finery, and reassuming her apparel of russet and gold; indeed, even now the remote hilltops are arraying themselves in garments of tawny mist. Already the atmosphere is the 'atmosphere of Dreamland; and from gloaming to day-dawn the incessant chirp of the cricket is seemingly the one cry of the universe. In our little garden the grape is purpling, the pear is yellowing, the plum is taking on a bluer tint, and the apple is becoming of a ruddier hue, while along the roadside the grass is brown, and the golden-rod and the aster are bursting into full blossom. Down the river-reaches the stately elms are again displaying their saffron-tinted blazonry, and on the bluffs overhanging the stream the sturdy maples are ever more throwing out their crimson banners to all the winds of Heaven. The Indian maize is ripening for the harvest. Our orchard-birds are flying southward, in quest of fresher foliage and balmier airs; and very soon our wild geese will be flocking hitherward,—en route for their summer feeding-grounds and breeding-places among the bleak solitudes of Hudson's Bay and the Great Slave Lake to their winter-haunts on the quiet shores of the upper Rio Grande and among the sacred seclusions of the Holy Trinity.

And this same spirit of change and unrest is working as ceaselessly in the heavens overhead as on the earth beneath our feet. As always of old, as times innumerable in the dead and buried centuries,—Aldebaran and Sirius and Orion and the Pleiades are again climbing to prominence and dominance in our September skies, while Arcturus and his satellites are again dropping down the starry slope to the awful obscurity of the underworld. And soon the couriers of winter will once more flaunt their white signal-banners on the hilltops, and his conquering legions pitch their snowy tents in field, and wood, and sodden meadow, and along every highway and byway,—for to our infinite sorrow our summer-days—our delightful summer-

A full line of Toilet Articles, Drugs, Cigars, Confectionery always on hand at

The W. H. Carter Drug Co.,

44 Main Street:

days—are over and gone. Says Canning, watching the movement, at nightfall, from his lonely eyrie on the rocky summit of Greylock—

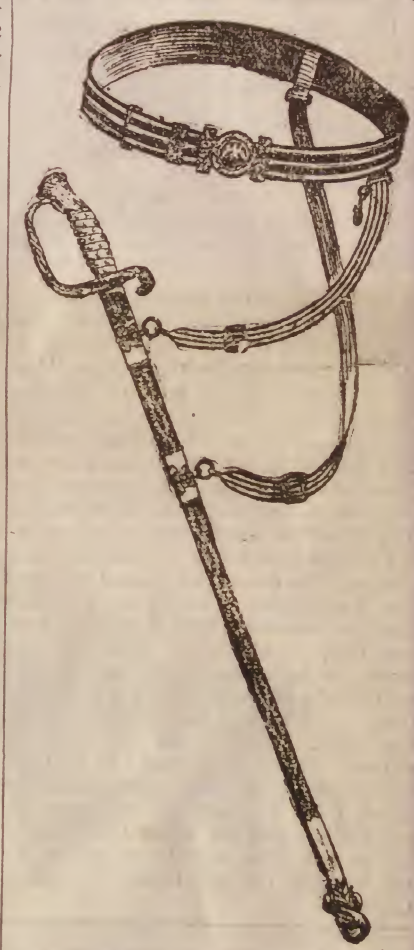
"The dying winds as set the sun,
Usher the gloaming, and expire;
The watching Stars gleam, one by one,
Like ice reflecting distant fire;
The Moon awaits her time to rise,
To flood with her cold light the skies;
The Frost-King creeps in Silence forth;
While, climbing upward, high and higher,
The nameless Wizard of the North
Kindles his ghostly pyre."

A PERTURBED PILGRIM.

NATION'S GREETING TO DEWEY.

Features of the Reception to the Manilla Hero in Washington.

The central idea underlying the grand welcome to be given Admiral Dewey in Washington the first week in October is its national character. His arrival at the Capital will mark his real home-coming to the American people, where the officials of the government will participate, and the magnificent sword voted by Congress will be presented. To that end all the arrangements will be of a simple but most dignified character. The welcome to the hero of Manila at the National Cap-



Sword Voted by Congress to Dewey.

ital will probably occur on Monday, October 2, although the date will depend upon the length of the celebration in New York, which is still unsettled. The principal features of the reception in Washington, as planned by the citizens, with the cooperation of the President and Cabinet, will be two in number—the presentation of the sword voted by Congress and a night parade. A public reception at the White House will be followed by dinner to the Admiral by President McKinley. The sword will be presented by Secretary Long, at the east front of the Capitol, in the presence of Mr. McKinley and all the members of the Cabinet, late in the afternoon, while the parade, consisting of organizations of all kinds, will be accompanied by an illumination of the city on a scale of beauty never before witnessed in Washington.

The different features of the preparations are in the hands of a central body of citizens and eleven committees, embracing in all over a thousand people. Preparations for the celebration have been in hand for over a month. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and other railroads entering Washington have agreed upon cheap rates for the celebration, and the committee expects that there will be an outpouring of patriotic citizens almost equal to the inauguration of a President.

Boys Burned to Death.

Evansville, Ind., Sept. 28.—Three boys were burned to death in a fire which destroyed the dwelling of Michael Wiltze, a farmer, living near Buckskin. Mr. and Mrs. Wiltze escaped, but their two sons, aged 8 and 11, and John Grieco, a 17-year-old farm hand, perished.

Collapsed at Cologne.

Cologne, Sept. 28.—Considerable loss of life was caused yesterday by the collapse of a building in process of construction on the Wolfstrasse. It is believed that 10 persons were killed. Three bodies have been recovered.

"Sporting Life" closes at the Boston the present week.

"Jack and the Beanstalk" next week of the Grand Opera house.

A strong will and a firm won't go together.

St. John's Catholic Church

REV. MICHAEL J. MASTERSON,
Rector.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

First Mass at 7 o'clock A.M.
Children's Mass at 9.
Mass at 9.30.
High Mass at 10.30.
Vespers and Benediction, 3 P.M.

Baptism in the Catholic Church.

We had the pleasure of witnessing the baptism of four little infants one evening recently at the parochial residence of St. John's Church. For the benefit of those of our readers who have never seen a child baptized in the Catholic Church we will give an account of the ceremonies which attend the Baptism.

According to Catholic teaching Baptism is defined as a Sacrament by which we are spiritually regenerated or born again, by an ablution of water. By baptism we are cleansed from original sin, made members of the church, children of God, and heirs to the kingdom of heaven. This spiritual regeneration is absolutely necessary to salvation as is clearly inferred from the words of our Lord: "Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." Though baptism is thus necessary to salvation, its defect in those who, through no fault of their own, are unable to receive it, may be supplied in two ways: 1, by an act of perfect charity, which includes the desire of baptism and which is called Baptism of Desire; 2d, by martyrdom, which is called Baptism of Blood, and by which even infants, who are put to death for Christ, as were the Holy Innocents, may be saved. The child is brought to the Church by two persons who assist at the administration of baptism, to answer for the infant, making profession of the Christian faith in its name, and to receive it from the hands of the minister when baptized at the sacred font. They are called Sponsors and sometimes God-fathers and God-mothers. They are bound to exercise a constant vigilance over their spiritual children.

A name is given in baptism to the person baptized, which name is taken from some one whose eminent piety and religion have given him a place in the catalogue of saints.

The infant to be baptized is placed so as to rest, on the right arm of the person holding it generally the godmother. Addressing the infant by its name, the priest says: "N. (i.e. John, Mary, etc.) What dost thou ask of the Church of God?" The sponsors answer for the child "Faith." Then the priest asks: "What dost thou bring thee to?" The Sponsors answer: "Life-everlasting." The priest says: "If you wish therefore to attain eternal life: Observe the commandments: Love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind, and thy neighbor as thyself."

The priest then breathes gently on the face of the infant three times and says: "Depart from him or her, unclean spirit and give place to the Holy Spirit, the Paraclete." This part of the ceremony is called an exorcism, which is composed of words of sacred and religious import, and of prayer to expel the devil, and to weaken and crush his power; wherefore the priest breathes three times into the face of the infant, that he may expel the power of the old serpent, and may catch the breath of lost life. After this the priest makes the sign of the cross with his right thumb on the forehead, and on the breast of the child, saying: "Receive the sign of the cross on thy forehead and also in thy heart, take unto thee the faith of the heavenly precepts, and in thy morals be such that thou mayest now be a temple of God." This signifies that the child is called a newborn Christian, to be received into the army of Christ, that he must confess his faith without fear, fight against untruth, and sin, and courageously follow his divine Saviour on the way of the cross. A prayer is said asking God for the grace to perform these duties. The priest now with an appropriate prayer lays his hand upon the head of the person to be baptized indicating thereby that the Church takes the child under her protection, and that through her hand the fullness of blessings will flow to him, whereby he will be enabled to renounce Satan, to enter into the kingdom of Christ, and in it to serve him joyfully.

Then the priest puts a small quantity of salt that has been blessed into the mouth of the infant saying: "N., receive the salt of wisdom: let it be to thee a propitiation unto life everlasting." The meaning of this ceremony is this: when salt is put into the mouth of the person to be baptized, it imparts that, by the doctrine of faith and the gift of grace, he should be delivered from the corruption of sin, experience a relish for good works, and be delighted with the food of divine wisdom. A prayer is then said for the purpose of vanishing the devil and weakening or of totally destroying his power. The Church does not perform these exorcisms as if she believed that the person to be baptized were really possessed by the devil, but for a twofold reason, first to give public proof of her faith, that man by baptism is delivered from the servitude of the devil and restored to the liberty of children of God; and secondly to implore God's grace for the person to be baptized, that the power which Satan has acquired over him in consequence of original sin may be broken, and that he may never again succeed in bringing him under his dominion. The priest makes the sign of the cross on the child's forehead, say-

ing: "And this sign of the cross which we make upon his forehead, do thou, accursed devil, never dare to violate. Through the same Christ our Lord Amen." He lays his hand upon the head of the child and prays that God may enlighten, cleanse, and sanctify him on the path of truth and virtue.

The next ceremony is called the introduction of the child into the church. The priest puts the extremity of his stole upon him and then in a manner leads him into the church saying: "Enter into the temple of God that thou mayest have part with Christ unto life everlasting. As the priest proceeds to the baptismal font he, together with the sponsors, recites the Apostles Creed, and the Lord's prayer. This is a profession of faith which was always required from those who were about to receive baptism. Adults are required to make their profession themselves, but infants make it through their sponsors.

After a third exorcism the priest wets his right thumb with saliva from his mouth and touches the lobe of the right ear, and afterwards that of the left saying "Epheta, that is, be thou opened;" then the nostrils one after the other adding "For a saviour of sweetness. But thou, Satan, depart for the judgment of God is approaching."

This ceremony is an imitation of what Christ did himself when he gave sight to a blind man, and healed a deaf and dumb man. Matt. 7.31 and John 9.6. The time has now arrived when the child is to be transplanted from the kingdom of Satan into the kingdom of Christ, and the covenant of everlasting love and fidelity is to be made between him and God. A solemn adjuration is made. In three distinct interrogatories the person to be baptized is formally asked by the priest: "Dost thou renounce Satan?" and all his works? and all his pomp?" to such of which he, or the sponsor in his name, replies: I do renounce. After this solemn renunciation of the devil, the priest anoints the child with the oil of Catechumens upon the breast and between the shoulders, saying "I anoint thee with the oil of salvation, in Jesus Christ our Lord, that thou mayest have life everlasting. Amen." This ceremony has a very beautiful significance. In ancient times the gladiators anointed themselves with oil to strengthen themselves for the combat. The child is anointed to make him remember that he is to fight hard against all the enemies of his salvation. He is anointed on the breast, to signify that he must fight a fight with courage, for God and his soul, then between the shoulders, to indicate that he stands in need of much strength and patience in order to carry the yoke of the Lord all the days of his life.

After the anctions the priest wipes his thumb and the parts anointed, with a little cotton. He then takes off the violet stole and puts on a white one. As the violet stole signifies the sinful state of the person to be baptized, so the white one is a symbol of the innocence and purity which he is about to receive. The priest asks him: "N., Dost thou believe in God the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth?" The answer is: "I do believe." Again: "Dost thou believe in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord, who was born into this world, and suffered for us?" Answer: "I do believe." "Dost thou believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church, the communion of Saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and life everlasting?" Answer: "I do believe." By these questions and answers a full and explicit profession of Catholic doctrine is made.

When the sacrament is now to be administered, the priest asks the person to be initiated if he will be baptized. "N., Wilt thou be baptized?" Answer: "I will." He pours water on the head of the child saying at the same time: "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." The Sacrament of Baptism has now been administered, the child is cleansed from original sin, and is sanctified becoming a child of God and an heir of heaven. The Church on earth rejoices that a child is born to her, the Angels and Saints in heaven exult and salute the baptized person as their brother. God looks down upon him with pleasure and takes his abode in his heart. The child's head having been dried the priest dips his thumb into the little vessel of chrism and anoints the child on the crown of the head saying: "May God Almighty, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has regenerated thee by water and the Holy Ghost, and who has granted thee the remission of all thy sins, himself anoint thee with the chrism of salvation, in the same Christ Jesus our Lord, unto life eternal. Amen." This unction signifies that the person baptized is united as a member of Christ, his head, and ingrafted on his body; and that he has the name Christian from Christ.

A white linen cloth is put upon the head of the child the priest saying: "Receive this white garment, and see thou carry it without stain before the judgment seat of our Lord Jesus Christ, that thou mayest have eternal life. Amen." In the early times, the newly-baptized were clothed in white garments, to remind them of the purity and innocence they had received at Baptism, which they wore for eight days. Lastly the priest puts into the hand of the infant, or if he cannot do so conveniently, gives to be held by the sponsor a lighted candle saying: "Receive this burning light, and keep thy baptism so as to be without blame. Keep the commandments of God; that when the Lord shall come to his nuptials, thou mayest meet him in the company of all the Saints in the heavenly court and have eternal life and live for ever and ever. Amen." Then the priest dismisses the baptized person, saying: "Go in peace, and the Lord be with thee. Amen."

Who is it that's selling Aprons so neat?
Who is it that's selling Perfumes so sweet?
Who is it that's selling Skirts so cheap?
Who is it that's selling Corsets to fit?
Who is it that's selling Vests that are knit?
Who is it that's selling a black stocking?
At prices simply shocking—Why—
A. L. CASSINO, 42 Main St., Peabody

Of Interest to Methodists.

CHURCH CALENDAR.

Washington st. Methodist church,
Rev. C. W. Blackett, pastor.
SUNDAY—10:30 a.m., Public Worship.
12 m., Sunday School.
3 p.m., Junior Epworth League.
4 p.m., Yoke Fellows and Victory Bands.
6, Epworth League Devotional Meeting.
7, General Service of Song, Sermon and testimony.
TUESDAY—7:30, Class Meeting.
FRIDAY—7:30, Prayer Meeting.

SOCIETIES AND OFFICERS.

Class Leaders—H. W. Gilman, E. A. Davis, Miss S. E. Walt, Miss S. A. Warner.
President of Trustees—H. W. Gilman.
Sunday School Superintendent—Peter A. Sim.
President of Epworth League—Fred Boxwell.
President Womans Foreign Missionary Auxiliary—Miss Sabina E. Walt.
President Womans Home Missionary Auxiliary—Miss Sarah A. Warner.
President Yoke Fellows Band—William Deane.
President Victory Band—Miss Martha Deane.

The Sunday School rally-Sunday is the first of October. We want to see every old scholar that day and many new ones take up the work of the year. Beginning last week, we give for the next quarter a series of teaching hints that may be helpful to Sunday School teachers in impressing practical lessons upon the scholars of the Sunday School.

"O wondrous power of faithful prayer!
What tongue can tell the almighty grace?
God's hands
As Moses or Elijah prays."

Methodism without ardent spirituality is like a trolley car off the rails.

"Let us therefore fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it." (Heb. 4:1.) The fathers of these Hebrews wandered in the wilderness forty years, never far from Canaan, often near to it, and yet they never set foot on its fair landscape. A pathetic picture, unhappily reproduced to a very serious extent in the spiritual history of the race, and the apostle was afraid lest the Hebrews of his own day should, through slackness of spirit, miss the gracious goal as their fathers had done. "Shortcoming" seems a very mild word, one of the very mildest words in the vocabulary of regret and reproach. Softer than such words as "obstinacy," "selfwill," "presumption," and all such terms as are expressive of sins of excess: and yet what a truly terrible word it is, and how anxiously ought we to avoid the mood it expresses. What does it mean for an athlete to come short of the goal, a ship to come short of the port, a diver to come short of the gold? From the beginning of the spiritual life dread any lack of enthusiasm. The virtues, in the fulness of their bloom, are only possible where the hidden fire burns; the wide sweep of duty can only be compassed by unquenchable resolution; the searching sorrows of life can only be triumphantly borne and thoroughly sanctified where faith and love are in full possession; the crowding foes and difficulties of the good can only be vanquished by the hearts of heroes."—W. L. WATKINSON, ex-Pres. Wesleyan Conference.

Will Be Hanged by Law.

Oakland, Md., Sept. 28.—Sam Johnson, a young colored man, was yesterday sentenced to be hanged for a felonious assault on Annie Kerfoot, a little girl. The assault occurred in Washington county in July last, and the negro had to be taken to Baltimore to prevent lynching. He was brought here for trial. Under the law, Judge Sloane, who sentenced him, might have inflicted any punishment from three months' imprisonment to death on the scaffold. If Johnson hangs, he will be the fourth of his race to suffer the death penalty for a similar crime during the present year.

Strikers Return to Work.

Havana, Sept. 28.—The stevedores and wharfmen, who had been on strike, returned to work yesterday, and the operation of loading and unloading vessels is again in full swing. The cartmen are also working. The firemen on the united railroads have gone out and the trains are run by apprentices, and are guarded by the police. There is a general feeling of uncertainty in regard to the strike situation, as the men cannot hold a meeting. It is thought the strike will soon be declared off and the agitation resumed later.

2d Congregational Church

CHURCH CALENDAR.

SUNDAY—1 p.m., Sunday School.
2:15, Public Worship.
6:30, Junior Endeavor.
7:30, Evening Service.
TUESDAY—7:45, Christian Endeavor.
FRIDAY—7:45, Prayer Meeting.

Church Organizations.

OFFICERS OF THE CHURCH.
Pastor.—Lewis J. Thomas.
Clerk and Treasurer—Miss Mary Tudbury.
Treasurer of weekly offerings—Mrs. Addie M. Shaw.
Deacons—William Tudbury and Lewis Brown.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.
Superintendent—William T. Wofford.
Assistant—Orlando F. Newhall.
Secretary and Treasurer—Miss M. Etta Wiggin.
Superintendent of Primary Department—Mrs. L. J. Thomas.

OFFICERS OF THE PARISH.
Clerk—William T. Wofford.
Collector—William Tudbury.
Treasurer—W. E. Reed.

STANDING COMMITTEE.
William Tudbury, Orlando F. Newhall, Thomas Wofford.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY.
President—Miss Etta Wiggin.
Vice President—Miss Mary Tudbury.
Secretary and Treasurer—Miss Etta Moore.

JUNIOR ENDEAVOR SOCIETY.
President—Miss Etta Brooks.
Secretary and Treasurer—Miss Etta Wiggin.

LADIES AID.
President—Mrs. L. J. Thomas.
Secretary—Mrs. J. L. Parker.
Treasurer—Mrs. Addie M. Shaw.

—Echoes from the sermon of Sunday, Sept. 17th:

Revival, who wouldn't like to see it—the right sort?
That means a revived church.
Can we have it? The way to get a revival is to do what makes a revival possible.
We can be revived upon precisely the same conditions as we were first made alive.
Do the first works.
Are we willing to be revived?

These are notable days for Congregationalists. The International Council at Boston, brought together representatives of the denomination from all parts of the world. The program was unusually rich, both in the subjects to be considered and in the speakers chosen to present them. Among the latter were some of the ablest men in England and America. The Council opened Wednesday of last week and closed on Thursday evening of this week. The meetings were held at Tremont Temple morning, afternoon and evening, and were open to all.

—The Rev. James Stark D. D. of Scotland, a delegate to the International Council, preached to a very large audience in the South Church, last Sunday morning.

SCATTERING WAR NOTES.

Four Departments in Philippines—Kearsarge's Official Report.

Washington, Sept. 27.—It has been definitely determined to create four departments in the Philippines as outlined in these dispatches a few days ago. There are yet some details to be worked out, and a possibility of change in the lines of the departments. The latest plan contemplates two departments in the island of Luzon, one taking in Manila and its environs and extending north, covering all the territory occupied by General MacArthur. The other department probably will be in the north of the island, with headquarters on Lingayen bay. Each of these departments in Luzon will be under a major general. A department probably will be established covering the Visayan group of islands and another the Sulu group.

Washington, Sept. 27.—The following telegram has been received from President Rodgers of the trial board, announcing the result of the speed trial of the battleship Kearsarge, off the New England coast: "Kearsarge speed trial completed. Average speed for four continuous hours, subject to tidal correction, 16.84 knots. The margin is considered to cover, and will grant builders' request to return to Newport News. Will report corrected speed when computations are completed."

Manila, Sept. 27.—Colonel Simon Snyder, commander of the Nineteenth Infantry, with 517 men, has captured the insurgent forts in the island of Cebu. The insurgents were completely routed. The Americans had one killed and four wounded. The enemy is believed to have lost 40 men.

Have Americans Turned Traitors?

Manila, Sept. 26.—Two Englishmen who had been held by the insurgents since June have arrived at Angeles. They report that the Filipino congress has resolved that 14 American prisoners shall be surrendered on Wednesday or Thursday. They assert that three Americans who were captured by the rebels are acting as officers in the insurgent army. The insurgents have captured the United States gunboat Ordaneta, in the Orani river, on the northwest side of Manila bay, where she was patrolling, and one officer and nine of her crew are missing.

First Baptist Church

Rev. Mr. Moony, Pastor.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

Preaching service at 10.30 a.m.
Bible School at 12 m.
Junior B. Y. P. U. at 3 P.M.
Young Ladies' Meeting at 4 P.M.
Young Men's Meeting at 6 P.M.
Evening service at 7.

Societies and Officers.

BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S UNION.
Pres't, Miss Clara Hicks; Vice-pres't, I. M. Charlton; Sec'y, C. Nugent; Treas., Mrs. Ida Pike.

JUNIOR B. Y. P. UNION.
Leader, S. A. Cohoon; Committee: I. M. Charlton, Miss Clara Hicks, C. Nugent.

Other Churches.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

Universalist—Rev. O. F. Safford, D. D., pastor.
Preaching at 10.30 a.m.
Sunday School at 12 m.

South Congregational Church, Rev. George A. Hall, Pastor.
Morning service, 10.30 A.M.
Sunday school, 12 M.
Christian Endeavor, 6 P.M.
Evening service, 7 P.M.

St. Paul's Episcopal—Rev. A. H. Ross, Rector.
Morning service, 10.30.
Sunday School, 12.00.
Evening service, 7.00.
Week service, Friday evening 7.30.

Advent Christian.—Preaching, 10.30. Evening service, 7.30.

[We will be glad to have anyone write for this paper.]

Justices of the Peace.

A. T. Brown,	72 County
John J. Cahill,	24 Buntun
John J. Connor,	Mt. Pleasant
Wm. A. Cowdrey,	78 Franklin
J. H. Fallon,	Danvers Bleachery
Frank E. Farnham,	8 Allen's Bk
Geo. C. Farrington,	8 Allen's Bk
Geo. M. Foster,	107 Main
John J. Ganey,	Tremont
C. H. Goulding,	74 Central
Benj. G. Hall,	5 Allen's Bk
John W. Holley,	5 Allen's Bk
Steven S. Littlefield,	37 Franklin
Wm. A. McCarthy,	28 Northend
Amos Merrill,	38 Main
Frank C. Merrill,	38 Main
John P. Murphy,	61 Fulton
Henry M. Osborn,	99 Central
Lyman P. Osborn,	55 Central
Levi Preston,	21 Lowell

Notaries Public.

—Following are the names of the Notaries Public, with dates of expiration of their commissions:

John J. Cahill,	Mar. 17, 1904
Frank E. Farnham,	Mar. 29, 1905
Benj. G. Hall,	Sept. 2, 1904
Frederic G. Preston,	Mar. 29, 1902
Arthur H. Sim,	July 19, 1900
Benj. F. Southwick,	June 13, 1902

Coffee.

There is nothing better in the market than the stock we carry. In delicate flavor, strength and purity, our coffee in cans and unground is really unsurpassed by any higher-priced goods. We sell it for 25c. lb.

BURSLEY & CREHORE,

DEALERS IN

Fine Groceries

Staple and Fancy.

Corner Central and Walnut street, Peabody.

Fall and Winter.

Season of '99.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

WE beg to announce that we have opened a store at 48 Main street for the purposes of a

General Tailoring Business,

and hope to be favored with your kind patronage, in return for which we guarantee satisfaction and moderate prices.

We also make a specialty of Ladies' Garments. Cleaning, Dyeing and Repairing done in a neat and prompt manner.

A trial is most respectfully solicited. All kinds of Furs made and repaired. Respectfully yours,

J. Cohen & Co.

Full Line of Fresh Vegetables on Hand. Also, the best Meats in town.

C. E. Flint's.

J. A. Roome,

Carriage * Manufacturer,
36 Foster Street.

Horse Shoeing and repairing, promptly done.



Ammunition of all kinds, shells, powder, cartridges. Also,

Guns to Let!

At Hamblet & Hayes, 13 and 15 Lowell street.

That Fall Suit

Will fit well, wear well, look well if made at 27 1-2 Main street.

We give you the best workmanship, the best goods, the best cut at

DISTIN'S.

Blackburn and Patterson,

LIVERY, HACK, and BOARDING STABLE.

Corner Summer and Foster streets, Peabody, Mass.

Special attention paid to boarders.

GEO. E. MEACOM CO., Apothecaries,

No. 126 Main Street, PEABODY.

Herbert Gardner, HARNESSES AND

Horse-Furnishing Goods, PEABODY SQUARE.

If that chair or Lounge needs repairs

Send me a postal card and I will call. I do all kinds of

Upholstering

work. A large assortment of Coverings at lowest prices.

J. T. CASSINO.

Central Street, near Hay Scales.

SALLIE'S KISS.

And have so many years gone by since she and I were young.
And skies were blue and earth seemed new,
And love's fondleings sung.
It seems to-day I hear her sing as plain as
Sweet "Afton Water" and "Bon Bole" and
"Maestri"—every word
And how her eyes grew softer, and how
hope sprang elate,
For life meant bliss with Sallie's kiss down
by the farthest gate.

The moonlight on the fabled fields still
shines as bright as then;
The plaining of the whippoorwill yet rises
through the glen;
And I suppose that lovers like to linger
there as we—
Their eyes filled with the light that ne'er
shone on the land or sea;
But is their love as strong as ours when we
would linger here,
Where life was bliss for Sallie's kiss down
by the farthest gate?

The world is filled with proxy things—
there's little left to cheer;
Gray hairs tell plain the time to leave off
cakes and ale is here;
Yet something of my youth returns when
thinking how I long
Upon the words of Sallie's kiss—"when you
and I were young."
And little now how much I'd give to take
from time and fate
One night of bliss with Sallie's kiss down
by the farthest gate!
—Will T. Hale, in New York Times.

An Incurrable.

My Cousin Percy has returned from his wanderings," announced Mrs. Brandenburg, laying down her paper. "I do wish, Mortimer, that he would marry and settle down. But I fear he's incurrable."

Mr. Brandenburg laughed. "I suppose you've already picked out the girl and Percy will have her for dinner and tea, for ball and luncheon, at charming little tete-a-tete meetings, etc., until he'll have to give in from sheer helplessness and marry her."

"I fail to understand you, Mortimer," said his wife, crossly.

"Come, now, don't get angry, Floss, but you know you love nothing half so well as making a match for people who are too stupid to arrange one for themselves. And I must confess you've made some jolly good ones, too," he added, diplomatically, seeing a dangerous sparkle in her eyes. "But you must confess there are just two people you cannot do anything with—Percy and Virginia Tareton."

"Percy and Virginia Tareton!" exclaimed Mrs. Brandenburg, clapping her hands ecstatically. "Thank you, thank you, Mortimer; you've suggested the very thing. Virginia and Percy are admirably suited to each other—the same artistic tastes, the same intense love of travel, both with independent fortunes, and—"

"And," interrupted her husband, "you could no more induce the one to marry than the other. No, Floss, you'll have to give them up; they're perfectly hopeless, unmanageable."

"Go away, Mortimer, and don't be so silly. I tell you they were made for each other and I am only doing my duty in bringing them together," said Mrs. Brandenburg, tossing her head defiantly.

"Gaug yer own gait, missus," replied her husband, smilingly. "And meet with defeat. But I'll wager that is all you'll meet."

"What'll you wager?" queried the little woman, briefly.

"The price of your portrait painted by Chatran," he responded, confident that he would never have to pay it. "Done! And I intend to win," Mrs. Brandenburg cried, gleefully, just as, by a strange coincidence, the door was thrown open and Virginia Tareton was announced. Mr. Brandenburg cast a quizzical glance at his wife as he escaped from the room, but she was already embracing her dearest Virginia and did not notice him. Miss Virginia was a rather stately young woman of eight or nine and twenty, handsome, accomplished, and very wealthy, but having been raised by a maiden aunt who had met with a disappointment in love in early life and had in consequence turned into a veritable man-hater, Miss Virginia had been led to believe that men at best were unworthy creatures. Besides, she was constantly haunted by a fear of fortune hunters, and was almost unapproachable to all unmarried men.

Flossy Brandenburg, who was very fond of her, had made several unsuccessful attempts to make her happy for life by marrying her to some venture-some sutor, but Virginia fought shy of all such well meant aid.

When, therefore, her friend began to recount the many attractions and virtues of her cousin Percy Virginia listened but coldly; finally, being rather hard pushed, she turned at bay.

"Look here, Floss," she said, energetically, "please say nothing more about men and marrying to me. I'll have none of it!"

"Marrying!" exclaimed Mrs. Brandenburg, tartly. "Why, Virginia, pardon me if I say what seems uncomplimentary, but Percy Pentacoast would not marry you nor any other woman—under any consideration."

"And why not, pray?" demanded Virginia, quite huffed.

"Because," her hostess replied, solemnly, "Percy has just as intense a loathing for matrimony as you have. I never knew a man so insanely opposed to anything as he is to marriage. And it's a shame, too, for Percy is so companionable, enormously wealthy, has traveled the world over, paints, plays divinely; in short, I know of nothing that he is not master of."

"And nothing could induce him to marry? Are you sure, Floss?" Virginia inquired, cautiously.

"Quite sure," was the decided response.

"Then," said Virginia, drawing a breath of relief, "you may introduce him, Floss."

Mrs. Brandenburg seemed suddenly to lose all interest in Cousin Percy. She stifled a yawn before replying, carelessly: "I will if I ever get a chance, but Percy seldom goes out. But perhaps I could arrange it," doubtfully.

Miss Virginia's feathers were ruffled. She colored up angrily. "Pray don't put yourself out on my account. It's of not the slightest interest to me," she said stiffly, and then plunged animatedly into a discussion of the new play. But when she had taken her departure Mrs. Brandenburg laughed aloud as she said to herself:

"Point one scored."

The day was an eventful one for Mrs. Mortimer Brandenburg, for Miss Tareton had hardly left the house when Percy Pentacoast ran in to pay his respects.

"You came just too late to meet one of my most interesting friends," his cousin said as she greeted him warmly, after which she broke into praises of Virginia and kept it up until Percy interrupted her sarcastically.

"In fact, she's a perfect female paragon, I suppose, he said.

"No," returned Mrs. Brandenburg, looking sad, "far from it, Percy. She would be if it were not for the unnatural antipathy she has for marriage. I wish it were possible for you to meet her. Percy, for you have so many congenial tastes and pursuits, and would be perfectly safe in her society and could enjoy it freely, knowing that even if you wished she could not be induced to marry you."

"You wish it were possible. What do you mean by that?" demanded Mr. Pentacoast, stung into interest at last.

"Oh, Virginia has built such a Chinese wall about herself that she's almost inaccessible," she replied.

"I've scaled some pretty high walls and broken through many others," Mr. Pentacoast said rather sulkily, "and if I wanted to make myself agreeable to any woman I would do so, whether she willed it or not."

"You're game, Percy, my boy, but you'll not likely be tempted in Virginia's case, as you'll probably not meet her," and then, having accomplished her end, the wise woman changed the subject. When her cousin left her he was pledged to attend a small dinner the next week, which she gave in his honor, and singularly enough he took Miss Tareton in to dinner.

"Mortimer," said Mrs. Brandenburg to her husband, two months after her dinner party, "you'd better arrange with Chatran for my portrait."

"What?" cried Mortimer, jumping up in surprise.

"I was sure I could do it," said his wife, dimpling with delight. "There are more ways than one to gain an end, my dear. Virginia writes to announce her engagement to Percy. She fears I will be shocked and surprised. I am, dreadfully!" and the fair plotter broke into such an irresistible peal of laughter that her husband, defeated as he was, had to join in.

Reason in Animals.

Many of the lower animals evidence great architectural and engineering skill in the construction of their domiciles, nests, etc., but since this skill is for the most part the result of hereditary instincts, it will not be discussed in this paper. It so happens, however, that every now and then subhuman creatures show by their actions that their engineering feats are the result of reason; that they are elaborated and inaugurated to meet the exigencies of immediate and utterly unexpected circumstances. Thus on one occasion where, owing to excessive heat, one of the combs of a hive became detached and was in great danger of falling, the bees at once set to work and built a shoring pillar between the endangered comb and the next one to it. This pillar kept the comb from falling. The intelligent little engineers then rebuilt the attachments of the comb with wax, thus firmly fixing it to the walls of the hive. When they had done this they took away the shoring pillar and used the wax elsewhere. Each step in this engineering feat was witnessed by myself, and I was forced to acknowledge that man himself could not have met the accident more intelligently and warded off evil consequences more effectually.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Foreigners Use Our Farm Implements.

"Although a large number of American-made plows, harrows and other farm implements are exported to foreign countries, the demand for American harvesting machinery is far greater than for any of them," said a leading wholesale dealer in agricultural tools recently. "Our harvesting machines, mowers, reapers and binders are used all over the world, and in many countries, such as South Africa and Australia, extensively. These machines, like all other Yankee products, are of course copied by foreign manufacturers, but the foreigners are generally a year, and sometimes more, in adapting our new ideas. The American machines placed on the market contemporaneously with the foreign copy is likely to contain improvements over the machine copied from one of a year or two years previous, and it is sure to have some touch of superiority in detail or workmanship."

"American harvesting machines are the finest in the world—the lightest, the strongest and the best adapted for the work for which they are intended. For these reasons in many foreign lands they are now no longer a strange or even a novel sight, and they are used wherever grain grows."—Washington Star.

GREAT WHEAT HARVEST

BUSY AND INTERESTING DAYS IN THE NORTHWESTERN STATES.

Appearance of a Thresher's Train as It Goes From One Job to Another—What the Separator Does—Relative Merits of the Header and the Binder Discussed.

The hum of the threshing machine will be heard for the next few weeks from the east line of Minnesota to the farther boundaries of the Dakotas. The land is dotted with grain stacks, usually in groups of four, though occasionally a farmer, who makes a herd or a flock the prominent feature of his husbandry, will have his entire crop stacked in a semicircle round the north and west sides of his corral. At intervals slender columns of smoke tell of a "steamer" at work from dawn till dark. A stranger in the country seeing the steamer moving from one job to another might easily mistake the outfit for an innovation in railroading. First comes the traction engine, not unlike a locomotive engine, although smaller and painted in brighter colors. Immediately behind the engine is the tender wagon fitted with a rack for hauling straw. Nearly every engine nowadays is a straw burner. Then comes the separator, a monster machine with thirty-six to forty-eight-inch cylinder, and a sixty-inch separator. Behind the separator comes the tank, resembling very closely a Standard Oil distributing wagon, which hauls water for the engine from the nearest windmill pump. Next the "trap wagon" carrying the loose paraphernalia of the outfit, and the clothes and bedding of the men. If the threshers board with the owner of the grain this constitutes the train, but if, as is generally the case, the owner of the machine boards his crew, the "grub shanty," an ordinary house-wagon, brings up the rear, making a train from 100 to 150 feet long.

The modern separator comes pretty near being the "whole thing." Instead of the threshing crew of our boyhood days—drivers, feeders, oilers, hand-cutters, four to six pitchers, measurers, and half a dozen straw stackers—the crew consists of a manager, usually the owner of the machine; engineer, oiler, waterman, six pitchers and a cook. The pitchers, three on a stack on each side of the machine, throw the bundles, higgledy-piggledy onto an endless belt the width of the cylinder, automatic guides straighten them and the belt carries them under rows of knives that cut the bands and then feeds them into the cylinder. The grain passes from the winnower into the elevator, is carried up ten or twelve feet to the weigher, weighed and sacked or poured into the farmer's wagon box. The straw and chaff pass into the "blower," or automatic stacker, a steel tube about three feet in diameter and thirty feet long. This is set at the beginning of a job at an angle of ten to fifteen degrees above the horizon and gradually raised as the straw stack rises to an angle of fifty or higher. It also swings from right to left, stacking the straw in a semi-circle around the tail of the machine. At the bottom a "blower" or fan forces a draft through the tube strong enough to carry the straw many feet from the mouth of the stacker.

Some of the threshers require the owner of the grain to board the crew, not most of them have learned that it pays better to carry their own boarding house, have meals at regular hours, and keep their men together. All the farmer has to do is to haul his wheat to the granary and pay the bill, ranging from five to six cents a bushel. He finds it a great improvement over the old days when he was obliged to scour the neighborhood to get together a force of twelve to twenty men, and the farmer's wife is delighted with the change.

Twenty years ago a dollar a bushel was considered only a moderately "paying" price for wheat. Ten years back, when the market had worked down below seventy-five cents, the wheat farmer faced certain bankruptcy with a grain. Now, farmers in the Northwest are selling wheat, and making money, at fifty cents a bushel. Many factors contribute to make this possible, but heavier crops and lower wages are not among them. Lower prices on nearly everything he buys, especially machinery, leave the farmer a larger surplus from a given sum, but the result is brought about most of all by improved machinery and systemizing the business. The gang plow, the four-horse harrow, the broad drill, the binder and the header on the level prairies of the Northwestern wheat fields have more than doubled the producing capacity of labor.

As soon as one crop is off preparation for the next is begun. Even now in the Dakotas and Minnesota notable progress has been made toward the crop of 1900. On many farms a field of forty to 100 acres was sown in June. Then, there is the cornfield, twenty to 100 acres more, needing only to have the corn stalks dragged to make it ready for the drill. As soon as the grain is in the stack—and here is the strong point of the large and increasing number who use the header in preference to the binder—the gang plow is started. The earlier the stubble is turned under the better the promise for next year. With a fourteen-inch gang and four good, heavy shires or Percherons, an old man past the age for arduous labor, a cripple, a bright boy of twelve or thirteen—and on a pinch the farmer's daughter—can turn over five or six acres of the mellow soil a day. Recently at a G. A. R. campfire in South Dakota, there was a slight delay. At the last moment the organist, who was to accompany a quartet in some old army songs, had sent regrets, and a young man had been dispatched for the daughter of a comrade in an adjoining town. The messenger found the girl afield with

the "gang." In an hour she had made a hasty toilet and was playing the organ as prettily as you please.

By the middle of September the 100 acres, which is the area prescribed by the unwritten law for each gang, is turned. Then comes a long rest, so far as the wheat crop is concerned, until April 1. About that season of the year, if you should be driving through the realms of the wheat kings, you would witness some transformations. Yesterday the snowdrifts were melting in the April sun; to-day the farmer, or the farmer's man, is following the four-horse, thirty-six foot harrow, smoothing an acre for the drill at every sweep across the quarter section. To-morrow the drill starts. No daylight is wasted. Twelve to twenty acres a day is seeded till the crop is in. Then the rush is over. At more leisure the garden is made, the cornfield plowed, planted and cultivated. In July, haying and preparation for the harvest are in order.

If Fortune has smiled; if shower and sunshine have followed each other in due proportion; if drouth and siccoco, tornado and hailstorm have spared them, the fields of ripening wheat are a poet's dream. But to the farmer in the great wheat belt harvest is distinctly and emphatically non-poetical. It means long days and short nights, dust and sweat, grimy face, hands blackened with oil, weariness and aching joints. Harvest is the most critical and important part of the year's work.

The most practical and successful wheat growers are divided in opinion as to the relative merits of binder and header. The headers are made to cut a ten, twelve or fourteen foot swath. With a twelve-foot header thirty to thirty-five acres a day can be put in the stack, but it requires a crew of six to eight men and boys and eight or ten horses. With a six-foot binder two men with three horses will put in the shock twelve or thirteen acres. But horses are more plentiful than men in the Western harvest fields. By using a seven-foot binder and eight horses in two reliefs, three men frequently put up twenty acres or more in a day. For the header it is contended that the harvest can be taken off more quickly and cheaply and the grain is in the stack when it is cut, leaving the field ready for to plow earlier than by any other means. The advocates of the binder argue that it is not always possible to secure enough hands to fill the header crew while the farmer can run his binder with one hired man.

By either method the work is pushed from dawn till dark. The farmer and his help reach the end of harvest worn down by hard work and long hours, but with a sense of relief that the fruits of the year's labor are measurably secure against the hazards of the elements. While wheat is, and must necessarily remain, the leading feature of Northwestern agriculture, the best farmers have ceased to depend on the wheat crop alone for their living. A herd of cattle, a flock of sheep, a few pigs, the great American hen, and a well kept garden supply many of his family wants, leaving him in better shape if the wheat crop fails.

Miss Proctor's Youthful Critics.

Miss Mary Proctor, the astronomer and lecturer, takes a deep interest in social settlement work in the big cities, and frequently gives her personal services toward entertaining poor children and adults. Generally her lectures are very well received. Many of her audiences often manifest better attention than those drawn from higher circles. Now and then there are exceptions.

On one occasion a bright-eyed little boy, who sat in the front row with his eyes fixed upon the speaker, was asked how he liked it.

"I guess," he said, "it was pretty good, but she ought to talk about lions and tigers. That's better for everybody."

At another lecture a youngster criticized her as follows:

"It's all very well to talk of weighing and measuring stars. There are some people, of course, who believe that sort of thing, but if she can fool us boys with such fairy tales she's very much mistaken."—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

A Startling Mexican Custom.

It is a little startling to newcomers at first to notice the universal custom in Mexico of addressing persons of high and low degree by their first names. As soon as friends are at all well acquainted they address each other by the given name, and this is done not only by those of the same age and sex, but indiscriminately among young men and young women, young people and elder persons. In the latter case, or between elderly persons, a respectful prefix is used, as "Don" Ricardo. Public characters are also commonly referred to by their first names, even the wife of the President of the Republic being affectionately called Carmencita by all classes. In the household the head of the house is called Don Jose or Don Manuel by the servants, and a son in distinction is known as Manuelito (little Manuel).

Curious Effects of Lightning.

During a recent thunderstorm in Berlin most curious effects were produced by the lightning on the persons who were struck. Some of the strange freaks performed are described as follows: "None of the wounded have extensive burns; the wounds look as if caused by a charge of grain shot. The holes reach to the bone, and are surrounded by a web of blue and brown lines. Many of the injured have quite a number of such wounds in their feet and ankles, while others got off with a skin covered with blue and brown marks, as if beaten with a thick stick."

LAWTON'S SCOUTS.

How Two Brave Men Died Almost Together in the Philippines.

One of the dramatic stories of the war in the Philippines is told by a young officer, just returned, who was in General Lawton's staff during the Malolos campaign. Lawton related the incident at a gathering of officers in Manila; in his own words it was a thrilling piece of dramatic recitation. "Soon after leaving Malolos," he said, "I entered the enemy's country and was greatly annoyed by their sharpshooters. One morning I had ordered a halt to make a reconnaissance. Sitting on a log some distance in front of where my staff and I were standing I saw a man in civilian's clothes coolly watching the operations. I asked who he was and one of my staff told me that he did not know, but he had seen the man on the firing line several times and although he had been frequently ordered to the rear, he as frequently disobeyed the orders. The lieutenant added, 'He has been continuously in front of our lines under fire, but the men can't keep him away.'"

"I ordered the stranger sent to me and said to him: 'Who are you and what are you doing out there?' He replied: 'I am an American citizen, my name is Young. I have been a scout in the Indian campaigns in Montana and the Dakotas, and I thought I would come out here and help the boys out a little.' I recalled his name as one of the men who had done gallant work against the redskins, so I asked him if he could pick twenty men like himself from the North Dakota regiment to serve with him as scouts. He said he could, and I at once appointed him chief of scouts at a salary of \$150 a month. On the way to San Ysidro the enemy had crossed the river on our approach and fired the bridge. Then Young's men showed their mettle. The brave fellows waded into the water on either side of the bridge and, using their campaign hats to dip up the water, soon put out the fire on the bridge, while Young and a man named Harrington, his lieutenant, armed only with revolvers, stood in plain sight on the bridge covering them. The brave officers held the bridge amid a storm of bullets till Young fell, shot through the knee. Harrington ran to his wounded leader and with a pistol in each hand stood over him picking off Filipinos. He held his post till the soldiers came up and carried Young off to the rear. Later Young was sent to the Manila hospital. Then Harrington, at the head of his scouts, charged at the Filipinos and drove them out of their trenches, running far ahead of the regular troops until called back by me, as I feared they would be ambushed."

"A few days later Harrington took his men to the front and after a hard march stopped for supper at 4 o'clock. He sat down, leaning against a bank, and told the men to go ahead and he would come in at mess call. Mess call sounded but he did not respond, so his men went to look for him. They found him still leaning against the bank with his head resting on his breast and his rifle lying by his side. A stray Mauser bullet had passed through his neck, killing him while he slept."

"The next morning I sent this personal message to Young in the Manila hospital: 'Harrington died at 4 o'clock last night.' A few hours later, an orderly came up to my tent with the message from the chief surgeon of the hospital: 'Young died at four o'clock last night.' So the two brave men had closed their campaign at almost the same moment."

Ways of the American Soldier.

An English doctor, who was present at the fighting in Luzon for a few days last March says: "There is a great deal of difference between the American soldier and our own. As individuals, I look upon the former, both physically and mentally, as our superiors; collectively as distinctly inferior. The American soldier is better, probably, than the English, but an English regiment is better than an American. A typical soldier should be, speaking broadly, a non-thinking unit of an organized whole, ready to obey in an instant the order of the officer immediately over him, without any private opinion. The American soldier discusses and criticizes the tactics of his general with as much freedom as he would the weather. Another point with which one is particularly struck is their absolute indifference to danger. Before the line advanced from Caloccan the soldiers might have been seen playing baseball, though fully exposed to the fire of the rebel trenches. On asking one of the men why he so exposed himself, he said: 'Well, we've been in these trenches for six weeks and have got tired of dodging bullets.'—The Argonaut.

Prone to Evil Ways.

From the statistics of criminology in England it is learned that women are more prone to evil ways than men; that when a woman is bad she is bad indeed.

Last year, while there were 3830 convictions of men who had been convicted over twenty times, there were 6762 such cases among women. For the first time in history the women in this class more than doubled men. The number of women, too, who had been convicted eleven times and upward was also largely in excess of the men. Intemperance seems to be the chief contributory to this disgraceful and disheartening state of affairs.

Ambiguous.

A downtown bicycle dealer has a sign in front of his place of business which reads as follows: "First-class tires, ninety-five cents; others \$1.25, \$1.50 and upward."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

Good Remedy For Insect Bites.
A remedy for the bites of mosquitoes or gnats, and one that will even alleviate the pain from the stings of bees and wasps, is to sponge the part affected with a weak solution of liquid ammonia and water.

The Value of Tissue Paper.

Tissue paper is a factor in taking care of clothing which should never be ignored. If it is put into the loops of ribbons they do not get that dejected and downtrodden look which takes so much from their value as a trimming. If put in the sleeves of bodices it keeps them from mussing, and in packing if put between the folds of a dress, and where it is turned to make the creases to fit it into the trunk, it will do away with wrinkles and the dress will shake out unrumpled at the end of the journey. In packing hats rolls of tissue paper should always be put around the trimming to keep it from being crushed.

The Care of Lamps.

Unfortunately for the busy woman, lamps need more attention than any other means of light, and many women know but little of the best methods of treating them. If lamp chimneys are cleaned with a cloth dipped into alcohol, instead of soap and water, the result is better; and if the wicks are soaked in strong vinegar and thoroughly dried before being used, there will be no smoke. The burners will become clogged in the course of time, and ought to be treated to a ten minutes' boiling in a quart of water in which an ounce of washing soda has been dissolved. Wipe with a cotton cloth, and they will be as good as new. This really ought to be done every month.—The Kitchen.

The Over-Mattress.

A bed is not quite complete without its over-mattress. This is made a little narrower and shorter than the mattress proper, and is made very like a comforter. Four or five pounds of good cotton is sufficient. More could be used, but it were economy and much better to make new ones oftener, rather than so heavy one. The ten-cent cotton we have never found desirable. It is lumpy, dark-colored, dirty and unsatisfactory. For from seventeen to twenty cents per roll, cotton of good quality for mattresses can be purchased. Measure twice the length that the mattress is desired to be, pin or tack one-half of the length to the quilting frames, with the other half hanging over the edge of one of the end pieces; spread the cotton in layers, first lengthwise of the frames and then across, alternating the direction of laying it until it is all in place, bring over the second half and pin into place, and with darning needles and knitting cotton or twine, knot in squares of equal distances, and run the edges of upper and under cloth together.

To Take Care of Silverware.

The housekeepers of fifty years ago considered it a careful housewife's duty to take care of her own silver or to direct its cleaning, if left to a servant, as many pieces were of priceless value or heirlooms.

In the busy life of the women of to-day time seems to be too precious to devote to such work, and knowledge is made to take the place of labor in the intelligent household. Instead of scouring and rubbing and polishing each piece of silver the service may be cleaned in a few minutes as effectively as if an hour or two hours were devoted to it. After each meal the service should be put in a clean cedar tub or dish pan kept for the purpose and covered with hot water, to which a teaspoonful of powdered borax is added, then taken out immediately and laid on a soft linen cloth, and each piece rubbed quickly with a piece of chamois skin.

Silver should never be rubbed with flannel or cotton cloth. When not used will become tarnished if exposed to light and air; therefore, to keep it in good condition, each piece should be carefully wrapped in white tissue paper. The plated ware will assume a new dignity treated in this manner, and will always look bright and clean.—Woman's Life.

Recipes.

Tea Cake—One cupful of sugar, two eggs, one-half cupful of melted butter, one and one-fourth cupfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda and sufficient flour to make a stiff batter. Bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes.

Tomato Butter—Seven pounds of tomatoes, seven pounds of tart apples, four pounds of sugar, cloves, cinnamon and allspice to suit taste. Boil the tomatoes and apples together until they need stirring, then add sugar and spices. Boil four hours.

Crinkled Eggs—Heat to a boil half a cupful of cream or rich milk; slip six eggs gently into the pan. Let come to a boil, cover and remove to the back of the stove. Keep very hot for ten minutes; just before serving, dust with salt and pepper and dot with bits of butter.

Potato Pyramid—Beat two cupfuls of cold mashed potatoes and two tablespoonfuls of butter to a cream, then add hot milk until soft enough to shape. Place on a buttered tin sheet, form into a pyramid, spread with the beaten yolk of an egg, sprinkle with bread crumbs and brown in a quick oven.

Baked Coffee Custards—Scald three cupfuls of milk. Add four tablespoonfuls sugar, stir until dissolved. Add one cupful of strong coffee, one teaspoonful vanilla and six well-beaten eggs. Strain into buttered cups, stand the cups in a pan of warm water and bake in a moderate oven until firm in the centre. Serve cold in same cups.

CURIOUS FACTS.

There is only one flock of pure merino sheep in England.

It is said that two million English sparrows were recently destroyed in a storm in Arkansas.

In Hungary salt is sometimes sprinkled on the threshold of a new house to keep away witches.

A snit to recover twenty-five cents occupied the attention of the court in Geneva, N. Y., for two days.

In a Methodist church in a remote Georgia community, the old rule of separation of the sexes during worship is observed.

The Savoy Hotel in Kansas City, Mo., has a dog that acts as bellboy, going for the mail, and carrying notes to the clerk.

There are millions of the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands who never knew the dominion of Spain and never saw a Spaniard.

"Gossamer iron," the wonderful product of the Swansen iron mills, is so thin that it takes 4000 sheets, piled one on the other, to make an inch in thickness.

The unique source of the water supply of Yport, France, is a series of fine springs on a pebbly beach that is covered by the sea to a depth of more than ten feet at high tide.

Perhaps the only word that is the same in all languages is the "Hello!" in response to the telephone call. Wherever there is a telephone line the word is in use, and means just what it does in English.

When a traveler in the grand duchy of Baden wants to send a telegram while he is on the train, he writes the message on a post card, with the request that it be wired, puts on a stamp and drops it into the train letter box. At the next station the box is cleared and the message sent out.

China still has the old-fashioned system of private letter carrying. Letter shops are to be found in every town. If he has a letter to send, the Chinaman goes to a letter shop and bargains with the keeper thereof. He pays two-thirds of the cost, leaving the receiver to pay the rest on delivery.

The Australian Black Swan.

The native swan of Australia is not the very beautiful white bird which adorns so many of the English waters, but the more ordinary looking black swan which is invariably an exhibit of our Zoological Gardens, and is noted more especially for its fierceness and strength. As far as appearance goes, the black swan is certainly not as attractive as its more ornamental cousin, neither would it lend so picturesque an addition to an English landscape; but when seen in its native state, sailing in large flocks peacefully, contentedly, and apparently with perfect unanimity of inclination on some sheltered lagoon, amid surroundings of rising country clothed with rich herbage and thick virgin forests, its presence and appearance is most impressive, and causes one to feel that the beauties of the scenery around would count for little without the living complement of feathered creatures so sedately and gracefully gliding along the water's surface.

It is a matter of comparatively little trouble to obtain views of these birds in their immense flocks, but the true difficulty is to get them within gunshot range; and in hunting the black swan it must be remembered that the sport is not simply a pleasure and a pastime—the birds are sought after for a very practical purpose, and their acquisition is of considerable value. It seems hardly needful to refer to their down, but it may be mentioned that that obtained from the breast of these black swans is exceptionally beautiful and snowy white, the outer and coarser black feathers being removed before the down itself is exposed. Although the extent of one breast is small, the covering is so wonderfully thick and spreading that it can be divided up into many yards' length of the finest and softest swans-down.—Chambers's Journal.

The Finger Nail's Growth.

"Not many people know that the average growth of the finger nail is 1-32 of an inch per week, or a little more than an inch and a half per year," observed a physician recently. "The growth, however, depends to a great extent upon the rate of nutrition, and during sickness and abstinence from good nourishing food it is retarded. Nails grow faster in summer than in winter, and the growth differs for different fingers, being usually most rapid in the middle finger and slowest in the thumb.

"The average time taken for each finger nail to grow its full length is about four and a half months, and at this rate a man of seventy years of age would have renewed his nails 186 times. Taking the length of each nail at half an inch he would have grown seven feet nine inches of nail on each finger, and on all his fingers and thumbs an aggregate length of seventy-seven feet six inches."

The Grand Canyon's Hermit.

The grandeur and immensity of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado is perhaps one of America's most wonderful natural evolutions, yet it is not more interesting than one of its old characters. Captain Hance, an old frontiersman of eccentric manners, relates William Dick, assistant secretary of the Board of Education, who has just returned from a month's trip to the "great West," lives on the edge of the gorge in utter desolation. Here he has made his home for twenty-two years with an only dog as companion. Though cut off from the world and its strifes, he is well informed upon national and foreign happenings. He is a devouring reader of the newspaper, and an inveterate talker.—Philadelphia Record.

DUMBFOUNDED RED MEN.

When the Kinetoscope Showed Their Dead Friends as Alive and Kicking.

The Nava'o Indians of Northeastern Arizona have been introduced to the vitascope, and their wonder has been as though the day of resurrection had come. The dead have been seen to walk, and out on the great red sandstone plain, the white man's magic has brought the "fire wagon," and has arrayed armies of soldiers that came unseen, and that vanished into the night.

The snake dance of the Moquis is attended yearly by hundreds of solemn Nava'os, who have no sneers for the mimeries of the hill-top people, but are willing to concede that the ceremonial is "good medicine" in the rain-making line. In August the Indian traders usually give their treats, great entertainments combining the feature of a wild-west show and a barbeque.

This year the most important of the "treats" was at Volz's store, at "The Lakes," seventeen miles north of Canon Diablo station, on the Santa Fe railroad. It was here the untutored red man was shown the greatest marvel of the century's closing decade. An enterprising Chicago photographer had brought his kinetoscope outfit to Wolpi to catch the details of the snake dance. He had been there the year before and though he seemed to have had poor success in the Moqui villages, had caught the Nava'os at their sports at Volz's. This year, on the plain behind the store, on a canvas screen, he exhibited his moving pictures before an assemblage of 600 agitated aborigines.

As the Empire State express grew from a pin-point in the distance, till it filled the frame, seemingly rushing down upon the crowd, the Indians gasped in unison and would have fled had not the interpreter reassured them. The march past of soldiery was something that most of them had seen, but the exhibition drill of the Kansas City fire department was an uncanny mystery. But the climax came when the pictures taken on the same spot the preceding year were reproduced. Most of the Indians had been present when the pictures had been taken. Many of them almost shrieked when they saw themselves in action, as they were in the chicken-pulling contest, and in the races of last August. Last year a popular clerk, since gone away, had carelessly walked across the instrument's field. The Indians shouted as they saw him again on the canvas. Real enthusiasm was caused by the passage across the screen of the trader's well known little dog. Among the friends recognized, a number had died during the winter in the smallpox epidemic. When the entertainment was over, the Indians crowded around the screen, feeling the canvas and rubbing their cheeks upon it, chattering noisily in their amazement.

Faculty of Knowing People.

"There is a good deal of pure moonshine," said a local war horse now out of harness, "in the faculty of remembering names and faces which is attributed to most successful politicians. In nine cases out of ten they have no abnormal powers of that kind, and their apparent feats of memory are easily explained.

"Take, for example, the case of a political personage at a public reception. He is sure to be surrounded by a group of local leaders, who know everybody in town. Presently a valuable constituent approaches. 'Colonel,' whispers one of the benchmen, there comes Mr. Blank. He's an active party worker and a great admirer of yours. He met you here last fall. The personage catches on promptly. 'What does Blank do?' he whispers back. 'He's a produce merchant,' replies the benchman. By that time the valuable constituents get in range. 'How are ye, my dear Mr. Blank!' exclaims the notable, cordially. 'I'm delighted to see you again; and how is the produce business coming on?' Poor Blank has the spasm of joy. That the famous man should remember him so accurately makes him as proud as a peacock, and twenty spectators proceed to tell the story in proof of the colonel's marvellous mental gifts. Thus reputations are made.

"I use this illustration because such incidents are the commonest things in the world. I have witnessed hundreds of them and happened to know that the fame of more than one big man for the retention of names and faces rests wholly upon little comedies of that character."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Odd Marriages in the Philippines.

The marriage customs of the Negritos are peculiar. The young man who seeks a bride first obtains the favor of her parents and then pursues her, catching her in his arms. She breaks loose and runs, and does not yield until he has caught her several times. Finally he leads her in triumph to her home. Here her father drags the youth up a ladder to the floor of their hut. The mother drags up the maiden. They are then made to kneel, and the father pours over them a coconut-shellful of water. He then bumps their heads together and the ceremony is completed. They spend their honeymoon in the depths of the mountains and for five days and nights are lost to sight, after which they come back to everyday life.

There is another marriage custom which is worth describing. Instead of the youth and maiden being dragged up the hut ladder, they are made to climb two saplings that grow near each other. Then an elder of the group grasps the saplings and draws them together until the heads of the young couple touch, with a kiss or bump, according to the force used. This makes them man and wife.—The Forum.

GOOD ROADS NOTES.

The Necessity For Good Roads.

We are pleased to note the agitation in this direction, which is a good one. Good roads are a necessity to the farmer and fruit grower; apart from the desirability of having your products arrive at shipping point in the best possible condition there are many other considerations, among them the saving of time, and the wear and tear on both man and beast, the capacity for carrying increased loads, etc.

General Roy Stone, Director of Road Enquiry of the Department of Agriculture, says that more activity is being displayed in road improvements than has been shown for years, not only in the construction of new roads but in the general agitation for their construction. "All the road machine manufacturers," he says, "are driven with orders, and the office of road inquiry is overrun with applications for advice on road legislation and assistance in road construction."

There are nearly forty road conventions to be held this fall, mostly in the Northwest, while a number of object lesson roads are to be built in the West and South.

The use of convict labor on road improvements is spreading rapidly in the Southern States. In one locality near Charlotte, N. C., seven miles of good stone roads have been built in this manner. Every farmer should take an interest in this movement as he, more than anyone else, reaps the benefits of good roads. Let us be up and doing. Agitate this question among your neighbors, with your legislature and the powers that be in your locality. True it will mean an increase in taxes, but the benefits derived from good roads would more than compensate you.—Sacred Heart Review.

Automobilists Should Observe.

The League of American Wheelmen will make an effort to get all owners of automobiles to become members. The two classes have one common desire—the betterment of the public highways, and as the league has for several years agitated this subject and is acknowledged the leader in the good roads movement, it is expected that there will be little trouble in getting owners of the new vehicles to join in the crusade for better highways. Should the league be successful in its purpose it will be to the advantage of the organization, as well as the automobile owners, as it will bring to its membership an influential class, and one which has as yet taken little interest in the good roads movement. That the automobile rider will have to take a hand in the agitation cannot be disputed, for under present conditions there are comparatively few roads in this country suitable for either class of vehicles, and the automobile owners must have good highways as well as the wheel owners. To secure these they can do no better than to join forces with the wheelmen, and as the league is desirous of increasing its membership they will be approached with a view to their becoming members and active workers for good roads.

Waste of Bad Roads.

The Agricultural Department has collected statistics showing that the average load hauled over our American country roads is almost exactly one ton, and that the hauling costs per mile about twenty-five cents for each wagon load or ton. In Western Europe, the average load is three tons and the cost per mile a ton varies from seven to ten cents. The average for England, France, Germany, Italy, Switzerland and Belgium is 8.6 cents per mile for every ton. European farmers are enabled by their better roads to haul loads three times as heavy as in this country and thereby save two-thirds, approximately, of the cost.

Those figures are a telling argument for better roads. The waste of time and labor and the wear and tear on vehicles enter but slightly into the computation and should also be considered. The whole story shows the miserably mistaken economy of bad roads.—St. Paul Dispatch.

Good Roads Will Follow.

The coming of automobiles will unquestionably accelerate the impulse given by the bicycle to the making of good roads. When automobiles are made so cheaply that people must have them just as they must have improved farm machinery, then it may be expected that good roads will come with a rush. They cannot come too soon. It has been demonstrated by statistics that it costs American farmers three times as much to haul a ton as it does the farmers of Europe. But when automobiles on good roads so far reduce the cost of carriage that their use must be general, then the conditions of their use, namely, roads fit for them to run on, may be expected.—Indianapolis News.

A Grand Boulevard.

Somebody said it would be a good thing to have a \$10,000,000 toll road run diagonally through Connecticut, from northeast to southwest, and interesting stories dealing with the possibilities of the scheme are afloat. It is argued that with accommodations for wheelmen and other travelers by approved twentieth century means of locomotion, including power for automobiles on tap at convenient intervals, the enterprise could not fail of success. If the road were actually built, it is surmised that Massachusetts would continue it to Boston, forming a grand through route from New York City to Boston.

Determined to Know.

Half the world does not know how the other half lives, but it is always trying to find out.—Atchison Globe.

IMPROVING ITS SERVICE.

New Dining Cars on the Southern Railway's Washington & Southwestern Limited.

The Southern Railway, which has become one of the most popular tourist and commercial lines in the country because of its superb service, splendid equipment and fast time, has just added two new dining cars to the equipment of the popular "Washington and Southwestern Limited."

This is one of the most famous trains in this country, carrying as it does through Pullman drawing-room, sleeping cars and library, observation and dining cars between New York, Washington and New Orleans, Mobile, Birmingham, Memphis, Knoxville, Chattanooga and Nashville, Tenn., Asheville, N. C., and all the chief cities of the South. These new dining cars are in keeping with the thoroughly high class equipment of this and the other trains of the Southern Railway, being quite similar to the beautiful diners operated on the "Congressional Limited" of the Pennsylvania Railroad between New York and Washington.

The Washington and Southwestern Limited leaves New York daily at 4:25 P. M., and Washington at 10:45 P. M., and the dining cars are operated between Greensboro, N. C., and Montgomery, Ala., furnishing breakfast, dinner and supper, the train arriving at New Orleans and other cities in time for early breakfast the next morning.

25 Children in 23 Years.

A woman named Annie Wilmington was buried on July 21 at Northwich, England. She died at the age of forty-four years and had been the mother of twenty-five children, of whom it was stated that three are living, aged twenty, eighteen, and eight years, so that twenty-two of this number have died. She was married at twenty-one years and had twins three times. No information is given as to how this great mortality came about. But what a life for twenty-two years this poor woman must have had. There is no suggestion that her children were neglected.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic, clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin today to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed. 10c, 25c, 50c.

A Cuban Puzzle.

The editor of the first American newspaper published in Cuba recently returned from Havana. To a friend he told an amusing story of his trials at gathering a competent staff of newspaper writers about him. This is a specimen of Cuban "reporting" that he exhibited, among other choice examples:

"A man killed a dog belonging to another man. The son of the man whose dog was killed proceeded to whip the man who killed the dog of the man who was the son of the man who was the son of the man whose dog was killed was arrested on complaint of the man whose dog the man who was assaulted had killed."

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all stages, and that is Asthma. Hall's Little Blue Pills are the only positive cure now known. Asthma, being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Little Blue Pills are taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: W. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists Everywhere. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Vienna will soon celebrate the 500th anniversary of the foundation of its medical school.

No-To-Bac For Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit breaker, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, \$1. All druggists.

The Inspector Caught.

A police inspector, being informed that a restaurateur was serving game out of season, visits the restaurant in plain clothes and orders dinner. "Waiter, partridge for me."

The inspector finishes his dinner leisurely, and then says to the waiter, "Ask the boss to step this way a minute."

"What for?" "I wish to notify him to appear in court tomorrow and answer for selling partridge out of season. I am the police inspector, and have secured the necessary evidence against him."

Waiter—It wasn't partridge you had. Police Inspector (uneasily)—What is it then?

Waiter (cheerfully)—Crow. The inspector swooned.—Tit-Bits.

An Unmentioned Gift.

A gift that was not included in the published list of wedding presents received by a newly married Missouri couple was a receipt for ten years' back snubscription due from the groom to one of the neighboring county paper, the generous contribution of the big hearted publisher.



Ayer's Pills

Does your head ache? Pain back of your eyes? Bad taste in your mouth? It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation, headache, dyspepsia, and all liver complaints. 25c. All druggists.

Want your mustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE** for the Whiskers. 50 CTS. OF DRUGGISTS, OR R. P. HALL & CO. BANGOR, N. M.



PISCO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup, Taste Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.



IVORY SOAP PASTE.

In fifteen minutes, with only a cake of Ivory Soap and water, you can make a better cleansing paste than you can buy.

Ivory Soap Paste will take spots from clothing; and will clean carpets, rugs, kid gloves, slippers, patent, enamel, russet leather and canvas shoes, leather belts, painted wood-work and furniture. The special value of Ivory Soap in this form arises from the fact that it can be used with a damp sponge or cloth to cleanse many articles that cannot be washed because they will not stand the free application of water.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING—To one pint of boiling water add one and one-half ounces (one-quarter of the small size cake) of Ivory Soap cut into shavings, boil five minutes after the soap is thoroughly dissolved. Remove from the fire and cool in convenient dishes (noting). It will keep well in an air-tight glass jar.

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YOU CAN INVEST YOUR MONEY AT Six Per Cent. Per Annum

Payable Semi-Annually on July 1st and January 1st of each year, in the

PREFERRED STOCK of the NEW ENGLAND PIANO CO.

of Boston, Mass. This Company has been established 18 years, and ranks among the leading industries of the country. The Preferred Stock is sold at

PAR VALUE OF TEN DOLLARS

per share, and to care for increasing business a limited amount is now offered. Stock purchased by October 1st, 1899, will receive

DIVIDENDS FROM JULY 1.

The small par value of these shares (\$10.00) presents a very desirable opportunity to persons of limited means desiring a strictly conservative and first-class investment yielding at least 50 per cent. more than saving bank interest. Address

NEW ENGLAND PIANO CO., 601 Washington Street, BOSTON, MASS.

During the year 1898 12,979 persons died of consumption in the state of New York, and of these 7725 were the inhabitants of New York city.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take 2 Cascarets (Candy Cathartic), 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

A West Virginia man, recently married for the fifth time, has been the husband of five sisters. NE39

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 531 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A. No. 1 Asthma medicine. W. R. WILLIAMS, Apothecary, Ills., April 11, 1894.

BAD BREATH

"I have been using **CASCARETS** and as a mild and effective laxative they are simply wonderful. My daughter and I were bothered with sick stomach and our breath was very bad. After taking a few doses of Cascarets we have improved wonderfully. They are a great help in the family."

WILHELMINE S. NAGEL.

1137 Rittenhouse St., Cincinnati, Ohio.



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good, New Sickness, Weakness, or Griping. 10c, 25c, 50c. **CURE CONSTIPATION.** Sizing Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, 315

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to **CURE** Tobacco Habit.

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DARK HORSE!

The next Movement in the Stock Market will be among the Gold Stocks—Buy Dark Horse—It is destined to be a Big Dividend Payer.

Write for particulars.

W. F. HERSEY, BOSTON, MASS.

1 BEACON STREET, ROOM 93.

CARTER'S INK

Take no other—it is the best that can be made.

Kansas in the Philippines

Is making a reputation for courage and patriotism. It starts our blood.

Kansas in the Cornfields.

Wheatfields and orchards have already made a reputation for gigantic yields that astonishes the world. Oil wells, coal, lead and salt mines furnish a basis for industrial development. Send for free copy of

"What's the Matter"

With Kansas?" and for information about the "seekers" excursion tickets via Santa Fe Route.

Add ess

S. W. MANNING, G. N. E. Agt., The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway, 332 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3 & \$3.50 SHOES UNION MADE. Worth \$4 to \$6 compared with other makes.

Indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers. ALL LEATHERS, ALL STYLES. THE GENUINE have W. L. Douglas' name and price stamped on bottom.

Take no substitute claimed to be as good. Largest makers of \$3 and \$3.50 shoes in the world. Your dealer should keep them—if not, we will send you a pair on receipt of price. State kind of leather, size and width, plain or cap toe. Catalogue C Free.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.

ASTHMA POSITIVELY CURED.

(KROBY'S SWEDISH ASTHMA CURE does this. A trial package mailed free. COLLINS BROS. MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.)

RHEUMATISM CURED—Sample bottle, 4 days'

treatment, postpaid, 10 cents. ALEXANDER REMEDY CO., 246 Greenwich St., N. Y.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use

Thompson's Eye Water

STARK NAKED.

Shamrock in Dry Dock Where
All the World Can See.
WILL REST TILL RACE.

Speculation as to Top Plates; They
Are Thought to Be Aluminum and
Nickel—Disappointment at Her
Lines—Looks Heavy and Bulky in
Comparison With Columbia—De-
tails of Her Build and Opinions of
Leading Yachtsmen.

New York, Sept. 28.—The America's
cup challenger, Shamrock, was placed
in the dry dock at Erie basin yesterday.
It is expected that Shamrock will leave
the dry dock Friday, but it is more
likely that she will not go out before
Saturday. It is sure, at all events, that
the Irish yacht will not be under sail
again until Tuesday, the day of the race.
There was no attempt to hide the lines
of the yacht. The yard was open to the
public from morning until night and
hundreds of yachtsmen stood for hours
while the water was being pumped out,
that they might get a look at the under-
body and keel of the challenger. It was
too late in the day for secrecy, and co-
the "clouts" and "potticoats" that pre-
vented the people from seeing the Sham-
rock when she was launched at the Thornycrofts' yard in England early
this summer, and afterward when she
was docked at the Erie basin shortly af-
ter reaching this country, were not used.
Everyone had a fine look at the craft.

Early in the morning her crew was put
to work scraping off the green paint that
covered her topsides, exposing the true
metal underneath. Just what metal
these two upper streaks of plates are
composed of is a secret, but it looks very
much like a composition of aluminum
and nickel, very light and at the same
time very strong. It is quite probable
that Shamrock will not have her upper
body repainted for fear it may retard
her speed. Captain Wringe, when asked
about the matter, said he did not know
about the paint, but if any was put on
it would be the true Irish green.

At the time her keel touched there was
about 21 feet of water from the blocks
to the surface, which makes her draught
about the same figures, or an inch or two
less. As the water receded the body of
Shamrock came in view, and it was seen
that she was a big, powerful craft, with
her greatest beam about where the mast-
head runners fasten to the deck. The
under body, which is of bronze, was cov-
ered with a sort of slime, which came off
readily with a vigorous application of
salt water and brushes, leaving the
plates shiny and smooth.

When the hull and keel were fully ex-
posed there were expressions of disap-
pointment heard on all sides. The ex-
ports expected to see something new and
a radical departure from the old type
of English cutter. The Irish cutter can be
described as a vessel with a Britannia
body and a Defender's keel and lead, includ-
ing the latter's rocker keel, but with
greater draught than either. There is
nothing particularly handsome about
the cutters' lines, except that they are
all curves, there being no straight lines
except from the turn of the guardboards
to the lead.

In comparison with Columbia, Sham-
rock is fuller bodied, especially amid-
ships, with about a foot more beam and
with a draught about 10 inches greater.
Her overhangs are shorter, so that the
lines of her hull are not so well carried
out as in Columbia, and being short, in-
crease the look of bulkiness. Then,
again, she is higher sided than Columbia,
and has a rocker keel like Defender, that
is, her lead keel is rounded up like that
of the '95 champion, but a little more at
the bow than the latter. Her lead keel
is about as thick as Columbia's, but not
nearly so deep. From 4 1/2 to 5 feet is a
fair estimate, while the cup defender's
is about eight feet. The lead on the keel
weighs about 15 tons less than Columbia's
or about 80 tons, but as it is about five
feet longer than the latter's, or about 25
feet, and not nearly so deep, it puts the
ballast lower and therefore gives Sham-
rock fully as much, if not greater, stability.

Shamrock carries more sail than Co-
lumbia, as her mast is stepped about two
feet further aft, giving her more head-
sail, while the mainsail is also larger
than the cup defender's. Shamrock's
midships sections are continuous
curves from the deck lines to the turn
of the garboard. Her bilge hardens
greatly at the quarter, just opposite to
the Columbia's, and gives one the im-
pression that it will retard her progress
in sailing. Amidships Columbia has a
line almost straight from the bilge to
garboard, giving her a flatter floor, while
Shamrock is full and round.

When the lead keel was exposed it was
found to be unlike Columbia's in that it
is unprotected by bronze. It is painted
with some sort of red composition to pre-
vent it from the action of the salt water,
but the crew had considerable work in
cleaning off the slimy coating.

When the hull of the Irish cutter had
been well scrubbed the crew commenced
putting up a staging about the craft and
with electric polishers on her metallic
sides.

Captain Kane, who sails with Mr.
Iselin on Columbia in all her races in an
advisory capacity, said, after taking a
good look at Shamrock: "She resembles
the defender in general appearance, but
her lines are not as fine as Columbia's.
From her bilge to the overhang the lines
are more abrupt. Her bilges are well
rounded, and the lead seems to be very
low down. Taken all in all she seems to
be a good looking boat, but I think not as
fast as Columbia."

Mr. J. C. Barron of the New York
Yacht club and one of the best of our
racing yachtsmen, said: "I am rather
disappointed in Shamrock's underbody.
I don't see that she is any radical de-
parture from the modern fin keel boat.
Her lines are harder, much harder, than
I expected. They certainly have got the
lead down at the lowest possible point."
George Drakely of the New York and
Atlantic Yacht clubs said: "I must say
I am very much disappointed with her.
She's nothing like as graceful a boat as
the Columbia. Her lines are hard and
the two upper steel plates lapping over
the bronze offer a lot of resistance that
will not do her a bit of good when she
is over in sailing."

BATES STILL LEADS.

Wednesday's Caucuses Confirm
Tuesday's Prophecy.

Boston, Sept. 28.—The results of the
caucuses held in 10 cities last night, and
many towns, give Speaker Bates a ma-
jority of the delegates for lieutenant
governor, and indications are that he
will have a lead over Colonel Guild of 300
delegates.

For weeks it has been a battle royal
between the two candidates and the cam-
paign, while fought with the greatest
generosity and with the utmost vigor
by both sides, has been devoid of per-
sonalities or unpleasantness and has
been a particularly attractive and in-
teresting one because of the friendly
rivalry.

Although over half of the total num-
ber of delegates to the state convention
were chosen on Tuesday evening, the
voting was so close that no positive
statement as to the final result for either
side could be made, although it was
acknowledged that on the face of the
returns Bates led by a small margin.
The returns from the towns and cities
in which caucuses were held last night
show a decided gain for Guild, particu-
larly in the Cape Cod districts, where he
had a clean sweep over his opponent.
The western towns also came out strong-
ly for Guild, and the lead which Bates
secured at the caucuses held Tuesday
was materially reduced.

The chief factor of interest was the
manner in which the forecasts of the two
candidates were overturned, particularly
with regard to that of the Guild man-
agers in respect to the vote in the city
of Boston. It had been claimed by them
from the first that Bates would only
carry the two wards of his own resi-
dential district, East Boston, but instead
Bates carried the entire city by 163 de-
legates to 100 for Guild. It was charac-
teristic of the voting that Bates swept
the larger cities with good majorities,
while the towns and many of the smaller
cities went for Guild.

So close has been the result in many
places that recounts have already been
asked. This is the case in some of the
"fighting" wards of Boston and in the
city of Waltham. The returns from a
few of the very small, out-of-the-way
places, like Gosnold or Gay Head, which
are always late, will not be received for
a day or two, but these will in no way
affect the result.

COMPELLED BY LAW.

Explanation of Recent Action of
Democratic State Committee.

Boston, Sept. 28.—The executive com-
mittee of the Democratic state commit-
tee has issued a statement to the Demo-
crats of the state in explanation of its
action in requiring that delegates to the
national convention should be chosen at
the recent convention. It explains that
the last legislature made a provision for
the holding of caucuses in the state, and
prescribed that only one official caucus
should be held by any political party for
state or national purposes. It claims
that this law compelled the state com-
mittee to include in its call for the recent
state convention the election of dele-
gates to choose the delegates to next
year's national convention. Such elec-
tion in the spring is not now authorized
by the caucus provision of the state law.
The state committee considers that the
action of the convention is a satisfac-
tory verdict upon its policy. The com-
mittee refutes the charge that the con-
vention was packed.

FIGHTING FOR LEASE.

Important Meeting of R. & A. Stock-
holders Being Held.

Boston, Sept. 28.—Shall Boston and
Albany railroad directors be chosen at
this time, or on Nov. 1st? This is the
question which is still undecided by the
stockholders of that road after an all day
session, which was very lively. The
stockholders have cast their ballots on
this question, but the canvass is not
completed. The great issue at stake
pertains to the acceptance of the Boston
and Albany stockholders of a lease
of the roads proposed by the New York
Central and Hudson River railroad.
Strong opposition to such a lease on the
terms offered early developed, which
opposition was based on the claim that
the dividends guaranteed are not suf-
ficient, based on the past earnings on
stock of the road.

Sovereignty for Protection.

Manila, Sept. 28.—The Tagalogs of the
Islands of Mindanao have expressed
their readiness to accept American sov-
ereignty in exchange for protection
against the harassing Moros. A native
officer has offered Major General Otis
1000 Macabebe tribesmen to fight the
Tagalogs of the Laguna de Bay district.
The troops engaged in the fighting at
Cebu belonged to the Nineteenth in-
fantry, Sixth infantry, Twenty-third in-
fantry and the Sixth artillery.

Colors Were Intertwined.

Boston, Sept. 28.—A reception was
tendered the delegates to the Congrega-
tional council last night by the members
of the Congregational club in Music hall.
The big auditorium had been gaily dec-
orated for the occasion, the principal fea-
ture of which was the intertwining of
the American and British flags. An hour
later the gathering sat down to a ban-
quet.

He's His Son's Pa her.

Halifax, Sept. 28.—James A. Ten Eyck,
the American, defeated James Norris,
the champion of Halifax harbor, in a
single round race, three miles with a turn,
for \$200, by five lengths in 23:20. He led
30 seconds at the turn and paddled home.

Hunting for Trouble.

Manila, Sept. 28.—Generals MacAr-
thur, Wheaton and Wheeler, with four
regiments and a battery, advanced at
daybreak this morning upon Porac,
about eight miles northwest of Bacolor,
in Pampanga province.

Police Head off Riot.

Budapest, Sept. 28.—A large street
demonstration was organized here yester-
day by the Socialists. As the pro-
ceedings became threatening, the police
interfered and made a hundred arrests.

Word comes from Paris that Chief Jus-
tice Fuller and Justice Brewer, the
American members of the British-Vene-
zuelan court of arbitration, will sail for
home about Oct. 18.

NOISE! NOISE!

Everything and Everybody
Shrieks Welcome to Dewey.
MAKES NAVAL ANCHORAGE.

Olympia Moves Up the Bay Mid-
Babel of Sound and Gracefully
Dips Her Colors—Dewey Waves
His Acknowledgments to Cheer-
ing Crowd—First Call Is on Ad-
miral Sampson—Instance of Dewey's
Innate Modesty—Official Vis-
its Being Made.

New York, Sept. 28.—The Olympia left
her anchorage in the lower bay at 9:08
Wednesday forenoon and started for the
naval anchorage off Tompkinsville.
The forts gave forth noisy greetings,
and ferryboats and railroad engines
turned their boilers loose through the
whistle valves. Persons aboard the
various craft yelled at the top of their
voices, the whistles screamed unceas-
ingly, and the weird screech of the sirens
made up a terrible din. Through this
raucous din of welcoming sounds the
Olympia moved slowly, dipping her
colors and replying to gun salutes, while
the admiral waved his acknowledgment
to the cheering crowds. As the flagship
came to anchor, craft farther up the bay
took up the noise and whistles sounded
far up the Hudson and on both sides of
the river.

Never, perhaps, did a triumphant war-
rior returning from a victorious cam-
paign receive a more impressive wel-
come. Although thousands upon thou-
sands witnessed it from the shore, bal-
cony, window or housetop, and the men
of war anchorage at Tompkinsville
fairly swarmed with tugs, yachts and
steamers and every sort of harbor craft,
all black with wild, cheering people, and
the walls of the city beyond were brave
with a million welcoming flags, Wed-
nesday's greeting to Dewey was the
greeting of his comrades of the navy.

To outward appearances the welcome
received from the fleet was strictly
professional. One can find all the cere-
monies done in his honor described in
the naval regulations as due to one of
his rank. But the naval regulations,
dignous as they are, could not restrain
occasional rounds of cheers any more
than it could the bell cords of the skip-
pers and the shouts of people aboard
the excursion boats.

It was a perfect day, though clouds,
driven by the strong land breeze, ob-
scured the sun during the morning, and
the waves of the lower bay were capped
with foam. In the afternoon the clouds
disappeared, the breeze died away and
the sun bathed the sea in brilliance.

Very early in the morning, before
Dewey left his anchorage inside Sandy
Hook, Rear Admiral Howison, com-
mander of the North Atlantic squadron,
aboard his flagship, the Chicago, which



REAR ADMIRAL HOWISON.

arrived outside Tuesday night, ending a
journey of 21,000 miles around South
Africa, came in past the Hook, expect-
ing to join the North Atlantic squad-
ron in receiving Dewey upon his ar-
rival. As he rounded the Spit, there, to
his surprise, lay the Olympia. Dewey's
flagship was no sooner recognized than
the sides of the Chicago were manned,
the marine guard was paraded, and 17
guns roared in honor of Dewey's flag.
The Chicago's jackies cheered wildly as
she steamed past. The Olympia re-
sponded with 13 guns, and the two ad-
mirals waved a welcome to each other
from the bridges of their respective ves-
sels. The Chicago continued on to the
upper bay, and upon arriving there was
saluted by the New York. The re-
mainder of the fleet gave only a silent
welcome to the voyager.

Long lines of crazy quilting fluttered
from the signal halyards of the New
York, Rear Admiral Sampson's flagship,
and the Chicago, and after a good deal of
wig-wagging from the bridges of both
ships the Chicago dropped anchor at the
foot of the column, close in under the
lee of Staten Island.

Rear Admiral Sampson's blue flag
came down as soon as the Chicago found
her berth. Rear Admiral Howison is
his senior, and to the main truck was
hailed up the two-starred pennant,
which indicates that Admiral Sampson
was outranked. Rear Admiral Samp-
son's rig was immediately lowered, and
he went aboard the Chicago to pay his
official visit to his senior. The cap-
tains of the other ships, the Indiana,
Massachusetts, Brooklyn, Texas and
Lancaster followed suit.

guest of the admiral. An officer from
Fort Hancock shortly afterward came
aboard the Olympia, to convey the for-
mal welcome of the army, and then a
few minutes after 9, just as the tide
turned flood, the Olympia weighed an-
chor and began her journey up the bay.

The tugs and harbor craft which had
been hovering about for hours fell into
her wake and puffed up behind her.
Every vessel she passed gave her a
salute, and as the shipping increased
the noisy demonstration became almost
continuous. The figure of Admiral
Dewey was in full relief against the sky
as he stood upon the bridge chatting with
Assistant Secretary Allen and a group
of officers. He occasionally turned and
smiled and bowed to the noisy voluntary
escort.

The Olympia was very stately as she
came on. Her superstructure is all
painted white, and only the yellow
stacks and red-mouthed funnels gave
her a touch of color. The admiral's flag
stood out jauntily at the mainmast, and
the national colors fluttered over the
traveller. She did not seem to be dis-
turb the waters as she glided along.

The heights of both Wadsworth and
Hamilton were thronged with spectators
as she approached the narrows. Sudden-
ly a tongue of red flame leaped from
the granite side of Fort Wadsworth, and
like a recoil came a streak of red fire
from the granite wall on the opposite
side. Then alternately from each side
came the deafening roar of an admiral's
salute of 17 guns. Slowly the Olympia
passed the smoke-wreathed forts, an-
swering each salute, gun for gun, until
she became enveloped in her own smoke.
But she pushed it aside, and stood re-
vealed before the admiring gaze of the
whole Atlantic squadron, waiting at an-
chor off Tompkinsville to receive her.

Every bit of brass and gilt on every
ship of the receiving column had been
burnished and every spot on the white
hulls painted over. Along the railings
of the ships the jackies stood elbow to
elbow, and aft were the marines drawn
up to salute. A few of the tars ran up
to the fighting tops. Every officer had
donned his most showy uniform, and
splendid they looked gathered in the
waists of the ships as the Olympia ap-
proached.

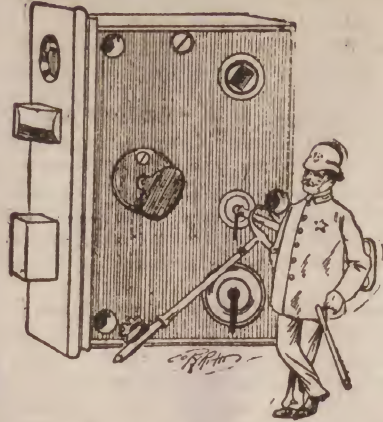
From the New York barked the signal
gun, a six-pounder in the starboard bow,
and immediately every ship in the squad-
ron belched forth flame and smoke.
Louder and louder thundered the guns
as the Olympia came on. She replied
with 13 guns, to which Rear Admiral
Howison's rank entitled him. On board
the Olympia also the sides were manned
and the band and marine guard were
paraded. As she came abreast of the
Chicago, the guard presented arms, the
drums gave four ruffles, the trumpets
four flourishes, and the band played
"Home, Sweet Home." The officers at
the waist raised their gold-bound
beavers, and the sailors cheered.

Ship after ship took its turn in doing
honor to the admiral, as the Olympia
swept up the line of floating fortresses.
Admiral Dewey from the bridge ac-
knowledged each salute with a wave of
his cap. He alone of all the officers of
the fleet was in fatigue uniform. As the
Olympia swept by the New York, the last
ship in the column, the full marine band
aboard the Olympia played the "El Cap-
itan" march, and the spectators on the
excursion fleet cheered. The skipper
turned loose their whistles and sirens.
Everything that could make a noise in
the harbor joined. Farther than ears
could hear, the steam jets of the whistles
on craft lying at the battery and up the
North and East rivers could be seen as
they swarmed their welcome. In a
few moments, the sharp rattle of the
anchor chain was heard, as the Olym-
pia's anchor catted from its bed into the
water. Then came the admiral and
captains from all the ships, trooping in
their swift water carriages, to pay their
respects to the nation's hero. First,
Rear Admiral Howison, with his aides,
splendid in gold braid, arrived. As they
came aboard they were given the honors
due their rank. Admiral Dewey was
still in fatigue uniform when he received
his old class-mate at the gangway.
There was a cordial smile and a hearty
handshake, with a "How are you, How-
ison?" that thrilled the spectators. The
official visits to the Olympia lasted for
over an hour.

Meantime scores of rowboats, tugs,
launches and yachts formed about her,
many with relatives or sweethearts or
friends aboard. Almost the first to
make the gangway was the Narkeeta,
with Admiral Dewey's relatives. The
party was given a warm greeting, and
taken to the cabin. One officer was so
overjoyed at the sight of the wife he
had not seen for 23 months, that he
rushed down the gangway and kissed her
in the presence of 10,000 people. Some
of the visitors had flowers for the admiral,
and more good things for the crew. One
man presented the crew with a rowboat
load of watermelons.

As soon as Admiral Dewey could de-
tach himself from those who were so
eager to see him, he returned the of-
ficial visits. He first called upon Rear
Admiral Sampson, whose ship lay next
to his, and then upon Admiral Howison
at the other end of the line. For this
ceremony the Admiral himself donned
the full uniform of his rank. There was
a pretty ceremony as he went aboard the
New York and the Chicago, and as the
lunch in which he sat passed each ship
of the squadron, the sides were manned,
the drums were rolled and the bugles
blown, and the officers at the waist
saluted. Upon the return of the launch
to the Olympia the jack staff from which
his flag fluttered was taken down by Ad-
miral Dewey's orders, and the formal
ceremony was thus omitted, another
proof of the admiral's innate modesty.
Then there were other official visits be-
tween officers of the fleet, and these
continued with hardly an interruption
for two hours. One of the admiral's
first acts was to dispatch Flag Lieu-
tenant Brumby with his compliments
to the mayor of New York, to apprise the
latter officially of the admiral's arrival.

Rear Admiral Howison's appearance
in the harbor will in no wise interfere
with the program for Friday. It will be
carried out as arranged, except that his
flagship, if it should join the parade, will
follow the Olympia instead of Rear
Admiral Sampson's flagship New York.
But it is not certain that Admiral How-
ison will take part. He is reported to
have said that he and his crew were worn
out after their long journey, and pre-
ferred to rest and clean up their travel-
stained ship. If he should ride in the
land parade on Saturday, being Samp-
son's senior, he will precede the com-
mander of the North Atlantic squadron



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THE PEABODY STAR.

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PEABODY, MASS., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1899.

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Telephone connection.

BEST OF THE VANDERBILTS.



It often has been said that the late Cornelius Vanderbilt was the "best of the Vanderbilts." By that was meant that he was the hardest worker, the most generous hearted, the most public spirited and the most lovable of the numerous and enormously rich family which bear that name. Though the son and grandson of men of immense wealth, Mr. Vanderbilt began as a bank clerk after a common school education, and underwent a useful training in industry and independence. His fortune is estimated at \$125,000,000, though it is impossible to know the exact amount. The total inheritance tax to be paid to the Nation and State out of the Vanderbilt estate has been estimated at from \$3,500,000 to \$5,000,000.

WHAT NOBLE MEN AND WOMEN ARE DOING FOR THE CUBAN REPUBLIC.

The Cuban Orphan Fund, which is now fully started and doing good work among the orphaned children of the "reconcentrados" of Cuba, is really the outcome of the American Commission to Cuba last fall, prior to the raising of the American flag over the island.

The organization is entirely non-sectarian; the children are cared for physically and mentally, entirely irrespective of any religious sect. Their condition is pitiable, and the necessity for bettering it is imperative. The men at the head of the fund are



MISS LEVY AND HER SUN-BURNED PETS.

men who have personally come in contact with the misery, poverty and utter destitution of the children of Cuba.

These men are intelligent, far-seeing, and fully appreciative of the benefit which must eventually accrue to the United States if these orphans are properly educated and trained. There is to be no attempt made to proselytize them, beyond teaching them to be moral and honest.

To better understand the terrible

the facts more plainly before the public. He says: "Cuba was not suffering from a commercial or financial panic. It was in a state of utter prostration and col-

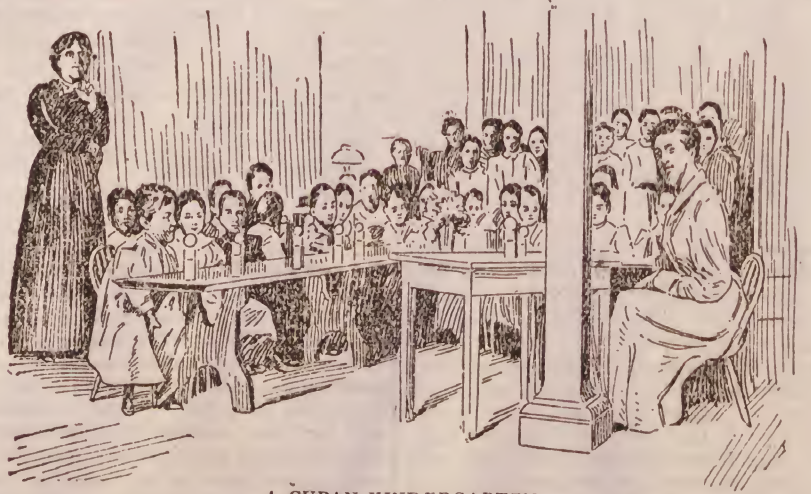


SCHOOL FOR ADVANCED GIRLS.

lapse. Business and agricultural life had long ceased. The whole island was dead.

"Even now the result of Weyler's order of reconcentration is not understood or appreciated in this country. Should the commanding general in the American Army issue an order the result of which would be that one could travel from New York to Rochester and not see one cow, not one chicken, not one farm house, not one man working in the fields, it would be something similar to the result of General Weyler's reconcentration order in Cuba.

"The whole rural life of three great provinces—Havana, Matanzas and Santa Clara—was absolutely blotted out. Occasionally a clump of banana trees, whose roots had escaped the fire, or a scarlet creeper, would show where a farm house had stood; but the tropical growth quickly covered the ruins. It was inconceivable that in the midst of this teeming vegetation the country should be a desert, for no sign of human life appeared.



A CUBAN KINDERGARTEN.

condition of the peasants of Cuba, who are the ones now being benefited, a few quotations from the report of one of the American Commission sets

"On the contrary, every town and city visited was thronged with beggars, many of them emaciated and faint; women, children, cripples and

a few broken-spirited men; and the dreadful odor of every place occupied by Spanish soldiers. There was no decency, there was no sanitation; in our sense of the word, indeed, there was no discipline. It was a wanton and profligate devastation in the time of peace.

Amid all this misery, and herding



ADVANCED ENGLISH CLASS.

together like cattle, were the little children, the future citizens of Cuba, whether as a republic or as a part of the United States. And it was for the upbringing and developing of the future generation of the island that the Cuban Orphan Relief Fund was started.

Mr. Charles W. Gould, who is very prominently connected with the fund, made a remark a few days ago which corroborates a statement made by a Catholic priest, who had just returned from Havana, as to the patriarchal system in Cuba. Mr. Gould said:

"I never saw anything to equal the love and sacrifice of the Cuban parents. The men died first, the women followed, and it is the children who are left."

These remarks give an idea of what the Cuban Orphan Fund started out to do. Miss Laura D. Gill was selected as best fitted to represent the trustees of the fund in Cuba. She has two assistants, Miss Levy and Miss Wilson, and these three brave women, to use the words of one of the prominent members of the fund, "are doing as true missionary work as any ever did."

Miss Gill writes: "In Sancti Spiritus we found a condition of suffering which is much more serious than anything which we have seen before. There are over four

RECOGNIZING THE DRUM MAJOR He Will Have a New Uniform, But Less Decorated Finery.

The drum major, the highly decorated show piece of the military band and the delight of the small boy, has received official recognition. For several years the drum major has been slighted, and it was considered good form to speak of him as unnecessary. The National Guard bands took their cue from the army, and the drum majors of the regimental bands became less conspicuous, their uniforms less elaborate, and in some instances the bands dispensed with the services of the man with the gold lace embroidered red coat. But it seems that the army has recognized the fact that the drum major is necessary, and a new style of dress has been prescribed for him in



PROPOSED FULL DRESS UNIFORM FOR DRUM MAJOR, HEAVY ARTILLERY.

orders issued from the War Department. He will carry a baton wound with silken cords and tassels, and the color will designate the arm of service: Cavalry, yellow; artillery, scarlet; infantry, blue and white intermixed. The mounted drum majors will carry swords instead of batons.

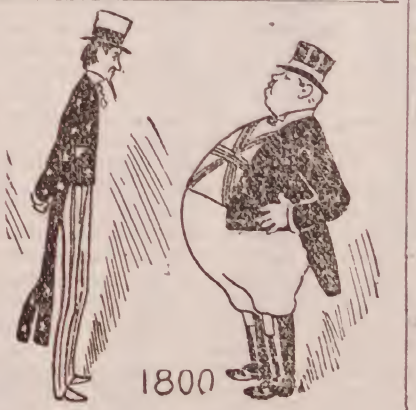
Fatter Jonathan, Thinner John.

The cartoon Yankee, lean, lank and slab-sided, is vanishing with the century. So is the cartoon Englishman, big, burly and obese.

The tailors of the country report an increased girth of one and a quarter inches in the American man of to-day over the American man of 1889. Waistcoats and trousers in the ready-made clothing stores are now made in that much larger size. The figures collected by the Anthropometrical Department at Washington confirm the story told by the tailors.

The average American of the middle of the coming century will be tall, broad, fat and heavy in the scales. He will probably be nearly six feet high, fifty inches around the chest, fifty-four around the abdomen and weigh anywhere from 200 to 225 pounds.

Meantime the average Englishman has been growing thinner, probably because he is not so well fed as his ancestor, from whom the cartoonist of the eighteenth century drew the familiar fat figure of John Bull. The average Englishman of 1899, according to



1800



1900

the Fortnightly Review is five feet seven inches high, thirty-six inches around the chest and weighs only 150 pounds. The British Prime Ministers of the last forty years have been shorter, less stout and less heavy in the scales by about forty pounds apiece on the average than their contemporary American Presidents.

PEABODY'S BUSINESS - MEN.

[These business firms are recommended to the people of Peabody and to visitors to the town, who may depend upon receiving fair treatment at their hands.]

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Rooms and board by day or week.
Steam heating and electric lights.
Steam and electric cars pass the door.
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10c., 15c., 20c. and 25c.

A fine line. Also the best

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Family Drug Store,

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AMERICANS EAT LOTUS.

IT IS NOT A BAD SORT OF FOOD, EITHER, PERHAPS.

The Agricultural Department is Investigating the Matter—Other Asiatic Vegetables That May Be Introduced Here—Lily Bulbs as Food—Water Chestnuts.

The discovery that there are lotus-eaters in this country must be credited to experts of the Department of Agriculture at Washington who have ascertained the fact incidentally to a special investigation which they have been making in regard to Asiatic vegetables, writes Rene Bache in the Detroit Free Press. Now that the Pacific Ocean has become an American lake, and Yankee enterprise is on the alert to gobble up whatever may be available for use on the other side of that large pond, it is considered worth while to find out whether they have any food-plants over there that would be a welcome addition to those already utilized in the United States. The commission appointed by Secretary James Wilson to look into the subject has learned that there are many such, and has verified its conclusions by cooking and eating them, as well as by analyzing them in order to determine how much nutriment they contain.

One of these plants is the lotus, the roots of which are largely eaten by orientals in San Francisco, being imported from Canton, and are on sale in the markets of the Chinese quarter through the late winter and spring months. They are reddish inside and are boiled for the table usually, though sometimes are consumed raw. A kind of "arrowroot" preparation is made from them also. In China parts of the blossoms are used for the toilet, the leaf stalks furnish lamp wicks, the seeds are employed for soup and as a remedy for indigestion, and the roots become an important article of food in times of famine, fifty per cent. of their substance being starch. The Egyptians, too, obtain a valuable flour from the seeds, roasted and ground, and bake it into bread.

EXPERIMENTS WITH THE LOTUS.

One reason why the economic usefulness of the lotus is so interesting is that the plant has been introduced into this country within the last few years, for ornamental purposes. Experiments in its cultivation have been in progress for some time in various parts of the United States, and have been unexpectedly successful. It is found to tolerate the severe winters of the middle East, and the short but hot summers give it an ample season to perfect its beautiful flowers, which somewhat resemble gigantic roses. In the grounds of the Department of Agriculture at Washington is a pond that is one great lotus bed in July and August of each year, the magnificent blossoms attracting much admiration. In California and the Southern States there are many districts specially suited to the plant, which is an aquatic, and in the great interior waterway of the former, comprising the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers, it could scarcely fail to be successful. The identity of the vegetable, possibly only mythical, consumed by the storied "lotophagi," or lotus-eaters, who were rendered by it forgetful of home and friends, has been much disputed. Certainly it was not the same as the lotus here described, which, anciently in Egypt was a sacred emblem, intimately associated with religion and poetry. The Egyptian plant, indeed, was a prevailing motive in the designs of early painters and sculptors of that nation, and to this day it survives conspicuously in architecture—as, for example, in the capitals of columns. It was then, as it is now, of importance as a food-producer, not only in the region of the Nile, but also among Asiatic peoples.

From the view-point of the Government experts, the easiest way to examine Asiatic food-plants was to buy them in San Francisco, where many of them are always on sale, being imported for consumption by the Chinese. A visit to the markets of the Oriental quarter in that city reveals to the eye of a non-resident much that is both strange and interesting. Most of the curious roots, green vegetables, seeds, etc., making up the stock-in-trade of the slant-eyed groceryman are wholly unfamiliar, some of them being brought directly from Canton, while others, though grown in American soil, are Asiatic in origin. They afford a subject of study from which it is believed, much may be learned that is of value. It is not without reason that the Chinese are said to understand better than any other people the art of obtaining from a given area of land the greatest possible amount of food material, and one way in which they accomplish this is by utilizing a large variety of food-plants.

LILY BULBS AS FOOD.

In this country lilies are considered as of use only for ornamental purposes, but in Asia the bulbs and also the flowers of several species have long been used as articles of food. Both the Chinese and the Japanese eat them habitually, and one kind furnishes the hairy Ainos of the island of Yezo—the northern limit of the Mikado's empire—with their chief vegetable diet. From early December to late in August the bulbs of an edible lily, imported from Canton, are found in the Chinese markets of San Francisco, where they are sold at ten to twenty cents a pound. What seems to be the same species may also be obtained in a dried state throughout the year, and both this and the fresh bulbs are known to the epicurean Celestials as "pak-hop."

These bulbs were analyzed by the experts, who found them rich in starch and even more nutritious than potatoes. When simply boiled they are very palatable, and it is believed that

Americans might easily acquire a taste for them. One notable point in their favor is that when dried they are quite as good for table use as in the fresh condition. It is not likely that they could be grown in this country as cheaply as some other vegetables, but they might serve as a luxury, like lettuce. Indeed, the Chinese regard them more as a delicacy than as a standard article of diet, the price being proportionately high. By the Japanese they are considered as an especially desirable food for invalids and convalescents, and when utilized for this purpose the bulbs are only slightly cooked and are eaten with sugar.

OTHER ORIENTAL FOOD PLANTS.

The so-called "water chestnut" is widely used in China and Japan as a food plant and in those countries it is highly esteemed. It grows wild in watery places, and in some regions so profusely as not to require cultivation. The edible tubers are sweet, juicy, and resemble the chestnut in flavor. It is believed that the plant would thrive well in humid portions of the Southern States, or in the interior valley of California.

The Asiatics have some very odd cabbages, the most notable of which resembles a head of lettuce rather than an ordinary head of cabbage. This is the famous "Shantung cabbage," named after its native province in China, which, though long ago brought to the attention of seedmen and gardeners, have never been introduced in this country. It is described as delicious.

The seeds of the lotus are used by the Chinese as we use chestnuts, being eaten raw, boiled or roasted. In order to render them palatable, it is necessary to remove the dark-green germs, which are so bitter that the saying "bitter as the germ of the lotus seed" has passed into an Oriental proverb.

Among other valuable Asiatic food-plants are millet and the soy bean. The former is a cereal of the first rank, cultivated on an enormous scale in both India and China. The latter forms an important part of the largely vegetarian diet of the Chinese and Japanese. It has been cultivated for many years in Europe, and is beginning to be extensively grown in the United States, though mainly for forage. It resembles a pea rather than a bean, but is very different from any of our peas and beans.

The Faithfulness of the Elephant.

An old elephant taken into battle on the plains of India was a standard-bearer, and carried on his huge back the Royal ensign, the rallying-point of the Poona host. At the beginning of the fight he lost his master. The "mahout," or driver, had just given the word to halt, when he received a fatal wound, and fell to the ground, where he lay under a heap of slain. The obedient elephant stood still while the battle closed around him and the standard he carried. He never stirred a foot, refusing to advance or retire, as the conflict became hotter and fiercer, until the Mahatras, seeing the standard still flying steadily in its place, refused to believe that they were being beaten, and rallied again and again round the colors. And all this while, amid the din of battle, the patient animal stood straining its ears to catch the sound of that voice it would never hear again. At length the tide of conquest left the field deserted. The Mahatras swept on in pursuit of the flying foe. But the elephant, like a rock, stood there, with the dead and dying around, and the ensign waving in its place. For three days and nights it remained where its master had given the command to halt. No bribe or threat could move it.

They then sent to a village, a hundred miles away, and brought the mahout's little son. The noble hero seemed then to remember how the driver had sometimes given his authority to the little child, and immediately, with all the shattered trappings clinging as he went, paced quietly and slowly away.

Siberia a Great Fur Field.

In Siberia the ermine catch has fallen off largely within twenty years. On the other hand, the figures of the first half of the present decade of years show that the catch of sable, otter and red fox, as well as that of many other less valuable furs and skins, has greatly increased.

This means simply that Siberia has been the least hunted of the great fur fields. With the increase of population and means of transportation the product marketed is growing larger, for the time has not yet arrived when the field is overhunted. Thus Siberia is to-day the most important of the land fur preserves.

It may be that Russia, heeding the lesson taught by the virtual extinction of the fur animals in her own northern forests, will endeavor to prevent the same fate from befalling the Siberian fur trade.—New York Sun.

Where Costly Furs Are Found.

The costlier furs come from the temperate and cold parts of the earth, and the most expensive, as a rule, are the product of the sub-Arctic and Arctic regions, where Nature protects animal life with the thickest and warmest coverings. A few kinds of monkey skins, together with the skins of lions, tigers and other large carnivora, are about the only contributions of sub-tropical and tropical countries to the fur and skin trade. Fur merchants look to Canada and Siberia to supply the larger part of the most esteemed furs derived from land animals.

France Falls Short.

Twenty-five years ago France was able to put as many soldiers in the field as Germany. To-day it falls short by about 1,000,000 men.

CURIOUS FACTS.

A sheep with five horns exists in Kentucky.

Artificial ivory is made from borax and skimmed milk.

The first Greek letter society in this country—Phi Beta Kappa—was started in 1756.

A Hungarian in Mount Carmel, Penn., recently sold his wife, house, two pigs, and a cow to his brother for \$200.

A peculiar clock of the time of Charles I. was the lantern, or bird cage style, which hung from the walls high up, with their works exposed.

An eight-year-old girl in Bristol, Penn., tried to beat the record of a playmate by jumping rope more than 300 times without resting. She is dead.

The giraffe was thought to be near extinction, but Major Maxse, a British explorer, has found great herds of them along the Sobat River, a tributary of the Nile.

In battle red uniforms attract the eye most readily, and twelve men wearing that color are killed to seven in either green, or six in blue, or five in either brown, blue, or gray.

About the most expensive luxuries in Lima, Peru, are postage stamps. It cost twenty-two cents in native silver to carry an ordinary letter, which is equivalent to eleven cents in gold.

A "poster" one mile long, printed on a continuous roll, was used recently to advertise a street fair in Battle Creek, Mich. It was pasted on the brick pavement between the street car tracks.

The butchers of Berlin have a curious way of informing their customers of the days on which fresh sausages are made by placing a chair, covered with a large, clean apron, at the side of the shop door.

The astonishing statement is made in London that the health of the employees on the underground railway is better than on any line in England. The atmosphere is said to have positively cured cases of quinsy and bronchitis and had benefited people with lung troubles.

Sure of Fresh Eggs.

The Germans are a practical nation. Having realized that by proper organization they can keep within the German border the 150,000,000 marks, or say \$30,000,000, which the people of the Empire now pay to foreigners for poultry and eggs, they have formed a club for the purpose of developing a home poultry business. Egg depots are to be established in the principal cities, notably at Chemnitz, Dresden and Leipzig. The public are to be supplied with eggs, the good quality and freshness of which will be absolutely guaranteed. This system will give confidence to customers, and at the same time give poultry raisers a more certain and a quicker market for their products than they could otherwise secure.

In order that bad eggs may be traced to their origin each poultryman is required, before sending the eggs to the depot, to mark them with a sign previously determined upon, which designates them as fresh eggs, and denote their source. For each egg sold which proves to be inedible the purchaser is entitled to receive fifteen good ones without charge; and the products of the egg-raiser who delivered the bad egg to the depot are to be excluded therefrom for a stated period.—London Telegraph.

The Color of Water.

The author reports on his experiments of many years to explain the color of the water. He has come to the conclusion that a pure blue is the natural color of water, for when we look through a long tube filled with distilled water against a brilliant white surface, a pure blue is seen, such as shown by the Lake of Geneva in quiet weather, a color which is not influenced by superficial or interior reflection.

When pure water becomes slightly turbid by extremely finely divided white or colorless particles floating therein, they reflect, even in the case of ground mountain crystal, a yellow light, which unites with the natural blue into a brilliant green color, such as is exhibited by the Neuenburg and Boden Lakes.

The peculiar facts established by various observers, that the water of ordinarily green lakes turns perfectly colorless at times, is not due to a clarification, but on the contrary, to an influx of a reddish mud, colored by ferric oxide, which completely neutralizes the green.—Nenette Erfindungen und Erfahrungen.—Professor Spring, in Scientific American.

Footing a Spider in His Parlor.

A most amusing and interesting experiment is in the reach of every one who has a tuning fork. Take it to a spider's web, set the fork vibrating, and touch the edge of the web lightly.

Mr. Spider has the buzzing sound conveyed to him by the threads of his web. He will run to the center of the web quickly and feel all around until he touches the thread against which the fork is sounding; then, taking another thread along, just as a man would take an extra piece of rope, he will run out to the fork and spring upon it, imagining that a fly has been embroiled, for the sounding of the fork against the web exactly simulates the buzzing of a fly.

Revenue From Visitors.

An Italian statistician, Commendatore Bodio, estimates the number of visiting strangers coming to Italy at not less than 70,000 a year and their expenditure at about \$200,000 a day, an annual income for the country of more than \$60,000,000.

During last August the daily use of water in Milwaukee was eighty-two gallons per capita.

A "FAKED" MEAL.

How a Nurse Saved the Life of a Sick Soldier.

One of the New Orleans nurses who was at Santiago tells an interesting little story of how he "faked" an appetizing meal for a sick soldier. "During the forepart of July, '98," he says, "I was detailed in the second brigade hospital and our great trouble for the time being was to get something that the men could eat. Outside the regular army rations we had nothing except what we could forage, which was mighty little, and I am satisfied many a soldier actually died of starvation."

"One of the wounded under my care was an Alabama chap from a volunteer regiment, I think the Rough Riders, shot through the chest. I don't remember his name, but he was evidently a man who had been used to refinement, and in his weak condition it was simply impossible for him to eat the stuff we were serving. One day a comrade of his hustled up a fistful of ice, together with a little oatmeal and condensed milk, and mixed him a sort of gruel in a rusty tin cup. The wounded man took one look and turned away."

"That gave me an idea, and I went to work. I got a large thin graduate glass from the surgeon's supplies and filled it with diluted condensed milk. Then I took a couple of small china saucers, also belonging to the doctors and used for sterilizing instruments, washed them nicely and put some oatmeal in one and some cracked ice in the other, heaping up the pieces so they looked as if we had a ton."

"I arranged the outfit on a box top, covered with a clean scrap of linen bandage roll, and brought it in to my Alabama fellow. It did look extraordinarily neat and dainty in that rough place and as soon as he saw it his face lit up. It was exactly the same thing he had refused a little while before, but he rose up on his elbow and ate the last particle. I got reprimanded for borrowing the glass and dishes—'stealing,' I believe they called it—but the doctor said the man would have died if he hadn't taken some nourishment when he did."

Students Build a Fence by Night.

Because they feared an injunction the Washburn students worked all night and finished the fence along the north side of their new athletic field. People living west of the site of the proposed athletic grounds have for some time been considerably exercised at the prospect of having their view of the college campus obstructed by the fence. The fence is over a block from any building, but it was considered too near for comfort by the residents west of the campus. These people lived in hope for some time that the scheme would fall through, or the site be changed. But when surveyors commenced laying out the line for the fence, and great ten-foot fence posts began to arise up in solidly files, the aggrieved citizens got together and seriously considered the advisability of stopping the construction of the fence by injunction. But the college students who are managing the affair got wind of what was coming, and that very night they went to work to beat the courts in the race for precedence. Lumber was hauled to the place in the afternoon, and after dark two dozen students went to work by moonlight, setting posts, nailing the stringers, and putting up the tall boards. Until early the next morning the noise of sawing, hammering and shouting continued, and when the sun rose, there was the fence complete.—Topeka (Kan.) Capital.

A Mandarin's Wife on American Marriages.

Margherita Arlina Hamm, the well-known traveler and author, called when in China upon the wife, or rather the wives, of a great Mandarin. Her visit partook of the nature of a festival, so novel was the experience to the Chinese women, whose lives are passed almost entirely within the walls of their yamen. They examined her clothing, and were partly pleased and partly astonished at it. They were shocked by her shoes, and especially by the fact that her feet were not confined by bindings.

Finally one of them said, through the interpreter, "You can walk and run just as well as a man?"

"Why, certainly."

"Can you ride a pony as well as a man?"

"Of course."

"Then you must be as strong as most men."

"Yes, I think I am."

"You wouldn't let a man beat you, not even your husband, would you?"

"Not at all."

The Chinese woman paused, laughed, and then said, "Now I understand why foreigners never take more than one wife. They are afraid to."—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

A Colt's Jump From a Moving Train.

There recently occurred in Kansas an accident which is remarkable from the fact that the outcome was not serious. Dr. Morris has a blooded colt, which he had loaded upon a Frisco freight train to ship to Joplin, Mo. The animal was tied in a furniture car and the doors left partly open. About five miles north of Arkansas City, while the keeper was on another part of the train, the animal became untied and jumped out of the door. The train was going at the rate of about twenty-five miles an hour when the horse jumped, but the animal was uninjured. A section man caught the horse and led it back to the city.

Cause of Bad Teeth.

The dentists say that the bad teeth of the women—and the men also, for that matter—in Peru are due to the quantity of sugar cane they eat while children, for there is an acid in the Peruvian cane which destroys the enamel of the teeth.

THE NORTH STAR IS THREE SUNS.

No Eye at the Telescope Can See Them, But the Camera Proves It.

The news from Lick Observatory that the North Star, 255,000,000 miles away from us, has been found to be not one star, but three—swinging around in great orbits like the moon, earth and sun—is another remarkable result of the application of photo-spectroscopy to the telescopic study of the heavens. Always fascinating, the search for double and multiple stars has become of the highest interest since the spectroscopic has made it possible to discover multiple stars which the greatest telescopes do not reveal to the eye. The three components of Polaris cannot be seen with the most powerful telescope in the world. But the Lick star spectroscopic, attached to the great thirty-six-inch refractor, makes it plain that there are suns revolving about a sun where the eye distinguishes but one twinkling light.

Ten years ago at the Harvard University Observatory the first photo-spectroscopic multiple star was discovered unexpectedly. The star Mizar, the middle star of the handle of the Big Dipper, has been called a "naked-eye" double because it has a visible companion, Alcor, close to it. But Riccioli in 1650 discovered with the telescope that Mizar had a telescopic double. Mizar seems to have been the first double star discovered with a telescope. The apparent distance between Mizar and Alcor is nearly forty times the distance that separates the components of Mizar. The telescope shows, too, that there are other stars between Mizar and Alcor.

Two centuries after the telescope revealed two stars in Mizar the spectroscopic showed that the brighter of the components was itself made up of two stars. In photographs taken at the Harvard Observatory in 1889 the K line in the spectrum of Mizar appeared double. In other plates the line was single, in others it was hazy. A close scrutiny of all the plates showed that the line was double at intervals of fifty-two days. This proved to astronomers that the brighter component of Mizar was really two stars. A spectroscopic takes cognizance of the motion of a star to or from the earth. When one star begins to approach and the other to recede from us, the lines in the spectrum of the approaching star will be displaced toward the violet end, while those of the receding star will be displaced toward the red end. The lines will at first appear hazy, but when the approach and recession of the stars reach a maximum the lines will appear double. The calculated distance between the components of Mizar is about 143,000 miles, and the brilliancy of the star is estimated to be over a hundred times greater than that of our sun.

A number of other photo-spectroscopic multiple stars have been discovered recently. With the Lick telescope and spectroscopic, fourteen have been found. This method of discovery came about from the use of the spectra to determine the velocity with which stars approached or receded from the earth. The North Star, it was found a short while ago, is now shooting earthward at a velocity of sixteen miles a second. Two of the suns of the North Star triple revolve about each other every four days and these two swing about the third.—New York Sun.

The Abuse of Slangy Expressions.

"Everybody who likes to see an expressive word retain its significance, is distressed at the fate which has overtaken the expression 'rubberneck,'" said a man who is interested in phrases of current slang. "For there was never a word before which was overworked to mean so many different things. It was bad enough when applied to persons who were craning their necks to see something, or when that meaning was further extended to apply to a person who took more than an allowable interest in the affairs of others. In those cases the word had some real appropriateness. But that original use of it has all but disappeared, and it is used now to cover almost any case with which it formerly needed several words to express. 'That's a rubberneck on you,' I heard a man say to another the other day, and I wondered what significance there could possibly be in 'that's rubbernecked good,' as another reckless talker said to me when he meant he had gotten the best of an another in an argument. There ought to be some means of protecting an expressive slang word like that, to keep it from degenerating into nonsense that has no connection with the original significance. Most of these words are founded in the first place on some real fitness for what gives them their original start. What makes them a burden to the flesh afterward is the habit of applying them indiscriminately to anything that seems to call for emphatic slang. This deplorable habit has already ruined such a word as 'rubberneck.'"—New York Sun.

Champion Egg Swallower of Connecticut.

Over in the mountainous country east of Echo where sixty sleek Jersey walk with the regularity of clockwork into their stalls, lives Amri Stone, who likes raw eggs with their shells on. Recently, on a bet in Fluteville, he swallowed twenty-five of these eggs. This eclipsed all his former records. In his latest test he is said to have swallowed the eggs without difficulty up to the twentieth. It took him an hour to get away with the rest. He won \$5 by the operation and his friends expected to find him dead the next day. Stone, however, was up early and out and piled a cord of wood between daylight and dark, taking along with him a lunch of more raw eggs, a loaf of bread and a few slices of raw pork.—Hartford Times.

A RIDE WITH THE GIRLS.

The leaves are brown in the woodland—blue smoke from the chimney curls; Let's all jump into the wagon, for a rollickin' ride with the girls! For a rollickin' ride with the girls, boys—over the frosty ways, And speed away in the cool, crisp day, and put the lash to the bays!

Away, away In the crisp, cold day— For a rollickin' ride with the girls, boys!

The hives are heavy with honey, and Plenty her flag unfurls; Then hol for the wild, sweet woodlands, and a rollickin' ride with the girls! For a rollickin' ride with the girls, boys, past orchards and hills, and streams; And away! away! in the glad, sweet day, and whip up the foaming teams!

Away, away In the crisp, cold day— For a rollickin' ride with the girls, boys!

Their cheeks are red as the peach's bloom— we feel the waft of their curls— We in the rumbling wagons who are for a ride with the girls! We are off for a ride with the girls, boys— Then hol for the fiddle's music, and a dance with the girls at night!

Away, away In the crisp, cold day— For a rollickin' ride with the girls, boys! —F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

PITH AND POINT.

"Wouldn't you like to live your life over again?" "And owe twice as much as I do now?" "Not much!"

"And you have no clue, Mr. Hawshaw?" "I have plenty of clues, chief, but I can't make any of 'em fit this case."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Do you believe the theory that men should be permitted to end their lives?" "Yes, if the right men apply for the permission."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Watts—"What was the worst storm you ever encountered?" N. Peck—"I think it blew at the rate of about 300 words a minute."—Indianapolis Journal.

Distinguished Amateur Artist (to old woman)—"What a pretty cottage! May I paint it?" Old Woman—"Gracious, no; it's just been white-washed."

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day, And each stroke sounds a solemn warning; But what men dread far more is the way The alarm clock chimes at six in the morning.

—Chicago News.

"Anchor workin' now, Jimmy?" "Now. Strike." "Chee." "Tree of 'em. I strikes de ole man for a raise, he strikes a attitude, an' den I strikes de sidewalk."—Indianapolis Journal.

Humorist—"I don't see any of my stuff getting into the paper. Isn't there anything I can write that'll be accepted?" Editor (thoughtfully)—"You might try your resignation."—Tit-Bits.

"What is that old proverb about the moss and the rolling stone?" queried the Chicago girl. "A revolving fragment of the paleozoic age collects no cryptogamous vegetation," replied her cousin from Boston.

They were gazing across the lake. "It looks like rain," said the man who is reckless with his English. "What looks like rain?" coldly inquired the word splitter. "Water," said the reckless man. "—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Little Tompkins (on his dignity)—"Marie, I've been a good husband to you all these years. Have been patient and have put up with every humiliation, but (hereby) the worm has turned at last—you shall not have my son's trousers cut down for me!"

Clara (on the wrong side of thirty)—"I'm sure I don't know what he sees in her." Cholly—"Well, they say love is blind." Clara—"Nonsense. I never saw a man in love yet who did not see ten times as much in his sweetheart as I could."—Harlem Life.

"I hope my explanation is satisfactory," said Mr. Youngusband, as he concluded a long narrative as to why he had been detained downtown until 1 a. m. "Well," yawned Mrs. Youngusband, "your excuse is fairly good, but it's not as good as father used to make."—Chicago News.

Fishes on Tap.

On the farm of Charles Schaffer, situated near Wapakoneta, Ohio, is a fine artesian well, the result of an unsuccessful attempt to bore for it. The other day Mr. Schaffer pulled the plug and flooded several acres of his land to revive his dying pasture. In a few days he and his neighbors were astonished to see his temporary lake filled with myriads of little fish from two to four inches long, which proved to be black bass of the finest kind. Their origin is a mystery, as there is not a creek, river or pool of water within two miles, and no one can explain their sudden appearance. The well flows 20,000 barrels of pure, clear water a day, and Mr. Schaffer has decided to dam his pasture and turn it into a permanent fishpond.

You Can Buy a Noble Ancestor.

An amazing romance of high life has just been terminated in the Assize Courts at Venice, Italy, by the condemnation of a duchess to twenty-five months' imprisonment for forgery. A Parisian adventuress, anxious to provide herself with respectable parentage, informed the Duchesse de Beaumont, a lady famed for her piety and philanthropy, that she was prepared to give \$10,000 to be adopted by a person of rank. The Duchesse accordingly referred her to Prince Gledroye, a ruined nobleman, who, rising to the occasion, declared on seeing the adventuress that she was in very deed his daughter and that documentary proof could be obtained at Venice. The Duchesse repaired to Venice and procured from a priest named Cogo a forged certificate of birth, on the strength of which the adventuress married one of the Princes Troubetzkoy.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

WOMEN JOURNALISTS.

Advice to Those Who Would Succeed in the Fourth Estate.

With all professions thrown open of late years to women there is undoubtedly none that requires greater self-denial or more strenuous and continued effort in the woman who pursues it than that of journalism. For the woman who begins her day's work at ten o'clock, and ends it frequently after midnight, as the woman reporter will be called upon to do, can have but few of the pleasures or interests of life outside her profession.

The salary she earns, too, is not large enough, unless she has the gifts that will make it possible for her to rise to distinction in the profession, to enable her to look forward to a period of repose, won by her toilsome labors, after her vigorous prime is past. True, in this, as in other pursuits, it is possible for decided ability, aided by some happy combination of circumstances, to achieve instant reputation.

But for the intending woman journalist the following "hints" from Mrs. Westover Alden, a woman journalist of wide experience, the chief of the woman's department of one of our leading dailies, with a staff of women reporters under her orders, will prove the most valuable counsel that could be offered them:

"The hints I would give to women about preparing themselves for newspaper work has little bearing on the cases of those who are simply ambitious to write 'pieces' for the paper. Women are more useful than men in discovering and writing up what intelligent, enterprising, aggressive modern women are doing in the world. This is a work of legitimate journalism. It is honorable work, and to do it well is an honorable ambition. My hints to those who cherish such ambition are as follows:

"First, Drop your classes in ancient history, literary criticism, comparative philology, etc. Learn to write a readable hand. Learn to spell. Give earnest attention to English grammar. Discover the relation of punctuation to sense. Study the newspapers until you know what newspaper style is.

"Second, Learn to dress intelligently. I say nothing about what is called dress reform; that is another question. Remember that in this exacting work neither snow nor rain nor slush will be accepted as an excuse for failure to cover an assignment promptly and properly. Look pretty, if you will, but wear nothing that weather will spoil. This is a most important lesson for a woman to learn.

"Third, Get rid of the silly idea that you must have a chaperon or a man around to protect you after nightfall. The streets of a great city are as safe for a woman as for a man at night, provided only that the woman does not go out of her way to be affronted, and is secure in the dignity of her own womanhood. If you are conscientious you will not be able to do all your work in the sunshine.

"Fourth, Make up your mind that work is absolutely first in your life. The exigencies of a newspaper office cannot be predicted. No arrangements for an evening of pleasure can be permitted to stand in the way of the demands of the office.

"Fifth, Obliterate personal sensitiveness as to the way you are treated while getting news. You will be snubbed by women who have as much conception of what your function is as a butterfly has of the function of a steam-engine. Do not take them so seriously as they take themselves. Their discourtesy to you is a discourtesy to your paper, to be answered by the editorial management, not by yourself. Your duty is to your employer, simply to get the news. No newspaper can afford to be beaten on a story just because the reporter, man or woman, has not been treated with due consideration.

"When you have learned faithfully the lessons above indicated, and in addition have grasped the supreme importance of accurate observation and truthful writing, you will have made of yourself a good reporter, and will have taken the earliest steps toward an editorial career in legitimate journalism."

Consider well; the chief drawback to the profession, as an avocation for woman, would seem to be its physical hardships rather than any mental disqualification of the sex. This is proved by the fact that in the higher rank of journalism, where these hardships make themselves less felt, women are fully as efficient in their department as men, and receive equal recognition with them, both in and out of the profession.—Harper's Bazar.

The Newest Millinery Fads.

The very newest thing in millinery accessories is lace ties with silk fringe. These ties are from a yard to a yard and a half long and made of different kinds of lace, from finest point d'Esperagne to simple point d'esprit. The fringe varies in depth from an inch to several inches and is white, creamy or black. The ties are to pass around the neck and be caught in a bow back of the left ear, jeweled pins holding them in place. Ties of chiffon, plain or enriched by rows of fine shirring, set in groups a few inches apart, are accompaniments of most of the season's hats and bonnets. The ties usually match the bonnet in color, although black bonnets with ties of yellow, violet or rose color to correspond with the osprey or knot of ribbon trimming are shown by many smart milliners. Ties of white chiffon with a black and white bonnet are charming for the woman whose complexion is of the rose and milk variety.

Painted quills are not a surprise, after the painted muslins and silks of the past season, but the quills are far more curious than they are beautiful. Broad, flat, stiff feathers splashed with daisies and pansies and poppies in bold tints are not artistic, and whatever beauty the quill may have had in its unadorned state is effectually snuffed out by this mania for "performing on the paint brush," as Dr. Holmes would say.

Artificial flowers pasted on quills, much in the manner in which botanical specimens are placed on cards for safe keeping, are another oddity of the season. Some of these are pretty if one does not dwell too long upon their utility, and white quills serving as a background for purple orchids, or iris, whose long stems are pressed against the rib of the feather, are striking ornaments. Artificial quills are cut out of velvet and painted in a contrasting shade to represent the markings of a feather. In black velvet with "eyes" and spots of white these ornaments are rather effective.

Viscountess Harberton on Dress.

At the annual congress of the sanitary institute, held at Southampton, England, recently, a paper on the "Hygiene of Dress" was read by Viscountess Harberton.

She dealt rather severely with the present style, especially the skirt, which she said is not only heavy and exhausting for walking, but trailing in the dirt of the streets it collects disease germs and distributes them in the form of dust all over the house. She also ascribed woman's tendency to grow old fast to the worry of holding up skirts.

Of tight lacing she said: "Constriction injures and congests the internal organs; it causes displacements and all sorts of diseases." She laid the blame of this pernicious practice upon the skirt, which "makes the general outline appear wider at the feet, so a violent constriction of the centre of the body is resorted to in order to break the clumsy outline that results from ignoring the true form."

Uniform of Army Nurses.

Directions regarding the new uniforms to be worn by the army nurses have been sent out by Surgeon Anita N. McGee. The costume consists of a waist with adjustable cuffs and an apron of white linen worn with a skirt and necktie of army blue galatea. A jacket of the galatea is also provided to be used when necessary. Caps are not a part of the outfit. Chief nurses are entitled to wear, in place of the apron, a sash of red silk, knotted around the waist. The distinctive badge of the nurses' corps is a modified form of a Greek cross of dark enamel, edged with gold.

Good News For Feminine Anglers.

Women anglers who dislike the baiting of the hook will be pleased to know that India rubber worms are said to answer quite as well as the real worm. They are practically indestructible, and save the trouble of procuring live worms and constantly rebaiting the hook.

The Newest Fashions.

Ribbon will be used in a great variety of styles.

Black and white effects are noted among the latest Parisian fancies.

The popularity of velvet for gowns, combinations, undershirts and wraps is already assured.

Homespun, checks and plaids are rather faddy just now for whole suits and make desirable walking and shopping gowns.

Buckles are an important feature of the season's trimmings and dress accessories. Those of cut steel are especially popular.

A few umbrellas in brown, red and blue have been seen. In high priced umbrellas gun metal, gold, jeweled and pearl handles are used.

Directoire vests of tulle and of real lace, trimmed with lace flounces, are folded back over the tops of the hat rather than left hanging over the face.

Though some fastidious women always wear gloves of one color, black or shades of gray or tan, white gloves are still worn, as well as gloves of neutral tints.

There are short box coats, long box coats, and box coats that are half length. They are stylish in effect, but it takes a woman with style and good clothes to carry them off.

The ever popular ribbon corset is shown in three sizes, and in pale blue, pink, violet, black and white. These are very dainty for a slim, girlish figure, but no earthly use to a stout person.

The new shoulder scarf, which is made of the same material as the gown, and edged around with a frill of lace or of the goods, is exceedingly graceful, and gives a Persian touch to a toilet. It is worn low over the shoulder and fastened at the waist with a fancy buckle.

It is a question whether or not American women will take kindly to box coats, which are deemed very smart in Europe. Beaver and felt cloth, livery melton and rep are used for their construction. The linings this season are white or black moire, of soft, heavy quality.

Crepe de chine is seen in the new neckwear, and is in short ties, four or five inches broad, with real lace or narrow rows of the pretty machine-made laces in fancy designs on the ends. They come in white and in colors. The white will launder, and is the most economical.

Machine stitching is playing a very prominent part just now as dress decoration. Cloth gowns are trimmed with bands of the same cloth stitched and restitched with heavy silk thread in fancy patterns, plaids, squares, points, bias lines, straight rows, etc. Contrasting silk is often used, or a shade lighter or darker than the cloth.

GOOD ROADS NOTES.

In Behalf of Better Roads.

The convention in Milwaukee for the purpose of discussing the problem of better roads in Wisconsin emphasizes afresh the vital relations which public highways sustain to national prosperity and national development.

Every year our farmers lose thousands of dollars on account of the endless delays and mishaps to which they are subjected in hauling produce to market over bad roads; and if only one-half of the money which is spent annually in repairing wagons and vehicles prematurely broken down because of bad roads could be spent in repairing public highways, much of the trouble which now exists would be overcome. Under present conditions, the evils arising from bad roads in many parts of the country are such that in rainy weather it is wholly impossible to use them, while even in good weather they are so defective that travel over them is attended with manifold disadvantages.

There are many things which can be neglected with greater impunity than public highways and wise statesmanship can employ itself to no better advantage than in devising ways and means for improving public highways. Indeed, it is not extravagant to say that public highways sustain the same relation to the community at large that blood vessels and arteries sustain to the human body; and if defects in the latter are accompanied with serious results, it is no more than is true of the former. Other things being equal, national prosperity and national development depend largely upon good roads.

One reason why Rome enjoyed such worldwide power during the days of the Caesars was that she devoted herself with such diligence to the building of those magnificent highways which remain to-day the marvel of the whole earth. She recognized the fact that her roads were the great channels through which her commercial lifeblood was to circulate and that her national prosperity depended largely upon her roads. Perhaps if she had devoted herself with equal diligence to needed reforms in other directions she might be to-day where she was eighteen centuries ago.

Far-sighted men in every part of the country are at length waking up to the importance of good roads and are doing everything in their power to convince the country that good roads must be constructed before national progress can be marked. Hence, in justice to the interests of the whole country as well as in justice to the interests of the farmers who are directly and immediately affected, it is of the utmost importance that good roads should be made the burden of thoughtful consideration in every State in the Union.

Much interest will be felt in the results of the convention in Milwaukee, Wis., not only because of the good which it promises to accomplish in that State, but also because of the good effects which it will likely produce in other States.—Atlanta Constitution.

Wet Weather Roads Needed.

Perhaps never does the need of good roads manifest itself so strongly in a community of farmers as where they attempt to carry on a co-operative enterprise, such as a creamery or a cheese factory. So long as the farmer remains at home on his own land, it makes no difference to him whether his roads be smooth as asphalt or rough and stony as a mountain pass; or whether they be hard and level like the English highways of macedam, or soft and sticky like the ground about the pig's pen.

It is only when it comes to going to town, especially if it is with a load of crops, that the condition of the highways cuts any figure. And it becomes more important than ever where farmers are obliged to drive to a creamery each day in the year with their milk. In most of the States dairying has only of late become a great industry, but its continued growth calls more loudly than ever for the construction of roads which will enable the creamery patrons to deliver their milk without wearing out their horses, whenever the weather takes an unfavorable turn. Wet weather roads are needed, and dairying can never be a complete success without them.

Laboratory For Road Materials.

Under a recent act of the Maryland General Assembly, the Highway Division of the Maryland Geological Survey is collecting information concerning the present condition and methods of maintenance of the State highways, and are testing in their laboratory the rocks from all portions of the State in order to learn their relative values for road purposes.

The Anti-Rut Agitation.

A good road makes a light load. Liquid asphalt is being employed to sprinkle the highways of Kern County, Cal., near Bakersfield. The indications are that the experiment will be successful.

Every commissioner of highways and every pathmaster is answerable if he fails to perform his duties properly, and all who are guilty of criminal neglect should be punished.

Better means of communication are becoming more and more essential, not alone to dairymen, but to all farmers alike. Farmers should be made less dependent upon the weather.

Miss Harber, Secretary of the Interstate Association, deplored the poor returns which Illinois is getting from the \$4,000,000 raised every year for road purposes, a larger fund than is raised by almost any State. She urged the farmers to study the question and organize.

BROOM CORN SEED.

Tradition Says Franklin Planted the First One in This Country.

Every housewife is supposed to know how to handle a broom, but it is safe to say that not one in ten has any clear idea of what her sweeping utensil is made of, or how it is made, or where the material came from. Brooms are made from the heads or brushes of the broom corn, a first cousin to our common field corn. And in this connection is told a very pleasant little fairy story concerning Benjamin Franklin. "Poor Richard," by the way, seems to have been about the biggest jack-of-all trades that ever helped the United States to become the richest and most powerful nation of the world. If this story is true, he is the patron saint of the housewife and the broommaker, as well as a kite flyer, lightning catcher, printer, publisher, editor, author, philosopher, statesman and other things "too numerous to mention."

Broom corn first grew in India. From there it was carried to Europe. The story goes that Dr. Franklin was examining a whisk broom that had been brought over from England in the days before we had any broom corn of our own. He found a single seed on the broom, picked it off, planted it and raised a stalk of corn from which it descended, so to speak, all of the broom corn of the United States. However this may be, broom corn grows much like its first cousin, our maize, which originated here. The head is larger, however, and the seeds grow on the head, instead of in ears. The heads are cut off, leaving about six inches of stalk, and the seeds are scraped off by a machine which does a clean job and does not injure the broom. The seeds are valuable in a way. They are fed to horses and poultry, and ground into meal for cattle. In the making of the brooms the corn is put around a handle of basswood or soft maple turned in a lathe. Each layer is wound tight with twine or wire until the desired size is attained. The broom is then pressed out flat and sewed to keep it in that shape. Whisk brooms are made in the same way.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The mind's the standard of the man.—Watts.

The path of duty leads to happiness.—Southey.

The happiest women, like the happiest nations, have no history.—George Eliot.

The imagination of the great mathematicians of the world has infinitely surpassed that of the greatest artists.—John Holt Schooling, F. R. S. S.

Oh! how does my inmost heart rejoice at the thought of that eternal, infinite beauty which is the source and origin of all created beauty!—L. Scappell.

See the spider cast out her flim to the gale, confident that it will adhere somewhat, and form the commencement of the web. We are to toil in the assurance of triumph.—Spurgeon.

The heaviest words in our language are the two briefest ones. Yes and no. One stands for the surrender of the will, the other for denial; one for gratification, the other for character.—Theodore T. Munger.

We are apt to think concerning our every day trials that they are of too homely a sort to work out anything beautiful in our character, but they are not more homely than the chisel in the hand of sculptor.—Talmage.

The old Greeks said that a man had two ears and one mouth, that he might hear twice and speak once; and there is a great deal of good sense in it. You will find that if you will simply hold your peace you will pass over nine out of ten of the provocations of life.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Good manners are the blossom of good sense, and it may be added, of good feeling, too; for if the law of kindness be written in the heart it will lead to that disinterestedness in little as well as great things—that desire to oblige, and attention to the gratification of others, which is the foundation of good manners.—Locke.

Childhood must pass away, and then youth, as surely as age, approaches. The true wisdom is to be always seasonable, and to change with a good grace in changing circumstances. To love playthings well as a child, to lead an adventurous and honorable youth, and to settle, when the time arrive, into a green and smiling age is to be a good artist in life and deserve well of yourself and your neighbor.—R. L. Stevenson.

Laundries That Don't Laundry.

"Most of the so-called hand laundries are misnamed," said the proprietor of one of the largest steam laundries in town. "The only work they do is the ironing of shirts. The washing of the shirts, and the entire work on the other articles are done for the hand laundries by steam laundries. That one machine of ours irons 30,000 cuffs and collars a day, and we can afford to do them for the hand laundries at ten to twelve cents a dozen. The hand laundries' profit is the difference between those figures and twenty-four cents. Most of our work comes from the hand laundries, dozens of which patronize us. The old saying about 'tricks in all trades' applies particularly to hand laundries."—New York Mail and Express.

A Feminine Quality.

Why is it that women who are subject to things like fainting fits are so fond of crowds? Many a woman who doesn't faint manages to keep out of unpleasantly close quarters, but the woman who faints hurries into the thick of the excitement, and just renders things a little more exciting.—New York Sun.

Dr. Greene's NERVURA

BLOOD NERVE REMEDY.



Your most heartfelt prayer is for health. You suffer from all sorts of symptoms and ailments, dizziness, headache, Grapnel, torpid liver, kidney trouble, insomnia, nervousness, melancholy, lassitude, weak and tired feelings, neuritic pains and aches, rheumatism, or female complaints. Take Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, discovered by that famous and successful specialist, Dr. Greene, and all your ills, your weaknesses and bad feelings, your aching head, and that tired body will be relieved as if by magic, for there is nothing in the world which will so quickly purify and enrich your blood and strengthen, invigorate and vitalize your nerves as Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. Dr. Greene, 24 Temple Pl., Boston, Mass., the most successful of all woman's physicians, is the best adviser of sick and ailing women. He invites women to write him freely about their cases, without money and without price. Thousands of women have been restored to health, and no suffering woman should neglect this sure means of cure, but write at once for his advice and counsel.

Woman's Prayer for Health Answered by Dr. Greene's Nervura

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At Marlton Cattle Show.

The fields were white and frosty and the sun was on them bright. As down the meadow road we drove in Autumn's morning light. Saw crops of corn and pumpkins, and orchards bend their head. And glowing, rare-ripe peach trees, making joyous all the road.

Barn-yard fowl all loudly calling, broke cheerily the day. And weather-cocks, like drifting gold, seemed answering screech of lay. Forests, with their colors vivid, opened out to field and stream. And burning, distant, golden spires, completed all the dream.

All of this I saw in wonder on that morning long ago. When with my Uncle Ned I rode to Marlton Cattle Show. Rode, and crossed the Herring River, sparkling with its milky chert. Miles on miles of streaming siltstone breaking on my vision clear.

Passed Thonet cross-roads bravely leading up the hill for Stowe. To see beyond the world that day on wheels for cattle show. Trotting, racing, passing, wheels all dazzling in the sun: I knew not where joy ended, but was sure it had begun.

And when my uncle said to me, "See all you can today!" And cracked the whip, and drew the rein, and pulled into the fray: I saw but one long white road all shining in the glow Of a sun that on was leading far to Marlton Cattle Show.

My uncle would have said much more, but a team there tried to pass. And down the hill, and cross the bridge we raced with Hiram Glass. Drove through the Elber Village, reaching farther in the day! With Hiram just behind us, while before they cleared the way.

Then leading up, past Saunders' store, we headed right through Stowe! With all the people shouting, "Hi, there, for cattle show!" So we rode and beat brave Hiram, till our wheels locked with Sam Coke's; Held our place ten feet beyond him, till we stopped to fix up spokes.

Then uncle said (off-handed), "Such accidents, you know, Are happening right along, my lad, driving to cattle show! Can't you tell, in driving, just when you ought to stop? The wheel is dished, I notice; but we'll find a blacksmith's shop."

At Warren's Mills we changed the wheel; The sign was "Alvin Stiles"; And his son, young Alvin, showed us a way that saved five miles. And so we came on Hiram with his horse balked at the gate. And as we passed cried uncle, "I think Hi, you'll be late!"

The Arabian Nights and Crusoe were as nothing to the light That now in bright confusion broke on my astonished sight. There were acres upon acres of living white and black. A thousand people up in air, and horses on the track;

While a fellow loud was shouting to the jockeys down below. Till flying gigs and ribbons strained, swept down the course aglow. It was then I got excited, stood right on the wagon seat. And shouted for the white horse, the second in the heat!

He reached it, too, that white horse! and as he passed the stand. I thought it was my shouting that made him look so grand! In the yards were hogs and horses, sheep and cattle, cooped-up flocks Of premium geese and turkeys, Shanghai fowl, and Plymouth rocks.

Farther on were tents and streamers; one man writing with his toes; And princes from the farthest East in dime and nickel shows. Swings and hawks, singing women, one old maid, in white cravat. Showed the world in panorama from Bull Run to Ararat.

I don't think Pandemonium had ever half such sounds As cracked my ear with jargon loud, that day at Marlton Grounds. There were peddlers, dudes, and fakirs, where we sat down to eat. A dinner that I relished, till the drums began to beat.

Then, looking up, the governor, and all the guests so grand, Including Hiram Glass, passed by to music of the band. "Can we go, Uncle, too?" I asked. He answered, "That's too high: A dollar for a dinner is too much for me to buy."

A cloud came on the sun just then; it passed, but left its trail— To me a lasting memory of that march up to the hall! And ever after, all that day, a secret, sorrowing thrill Came on me when I looked and saw the building on the hill. —James Riley, from Songs of Two Peoples.

A PAWNED COLONY.

How Robert G. Reid Became the Czar of Newfoundland.

Newfoundland is England's oldest colony. English possession dates back to 1583. For more than forty years this big northern island has tried to govern herself—the world knows with what success. Political corruption and mismanagement were fast driving her to ruin when help came in the person of Robert G. Reid of Montreal, Canada. This was first in 1890, at an invitation from the government of Newfoundland for proposals for the construction of the first 200 miles of the Newfoundland railway. Mr. Reid came, with an offer to build a narrow gauge road from St. Johns to Exploits, on Notre Dame Bay, for \$15,600 per mile. He did his work, looked about him with a "seeing eye," acquired a little land and returned to his home. In 1893 the government was staggering more blindly than ever. The railway involved the poor colony in a yearly loss of \$200,000, and the telegraph service and the dry dock at St. Johns followed hard in the same path. Mr. Reid came back and began work on the completion of the railway, under contract with the government. But long before the road was finished he shifted the burden of the mail service onto his own shoulders. For the maintenance of this he was paid a subsidy—one that gave him nothing above his expenses. In 1897 the last rail was laid at Port-aux-Basques, 90 miles from North Sydney, Cape Breton. The road had cost the government up to this time \$13,000,000. They now sold it to Mr. Reid for \$1,000,000. Also about 4,000,000 acres of land came under the private control of the great contractor. This transaction, this sale of a British colony to a British subject, startled the public to a storm of surprise and remark. But Mr. Reid said little, and the government of the renowned colony nothing at all. Mr. Reid had ready money which he was willing to spend on the operation of the railway, while the government, after the expenses of construction, had not enough to manage it for two years. And Mr. Reid's money was cold cash in their pockets.—Theodore Roberts, in Ainslee's.

Desired a Whole Swordfish.

A Block Island fisherman tells what he considers a good joke at the expense of a woman from an interior town who came to spend the summer in a Block Island cottage. She knew no more about sea fish than the average land lubber whose first sight of the ocean provokes amusing awe. The fisherman went around to her cottage to take fish orders for Friday. "You may bring me a swordfish tomorrow," said the cottage housekeeper. She probably informed her husband what they were going to have for dinner, and he casually remarked that a swordfish was rather large. Next morning when the fisherman drove his wagon to the kitchen stoop the lady called from the window: "I guess half of a swordfish will do for our family."—New York Tribune.

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[ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE, PEABODY, MASS., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.]

Indecency.

Mark Hanna says it is indecent to continue suggesting the name of Dewey for the Presidency. Anything is indecent that promises successful interference with Mark Hanna's plans.

A great many people believe there is much that is unbecoming in the union of McKinley and Hanna, and some believe it to be indecent.

Water Meters.

The demand that water meters should be used in the manufactories, is growing steadily, and there is no doubt that, if a special meeting is called to deal with the electric light problem, it will also be asked to discuss this question. The enormous quantity of water used on working days, as compared with Sundays and holidays, is stirring the water board up to a point where its members may take the initiative.

We hope that, if it is decided to adopt the system of meters, the rates will be so arranged as to bear as lightly on the manufactories as is consistent with the equities of the situation.

According to Engineer Petty's report at the monthly meeting of the water board, the consumption during the month of September was nearly a million and a quarter gallons per day. The report was as follows: Total number of gallons pumped, 37,269,669; average number per day, 1,202,330 gallons; number of pounds of coal consumed, 90,511; average number of pounds per day, 3,016; number of gallons pumped per pound of coal, 511.8; running time per day, 10 hours, 51 minutes.

New Form of Money Order.

The Post Office Department has adopted a new form of domestic money order, which will be introduced gradually, or as supplies of the old form become exhausted, at the various post offices throughout the country.

The new form is somewhat smaller than the old. Its dimensions are about those of the ordinary bank draft. It has two adjuncts—the advice, or notification to be sent by the issuing to the paying postmaster, is a reproduction of the order through the use of carbonized paper (the manifold process), and a receipt for the amount, to be furnished by the issuing postmaster to the remitter.

On the back of the order a separate space has been provided for the stamps of banks through which it may be passed for collection.

In color the order is blue, having a light blue ground, with fine, closely interlaced, tinted lines of geometrical lathe-work, of darker shade. In the center is an escutcheon bearing the words, "Postal Money Order" in shaded capital letters of the same two tints of blue. The tint of the order and the lathe-work will serve to prevent imitations; but, as an additional safeguard against counterfeiting, a horizontal water-mark, composed of the initials U. S. M. O., in broad, capital letters, has been wrought into the paper on which the new forms are printed.

Secretary Root has decided that ordnance tests at the Sandy Hook proving grounds hereafter shall be private, so that foreign Governments may not know what progress we are making. Europe, however, has already had an excellent object lesson of what Americans can do with great or small guns.

Success in naval war depends in a very great measure upon owning points here and there in the ocean on which your ship commanders and companies may securely depend as bases for coal and provision supplies and for repairs, writes Professor E. Benjamin Andrews in the New York Independent. Without such, a strong navy may be easily beaten by a weak one, your war be lost, and your coast left to the mercy of your foes. Some such bases of supplies in the Pacific we must have and we cannot have too many.

Every foreign naval officer who watched the operations of the American navy in the war with Spain commented in terms of wonder and praise upon the superb accuracy of fire of the men behind the guns. It will be noted with renewed interest by these officers and their Governments that the target practice of the American ships for 1899 is officially reported much better than ever before.

Deeply rooted in human nature there seems to be an innate love of rivalry in the matter of physical endurance. To this liking for muscular competition is doubtless due much of the constantly increasing strength and stature of mankind. In the requirements of modern sport, however, there is such a thing as carrying muscular exertion to a point that is absolutely injurious.

The professional tramp has become disgusted and sad. The tale of woe from a well-muscle itinerant no longer brings a meat sandwich and pie. Instead it brings an invitation to work in the fields at good wages and found. The plain alternative is laid down: Starvation or work; and the rapidly diminishing army of tramps and other beggars and the lighter drafts upon the resources of charity show that work is pulling even this element off the road.

The boycott is apparently coming to be regarded as a universal panacea, warranted to right all wrongs, industrial, social, religious, national and now international. Yet it is only an old idea under a new name. A hundred years before Captain Boycott was heard of our Revolutionary forefathers and foremothers—particularly our foremothers—boycotted English tea, and would neither buy nor sell nor use an ounce of it. And later on Jefferson applied the boycotting idea on an international scale by declaring an embargo against all British ships and goods. There is nothing new under the sun.

Booker T. Washington has no opinion of Africa as a refuge for American negroes. Writing from London to the New York Age, he points out that Europeans have now got control of almost the whole African continent. Morocco is an independent State, and so are Liberia and Abyssinia, but neither is attractive to American negroes. He finds no other part of Africa of which the British, French, Turks, Germans, or some other European people have not control, and there is no white man's government in Africa which seems to him preferable for negroes to the Government of the United States.

The attention of the country seems to be awakened to food adulterations as never before, declares the New York Post. For years the division of chemistry of the United States Department of Agriculture has been quietly conducting investigations, and from time to time publishing reports intended to enlist public interest so as to bring about suitable legislation and the means for its proper enforcement. The principle involved in the pure-food agitation is often misunderstood. No prohibition is contemplated. All Dr. Wiley, the chief chemist of the Department of Agriculture, who has long had charge of these investigations, cares to accomplish is to make those who put manufactured food products on sale tell the truth about them. They should bear a label stating what they are. Manufactured honey may be just as palatable as the natural product of the bees; the public should have just as much right to buy the one as the other. Then it can take its choice. This would not drive manufactured foods out of use, but merely limit their sale to those persons who cared to take advantage of the lower price at which they could be offered.

What Forty Seconds Did.
Constantinople, Oct. 3.—It is now estimated that 1500 persons perished in the earthquakes in Asia Minor. The first shock lasted 40 seconds. Whole villages were completely destroyed. The latest advices from the stricken area shows that men, women and children were buried in the ruins of their dwelling places before they realized their danger. Numbers of bodies still lie beneath the debris. The disturbance has not yet subsided, although its strength appears to be spent. The shocks continue almost daily, but with no great violence. The population is encamped in the open.

Frightened Horse Causes Death.
Webster, Mass., Oct. 5.—Oswald Fritzsche, aged 48, and Louis Elsner were going through the streets with a load of apples, when the horse became frightened and unmanageable. Both of the men jumped, Fritzsche striking on his head. His skull was fractured, and he died instantly. Elsner was injured internally, but will recover.

The city of Palermo and the surrounding towns and villages were in fête in celebration of the 80th birthday of Francesco Crispi, the distinguished Italian statesman and former premier, who was born in Sicily Oct. 4, 1818.

PEABODY.

—The South church will entertain Essex South conference, this fall.

—Fine white potatoes, 70c. bushel. Flint's, Walnut St.

—Mr. Jacob Traub has rented a store in the Samson Hotel, and will stock it with new goods.

—Postmaster Jackman is back at his post, after a few weeks recuperation in the Provinces.

—The Wellsbach light, for which D. B. Lord is selling agent, is a great saver of gas.

—Mr. Charles D. Bliss picked strawberries off vines in his garden on Sutton St. Tuesday, the day after a light fall of snow.

—Fred P. Osborn and George C. Prescott have hired John A. Lord's currying shop and will carry on the shoe stock business there.

—Mr. and Mrs. Elmer B. Thomas, will be "at home" at their new residence, 2 Washington Street, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 16th.

—A big crowd and an exciting time is expected at the horse races in Rockdale Park, this afternoon. Are you interested?

—Police Officer D. J. Pringle has been sight-seeing in New York, and is enthusiastic in his description of Admiral Dewey, his reception, etc.

—The police have done good work in capturing the thieves who broke into Keefe's and Whidden's stores.

—This paper is on sale at Miss Masterson's, M. E. McCarthy's and Raymond's, and in several stores in South Peabody—to be announced next week.

—A dividend of two and one-half per cent for the past six months has been declared by the Warren and South Danvers National Banks of this town.

—Mrs. Huldah G. Buxton and Miss Mary J. Buxton represented the Peabody W. C. T. U. at the State Convention in Worcester this week.

—Frank Goodwin, who is a nephew of the well-known "Nat" Goodwin, was in town Thursday, representing Cuban Belle, an all-tobacco cigarette.

—Mr. M. E. McCarthy's store has been enlarged. He has one of the handsomest and best-stocked confectionery and cigar stores in town.

—A correspondent writes to us saying that Mr. Lyman Osborn "has a heart," which is the reason for some of the uncollected taxes. The collector's office certainly is often a hard one for a gentleman of humane instincts.

Letters remaining unclaimed at Peabody Mass. P. O., for the week ending Oct. 4, 1899.—Jos. R. Calvert, John A. Galvin, E. W. Glasheim, Herman Neuman, Mrs. E. R. Worthington, J. W. Wellmot.

—A. C.—In answer to our correspondent, we may say. It is not legal for banks to affix the "war" stamp to checks, and no one can make, sign, or issue a check without a stamp. You must stamp it yourself.

—The police are after those Lynn hoodlums who on Tuesday night amused themselves by smashing electric light globes in the South part of the town. It is to be hoped the roughs will be caught, and a sound lesson given them.

—There is on exhibition in the Peabody library room a collection of large-sized colored Japanese photographs, also a number of small views of mines and scenery in New Mexico and Arizona, along the line of the Southern Pacific railroad. This collection will remain until Saturday, Oct. 14.

—Miss Sallie M. Parsons, who has been teacher of French in the high school, has accepted a similar position in the Framingham High School, at an advance of \$200 per annum. We wish Miss Parsons every success in her new field.

—Miss Newhall, daughter of ex-Mayor Newhall of Lynn, has been appointed to the vacancy in the High School, caused by the resignation of Miss Pearson. Miss Newhall is a graduate of Boston University, and has been teaching in Sherborne. Her credentials are pre-eminent satisfactory.

—Mr. Thomas Gulley and Miss Katharine Mahoney, the Main St. milliner, were married Tuesday morning, of last week. They received a great many useful and costly presents at their residence, 15 Sewall St. May their pathway through life be "strewn with roses."

—Everywhere we hear tributes of praise paid to the latest Naumkeag Directory—which includes the towns of Peabody, Salem, and other towns.

It is a model of typography, is remarkably accurate and up to date. By sending \$3 to the publisher, Mr. Henry M. Meek, 3 Orange Street, Salem, the book will be sent to any address.

—Benj. G. Hall, Esq., attended the funeral of his sister in Naples, Me., on Monday. Mr. Hall has been the subject of remarkable and painful bereavement recently—his mother passing away a month ago, his brother a year ago, and now the sister. There remain now of this esteemed family but the brother and son. Our sincere condolences are tendered in this hour of affliction.

—Messrs. Angus Reid & Co., are large handlers of coal and wood, having most capacious yards for handling these winter necessities in any quantity. Eleven men are kept busy attending to orders. The coal is dumped into the yard from the B. & M. R. R. cars, and there are no better facilities for handling coal on the road. Mr. Reid is also furnishing the purest of Spring Pond ice to customers.

The marriage of Robert I. Connell of Boston, and Miss A., daughter of John Ganey of Peabody, formerly of Salem, was solemnized at St. John's church at 8 o'clock Wednesday morning, by Rev. M. J. Masterson, Rector. The wedding was a very quiet affair and few people were present in the church. The bride was becomingly attired in a traveling costume. She was attended by Miss Julia F. Hunchion of Salem, as bridesmaid and John D'Arcy acted as best man. A reception followed at the fine residence of Mr. Ganey, the Eben S. Poor house on Tremont Street, which was attended by many friends of the couple. A large number of presents were received. Mr. and Mrs. Connell will reside at 38 Hopedale street, Allston, and will be at home after Nov. 15.—*News.*

Diver Solves a Mystery.

Boston, Oct. 5.—A cablegram received in this city from St. Pierre, Mic., states that the diver sent down to examine the wreck of the schooner towed into that port bottom up found her to be the Edna and Emma of Baltimore, which was lost several months ago with her entire crew while bound from Wilmington, N. C., to Baltimore with a cargo of lumber. She sailed from Wilmington April 14, and was never heard from until the hull was towed into the French port by a tug.

Searching for Swedish Murderer.

Houlton, Me., Oct. 5.—County Attorney Shaw has received a telegram informing him of the shooting at Woodlawn plantation. The victim of the shooting, Gustaf Johnson, died yesterday. It is believed that Bjorkman, who is alleged to have done the shooting, is hiding in the woods near the scene of the tragedy. Searching parties have started out in all directions.

Beat All Existing Records.

Brockton, Mass., Oct. 5.—Eddie McDuffie made a trial for the 10-mile record yesterday afternoon on the track here, and established the time of 15 minutes, 18 4-5 seconds, which is 1 minute and 4 seconds less than the record of 16:22 made by Harry Elkes. McDuffie also broke every existing record from two to 10 miles.

With Music, Light and a Patrioticism.

Chicago, Oct. 5.—With music, streams of light and patriotic enthusiasm Chicago's fall festival was formally opened last evening in the presence of a vast throng. At 6 o'clock the cords binding the banners lining both sides of the court of honor were cut and 25,000 yards of red and white bunting were released. Ten minutes later the festoons connecting the Venetian masts decorated with 11,500 incandescent bulbs were glowing with light. The evening concerts and illuminations will comprise the festival program until the arrival of President McKinley on Saturday night, when the parade of the bicyclists will be held.

Republicans Gain in Connecticut.

New Haven, Oct. 3.—The "little town elections" were held in Connecticut yesterday, 162 of the 168 towns in the state electing officials of the town government. Comparing the full returns of last year with the returns received thus far from yesterday's elections, the Republicans have gained nine towns, and the Democrats five, these gains coming from the towns classified last year as divided. Of the 29 towns missing, 15 went Republican last year; seven Democratic and seven were divided. There is but little change in the liquor license situation. So far as reported, school consolidation was voted in six towns.

Will Fight His Sentence.

New York, Oct. 2.—Captain Frederick Watkins, recently captain of the American line steamship Paris, was a passenger on the New York, which arrived here yesterday. Captains Watkins said he came back to fight the United States board of steam vessel inspectors who suspended him for two years in consequence of the accident to the Paris. He talked freely of the affair and acknowledged that the grounding of the Paris was due to a mistake on his part.

Utah Minister Denounces Polygamy

Boston, Oct. 2.—"Mormon Polygamy" was denounced by Rev. Clarence T. Brown of the First Congregational church of Salt Lake City in the Phillips Congregational church last night. He referred to Congressman-elect Roberts in scathing terms, and claimed that polygamy in Utah has not ceased.

A late letter from Manila tells of the extreme illness of the son of Adjutant General Corbin. Mr. Corbin went to the Philippines as secretary of the peace commission.



[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

What to do with Park square and the deserted Providence station becomes more and more of a problem, as one plan after another is proposed. For on the station's destiny depends properly along Boylston street. It is said too that the public garden should not be brought within a stone's throw of a market. Some one has said in answer to this objection that the Madeleine in Paris is none the worse for having that flower market by its side, but flowers and produce are quite different in effect, and the flower market by the great church of Paris, is only a transient feature of the locality it renders so attractive. Boston, with all its florist's shops, does not need any "market" by day or week for the sale of flowers alone, and the presence of meats and vegetables in gross would certainly spoil the neighborhood for other business enterprises. One who wishes well to Boston may feel some anxiety as to the next step in the "improvement" of so valuable a centre as Park square. It would take a very little thing now to give it a black eye, and it is too near the most important district to venture on that sort of speculative fooling.

The district attorney here has not pressed the indictments in which Wm. Scollans and C. R. Gleason were charged with complicity in the famous teaming frauds. Scollans was tried twice, and each trial resulted in a disagreement. The clerk with whom he was said to have "colluded" is serving eight years in the state prison, another alleged co-conspirator is "doing time" in the house of correction, and Scollans' son is a fugitive from the law. Scollans has been unable to get work from the city because of the indictment which has been hanging over him. In view of the fact that his trials and making good the bond of his fugitive son has impoverished him, there seems to be a determination to "let up" on him.

The Boston & Albany here is soon to commence work upon the new station it proposes to build on the Back Bay, to take the place of its present inadequate accommodations at Columbus avenue. The new station will be directly opposite the Back Bay station, at the point where the old tracks of the Providence division crossed those of the Boston & Albany. The new station will be constructed in the substantial manner for which the Boston & Albany management has so long been noted. It will measure a hundred feet by thirty, but, unlike the new station of the Providence division, across the tracks from it, will be of one story, and that one nearly upon a level with the rails.

In the opinion of Chief Engineer Kimball of the Elevated Railway company here the time of rapid transit in Boston is not far distant. In his own words: "We expect to have cars running over the entire system of elevated tracks a year from now." Work is being pushed in every part of the system with the utmost speed. Though operations were for a time stopped on account of an accident in the steel works, the company has resumed shipments again, and work progresses as fast as ever there. Mr. Kimball does not expect much further delay about getting steel, but has allowed several months for delay in his estimate of the completion of the work. The lighter steel for the stations will all be bought here.

The famous Algonquin club here is approaching the completion of its first year since its reorganization with a handsome surplus of funds and a waiting list. This speaks well for the capacity of those who undertook the work as well as for the appreciation of a handsome feature of Boston clubdom. General Taylor, who has made the Boston Globe a success, is proud of the fact that in his capacity as president of the club he gave Admiral Dewey his first invitation to a reception in his honor in this country, and it is more than likely that the invitation will be accepted in due season. This will add another star event to the Algonquin's notable functions.

The business of the New York Central seems to be coming to Boston, whether the Albany lease is ratified or no. It may come over that road or the Fitchburg, or the New England. When the freight gets to the Hudson river, several courses are open to it, and they all lead to Boston. Some take it to East Boston, the other, to South Boston. The Albany stockholders are right in selling out at the best terms, but if they should find the trade made in an altogether different direction, they will not complain, for they will still have their property, and Boston will still have the New York Central business.

Notwithstanding the reports of the financial sheets, Chink Ball, the Mott street merchant in green goods, reports that he finds money very easy. Several gentlemen who were interviewed at police headquarters because of their large collection of pocket-books also admitted that money was to be picked up in the streets.

The O'Leary's, European comedy acrobats; Bogert and O'Brien, musical comedians; Morie, an expert juggler, and the Farrells, in a great "coon" specialty, will be features of the show at Keith's, beginning Oct. 2.

Follansbee's Headache Powers

Afford prompt relief in the most obstinate cases of nervous, neuralgic and sick headache. They are especially recommended for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Feverishness and Colds, and a Pain Reliever at the Menstrual Period. Contains no Opiate in any form. Prepared by

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LUNCH

—AT—

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FALL AND WINTER LINES OF

Footwear

At

F. M. DAVENPORT'S,

98 Main Street.

W. O.

Batchelder.

Fine Potatoes, 65c. bush. 15 lbs. large Sweet Potatoes, 25c. Pillsbury's Best Flour, \$5.00 bb. Eaton's Best Flour, \$4.50. King Arthur Flour, at lowest market price.

Camp-Meeting Cottages Burned.
Laurel, Del., Oct. 2.—The camp meeting settlement at Moore's Grove, about two miles from here, was nearly wiped out by fire yesterday. Forty-one out of about 50 small cottages, which comprised the settlement, were totally destroyed, with their contents. The loss will reach many thousands of dollars. The fire is supposed to have been of incendiary origin.

Will Hardly Outlive Sentence.
Little Rock, Oct. 2.—Fred Pelton, colored, has been sentenced to 115 years in the penitentiary for attempting to outrage seven women in this city in August.

St. John's Catholic Church

REV. MICHAEL J. MASTERSON,
Rector.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

First Mass at 7 o'clock A.M.
Children's Mass at 9.
Mass at 9.30.
High Mass at 10.30.
Vespers and Benediction, 3 P.M.

One Estimate of Ingersoll.

An opportune article in the *Catholic World* is entitled "Robert Ingersoll," by the Rev. Henry A. Brann, D. D. "We notice this man because of the harm he did and tried to do," says Dr. Brann, "not because of any great quality that he possessed. He had a strong constitution and a good digestion, and was without nerves—except on the field of battle." Ingersoll's Calvinistic environment in early youth, helped to make him an infidel later. "If some one," says Dr. Brann, "had taken him when he began to doubt, and put him through a good course of logic, metaphysics, and ethics, as they are taught in Catholic colleges and nowhere else, he might have become a solid thinker instead of a mere scintillator of flashy phrases." This is severe but just. After noting his ignorance of the theological and Biblical subjects which he had the hardihood to discuss, Dr. Brann tells, in illustration, of one of the few occasions when Ingersoll encountered a Catholic priest:

At the seashore, in the same hotel with a Catholic priest, a mutual friend tried to get them to discuss questions in Holy Scripture. The priest said: "Mr. Ingersoll is a lawyer, and therefore he knows that when there is question of the meaning of a document, the original or what is next to the original, if it exists, is the proper document to discuss. Versions, especially unauthenticated ones, are of little account. Let him bring here, therefore, the old Hebrew and Greek Bible, and we will discuss them together." The infidel pretended not to believe in God, but he often swore by Him. He swore this time, and said: "That fellow has got me! I know no Hebrew and little Greek, and I am not able to discuss the meaning of words in these languages." He was also astonished to learn, as he did that the Catholic Church condemned the "total depravity" theory of Calvin. He did not know, and he did not care to learn what the Catholic Church believed or taught. Although he answered many ministers who attacked him, he never tried to answer the refutation of his false philosophy and shallow theology made by Catholic priests. He was afraid of them: they knew too much for him.

In conclusion, Dr. Brann declares that nothing that Ingersoll ever said or wrote will live a decade, and no one who has watched the fortunes of the average literature of agnosticism—and Ingersoll's is only average—can question the verdict.

Insurgents Condemned to Death.

Managua, Oct. 5.—The court-martial which was in session here for several months trying the chiefs of the revolutionary movement which began in February at Bluefields has proclaimed its decision. Insurgent officers who escaped from Nicaragua are condemned to death. One only of the prominent leaders was captured. He is now in the penitentiary. It is believed that he will be placed in chains for life by the order of President Zelaya, instead of being shot. Adolfo Vivas, a newspaper correspondent, and Dr. Quadras, a prominent physician, together with a few other young men, are sentenced to banishment from Nicaragua for 14 years.

Playing Pennant Ball Now.

Boston, Oct. 5.—Again the New Yorks were the victims for the Boston champions, though the score was closer than any of the three preceding games. This was Boston's fourth straight victory over the New York tourists and the ninth game won by the Hub team in rotation. A few costly juggles by Lowe gave the Giants a chance to show their finishing powers, and served to make Nichols use every curve before he had won his game.

Star Chamber Hearing.

Barnstable, Mass., Oct. 5.—The inquest on the murder of James T. Whittemore was resumed yesterday. As on Monday, all reporters and the public were excluded from the room. No information can be obtained as to the nature of the testimony brought out at the hearing.

Bowdoin Not "In It."

Cambridge, Mass., Oct. 5.—Harvard's eleven defeated Bowdoin by a score of 13 to 0 in a closely contested game. Any chance Bowdoin had of scoring was lost by the team's weakness in kicking. On the few occasions when Swett or Webb passed the ball back straight enough to be punted, Upton seemed unable to send the ball any distance. While the Harvard kicking was superior, it is not yet satisfactory.

Sally B. Lovelace, colored, a victim of fire a couple of weeks ago, died at Boston as a result of her injuries.

Majority for Federation.

Brisbane, Oct. 2.—The referendum in Queensland on the project of Australian federation has been completed. Over 68,000 votes were cast in favor of the scheme, as against 30,996 in opposition.

First Baptist Church

REV. MR. MOODY, Pastor.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

Preaching service at 10.30 a.m.
Bible School at 12 M.
Junior B. Y. P. U. at 3 P.M.
Young Ladies' Meeting at 4 P.M.
Young Men's Meeting at 6 P.M.
Evening service at 7.

Societies and Officers.

BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S UNION.
Pres't, Miss Jennie Pierce; Sec'y, Miss Florence Wentworth; Treas., Mrs. Ida Pike.

JUNIOR B. Y. P. UNION.

Leader, S. A. Cohoon; Committee: I. H. Charlton, Miss Clara Hicks, C. Nugent, Miss Hattie Thomas, Miss Winnie Toye.

—We acknowledge with thanks a special invitation to attend the recent Junior B. Y. P. U. fall rally in the Baptist vestry. A representative of the *Star* would have been present to report the meeting, but the date on the printed announcement—"Monday evening, Sept. 29,"—was misleading.

The Silence of Christ.

[From The Clarendon Light, Boston, Rev. J. A. McElwain, Editor.]

The lessons we may draw from the silence of Christ to an appeal so touching as that of the Syrophenician woman are very suggestive. Her appeal in behalf of her afflicted daughter was earnest and irresistible. "Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou son of David; my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil;" and yet the sympathetic Christ "answered her not a word." Not a look expressed His recognition, not a word His sympathy. Not an action His response. In the seeming rebuff the Master was weaving in her heart a faith which was to be most signally crowned. Three times she pressed her suit, believing that the refusal of Christ to answer her petition was not a denial, or an evidence that His love had chilled or changed toward her. God's love may be silent when it might justly rebuke and chide; it may be silent when it might be expected to comfort and cheer; and still it is love—not less love because it utters no voice.

In the case of the afflicted woman, love, while refusing to answer her petition immediately, drew on her far more faith. In drawing away from her the desired boon, her loving Lord was drawing her heart toward Himself. Through the delay she received a twofold blessing, namely, the healing of her daughter and a faith that was crowned with the Master's own word of commendation. During the past five years our church has not been left without visible tokens of God's favor, but in the matter of securing a pastor every plan tending toward this end has been thwarted. Again we are disappointed. Has God forgotten to be gracious? Is He not still saying to us, "Be still, and know that I am God?" When the Lord speaks it becomes us to hearken. Shall we not learn the lesson of silence before God—all repining hushed, all murmuring still, all disputing mute, all impatience set aside? "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." To despair of self and the toil of self-help, is the dawn of hope. It is not according to worldly wisdom to plan without having some plan or method of procedure to guide us. But this is our present condition as a church in regard to securing a pastor, and yet here is just where God's plan should become supreme. "Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him."

"Our soul waiteth for the Lord. He is our help and our shield."
"God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble."
"Our God shall come, and shall not keep silence." God's silence to us in these days of uncertainty and crushed hopes is the silence of infinite and unchangeable love.

—Warren Avenue Baptist Church, Boston, has a new pastor—Rev. Herbert S. Johnson—and we are glad to note that he is travelling the old paths. In an announcement scattered broadcast last week, he says, after enumerating the advantages to strangers who may attend his church:

"I shall attempt to preach the simple gospel of Christ: not confining myself necessarily to ordinary themes. God revealed himself through the burning bush and the

jaw-bone of an ass as truly as through the scriptures. Christ preached a sermon on the lilies."

It is refreshing in these days to meet a clergyman who believes in preaching the Gospel, and allowing secular themes to be dealt with at the proper time and in the proper place.

2d Congregational Church

CHURCH CALENDAR.

SUNDAY—1 P.M., Sunday School.
2:15, Public Worship.
6:00, Junior Endeavor.
7:00, Evening Service.
TUESDAY—7:45, Christian Endeavor.
FRIDAY—7:30, Prayer Meeting.

Church Organizations.

OFFICERS OF THE CHURCH.
Pastor—Lewis J. Thomas.
Clerk and Treasurer—Miss Mary Tudbury.
Treasurer of weekly offerings—Mrs. Adelle M. Shaw.
Deacons—William Tudbury and Lewis Brown.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Superintendent—William T. Wolloff.
Assistant—Orlando F. Newhall.
Secretary and Treasurer—Miss M. Etta Wiggins.
Superintendent of Primary Department—Mrs. L. J. Thomas.

OFFICERS OF THE PARISH.

Clerk—William T. Wolloff.
Collector—William Tudbury.
Treasurer—W. E. Reed.

STANDING COMMITTEE.

William Tudbury, Orlando F. Newhall, Thomas Wolloff.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETY.

President—Miss Etta Wiggins.
Vice President—Miss Mary Tudbury.
Secretary and Treasurer—Miss Edie Inez Moore.

JUNIOR ENDEAVOR SOCIETY.

President—Miss Edna Brooks.
Secretary and Treasurer—Miss Fern Wiggins.

LADIES AID.

President—Mrs. L. J. Thomas.
Secretary—Mrs. J. L. Parker.
Treasurer—Mrs. Adelle M. Shaw.

Of Interest to Methodists.

CHURCH CALENDAR.

Washington St. Methodist Episcopal church, Rev. C. W. Blackett, pastor.

SUNDAY—10:30 a.m., Public Worship.
12 m., Sunday School.
3 p.m., Junior Epworth League.
4 p.m., Yoke Fellows and Victory Bands.
6, Epworth League Devotional Meeting.
7, General Service of Song, Sermon and testimony.
TUESDAY—7:30, Class Meeting.
FRIDAY—7:30, Prayer Meeting.

SOCIETIES AND OFFICERS.

Class Leaders—H. W. Gilman, E. A. Davis, Miss S. E. Wait, Miss S. A. Warner.
President of Trustees—H. W. Gilman.
Sunday School Superintendent—Peter A. Sim.
President of Epworth League—Fred Boxwell.
President Women's Foreign Missionary Auxiliary—Miss Sabina E. Wait.
President Women's Home Missionary Auxiliary—Miss Sarah A. Warner.
President Yoke Fellows Band—William Deane.
President Victory Band—Miss Martha Deane.

"O wondrous power of faithful prayer!
What tongue can tell the almighty grace?
God's hands or closed or open are,
As Moses or Elijah prays."

Last week Miss Marion Warner and Miss Elizabeth Pierce, both members of our Church and Sunday School, began their studies in Boston University as regular students in the A. B. course.

A certain minister called upon a member who had been neglecting the week-night services, and went straight up to the fire-place in the sitting-room, and with the tongs removed a live coal from off the fire and placed it on the hearth, then watched it while it turned from the red glow of heat to a black mass. The member in question carefully observed the proceeding, and then said, "You need not say a single word, sir: I'll be there on Friday Night."—Matt. 10:15; 2 Cor. 12:16.

This is the best time to subscribe for our denominational church paper, *Zion's Herald*. Those who sub-

scribe now will receive the paper one year and four months for the price of one year's subscription. *Zion's Herald* is an up-to-date religious weekly, giving a wide range of religious reading and news, and keeping its readers especially informed of the doings of the Methodist Episcopal Church in New England. Give your name and address to the Pastor and the paper will come to bless your home for sixteen months. You can pay the subscription, \$2.50, to him any time before next April.

Other Churches.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

Universalist—Rev. O. F. Safford, D. D., pastor.
Preaching at 10.30 a.m.
Sunday School at 12 m.

South Congregational Church, Rev. George A. Hall, Pastor.
Morning service, 10.30 A.M.
Sunday school, 12 M.
Christian Endeavor, 6 P.M.
Evening service, 7 P.M.

St. Paul's Episcopal—Rev. A. H. Ross, Rector.
Morning service, 10.30.
Sunday School, 12.00.
Evening service, 7.00.
Week service, Friday evening 7.30.

Advent Christian.—Preaching, 10.30. Evening service, 7.30.

[We will be glad to have anyone write for this paper.]

Town Officials.

SELECTMEN.—Andrew N. Jacobs (Chairman), Richard J. Cullen, Charles S. Goldthwait, William E. Reed, George Reynolds.
ASSESSORS.—Cyrus T. Batchelder (Chairman), Orls Brown, Warren A. Galeucha (Clerk), James B. Curthey, Thomas J. Bellian.

TOWN CLERK AND TREASURER.—Elmer M. Poor.

COLLECTOR OF TAXES.—Lynde Osborn.
OVERSEERS OF THE POOR.—Cyrus T. Batchelder (Chairman), William J. Dally, Warren A. Galeucha.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.—A. E. Wells, (Chairman), 2 years, Henry P. Hutchinson, 2 years, Sarah P. Klutledge, 1 year, George M. Foster, 1 year, George S. Curtis, 3 years, John J. Cahill, 3 years.

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS.—John E. Gifford.

WATER BOARD.—Eldridge G. Kelley, (Chairman), Andrew N. Jacobs (Superintendent), John Boyle.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—H. E. Stockwell (Chairman), 1 year, Thomas J. Bellian, 3 years, John Shanahan (to fill vacancy).

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.—Benjamin G. Hall (Chairman), 2 years, Thomas F. Butler, 3 years, Daniel J. O'Connor, 1 year, Elmer M. Poor, Clerk.

TOWN AUDITOR.—George F. Sanger.
SUPERINTENDENT OF STREETS.—Charles W. Davis.

ENGINEERS OF FIRE DEPARTMENT.—Walter Curtis, Charles H. Hooper, Thomas F. Hutchinson, Thomas F. Murray, George H. pauley Chief.

FOREST FIREWARDS.—Daniel D. Galeucha, Charles T. Southwick.

TREE WARDEN.—Charles W. Davis.
MANAGER OF ELECTRIC LIGHT PLANT.—Henry P. Hutchinson.

PARK COMMISSIONERS.—Nicholas M. Quint (Chairman), 1 year, Horace Busby, 3 years, Patrick H. O'Connor, 2 year.

COMMISSIONERS OF ELECTRIC LIGHT SINKING FUND.—Frank C. Merrill (Chairman), 1 year, George M. Foster, 3 years, Sylvanus I. Newhall, 2 years.

TRUSTEES OF PEALDY INSTITUTE.—Patrick J. Martin, 6 years, Albert F. Poor, 6 years, Warren D. King, 2 years, George E. Spaulding, 2 years, George S. Curtis, 3 years, Horace Busby, 4 years, Charles L. Osborn, 5 years, B. F. Southwick (Treasurer), 1 year, Wm. P. Clark (Chairman), 1 year, W. Fred Munroe, 3 years, Frank W. Stanley, 4 years, William F. Sawyer, 5 years.

TRUSTEES OF CEDAR GROVE CEMETERY.—H. K. Foster, (Chairman), 6 years, B. B. Humphrey, 2 years, William S. Osborn, 6 years, Alonzo Raddin (Treasurer), 4 years, Edward E. Taylor, 2 years, J. Arthur Trask, 4 years.

TRUSTEES OF OAK GROVE CEMETERY.—Wm. E. Sheen (Chairman), 1 year, John W. Hackett, 3 years, Benjamin H. Taylor, 5 years, J. Fred Ingraham, 1 year, J. Oscar Goodale, 3 years, George W. Taylor, 5 years.

CONSTABLES (Civil).—John W. Holley, John J. Sweeney.

CHIEF OF POLICE, KEEPER OF LOCKUP, MILK INSPECTOR.—W. Fred Wiggins.

Justices of the Peace.

A. T. Brown, 72 County
John J. Cahill, 24 Buntion
John J. Connor, Mt. Pleasant
Wm. A. Cowdrey, 78 Franklin
J. H. Fallon, Danvers Bleachery
Frank E. Farnham, 8 Allen's Bk
Geo. C. Farrington, 8 Allen's Bk
Geo. M. Foster, 107 Main
John J. Ganey, Tremont
C. H. Goulding, 74 Central
Benj. G. Hall, 5 Allen's Bk
ohn W. Holley, 5 Allen's Bk
Steven S. Littlefield, 37 Franklin
Wm. A. McCarthy, 28 Northend
Amos Merrill, 38 Main
Frank C. Merrill, 38 Main
John P. Murphy, 61 Fulton
Henry M. Osborn, 99 Central
Lyman P. Osborn, 55 Central
Levi Preston, 21 Lowell

Notaries Public.

—Following are the names of the Notaries Public, with dates of expiration of their commissions:

John J. Cahill, Mar. 17, 1904
Frank E. Farnham, Mar. 29, 1905
Benj. G. Hall, Sept. 2, 1904
Frederic G. Preston, Mar. 29, 1902
Arthur H. Sim, July 19, 1900
Benj. F. Southwick, June 13, 1902

J. F. C.

IS THE

Best 5c. Cigar

IN THE MARKET.

—THE—

George Peabody

CIGAR IS THE BEST TEN-CENT SMOKE.

see that your dealer keeps them. Manufactured by J. F. Carbery, 19 Mason street, Peabody.

New Periodical Store . .

Confectionery, cigars and tobacco, stationery, weekly papers, magazines, daily and Sunday New York papers. Coal orders taken for Winchester Smith.

N. E. MCCARTHY.
12 1-2 Lowell street.

CONNOR & TRACEY,

Wholesale and retail dealers in

Groceries, : Teas, and Flour,

Beef, Mutton, Lamb and Veal Butter, Cheese and Eggs a specialty.

23 FOSTER STREET.



Fall and Winter styles

Black and Russett.

The Latest Designs in

Boots and Shoes, at

We have a full line at popular prices at

Raddin's, 52 Main Street.

Herbert Gardner, HARNESSES

AND

Horse-Furnishing Goods, PEABODY SQUARE.

Coffee.

There is nothing better in the market than the stock we carry. In delicate flavor, strength and purity, our coffee in cans and unground is really unsurpassed by any higher-priced goods. We sell it for 25c. lb.

BURSLEY & CREHORE,

DEALERS IN

Fine Groceries

Staple and Fancy.

Corner Central and Walnut street, Peabody.

Fall and Winter.

Season of '99.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

WE beg to announce that we have opened a store at 48 Main street for the purposes of a

General Tailoring Business,

and hope to be favored with your kind patronage, in return for which we guarantee satisfaction and moderate prices.

We also make a specialty of Ladies' Garments. Cleaning, Dyeing and Repairing done in a neat and prompt manner.

A trial is most respectfully solicited. All kinds of Furs made and repaired. Respectfully yours,

J. Cohen & Co.

46 1-2 Main Street.

Full Line of Fresh Vegetables on Hand. Also,

the best Meats in town.

C. E. Flint's.

J. A. Roome,

Carriage * Manufacturer,

36 Foster Street.

Horse Shoeing and repairing promptly done.

HAMBLET & HAYES,



Ammunition of all kinds, shells, powder, cartridges. Also,

Guns to Let!

At Hamblet & Hayes, 13 and 15 Lowell street.

That Fall Suit

Will fit well, wear well, look well if made at 27 1-2 Main street.

We give you the best workmanship, the best goods, the best cut at

DISTIN'S.

Blackburn and Patterson,

LIVERY, HACK, and BOARDING STABLE,

Corner Summer and Foster streets, Peabody, Mass

Special attention paid to boarders.

GEO. E. MEACOM CO.,

Apothecaries,

No. 126 Main Street,

PEABODY.

J. M. WARD & Co.,

* FLORISTS *

Designs Artistically Executed.

Cut Flowers and Plants.

Green-houses, Warren and Endicott streets.

TELEPHONE 547-2.

If that chair or Lounge needs repairs

Send me a postal card and I will call. I do all kinds of

Upholstering

work. A large assortment of Coverings at lowest prices.

J. T. CASSINO,

Central Street, near Hay Scales.

Who is it that's selling Aprons so neat?

Who is it that's selling Perfumes so sweet?

Who is it that's selling Skirts so cheap?

Who is it that's selling Corsets to fit?

Who is it that's selling Vests that are knit?

Who is it that's selling a black stocking?

At prices simply shocking—Why—

A. L. CASSINO, 42 Main St., Peabody

Made in the store, 19c, 25c, 37c, 50c

10c, 25c,

37c, 50c, made in the store,

75 and \$1.00

GOING AWAY.

Oh, Josephine Gray, are you going away?
Then I know why the flowers are fading;
Why the leaves of the trees die so, and the
suns
Of dry grasses are ever unbriding;
Why the sail mends one of the air is a moan
Like the groan of a lone child sobbing;
Why the song of the bird of gay spring is
unheard,
And my temples with trouble are throbbing.

In the bloom of the year you came to me,
With the glory of summer about you;
But in gloom the parade of all nature must
fade,
For it cannot have pleasure without
you!
Ah! the chill at my heart, and its storm, is
a part
Of the winter that comes at your leaving.
And the moan of the air is my echoed de-
spair,
And the plaint of the grass is my griev-
ing!

Sweet Josephine Gray, little maid, won't
you stay?
For I do on your prattle and laughter,
And in it I hark to the song of the lark
Of a light heart that flutters long after,
Come, stay! And whatever the weather
I'll never
See aught but the sunshine you make us
With the smile of your sweet little face and
the wile
Of a joy that shall never forsake us!

"OLD GEORGE."

By W. R. Rose.

(This story won the second prize in Life's
short story competition.)

LEVER, kindly Old George is a tramp, and nobody envies him his big run of luck. And yet it does seem funny that of all men—that is, all men—Old George should take the stakes. It's the rusty old saw over again, about the race not being to the swift—and yet that's not just pat, either, because Old George is the swiftest of the swift. Not in his head, you see—just in his legs. For George's legs were the glory of the 'Varsity. Even Prexy himself alluded to them as laurel-twined props. Yes, Old George could run like—well, there was nothing in the other 'Varsities that could run like him, and that's description enough. He wasn't strong in books. These big runners never are. But you can rest assured that he had all the coaching he could stand, and we just shouldered, and boosted, and carried him through everything. Nobody ever knew such a dear old fellow—not a muf, you know, but so willing, and pleased, and grateful for everything that was done for him. Yes, and always watching out to do some good turn for the fellows. He had money too, but it didn't hurt him.

Well, Bertie Middaugh took a house party down to his home at Tautum after commencement, just a half-dozen of us, and he coaxed Old George to go along. Bertie had his sister down for commencement—a stunning girl, half a million in her own right—and we were all spoons on her except George. He never cared for girls. So we went down, and it was a grand old place. And Bella, that was Bertie's sister, had invited up some of her classmates from Smith, and we made up a right merry party. All except Old George. He didn't seem to quite enter into the spirit of the thing. He was the best fellow you ever saw at helping other people to feel comfortable, but no earthly good at letting them entertain him.

Well, the third morning we were there Old George came strolling into the breakfast room with a wonderful glow on his face. Somebody asked him where he got it, and George claimed it came out of a pink saucer, but I noticed just then that Bertie was winking hard at me. As soon as George strolled out of the way Bertie whispers, "I'll bet you a tenner that Old George has been sprinting on father's quarter-mile track back of the big barn." I laughed and told the girls, and Bella at once proposed that we got up early the next morning and slip over to the track, and catch Old George at his beloved pastime. So it was quickly arranged.

We were all up just at sunrise and on our way to the quarter-mile. As we cautiously approached the barn we saw some of George's clothes lying in the big doorway, and a moment later, as we turned the corner, there was Old George himself, in full racing costume, with a blanket over his shoulders, just stepping onto the track. He was a good deal out of breath when he burst into view, but Old George is too much of a gentleman to show any chagrin. We all begged him to run for us, but he stoutly demurred until Bella made a personal matter of it. At which he gravely bowed and tossed the blanket to one side. I took out my watch, and then—and then a dreadful thing happened!

Jim Blakeslee had been smoking a cigarette, and he must have flung it down, half-smoked, on the grass near where Bella was standing. She had on some kind of fluffy, white summer dress, with—well, with blue ribbon, I think. Anyway, she looked positively stunning, as she always did. She stood there in her loveliness, watching Old George with eager eyes, and the first thing we knew one of the girls screamed and we looked around, and there was Bella all aflame! Then she screamed, too, and started down the lane like a mad thing, the flames leaping over her head, and we standing there like wooden fools. Old George heard the scream, too, and whirled around. He snatched up the blanket, and in twenty great strides had caught the poor girl. He flung the blanket about her, he thrust her down on the turf, he rolled her over,

he beat at the fire in her hair with his naked hands.

It was all over in less time than it takes me to tell it, and then Old George leaped at Bertie.

"For God's sake," he stammered, "where's the doctor?"
"Half a mile down the road," gasped Bertie; "white house, green blinds."
Before he got the last word fairly out George was off down the lane, running at his top speed.

I saw his great race with Ambrose, the Cambridge crack, but he never ran as he did for that country doctor. The old medic told us afterwards that when George burst into the yard that morning he thought he had to deal with a circus lunatic. But George gasped out his errand in a half-dozen words, and the doctor ran for his horse and chaise, which fortunately were standing at the side porch.

As he turned to speak to George he caught sight of his hands.

"Heavens, man!" he cried; "look at your fingers!"
"Hurry!" yelled George. But the doctor reached under the seat of the chaise and drew out a bottle.

"That's the stuff for burns," he cried as he tossed it to George; "rub it on your hands."

The next moment George was out in the road, bottle in hand, running at top speed again, the doctor lashing the old mare after him.
It didn't seem as if Old George had been gone any time at all when we saw him flying back. He whirled into the lane, running like a greyhound. As he came up he motioned backward, and we saw the doctor's mare coming over the hilltop. There was something shining in George's hand.

"For burns!" he gasped, and pitched headlong on his face.

Well, when the doctor got there he had two patients, for Old George had completely collapsed, and when his horribly blistered hands were tied up, we had to half carry him to the house. But next morning, when he learned that Bella's burns were not serious, that her face was untouched, and that she would be out in a few days—"thanks to the circus lunatic," continued the doctor—Old George, barring his bandaged hands, was all right again.

Well, the doctor kept Bella pretty quiet all the morning, but in the afternoon he let us go into the room and see her for a moment. So we went in very quietly, and said a word or two, and Bella smiled and softly thanked us for our good wishes, and we came out again. All except Old George, who wouldn't go in with us, despite our urgings. No. He shook his head and hung back, and looked at his bandaged hands, and said it would be a shame to take the smell of liniment into a sick room. Well, I told him how Bella received us, propped up against big pillows, with her beautiful hair spread out around her, and I added that she never looked more lovely. I noticed that Old George's eyes glistened, and that he suddenly breathed hard, but I had no idea what it meant.

Well, when we came out of Bella's room Bertie had lingered behind. Both the auntie and the nurse were busy elsewhere for the moment, and Bella called to him. He asked if she wanted anything—he told us this afterwards—and she answered, "Yes, dear." Bertie says it took him by surprise. She hadn't called him "dear" for years. "Is it a drink?" he asked. She shook her head. Did she want to see the flowers? No, she didn't want to see the flowers. What then? "You know what I want, Bertie," she whispered. "I want to see him—alone."

Bertie wasn't the brightest youth in the 'Varsity, but he grasped what she meant at once. He just turned, and came out, and called Old George. "My boy," he said, "sister wants to see you." George trembled and began to balk. "Say," he murmured, "I can't go in there with these evil-smelling boxing gloves," and he held up his damaged fists. Then Bertie stopped him. "It's that the way to treat a lady's request?" he asked, half-savagely. So Old George let his head drop at that and went back with Bertie. "Is this it?" inquired that factious youth, but he told us that he was sure Bella didn't hear him. "For, by Jove," he vehemently added, "I'll be banged if she didn't suddenly lean forward and kiss his bandaged hands and burst out a-crying!"

Half an hour later Old George came out, his head up and his face shining. He walked straight up to Bertie and led him aside, and held him in close conversation. Pretty soon George strolled out in the road and Bertie came back to us. He was silent for a moment or two, and then he abruptly said:

"They're going to be married!"

We gasped. We knew well enough who "they" were, and we couldn't say a word.

It was Bertie who broke the silence. "Girls are such conundrums," said this cynic of twenty-three; "I gave them up long ago."

Then Charlie Denham spoke. "Queerest thing," he said; "nobody knew he loved her."

"Sister knew," said Bertie.

And that's why I began by saying that nobody who knows him envies George his windfall of luck—and yet it does seem queer that the windfall should tumble to Old George.—Life.

A Funny Lawn Mower.

A gentleman living in a suburban town brought a lawn mower home one evening, and the next morning was out early testing it. His little four-year-old daughter hearing the noise ran to the window to investigate, and after gazing at it in astonishment for a moment, exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, papa's tittin' ze grass wif your target sweeper."—Cincinnati Enquirer

AGRICULTURAL.

The Improvement in Bees.

A few years ago there was a notion that good bees could not be made before they were at least four years old. What a difference now, and all because of the introduction of better blood, breeding and management, combined with scientific feeding. All these have reduced the age of marketing to about half.

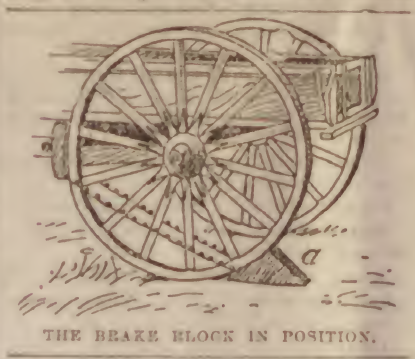
Managing the Incubator.

We have an incubator that will hold 150 eggs. It is heated by water. The tank that holds the water will hold forty-five gallons. We heat the water, put it into the tank and let it get warm enough to run the thermometer up to 110 degrees. Then we put the eggs in the trays. In six hours we look at them. The temperature by that time nearly always has run down to 103, where we desire to keep it as nearly as possible. After the eggs have been in ten days we test them, taking out all that are not fertile, as such eggs have a tendency to lower the heat. We think the chickens that are hatched in an incubator are just as healthy as any if they are kept out of the cold and rain. We put the little chicks with hens and they are less care. We have the Plymouth Rocks, and think they are as good a breed as the farmer can get. They are large and easily fattened and with proper care in winter are good layers.

We believe that there is as much profit in ducks as from any other line of poultry breeding, providing one has the right breed. The Pekin is the best table fowl of the duck family, having large, full, deep breast. The nice yellow skin of the Pekin makes it easy to dress; its pure white plumage makes it the most beautiful of birds. The standard weight of the adult duck is eight pounds, but it can very easily be made to weigh more. We have had them weigh eleven pounds. The duck can be raised successfully without water to swim in, but it must have plenty of drinking water. We would not advise more than four ducks to one drake. Ducks commence laying in February, and with good care will not miss many mornings in laying until July. Ducks are not susceptible to disease and ice, and after they are three or four weeks old will not need half the attention that is required to raise young chicks. —Mrs. R. O. Small, in the Epitome.

A Useful Brake Block.

A very convenient brake block is used by the teamsters in the mountainous regions of the Northwest. A three-cornered block, a, of wood is fastened by chains or wires to the brake beam of a wagon so that it will drag on the ground about two inches



THE BRAKE BLOCK IN POSITION.

behind one of the rear wheels of the wagon. The driver stops to rest his team, and instead of applying the brake the team is allowed to slacken its traces so the weight of the load will rest on the self-acting check block. When the team starts again the team merely has to start the load instead of having to pull against the brake until it can be loosened.

Points on Making Cheese.

The first thing which I observe in the manufacture of cheese is cleanliness, not only in the factory, but among the different cows and their keepers as well. All the animal heat should pass from the morning's milk before it is mixed with the evening milk, and then it is transported without being jarred or jostled very much. In the factory I receive no milk from cans which are not cleaned and steamed daily. It must be sweet and pure.

Add enough coloring to give a rich, creamy tint, and then heat the milk slowly to eighty-five degrees and add diluted rennet. I dilute it to prevent curd before the rennet is thoroughly mixed. It takes about five minutes to mix. I require from twenty-five to thirty minutes for a good curd. If I ever have a floating curd I draw off the greater part of the whey and add some moderately warm water. This is to weaken the lactic acid and reduce the acid to the proper amount. Then heat as before, not heating above ninety-five degrees in cooking. In cooking, the maker has the curd under his control, if he has not added too much rennet. Rennet does not aid in ripening cheese, and I use as little as I can. It simply changes the milk to a gelatinous mass. When the whey is drawn off, the curd should be soft and retain moisture. It must then cool slowly to eighty-five degrees, when salt is added, but not too much. The salting should be in proportion to the amount of rennet.

The curd is then in condition to be cured. It should be entirely free from all taints and odors. Allow it to remain in the press from four to six hours, then remove, dress and place in press again until next morning. The curing room should always be darkened and the same moderate temperature maintained with good ventilation, not allowing gases and foreign substances to enter the room. The cheese should be greased well and turned at six in the morning and again

at six in the evening of each day. Ten to twelve days are required for my cheese to cure.—W. L. McCain, in New England Homestead.

Dash Changed to Crank Churns.

There are a large number of butter makers who will use only the old fashioned dash churn, believing that it gives the best results, quality and quantity of butter considered. The

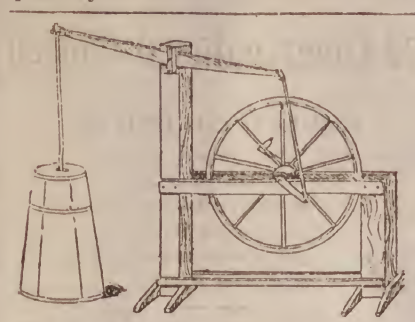


FIG. 1.—A CONVERTED DASH CHURN.

great fault of the dash churn is the labor of operating it, so much of the exerted force of the operator being lost on account of no machinery to utilize it as in the crank churn. In Figs. 1 and 2, dash churns are converted into crank churns. In the device shown in Fig. 1 an old buggy wheel can be used for the fly-wheel. All the iron work, such as the crank shaft, bearings, pitman, etc., can be made by any blacksmith at a small expense. The framework any farmer will be able to make himself. The

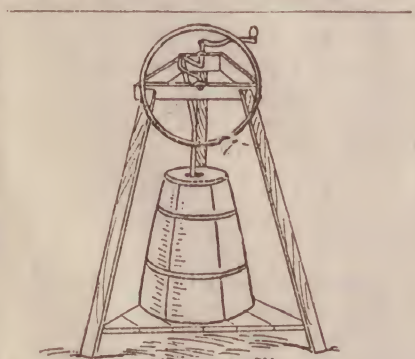


FIG. 2.—UTILIZING AN OLD FLY-WHEEL IN CONVERTING A DASH CHURN.

two posts used in the first device need not be very large or heavy, but just wide enough to permit the wheel to turn inside of the two supports on which the bearings rest. In the second figure an iron fly-wheel such as is found on an old cider press is used. It is adapted to a small churn.

"Exhausted" Soils.

According to the modern idea, an exhausted soil is one which will not produce a paying crop. The term "exhausted" is in reality only a relative one, because any soil which can be at all utilized for farming purposes must evidently possess some of the elements which go to make up plant growth. An analysis made of many lands now producing only scrubby growth would reveal the presence of sufficient plant nourishment to grow bountiful crops for hundreds of years to come.

The question then naturally suggests itself: Why is it that a soil containing plenty of plant food may yet fail to produce an average yield? The answer to this question is a comparatively simple one. The soils were formed long ages ago, and during all of the intervening time the plant-food locked up beneath the surface has been combining and recombining until it has come to be an almost insoluble condition. The average plant lacks the power to unlock this plant-food while in such a state, and is, therefore, in much the same position as a man in the middle of the ocean without any suitable drinking water. He dies of thirst while surrounded by the very substance he is seeking, because of his inability to convert it to his own use.

The agencies which assist in making plant-food more available are water, sunlight, and thorough cultivation of the soil. Through these a portion at least of the plant-food can be made available and the productive capacity of the land greatly increased. Vegetable matter, or humus, as it is called, is another factor which plays an important part in making inert plant food available to growing crops. If a soil is destitute of humus, it is much more difficult for plants to get their food from it. On the other hand, if a soil contains plenty of humus, the decomposition of this vegetable matter helps to dissolve the more insoluble substances, thus converting them into available plant-food.

Every farmer should see that his land is well supplied with humus or vegetable matter, which can be done most cheaply by growing cow-peas or clover and turning them under. Too much of this, however, would sour the land. Therefore, as an offset, a dose of slaked lime, say about forty bushels per acre, should be applied once in about every five years. The lime will not only hasten the decomposition of the organic matter, but will also unlock some of the latent plant food in the soil, notably potash. By a thorough system of cultivation the physical condition of the soil can be greatly improved, enabling the air to have freer access, thus facilitating oxidation, and causing the soil-water to percolate more freely. This will dissolve the plant food and move it about in the soil so as to be readily available to the roots.

It must be remembered, however, that the soil is like a bank. If continually drawn upon without replenishing, it will soon become bankrupt; hence the wise farmer will see that he at least maintains an equilibrium by depositing annually what is drawn out. This guards against the gradual removal of plant-food, and it is well to remark here that after a soil has once become run down, it is a very difficult matter to build it up again. A far more economical plan, therefore, would be to gradually increase the productive capacity of the land.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

The results of a series of experiments made by German dairy experts show that milk that has been heated for fifteen minutes at seventy-five degrees centigrade scarcely loses any of its capacity of being converted into cheese. An addition of calcium chloride shortens the time required by the rennet to coagulate the milk, the action of the salt being in proportion to the amount added.

So far as known, the fly serves no useful purpose, and it does a great deal of mischief. One of the most serious evils resulting from their existence is the transportation of disease germs from place to place, and depositing them on human food. A fly alights on infected substances and then departs, carrying scores of bacilli on its feet. An ordinary house fly will lay 120 eggs during its existence, and ninety per cent. of them will be hatched out. During the ordinary summer twelve or thirteen generations of flies will be produced.

It has often been suggested that the brilliance of the sun's disk is due to incandescent particles of carbon, and within a few years past the presence of carbon in the sun has been demonstrated by the spectroscopic. Lately Professor Hale, the director of the Yerkes Observatory, has shown that there is a thin layer of carbon in the lower part of the sun's atmosphere. It surrounds the solar globe like a luminous shell, and under normal conditions is probably not more than five hundred miles above the sun's surface. But when an eruption takes place from beneath the carbon layer, like all the other constituents of the solar atmosphere, is broken up and locally dispersed by the tremendous agitation.

The latest device in the way of life-saving apparatus appears to be due to the ingenuity of E. S. Norris, a London inventor, its applications to rendering boats unsinkable having been successfully proved by trials made at St. Katherine's Docks, London. If the invention is to be applied to a life-boat already fitted with watertight compartments, those spaces are filled with an indefinite number of closed tubes, each one a few inches long and made of some strong impervious material like waterproof paper, but a boat with such compartments is not necessary, as the little cases can be held in a canvas band nailed along the sides of any ordinary rowboat, and render it quite unsinkable. The principle can also be applied to life-belts and buoys—replacing the cork ordinarily used—and with much less cost.

The well-known symptoms induced in the human system by subjection to unusually high atmospheric pressures, such as those commonly used in caissons for bridge piers, are attributed to three general causes: poisoning by carbon dioxide, congestion of the viscera, and excessive solution by the blood of the atmospheric gases, which are again liberated when the subject returns to the region of normal atmospheric pressure. While the first two causes certainly do contribute their respective effects, the third is the most important factor concerned. In much of the caisson work of the present day a pressure of thirty-five pounds per square inch is used, and the most reliable medical opinion now held is that the gases absorbed by the blood under such conditions are so quickly set free when normal pressure is again restored, that they cannot be immediately got rid of, but act as emboli in the blood vessels, especially of the brain and spinal cord.

"Them's Them; So They Was."

Almost under the shades of the classic elms which guard the sacred haunts of the Emersonian philosopher lives a peculiar genius whose utterances, if collected and polished, might provoke a revival of Mrs. Partington. He is an ardent church-goer and often tells his pastor that during the sermon "it was so quiet you could drop a pin." He remarked recently in meeting that there was a certain monotony "in the daily rotunda of our lives."

His pastor, to whom he is devoted, has been away on a vacation, and on his return Winnie called to inform him of the notable occurrences during the minister's absence.

Our friend had a terrible fight to relate between two roosters. On being asked what part he took in the affair he replied:

"Oh, I separated one and threw the other over the fence."

The really sad event was the sudden death of Mrs. Baker's baby.

"Why, Winnie, what occasioned his death?" asked the minister.

"I think it was the phantoms, sir."

"Phantoms?" bewildered.

"Yes, what children has in summer, you know."

"Oh, you mean cholera infantum?"

"Yes, them's the same."—Detroit Free Press.

The Eleventh Cavalry a Fact.

The Eleventh Cavalry is now a fact and no longer a subject of fiction. Many a writer of novels, knowing that there were ten regiments of cavalry in the United States, has used the term "Eleventh Cavalry" when describing some command, in order to make his story appear more realistic, and at the same time not get caught in describing troops actually in existence. More than that it has been the custom of army officers, when referring to the many "colonels," "majors," "captains" and other officers whose titles are generally self-made and self-adapted, to say that they are officers of the "Eleventh Cavalry." An officer and a troop of the "Eleventh Cavalry" have always been regarded as myths and the titles to such have been placed in custom.—Washington Star.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

To Have Cucumbers All Winter.

Cucumber lovers are legion, and an uncommon way of preserving the fresh vegetable may be welcome to many: Select medium-sized cucumbers, peel and cut them lengthwise in quarters, remove the seeds and stand them in a covered dish thickly strewn with salt for two days. Dry them thoroughly, and pack them in a stone jar, with alternate layers of pepper corns, shallots, shredded horseradish, fennel, thyme, crushed bayleaves and a few blades of mace, and rub the sides of the jar slightly with a garlic root. Finish the filling with a layer of these mixed ingredients, cover completely with boiling strong vinegar and pour this off after two days. Boil it up again and put it back in the jar; repeat the same operation a second time after the same interval, then tie down with a moistened bladder, and store in the cellar.

Excellent Pickle Recipes.

The Pennsylvania Germans excel in certain kinds of cooking, especially in making catsups, pickles, sauces, etc., says David J. Novin, in the Philadelphia Press. The following are some of the recipes which have stood the test of years and cannot be improved on for inexpensive catsups, sauces and pickles:

CATSUP.—Two quarts of vinegar, one gallon tomatoes (cut fine), six tablespoonfuls of salt, three table-spoonfuls of black pepper, eight table-spoonfuls of yellow mustard, one table-spoonful of allspice, one table-spoonful of cinnamon, one table-spoonful of mace, one table-spoonful of cloves and one teaspoon of granulated sugar. Place all in kettle at once and boil three hours; then strain through a sieve, which will remove the skins and seeds.

TOMATO MERANGO.—Two quarts of tomatoes, one and one-half pints of onions, one pint of peppers, one cup of mustard seed, one cup of salt. Chop all fine, cover with cold vinegar. The longer it is kept the better it is.

TOMATO CATSUP.—One gallon of tomatoes, one pound of sugar, one quart vinegar, one teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, one teaspoonful of black pepper, four teaspoonfuls of ground cloves, four teaspoonfuls of salt, four teaspoonfuls of ground mustard. Boil down one-quarter. Add four teaspoonfuls of ground cinnamon. Bottle and seal. This is excellent.

TOMATO CROWDER.—Take twenty-four large tomatoes, one dozen green mango peppers and eight medium sized onions; chop all fine. Then add three cupfuls of vinegar, one table-spoonful of salt, three large table-spoonfuls of sugar, one table-spoonful of cloves, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon and one table-spoonful of allspice. Tie the ground spices in a small muslin bag. Boil the whole mixture two hours. Before sealing, if desired, add a little grated horseradish. It can be kept either with or without sealing, but is best if kept sealed.

COLD TOMATO CATSUP.—Take one-half peck of ripe tomatoes, three heads of celery, two horseradish roots, one cup of chopped onions, one cup of mustard seed, one cup of nasturtiums, one cup of sugar, one table-spoonful each of mace, pepper and cinnamon, two nutmegs, one quart of vinegar.

TOMATO BUTTER.—Seven pounds of tart apples, four pounds of sugar, cloves, cinnamon and allspice to suit taste. Boil tomatoes and apples together until they need stirring, then add sugar and spices. Boil four hours.

Hints For the Housewife.

Salt in the oven under baking tins will prevent their scorching on the bottom.

Use vinegar to moisten blacklead, the effect will be much better than if water were used.

Sugar in the water with which real is basted gives an added flavor. It may be used with all meats.

Headache almost always yields to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and back of the neck.

New potatoes may be more easily scraped if they are previously soaked for a short time in water containing a handful of salt.

Chervil, which is used like parsley for garnishing or flavoring, can be raised in a window box in the kitchen, for it is a hardy little plant.

All bouquets of grasses, leaves, etc., designed for winter decoration should be renewed every year. Otherwise they are anything but ornamental.

One of the best mouse preventives is the foliage of the walnut tree. Even after the foliage has been dried it is said to be effectual in scaring away mice.

A vegetable dish with compartments is the latest attempt to simplify table-service. It is of china, and holds several vegetables that may be offered at once.

Skirts and aprons that are starched so stiffly as to rustle should never be worn by one who ministers in a sick-room. This is one of the trifles which occasion real annoyance to an invalid, and often prevent sleep.

Allow a rich fruit cake to stand in a cold place—the refrigerator is best—for three days after mixing, and before baking. One who has made a great many wedding cakes steams them before she bakes them.

Thin and valuable glass can be hardened after this fashion: Tie it around with hay, place over a fire in cold water and allow the water to come to a boil. Then let the glass-ware remain in the water until it becomes cold again.

To clean a chamois skin, wash it in a strong suds and rinse in lukewarm water to which a little ammonia has been added. Then shake it thoroughly and hang it up to dry. During the drying process change its position upon the line, so that all four corners may be dry at the same time.

THREE WARNINGS.

Dr. Townly's lips twitched, but he controlled himself. It was a very serious case. And he knew that men and women had died of fright.

Everybody in Torbett township knew just what was the matter.

Miss Saline Jones, a very estimable lady in middle age, had lain down on her bed knowing that she would soon die. She had received three mysterious warnings. Wherever the case was discussed—and it was talked of now throughout the township and the greater portion of the county—nobody could be found who had ever heard of an instance where a person forewarned had ever received more than three warnings. One was the rule. Cases where two warnings were given the doomed were cited, but they were not so well authenticated.

Miss Jones had lain in bed now three days. Everybody could see her failing. She had a hunted look; her face was pale, sometimes clammy with perspiration. She had not slept now in three nights. Dr. Townly's first resolve was that she should sleep that night—but he kept his own counsel.

He really feared the poor lady would die of fright.

After examining her carefully with a puzzled expression he entered the little parlor, which was darkened to keep the flies and the light out, and conversed with Miss Jones' niece, a bright and fairly well-educated girl. The niece had been sent for in haste. She had no patience with the story of the "warnings," but she admitted that she had not had much time to investigate the matter.

She had the forethought, however, to call in the neighbor who had telegraphed her that her presence was required in Torbett.

The neighbor was a member of the leading church in Torbett, who announced herself as the mother of a large family, therefore very conscientious. Miss Jones had not said anything to her until she had slept over the first warning.

"She told me it looked like an angel with wings. She could see the angel's head better than the wings. But the wings were there."

The doctor knew the story, but he asked Mrs. Bennett gruffly: "Where?"

"They were on a melon—a water-melon. It was a melon grown in a patch just back of the henhouse—on the little bench of land very near the ravine."

"Well?" growled the doctor. "I did see the second warning myself."

"What was it like?" "It was on a melon, too. It looked just like Miss Jones told me. It was just like the branches of a weeping willow."

"Did anybody else see it?"

"My son John saw it, and a half-dozen of the neighbors saw it."

"How big was the tree—the branches, I mean?"

"They covered the breadth of your hand, I am sure."

"Did Miss Jones say she regarded it as a sign she was going to die? Suppose the melon hadn't been pulled—or somebody else had picked it up?"

"That's just it. She didn't get the melon—her little nephew, Tommy, he's about 6 years old—he brought the melon in to her. There was an old patch back there once—she never goes into it. Tommy, he was chasing the hens—and ran there and found the melon."

"Then she went to bed, did she?"

"No. She wondered what it meant—asked me what I thought. And I haven't said what I thought. It was the first sign I ever saw. And I hope I may never see another."

"Did she show any signs of fright—did she lose her appetite or cry? Was she nervous? Or did she talk much?"

"Neither of the three. She just sat down and rocked herself. If anybody spoke she just looked at us as much as to say: 'You don't know anything about it. It can't be helped.' Wouldn't be coaxed to eat. We couldn't get her to swallow a cup of tea."

"Well—and then?"

"She got the third warning."

"What was it?"

"It was on another melon. It's not as plain as the others. But hundreds have seen it. It was an overripe melon. Kind of faded away now. She said when Tommy brought it in that she did not need such a plain warning, said she ought to be thankful she got three. And then she laid out her shroud and got into bed. Of course dozens of us were in and out."

"Yes," thought the doctor, "and hundreds more, bigger fools, were telling the story and adding to it."

"What was on the last melon?"

"Just an urn—the same as you see any place."

"Humph!"

"She came over to my house that afternoon. I'd just got the parlor closed and was going to lie down when she walked in without rapping. A thing she never did in her life. 'I am going to die soon,' she said, then she sat down. 'I want you to see that everything is right. You know the most about my things.' I expected then she had another warning, but I waited to see what she would say—sure enough she had. So I went over with her. Then she showed me the melon. I declare, doctor, I almost fainted then. I had to sit down. And I had to help her into bed and send for the neighbors. That's all I can tell you."

The worst of it was it was all true. Deacon Pritchard had called repeatedly and prayed for her; old friends flocked to the house and filled it from the porch to the sickroom—or, rather, the dying-room, as it was now called.

The leading druggist pooh-poohed

the story. He had a theory. He imagined he could see somebody experimenting with chemicals. But if the experimenter was wise he'd "sing low." But he ought to write a letter confessing how the trick was done—it was nothing but a chemical trick of some sort.

Meanwhile Miss Saline Jones was surely but certainly failing. She could not live a week, in the doctor's opinion, if she fell away at the rate he had reckoned. However, he would adhere to his original plan. He would give her enough to insure sleep for four or five hours. Meanwhile he would "overhaul his log." He had served before the mast when in his teens. The sailor lingo still found utterance when he was puzzled.

His thoughts turned toward the melon patch. As far as he could learn nobody had visited the melon patch, a circumstance that did not surprise a man who argued that not one man or woman in ten could see two inches beyond their noses.

On his way out to his buggy he asked for Tommy. Tommy had been taken in by a friendly neighbor. The doctor sat upright in his buggy when Tommy made his appearance.

He was very much alarmed when the doctor asked him to take a little ride with him—as far as the end of the lane.

"Can you show me near where you got the melons for your aunt, Tommy?" the doctor asked in a kindly voice. Tommy thought he could.

"I'll drive around the old back lot," said the doctor.

A heavy growth of locust screened the old back lot from Miss Jones' view.



SHE GOT THE THIRD WARNING.

The doctor lifted Tommy out of his buggy and entered the old melon patch. He remained in it ten minutes or more.

Had anybody passed that way he would have heard a gurgle like that made by water dropping into a brook. It was the doctor. His broad chest rose and fell, his head shook convulsively, his eyes were cast upward very much to Tommy's alarm. Then he wiped his eyes (Tommy said afterward, "The doctor cried"), and, placing Tommy carefully outside the dilapidated fence, drove rapidly away.

He returned later in the day, and, summoning the neighbors who had seen the last warnings, closed himself with them in a room. There he displayed to their wondering eyes facsimiles of the picture they saw on the melons. The pictures the doctor exhibited were made on putty, curved to resemble the surface of a good-sized watermelon.

"Now," said the doctor in his briskest tone, "I want you all to come to the 'dying-room' with me."

The wish of skirts that Miss Jones said she was sure was the wings of the angels who would carry her to heaven proved to be the retinue that attended the doctor, fully resolved to carry out his somewhat vague instructions.

The pale face of the splinter flushed slightly as the room filled with her friends.

"Miss Jones," began the doctor in a hearty voice, "I've brought those ladies here for a purpose I am sure they will like. I am going to order them to make as much chicken soup, waffles, gravy and mashed potatoes as they can prepare in an hour's time. They are your guests—my guests also. I'll help foot the bill if it's permitted—in short, nothing would give me more pleasure. When they have everything prepared, I want you to get up and set them a good example by eating just as much as you can. You need it. It won't hurt you a bit. I'd advise you to give your shroud to the poor board—you won't have any more use for it than I have for a fifth wheel to my buggy."

Miss Jones wheeled her head—she was not sure she was not dreaming. But there were nearly a score of familiar faces. She sat up and gazed at the doctor. The doctor laid down a parcel where she could see it. Opening it, he lifted out three flat pieces of stone, saying:

"I have brought you these stones to show you where your three warnings came from. I found them in the old melon patch where they have been lying ever since Jabez Strong smashed his wagon and broke the headstone designed for his third wife into smithereens. He tossed them over the fence. There are enough left, I should judge, to make a dozen more warnings. Provided the melon lying on them is big enough to gather weight—"

The doctor never finished his remarks.

Of all the women present no two can be found who will agree as to the precise words Miss Jones used. She lifted one stone, smiled, sat up, demanded her clothes immediately, got up, selected two of her visitors to assist her, drove the others out of the room amid peals of laughter, and speedily repaired to her kitchen.

All the women agree upon one thing

—that she got up one of the best dinners they ever ate, and one and all aver that she violated all rules by the way she ate when she had served her visitors.

WISER THAN THE PROFESSOR.

Old Colored Woman Who Knows Something About Fossils.

A scientific gentleman of Washington, who is greatly interested in fossil remains, recently received a very fine specimen, purporting to be of the Devonian or some other old period. He was delighted, and he called in all his friends to decide on what manner of thing the animal was during its lifetime. They were not able to decide, and they were on the point of appealing to some of the government geologists. The great trouble was that the specimen had no head, and the absence of that member combined to make a mystery of the missing link variety. Meanwhile the skeleton was kept carefully guarded in a cabinet especially made for it. One day, after a short absence from the city, the scientist opened the cabinet and found that the fossil had been provided with a head. He was delighted. When he made inquiries his son told him that the friend who had sent him the trunk had found the head and forwarded it to him while he was away. The professor called in his friends, and they decided that the head fitted perfectly, and that it belonged to the fossil. When thus equipped it looked for all the world like one of the dogs one would imagine the cave men to have kept as their pets. The professor felt that he ought to write a treatise on the canines of the paleozoic ages. An old colored woman who takes care of the office came in one day and saw the fossil, with its recent addition. She went up to it and deliberately knocked the head off with her duster. "Foh de Lawd's sake, puffsah!" she exclaimed, "what yo' doin' wid a ol' chicken carcass on yo' skellington?" On minute investigation the professor found that the old woman was correct; but he does not speak to his son now.—Washington Post.

CITY MAKES THE PROFIT.

How Ownership of Street Railways Operates in Glasgow.

From the beginning Glasgow owned its own street railway lines. It was too careful of its streets to allow any company to control them. Though the conditions under which a company leased the lines for 21 years were highly favorable to the city, at the expiration of the lease it was decided not to renew it. An offer was made to take over the company's rolling stock, stables, etc., on an arbitrator's valuation, on condition that the company should not put on a rival line of buses. As this was declined the council started car shops and equipped the line with new material entirely. On the day of the transfer the competing omnibuses appeared, but the citizens had long experienced the advantages of loyal support of their own government. All the blandishments of the omnibus conductors were unavailing; the omnibuses ran empty, while the street cars were crowded, and soon the chagrined rivals withdrew from the uneven contest. Scotch shrewdness has been justified of her children. For short distances a system of 1-cent fares has been introduced; the cars have been made more elegant and comfortable; electric traction is being installed. In one year the number of passengers was doubled; and after paying interest on the capital and providing an adequate reserve fund, a surplus of \$300,000 is left to pay for open spaces, baths and wash houses, river ferries, art exhibitions, music and improved sanitation.—Harper's Magazine.

The Australian Bunyip.

Legends of a weird creature called the bunyip, said to have once inhabited the Australian lakes and rivers, still survive at the Antipodes. Whether it was an aboriginal myth or a vanished reality continues to be a debatable point. Some are inclined to think that it was the former, as not a bone or vestige of the bunyip is to be found in any museum or scientific collection. If, however, we are to believe Buckley, the most renowned and remarkable of the wild white men of Australia, the bunyip had a real existence. He alleges that he actually saw one in Lake Modewarra, a few miles to the south of Geelong. "The waters of the lake are perfectly fresh, abounding in large eels, which we caught in great abundance. In this lake, as well as in most of the others inland, and in the deep water rivers, is a very extraordinary amphibious animal, which the natives call the bunyip, of which I could never see any part except the back, which appeared to be covered with feathers of a dusky gray color. It seemed to be about the color of a full-grown calf and sometimes larger. The creature only appears when the weather is very calm and the water smooth. I could never learn from any of the natives that they had seen either the head or the tail, so that I could not form a correct idea of its size, as it was like."

A Bad Break.

Philadelphia Bulletin: Riva—Did you say, "This is so sudden!" when Jack finally proposed? Nita—No; I intended to, you know, but I was so flustered that I forgot and cried "At last!" instead.

Hot Scotch Wins.

"It's a cold when I get left," said the proud pink lemonade. "I never get left on a cold day," replied the haughty hot Scotch.

WAGNER SOON TO COME

MUSICAL CONDUCTOR TO VISIT UNITED STATES.

Will Give Concerts in the Principal Cities—Son of Renowned German Composer—His Musical Training at Bayreuth.

Siegfried Wagner expects to visit the United States this winter for the purpose of conducting concerts in the principal cities of the north and east. He is the son of the renowned German composer, Richard Wagner, and the grandson of the no less noted German musician, Franz Liszt. Young Wagner first gave his attention to music some thirteen years ago. During his father's lifetime he had received no encouragement to study music, but the atmosphere in which he grew up was charged with music, and when he was left free to follow his inclinations he started out at once to see what he could do as his father's successor. A lack of ambition was certainly not one of his failings. He studied hard and he studied long. His mother saw that he re-



HIERR SIEGFRIED WAGNER.

ceived the best training imaginable. Hans Richter, one of the greatest conductors on the globe, taught him the techniques of handling an orchestra. He worked in theory, and learned to play many instruments himself, giving special attention to the piano. Then when all seemed ready, he appeared before the world as a conductor of his father's works. That was a great event in the German musical world, though, to tell the truth, the people who crowded to hear him were led more by curiosity than by expectation of a real musical treat. Since then much of his life has been spent at Bayreuth, where under his mother's direction, he became almost as familiar with the staging of the Wagner operas as she was, and she was certainly the greatest of all Wagner stage directors. Young Wagner is not now credited with any of his father's genius, but his friends point to the short time he has busied himself with music and predict that the future has much in store for him. His manner of conducting is nervous rather than forceful. He knows the scores of the greater part of the Wagner operas, so that he can conduct almost without following the books. Personally Wagner is a small man, though larger than his father. His face is intelligent, his expression is keen and his bearing self-reliant. His mouth is sweet and sunken and his chin protrudes, and he has been described as looking like Richard Wagner, very much feminized. He is thoroughly a man of the world, and loves a pretty face almost as much as he loves music. He was given in his youth a thorough academic training, and was intended for an architect. The Liszt tomb at Bayreuth was designed by him.

BREAKING DOWN CUSTOM.

Japanese Family's Fondness for Beef and Its Results.

"When I was a young boy the custom of eating beef began to spread. As blood was regarded as unclean and also as Japan has been a strong agricultural country, there was a deep-rooted disinclination to eat beef," says a Japanese writer in the Popular Science Monthly. "In this, of course, one has to recognize the influence of the vegetarian principle of Buddhism, but to anybody who had ever tasted beef it was so delicious that he could hardly control his natural appetite by his religious scruple. My father was one of those who knew its taste, so now and then we used to treat ourselves to beef. But where did we eat it? We did not eat it inside the house. We cooked and ate it in the open air, and in cooking and eating it we did not use the ordinary utensils, but used the special ones kept for the purpose. Why all these things? Because beef was unclean and we did not like to spread its uncleanness into our house wherein the 'god shelf' is kept and into our ordinary utensils which might be used in making offerings to the gods. The day when we ate beef my father did not offer lights to the gods nor say evening prayers to them, as he did usually, for he knew he was unclean and could not approach the gods."

New Use for Electricity.

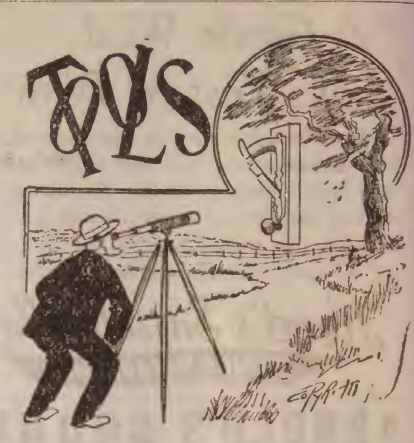
Some time ago the statement was made that the advance of senile decay could be checked by the application of electricity to the base of the brain. Now a French scientist, Dr. Remond, has made the discovery that electricity may be used in the development of mental culture. This does not, of course, mean that there is now a royal road to learning, and that all the learning of Greece and Rome can be transferred into any skull by so many volts of electricity. But it means, according to Dr. Remond's claims, that the receptivity of the brain can be so increased and the capacity for learning extended. The volts do not take instantaneous effect; the course must be prolonged.

Plane to be seen

that our Hardware is all right. Our continually increasing sales prove that. Our

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are made by the most reputable manufacturers in the land, and therefore are reliable. Like a true friend a true tool is valuable, for it will always do its duty in time of trial.



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THE PEABODY STAR.

VOL. I. NO. 13.

PEABODY, MASS., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1899.

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2 1-2 yds. long, with Ruffles,
Only 38 cents pair.

50 pairs

Heavy Grey and White

Blankets,

Slightly imperfect, only 37 1-2 cents per pair.

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Heavy

Comforters,

Good size and dark colors, only 59 cts. each. Worth 75c.

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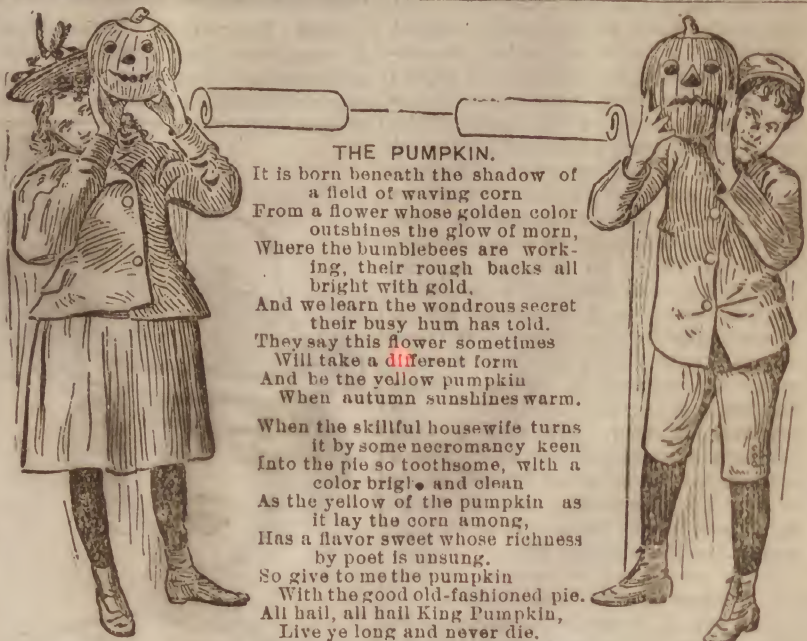
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Office—cor. Lowell and Chestnut St
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THE PUMPKIN.

It is born beneath the shadow of a field of waving corn From a flower whose golden color outshines the glow of morn. Where the bumblebees are working, their rough backs all bright with gold. And we learn the wondrous secret their busy hum has told. They say this flower sometimes will take a different form And be the yellow pumpkin When autumn sunshines warm. When the skillful housewife turns it by some necromancy keen Into the pie so toothsome, with a color bright and clean As the yellow of the pumpkin as it lay the corn among, Has a flavor sweet whose richness by poet is unsung. So give to me the pumpkin With the good old-fashioned pie. All hail, all hail King Pumpkin, Live ye long and never die.

THE BOER AS A FIGHTER.

The Boers are born fighters, a nation of sharpshooters, they never waste a bullet; each Boer selects his man and kills him and keeps on doing the same thing all day and every day until the war is over. It is a common boast with them which they have made good in more than one clash with the British, that one Boer is equal to ten Englishmen. They do not come out and fight in the open, but swarm all over a mountain side, hiding behind trees and rocks, and woe to the thin red line or hollow square that comes within range of their unerring Martinis and Mausers. In fact, the Boer victories over the British soldiers are largely accountable for the British feeling against them, and in the bitter warfare against the nation the success



FIELD CORNET'S MESSENGER HANDING OVER COMMANDOS TO BOER FARMERS TO BE READY FOR WAR.

of the Boers has been extraordinary. Fewer than 450 Boers resisted 12,000 of the fiercest Zulu warriors on December 16, 1838, and 3000 natives were left dead on the field, and this with old flint locks. President Kruger, as a boy, helped the forty Dutchmen hold off 2000 of the men of Mosilikase, then the most renowned native captain in South Africa. The bravery of the men is shown by the attack that 135 of them made on 10,000 Zulus on the Marico River, driving them out of the Transvaal.

These are simply better-known instances of the fighting abilities of the Boers. Every man has handled a gun from infancy. In the old days, when

the British generals have adopted as the most successful way of fighting the natives. The Boers have shown themselves masters of strategy, the result of constant warfare with a cruel and treacherous foe.



INSPECTION OF A "COMMANDO" OF BOERS IN THE MARKET PLACE OF A TOWN.

The Government of the South African Republic is empowered to call at any time the burghers for armed service. The Field Cornet of each district goes round and serves a notice on the conscripts, who, mounted and fortified against hunger for ten days by a supply of buck or beef, cured in the sun, and called "biltong," concentrate in the specified "dorp" or village, where they invariably meet in the market place—the church, iron gated, iron steepled, in the background. Arms are distributed to those who are without them; and as for forage, the velt is trusted to supply it at need. The commandant, who is the Dutch equivalent of the English colonel, drills his forces as best he may; and a certain amount of military discipline is easily acquired, despite the rather slouchy appearance, due in part to the absence of uniforms, except in the case of the commandants, the other officers, and the "State Artillery."

The Boer much resembles our American Apache in his ability to live on the shadow of things when in the field. A writer of South Africa, in a contribution to a London paper, calls attention to the ability of the Boer to live on rations which an ordinary trooper would not endure and his capacity to travel great distances with horse in incredibly short time.

The Boer knows every road and

Transvaal. The secret recesses of the mountains are at his command. As a horseman he much resembles our American cowboy. He can ride on top of the saddle, or over his horse's neck, or Cossack fashion, with one foot in the stirrup, one leg on the saddle and his head and shoulders on the ground. His horse is part of his family life. The beasts are very hardy, sure-footed and affectionate. Then, too, the Boer is inured to the hardships of the mountains, to long horse-back journeys, scant allowances of food, treks on which the water supply is scarce.

In the campaign of 1881 against the English the Boer took good care that his forces never faced the enemy in the open field. He never offered open engagement. He chose his eyrie in the mountain gorges, and from that vantage point he picked off the foe at his will. Even when he assaulted Majuba Hill he came up rock by rock, squirming like a snake, twisting in and out and not firing until he had a mark to hit.

An English correspondent who went through the 1881 campaign wrote at that time of the fighting qualities of the Boers:

"We never are able to see the enemy. Except before the fight at

WHEN JOHN BULL LEFT US.

Monument in Boston Will Commemorate the Historical Event.

"It is with the greatest pleasure I inform you that on Sunday last, the 17th inst. (1776), about 9 o'clock in the forenoon, the ministerial army evacuated the town of Boston, and that the forces of the United Colonies are now in actual possession thereof. I beg leave to congratulate you, sir, and the



DORCHESTER HEIGHTS MONUMENT. (Marks the spot where George Washington stood and watched the British soldiers sail away.)

honorable Congress on this happy event, and particularly as it was effected without endangering the lives and property of the remaining unhappy inhabitants. I have great reason to imagine their flight was precipitated by the appearance of a work, which I had ordered to be thrown up last Saturday night on an eminence at Dorchester, which lies nearest to Boston Neck, called Nook's Hill." Thus wrote General George Washington to the President of Congress March 19, 1776. The City Council of Boston has approved plans for the Dorchester Heights monument which marks the spot where General Washington stood and watched the British sail away. The plans show a type of tower common in colonial times, with fountain and memorial tablet on the most conspicuous side. It will be built of old-fashioned brick with dark headers. The trimmings will be of Indiana stone or white terracotta. The height of the monument to the base of the steeple will be about seventy-five feet. The original appropriation for the monument was \$25,000.

Liked Them in Groups.

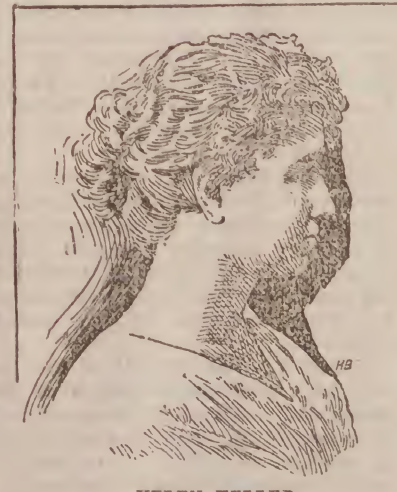
Albeit an attractive young miss in most ways, like many other young animals it was her habit to wolf her food. Of this her mother tried to break her, and on this particular occasion was remonstrating because of the number of peas Alice seemed to think it necessary to consume at a mouthful.

"Take fewer peas on your fork, Alice. Why should you want to take so many at one time?"

"They taste so much better when eaten in groups," was Alice's unexpected explanation.

A Remarkable Girl.

Helen Keller, the deaf, dumb and blind girl, whose acquisitions have attracted the attention of all students of educational methods, spent last summer at Wrentham, Mass., as the guest of Mrs. J. E. Chamberlain. She keeps up her study of Greek and Arabic, and writes her exercises on a typewriting machine especially designed for these languages, with interchangeable cylinders. By way of exercise she delights in climbing trees, and she is an excellent swimmer.



HELEN KELLER. (The deaf, dumb and blind girl.)

which she vastly enjoys. Helen puzzles new visitors by telling the color of the flowers they bring. She can even distinguish a white and yellow pansy from a purple one, and a red from a white rose. Her explanation is that the petals of the darker colored flowers are thicker than those of the lighter ones.

She Caught Him.

Patience—"You know, Will said he'd like to be caught playing golf."

Patience—"Yes."

"Well, I caught him on the links this very afternoon. We're engaged."

—Yonkers Statesman.

PEABODY'S BUSINESS - MEN.

[These business firms are recommended to the people of Peabody and to visitors to the town, who may depend upon receiving fair treatment at their hands.]

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First-class accommodations.
Rooms and board by day or week
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Tooth Brushes.

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A fine line. Also the best

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Drug & Store,

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Top Coat ?

Price from

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That Fall Suit

Will fit well, wear well, look well if made at 27 1-2 Main street.

We give you the best workmanship, the best goods, the best cut at

DISTIN'S.

THE MUSIC OF THE STARS.

After the strife of the day,
There comes in the hush of night,
A down through measureless space
From eternal spheres of light,
A rhythm divinely sweet
As if God had touched the bars,
And nature thrills and thrills again
With the music of the stars!

After our dreams that were dear
Have gone in the twilight mist—
Aback through numberless years
When hope and love first kissed—
In memory we live once more
And the song that no earth-note mars,
At evening fills our souls again
With the music of the stars.
—M. Harcourt Clarke, in the Criterion.

WAITING FOR DEATH.

BY BASIL C. DEASUM.



THE queerest stuff I know of is dynamite; you can never be sure how much you know about it. It is very like women—the more you see of it, and the older you become, the more you are obliged to confess that you know nothing at all about it.

Perhaps the first thing you will be told about dynamite is that concussion is needed to set it off. Now, I have accidentally cut a stick of dynamite into halves with a spade, and nothing happened, except that my heart leaped into my throat as I saw what I had done. Again, I have seen a miner pick up a stick and throw it at his partner, who, luckily, caught it in a most delicate way, and then gently laid it down and went for the fool, and well and truly thrashed him.

Another instance. Two of us were working at the bottom of a shaft, and had made ready for a shot. Some sticks of dynamite were being sent down to us in a bucket, but the man at the top, who was seven or eight different kinds of a born fool, managed to drop a stick over the side of the bucket, and it fell some fifty feet down the shaft and landed at our feet. George Ross, my partner, looked at me and I at him; we said nothing, but I believe that we both thought a whole lot. So you see that concussion does not always set off dynamite.

But, oh! there is another side to the question. I knew a miner who was carrying two sticks of dynamite in the bosom of his shirt when he stumbled and fell. Where he fell the ground was torn up and a big hole made, but nothing more was ever seen of that miner.

Another case. A teamster was driving slowly up the hill, picking his way and keeping a sharp look-out for rocks on the road; his wagon was loaded with dynamite, carefully packed. One wheel struck a stone; there was a jolt and a roar, and then the teamster, his wagon, and four mules were scattered over the State of Montana. And the coroner's jury did not view the remains, because there were none.

As I said before, it is queer stuff, and yet it looks so innocent and harmless—like the women again! It is made up into sticks about ten inches long and one inch in diameter, wrapped in yellow or white paper. And these sticks look very like the Roman candles and big squibs used in fireworks displays. The stuff is very sensitive to changes of temperature, and has to be thawed out before using if it has become frozen. At first one is inclined to look upon this thawing-out process as rather ticklish work—although, with proper care, it is usually perfectly safe. A fire is made, and the dynamite is placed near it.

Often you will see a miner, who wishes, perhaps, to startle some "ten-foot," take a stick and set fire to it, holding it in his hand while it sputters and burns with a sharp, acid and choking smoke. But sometimes the fool-killer Angel (who deals also in unloaded guns) is attending to his business, and then that miner's benefit lodge has to pay an insurance claim to the widow. The only thing you can say about dynamite is that the unexpected is just as likely to happen as the expected.

Now for my story. In October, 1897, I was at Castle, Montana, not far from the Crazy Mountains. While the boom was going on, Castle was a lively, wide-open town; but when I was there the bottom had fallen out of the boom, and the town, if not dead, was decidedly sleeping.

Upon the hillsides were the open shafts of abandoned mines. Fine buildings and expensive machinery were left untended and falling to pieces; whilst the boarding-houses, filled to overflowing by miners in the palm days, were empty and deserted. The inhabitants of the little town made pathetic attempts to convince themselves and stray visitors that times were picking up, and that there would yet be prosperity for them. Is there, by the way, anyone in the world who is more sanguine than a miner or prospector?

One day we were at work on a tunnel which we were running into the side of the hill. The tunnel was about forty feet long, and while we drilled some holes at the wall end of it, at the mouth we built a little fire and laid near it some sticks of dynamite which were frozen. Beside the fire stood a wheelbarrow, and on it, wrapped in a piece of gunny sack, were some lengths of fuse and a little tin box containing the caps or detonators used to explode the dynamite. We were busily working one morning, I holding the drill and turning it while George was striking, when suddenly we both noticed that a choking smoke was curling into the tunnel, bringing with it the unmistakable smell of burning dynamite.

The reader may judge of our horror when I tell him we saw that by some means the awful stuff had caught fire! Now this of itself might not have frightened us greatly, but we both knew that the danger lay in that little box of percussion caps. If they should explode, why then, nothing on earth could save us, for the concussion would set off the dynamite, and then we knew that we should be blown to pieces in our tunnel. George put out his hand and squeezed mine.

"I guess we're done for," said he, simply. We threw ourselves on our faces, for the smoke was choking us. I know I tried to pray, but it was a jumbled attempt, on account of the whirling confusion of thoughts that rushed through my excited head. I thought of my old home in England; of mean things that I had done at school and since; and of the girl who would never know how much I had loved her. Through all there buzzed the pitiful refrain:

"It's a shame—it's a shame, to die like this—blown to pieces in a hole in the ground!" We could see the fire catch the piece of gunny sack and flicker all over it. In a few seconds we knew the caps would go, and then—well, then the miners at the "Jumbo" above us, when they came down to dinner, would find the mouth of our tunnel choked up and they would dig and dig, and perhaps find some horrible pieces of what had once been the partners who were working the "Golden West" on shares.

I say we saw the fire catch the gunny sack, which was wrapped round the box of caps, and we hid our faces, stretched at full length on the ground. But, like one mesmerized, I could not keep my eyes away from that flickering gunny sack, from whence utter annihilation was to come. But it was not to be. I looked again, and saw a marvelous thing—a thing I shall never forget, for it is printed at the back of my eyes and branded on my brain. And like all marvelous things, it was wonderfully simple. The barrow was tilted a little, and as the piece of sacking burned, the weight of the box of caps slowly unrolled it. The box then fell out on the side farthest away from the fire, and gently rolled down the side of the hill into safety!

It was a few seconds before we realized that the chief danger was over; then we scrambled to our feet and staggered to the entrance of the tunnel. I went down and picked up the still warm box of caps, and sprang down the mountain-side with it. George followed me, and without a word we went down the main street of the little town.

Remember, that the time from our first noticing the smoke until I saw that blessed little box roll away could not have been more than a few seconds. And there was not much chance of showing bravery or cowardice. A kitten, drowned in a sack, may be brave or may not; it makes no difference to the kitten or to its reputation afterwards. So it was with us in that tunnel on the "Golden West."

"There," said George, when we had reached our shack, "what do you say to that for a close call? Now, would you call that an accident, or what? And why, do you suppose, weren't we wiped out just now?" And I could not answer him.—The Wide World Magazine.

Dewey's Comment After the Battle.
The men who won it were the last to appreciate the magnitude of the victory of Manila Bay. On the day after the battle the sum of their elation was less than the sum of their curiosity as to the course of events on the North Atlantic. For aught they knew Sampson might have met Cervera's fleet on the same day that they were sinking Montojo's.

"In that event we have only taken part in a 'side show,'" said the youngsters of the junior messes, who had a good many unhappy moments thinking on the fine opportunity of witnessing a real naval battle they had missed by being assigned to the Asiatic Squadron.

In mid-June the arrival of the papers from home with accounts of the battle made it necessary for every man in the squadron, with one exception, to change his mind. A captain recalled that the "old man" had dropped a remark on the same subject while the flames were yet rising from the hulks of the enemy.

"I think that they will make a great deal of this at home," the Commodore commanding said quietly. "The romance of Yankee ships whipping the Spaniards in this distant harbor is irresistible."

Whenever the Admiral speaks of the battle he never fails to mention the absence of casualties. To him this is its most remarkable as well as its most praiseworthy feature.—Collier's Weekly.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

Talking vs. Telling.—The Frankest of His Kind—Equal to the Occasion—A Matter of Custom—Willing to Oblige—The Humble Woman—His Ideal, Etc.

The man who talked and the man who told. Began two tasks one day; And the man who told, when the darkness fell. Had his work all cleared away.

And he gloated o'er the man who talked, But alas for the man who worked! Next day they gave him the task to do That the other man had shirked. —San Francisco Examiner.

The Frankest of His Kind.
Bunker—"Are you fond of golf?" Fozzie—"I am fond of being thought to be fond of it."—Boston Transcript.

Equal to the Occasion.
Facetious Gentleman—"What is your regular hour for dinner?" Weary Watkins—"Right now, I hope."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Matter of Custom.
"Cousin Emeline, I never saw you look so healthy and well." "Yes; everybody tells me that when I have on a new hat and new frock." —

Willing to Oblige.
Street Car Conductor—"Say, will you kindly pass up the aisle?" Passenger—"Yes, I'll pass it up if I can find a seat."—St. Paul Dispatch.

The Humble Woman.
"Why do you glare at that woman so, Louise?" "Arthur, I overheard her call our dear, precious baby a twenty-nine-cent music box."—Brooklyn Life.

His Ideal.
"This," said the professor, "is my conception of a perfect day." "How so?" asked the doctor. "I am comfortable without either a straw hat, an overcoat, or an umbrella." —

No Cause for Alarm.



Wife—"Goodness! John, what is it?" Amateur Chemist—"Don't be alarmed, my dear; it's nothing but another exploded theory."—Harper's Bazar.

A Delightful Prospect.
"Dear," said a physician's wife, as they sat in church, "there is Mrs. G— sitting in a draft." "Well," said her husband, "I shall cash that draft."—Our Dumb Animals.

The Fresh Youth.
"Don't dip your bread in the gravy, Willie," commanded the old man. "Don't you know it's bad form?" "No," replied the fresh youth, "it struck me as being good taste."—Philadelphia Record.

In the Museum.
"I tell you," said the giant, who had been relating a disagreeable experience, "it made me feel small." "Why," remarked the dwarf, in a tone which indicated surprise, "I like to feel small!"—Judge.

The People Who Required Them.
Mrs. Bright—"I think those new forgeries look particularly well." Mr. Bright—"Perhaps; but only people who don't look particularly well require them."—The Jeweler's Weekly.

Talked Subject.
Jack—"Do you know, I always like to converse with a spinster at a social gathering." Tom—"Why do you?" Jack—"She never bores a fellow to death by talking about old times."—Chicago News.

Varying Circumstances.
"I am told that you have a great many friends." "Oh, I don't know," answered the cynic in plaid clothes; "it all depends with me, the same as with other people, on whether I'm trying to borrow or willing to lend." —

Dash of Gayety.
The doomed man feared the people who waited along the road to the scaffold. "See how they stare at me!" he cried, agonizedly. "Yes, that is what you might call rubbing it in!" observed the executioner, playfully, deeming it not amiss to inject an element of gayety into this otherwise sombre affair. —Detroit Journal.

Undaunted.
"Feathers! feathers!" derisively shouted the toughs and hoodlums to the audience, alluding in this unseemly way to the former occupation of the orator, which was that of a pillow and mattress maker.

"Gentlemen," he said, folding his arms and looking defiantly at his tormentors, "you may call me feathers, but you can't call me down!" And he resumed. —Chicago Tribune.

Chance For Skillful Cooks.

"Young men who are in doubt as to which profession will prove the most lucrative for them to adopt would do well to go into the kitchen of any well-established hotel or restaurant and there thoroughly learn the art of cooking," remarked a famous New York hotel chef to the writer the other day. "A skillful cook can now command in any big city of the United States a higher salary than the average clergyman or college professor. The services of professional cooks are governed much the same as any other skilled workman by labor organizations, according to their nationality and experience. At present French cooking is most in demand in all parts of the world and French cooks can command by far the highest salaries. The professional cooks are divided into two classes called chefs and seconds. The firsts, or chefs, receive salaries varying from \$3000 to \$12,000 a year. These prices are practically the same in all American and European cities. The seconds receive salaries ranging from \$1000 to \$1500. The best French cooks are always in demand in the various fashionable hotels and restaurants of this city and in the kitchens of wealthy people. There are besides hundreds of French cooks in New York receiving salaries ranging from \$500 down to \$100 per month."—Washington Star.

Potatoes Used in Bread-Making.

The use of potatoes in bread-making is very extensively practised in Europe, and is not unknown in this country. The result of mixing potatoes with flour in bread-making is an increase of the carbohydrates, and a decrease of the proteid matter in the loaf. In this country the use of potatoes in bread-making is largely practised in private families, where it is supposed that a better bread can be secured. This notion is probably erroneous. The chief object of adding the potatoes to the flour is to prevent the loaf drying too rapidly, but this can be just as well done by proper baking, enclosing the moist interior with a practically impervious crust. The admixture of potato and wheat flour is economical only when the price of the potato starch is less than that of the same amount of material in cereals. It is very difficult to detect the presence of potato in bread sold by bakers, provided the mixture of the dough is thoroughly accomplished, and the baking is done with a sufficiently high temperature to disintegrate the starch granules. The use of chalk, terra alba, and other substances of like character with flour is almost never practised in the United States. Instances are on record of such adulterations in Europe.

The Horse's Head.

The size of the head should be in proportion to the rest of the body. Artists and horsemen have agreed that the length of the head from the poll to the extremity of the lips should bear a certain relation to the size of the rest of the body. This proportion is stated as follows: The height of the body from the withers to the ground, or the distance between the points of the shoulder and the hip joint should be two and one-half times the length of the head. If the distances are more than two and one-half times the length of the head, it is too short; if the reverse is the case, it is too long. When the head is the proper length it is carried with ease, responds easily to the action of the bit, and does not burden the front legs. If too long, it is also too heavy, displaces the center of gravity forwards, bears heavily on the reins, diminishing speed and predisposes to stumbling.

Saved From Loss.

Some time ago a man having \$260 in fresh Government notes, put the roll of money into the pocket of his nightshirt upon going to bed. He went off the next morning without thinking of what he had done, and his wife sent the garment that day, with other articles, to a steam laundry. Before the man realized it, his money was being churned in the great washing machines, and it had already been soaked in soapsuds. The bills were found reduced almost to pulp, and yet the experts in the redemption division of the Treasury at Washington, where they were sent, could pick out enough pieces, bit by bit, to be sure of their denominations. They then gave the man new bills in place of those which had been so nearly destroyed, for this is one of the duties of the redemption division.

Artistic Advertising Boards.

The picturesque canal-intersected streets of the prosperous little Dutch town of Leyden do not suffer from the blight of huge advertising boardings. Though indiscriminate bill-posting on a large scale does not obtain here, it is interesting to note how that is guarded against. At the corners of the principal streets—chiefly by the canal bridges, boards for public notice and advertisements are erected of a very neat and obstructive design.

Apart from the surmounting ornamental woodwork they stand about nine feet high, and the top projects, so that litter caused by rain washing the bill off is largely obviated.

It is not so much the idea of restricting public advertising within reasonable bounds which strikes the visitor, but the almost artistic way in which it is done. —London Mail.

Puzzled the Frenchman.

A Frenchman boasting in company that he had thoroughly mastered the English language, was asked to write the following dictation: "As Hugh Hughes was hewing a yule-log from a yew tree, a man dressed in clothes of a dark hue, came up to Hugh and said: 'Have you seen my ewes?' If you will wait until I hew this yew, I will go with you anywhere in Europe to look for your ewes." —

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Designs For Costumes That Have Become Popular in the Metropolis.

New York City (Special).—The dressmakers, the tailors, furriers and milliners are enjoying daily conferences with their clients, and the wom-



THE OLYMPIA.

en are rapidly coming forth in smart, fresh fineries.

One of their first responsibilities was to provide themselves with the proper sort of walking hat, and the

is required and the lapels, cuffs and collar of the coat are made of the plaid. Camel's hair cheviot is extremely fashionable this year. It can be found in dashing plaids, and in indistinct plaids of mingled dull artistic colors. Then there are attractive half-inch check chevots and these crossed with narrow stripes. Graphite gray and the browns and blues are usually the foundation shades of these chevots and the lines which run through them are generally automobile red, vivid green, orange yellow and beige.

The Long Ulster.

A little later on and we will be criticizing the usefulness and beauty of the long-skirted ulster that fits the body close and has a trifle of fullness in the rear, where a strap spans the base of the spine and is glorified by a large silver buckle. Long cloth ulsters in the colder weather will be used with capelets of bear's fur that are short on the shoulders, high in the collar, but almost reaching the feet in front in two stole ends. The opera mantles, so far as they have allowed their charms to be viewed, are beautiful in the extreme. They are long, of course, carry large lace hoods a la Bretonne made of heavy lace lined with colored silk muslin, and in order to gain a desired width at the shoulders the silk, satin or damask skirts of the coat hang from wide yokes of lace over satin and



MODEL FOR A CLOTH GOWN.

truggle has been to arrive at a compromise between the article that would appear advantageously on the street and yet mark a decided departure from the hard quill and crown band habit of last season. A single plume from the old gray goose's tail, stuck independently through the crown of a slouch felt, is not the approved idea now. A green, or gray, or brown felt with a bent-edge brim and a stiff "bowler" crown seems to be the triumphant one of many shapes and as might be expected it has been designated patriotically by the name of Admiral Dewey's flagship, the Olympia. There is nothing nautical about the "Olympia." It is wound about the base of its brim with a scarf of dark liberty silk and this comes to a loose knot in front, in the folds of which the quill ends of two long, soft composite plumes are made fast. Of well-dyed barnyard fowl feathers these plumes are made, mottled white down the center, and they are so arranged as to droop softly to one side. Into the liberty silk knot a fancy strass pin is introduced, and this is a happy contrast to the unbecoming cowboyish headgear that all womenkind that adopted it during the summer should remember with a blush. A great many patronesses of the Olympia wear the easy-fitting hat on hair dressed low at the back of the head and a strap of elastic, not skewer pins, is used to keep the felt in its place.

The Every-Day Gown.

The shops are filled with the new dress goods, and what to buy and how to have it made is the absorbing topic with the sunbrowned shoppers.

For the every-day gown which must stand hard wear, such as is illustrated in the large engraving, the reversible Harris tweeds are highly recommended. The best quality comes fifty-six inches wide and costs \$2.75 a yard. It is sold in all the new attractive shades, with a real Scottish clan plaid for the reverse side of the cloth. When these double-faced tweeds are used for a skirt and coat costume, no lining

this yoke is edged by a deep bertha frill. One of the most commendable of the new wraps in fur is a cape collar having broad ends falling to or below the waist line and made of the



THE NEW ULSTER.

tails of brown bear, so called by furriers who would like all animals to possess symmetrical salable tails.

UTILIZING BY-PRODUCTS.

TURNING WASTE MATERIAL INTO MARKETABLE ARTICLES.

Some Ways by Which Manufacturers Are Enabled to Add to Their Wealth—Accidental Discovery of a Form of Mineral Wool—System of "Briquetting."

The question of disposal of waste material is an important one for every manufacturer and industrial community. Preservation of water supply, availability of land for plant and storage, to say nothing of the pollution of the air and general health of employees, largely depend upon the solution of this problem, and it also means much in dollars and cents through the saving that incidentally may be accomplished.

Coal and iron men were the first to find the accumulation of debris a serious matter. Slack and slate could be put to no use. Furnaces were contrived that burned slack, but even then the difficulty was not obviated, for slate and dust remained. When coke was made, a vast amount of breeze (fine particles) accumulated. Riches went up in smoke until the by-product ovens came into use and ammonia, gas, tar and carbon were taken off, little being left. Gas manufacturers found a ruinous waste till they began manufacturing tarred roofing paper, and even now they are not satisfied with the economy secured.

Iron mill owners from early days have not known until recently what to do with fine dust and slag, and workers of wood in saw and planing mills have had quantities of dust and shavings for which there was nothing but the furnace or torch, with danger of conflagration.

Pittsburg has been a centre of activity along these manufacturing lines, and there the solution of saving devices has first been worked out. Slag formerly was dumped out in great hot masses to be broken up later with the sledge and taken by rail to be used for filling. One day in Steubenville, Ohio, a workman, playing cold water through a hose upon redhot slag, accidentally turned the stream against molten metal. An explosion resulted, and when he looked for the slag it was not there. Instead he saw a snowy mass that looked and felt like asbestos. That was the beginning of the discovery of one form of mineral wool. Several iron and steel companies have improved upon the method, but the principle remains the same. The wool is better than hair or tannin for a non-conductor for protecting and filling walls and floors of dwellings. Recently it has been used there in the manufacture of safes. Packed tightly between the steel walls, it is impervious to the burglar's tools. It will break any drill known.

Railroad men find that furnace slag, well broken, is excellent ballast. It is also ground there and made into tiles, fire bricks and Portland cement. The kind of product depends on demand and local needs.

The system of "briquetting" has provided new means of economy to both mill and mine. "Briquetting" has been known in Germany, France and Wales for several years. It was brought to the attention of Americans through consular reports. It consists in compressing in moulds, by simple and powerful machinery, any pulverized substance and holding it by some amalgam or "binder," such as resin, bitumen or oil. Through this system and others similar, dust and waste fragments may be used. Among the substances handled at a profit are precious metal ores, tunnel dust, concentrates, coal, peat, lignite, coke breeze, iron ore, fine dust, manganese ore, iron sand, cement, sawdust, cork dust, etc. The material is fed into machines and comes out in cylindrical chunks about three inches in diameter and four inches long.

The "briquetting" machine men complain that times are too good for them. Manufacturing establishments in Pittsburgh, Providence, Chicago and Philadelphia are too busy for them to turn out the orders under eight weeks, and when prices are good and profits are easily made, iron, coal and coke men are not particular about saving the little things. Time of reduced prices and narrow margins drive them back to the system of caring for scraps.

Mesabara ore, which crumbles easily, leaves a great deal of dust. Briquetted, it can be saved for \$3.50 a ton. In the river valleys of Western Pennsylvania are three million or four million tons of coal dust, more valuable than slack or lump coal when solidified, as it is clean, not friable in moisture and possesses higher heat units. Furnace dust is often sixty per cent. pure, and the value of a method of saving it is obvious. Briquetted coal is specially adapted to naval uses. Sawdust, compressed, becomes excellent fuel.

Slate, since the beginning of coal mining, has been a source of trouble and expense. A Monongahela River worker announces that it can be made into fireproof brick and moulds for casting ingots and other manufactures of iron and steel. Drain tile and sewer pipe of superior quality also come from this despised stuff. Over each bed of bituminous coal lies a layer of slate. This the mouldmaker grinds as it comes from the slope or shaft, and, mixing it with something of the nature of cement, fires it to the proper degree of hardness.

There is no known limit to the use of materials heretofore considered as refuse. Manufacturers have only begun to see the opportunities within their grasp.

The first Australian newspaper, the Sydney Gazette, was published March 5, 1803, fifteen years after the rise of the colony. The delay was caused through there being no printers among the convicts, who represented every profession, including the legal.

THE REAL REASON.

Whitby Explains Why He Is Such a Picturesque Slouch.

"I can tell you one thing, Whitby," said Whitby's friend on the train the other morning, "you are about the most picturesque slouch that commutes on this road. Now I would be so uneasy if I had the top button of my overcoat as you have that it would be impossible for me to contain myself, and yet you simply fasten the coat together with a safety-pin, and seem perfectly contented."

"I try to be contented under all circumstances and never to find fault," replied Whitby, with a good-natured smile.

"It is a fine way to be constructed," replied Whitby's friend, "but that is not an excuse for slouchiness. Because a man is happy it is no reason that he should go around with a saw-edge on his vest-binding sticking out like the whiskers on a cat."

"Your remarks are not without a certain force," replied Whitby, with a broader smile than ever, "and they put me in fine humor, and I am going to tell you of a few other irregularities that may please you more to hear of than to discover. Do you know that at the present time my suspenders are so badly out of kilter that I am wearing as a substitute a razor-strop that was formerly a suspender?"

"I would never suspect it from your gait."

"Nevertheless, it is quite true," replied Whitby; "and I have such big sagging-holes in my shirt that I often wonder why it is that I don't thrust my head through them when I dress in the a. m."

"And still you are happy."

"Perfectly," said Whitby, who continued:

"I have also a button off my coat tails, and perhaps it makes me look lop-sided, but it doesn't make any difference to me so long as I know that I am not lop-sided. If these buttons coming off bothered me as much as one would naturally suppose I would get around the difficulty by wearing a sack-coat."

Here Whitby's friend began to roar.

"What's the matter now?" asked Whitby.

"Why, your thumb and forefinger are sticking through your glove."

"Of course they are; and that is what enables me to fish the change out of my vest pocket when I am on the fly, instead of groping round and fumbling for it for five minutes. And my vest pocket has such a rip in it that I have pulled the hole up to its point and tied a piece of cord around it."

"And then," said Whitby's friend, "the bottoms of your trousers are fearfully frayed."

"If that annoyed me," remarked Whitby, "I should certainly turn them up, like a true Londoner. But, you see, I want harmony, and that is why I like my trousers bottoms frayed like my coat-binding. I may be very slouchy, but I am all right on form. I never wear a high hat with a sack-coat or a colored shirt in full dress."

"I know you don't; but if you did, you would not have a wider reputation than you have now. Some people think it is a wild affectation on your part—that you are copying the ways of the wild poet, whose greatness is so great that he can't realize on his light and airy creations. I heard a stranger the other day speak of you as looking like an inventor, and probably being a man starving while trying to raise capital to put upon the market a gas stove that can be operated without gas. And then you are not unlike a musical composer in appearance. Perhaps you are going around in this way to make people believe you are a millionaire."

"No, that is not the reason I am going around in this free-and-easy, unmade fashion," said Whitby. "It is not to make people believe that I am artistic, or wealthy, or in different to and above the ordinary conventionalities of life."

"Then there is a reason?"

"If you must know, yes," replied Whitby, laughing good-naturedly, "and I know you are aching to know it."

"I am."

"And you won't tell any one if I inform you."

"Not to a living soul," replied Whitby's friend; "it shall be inviolate."

"It is because my wife hasn't the time to sew on my buttons and do my mending."

"Why not?" asked Whitby's friend, in astonishment.

"Because all her time is completely taken up sewing for charity."—R. K. Munkittrick, in Harper's Bazar.

Hiring Servants in Peru.

Servants usually go in droves in Peru, and when you hire a butler or major-domo, or master of the house hold, he becomes a sort of general manager of the entire establishment. He hires and dismisses the cook, the chambermaids and other servants, and is responsible for their good behavior. Many families board with their major-domo and arrange with him to maintain the household, provide the food, fuel and the servants and everything else except the fixed charges for rent, water rates, gas bills and similar outside luxuries at a given rate per month. This is not only a measure of convenience but of economy, and people are thus protected against dishonesty and extravagance in their kitchens and pantries. A cook usually feels at liberty to bring her household and all her children to the house where she is employed, and lodges and feeds them at the expense of her employer. The husband may work elsewhere, but he sleeps and takes his meals wherever his wife lives.—Correspondence in Chicago Record.

SWAY OF THE SWEATER.

How the Popular Outing Garment Ousted the Cardigan Jacket.

"I had a customer for cardigan jackets the other day," said a dry-goods jobber to a friend with whom he was taking luncheon, "and it seemed like reading a chapter from an old, forgotten book."

"It's no worse than receiving an order for hoopskirts," said another merchant, "and that happened to us recently."

And then the merchants told stories of the time when one of the leading articles in the sample trunks of men who sold fall and winter goods for men's wear "on the road" was cardigan jackets. Some houses carried as many as a hundred styles, ranging in price from \$9 to \$100 a dozen, and the bulky nature of the goods made it necessary to devote much space to the line. The jackets were worn by all classes, and the article was considered one of the staples of the men's furnishing goods line. But the sweater has crowded the cardigan jacket out, and according to the opinions of those who sell the goods it has gone never to return, except as an article of small demand.

"Ten years ago all the sweaters sold by us," said a large dealer in athletic goods, "were made by hand at a Shaker village in New Hampshire. They were worn then by oarsmen and by men who were in training for the prize ring, and a man wearing a sweater attracted about as much attention as one in kilts. But soon the baseball and football players began wearing them, and within a short time the sweater became a necessary part of every gymnasium outfit. The demand became so great that nearly all the mills that had made cardigan jackets a specialty put machines to work on sweaters. As the new article gained in favor the old one fell away, and the demand is now so great that the original manufacturers—the Shakers—could not supply us for the slowest week in the year."

Although the athletic and the outing trades make heavy drafts on the product of the sweater manufacturers, there are other and larger consumers. These are men who work in the street, lumbermen, longshoremen, railroad men, sailors and drivers of teams. The article which is used by these people is not so good as the one made for athletes, and sells as low as seventy-five cents, and from that price to \$1.50, while the better article brings from \$2.50 to \$8.

"The jersey," said a manufacturer of woven goods, "was the forerunner of the sweater, and a curious point about these two articles is this: The jersey was brought on the market as an article of women's wear, and it enjoyed great popularity for several seasons. It was not an outing garment, but one of dress, but, like all articles of women's dress that can be produced at a low figure, the jersey soon found its way into the lower circles, and then became unknown as an article of dress in places where fashions are made. But with the bicycle it became popular once more; it was adopted by men, and is now worn by riders all over the country. But the women got even with the men for taking the jersey away from them by going in for sweaters. There are large quantities of sweaters made now for women, who wear them at golf, in the mountains, in the gymnasium, and for outing generally. The goods made for the use of women are usually of a superior grade, although they are made also in the middle and low grades."

There are not many factories where sweaters are made exclusively, but nearly all the mills where underwear is manufactured produce some of these popular garments.—New York Tribune.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The meek, the disinterested, the unselfish, those who think little of themselves and much of others—who think of the public good and not of their own—who rejoice in good done, not by themselves, but by others, by those whom they dislike as well as by those whom they love—these shall gain more than they lose; they shall "inherit the earth" and its fullness.

Without the resolution to do good work, so long as your right hands have motion in them, and to do it whether the issue be that you die or live, no life worthy the name will ever be possible to you; while, in once forming and adhering to the resolution that your work is to be well done, life is really won.

If there is one thing in the world that should be free from compulsion of any sort it is a gift. Directly it is associated with forceful urgency or suggested by extraneous reasons, it loses all its grace and all its character.

Enjoy the blessings of this day and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly, for this day only is ours; we are dead to yesterday, and we are not yet born to the morrow.

All growth, all strength, all uplifting; all power to rise in the world, and to remain unrisen, comes from the hold we have taken upon higher surrounding realities.

Force yourself to take an interest in your work and the effort will soon become a pleasure instead of a hardship.

Difficulties of thought, acceptance of what is without full comprehension, belong to every system of thinking.

It is the way in which we employ odd minutes that counts for or against us in the end.

The heart cannot always repress or account for the feelings which sway it. An hour of careful thinking is worth more than ten of careless talking.

True education never induces contempt of the ignorant.

Live as though life were earnest, and life will be so.

IS A MUSTACHE PROPERTY?

A Man Sues For Damages For the Loss of One, and Consequent Mental Anguish.

"Is a mustache property?" said a guest in the St. Charles lobby. "If so, what is its value?" These points will be raised in a very peculiar suit which is coming up at the next term of court in a town over in Georgia. I'd rather not mention any names, but I happened to be familiar with the facts, and they are briefly these: Almost a month ago a well known traveling man was staying at the leading hotel of the place, and went to the cigar stand one day to get a light. They had a new fangled concern that spouted out a jet of flame when the lighter was lifted, but on this particular occasion it hung fire. The drummer was trying to make it work when all of a sudden it blazed out like a volcano and licked off his long, beautiful blond mustache. He was furious, of course, because the mustache had been his chief ornament and pride, but the affair might still have passed off without trouble if he hadn't been so unmercifully grieved. The upshot of this was that he demanded damages, the landlord laughed at him and he then instructed a lawyer to bring suit for \$2500.

"The papers will be filed in the next term of court. I am told they make some interesting allegations. It will be claimed, for instance, that the mustache was of direct assistance to its owner in earning a livelihood, inasmuch as it gave him a distinguished appearance, and thus facilitated his interviews with the trade. Its loss, he holds, was a disfigurement which has occasioned ridicule, falling off in prestige and consequent shrinkage in business. He will also allege that his altered appearance caused great mental anguish to himself and his wife, and that that species of suffering may be reduced, under the law, to dollars and cents. Incidentally he will try to prove that the absence of a mustache affected his eyesight. So, as you may observe, a good many interesting and delicate questions will be raised, and I dare say the case will attract wide attention. I have the particulars I mention from the victim himself. What sort of defence will be set up remains to be seen."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Where the Fun Came In.

"We've got one of the stupidest servants you ever laid your eyes on," said the man on the back platform, as he pulled out the ends of his flowing neck scarf. "She isn't to be trusted with anything she can do mischief with. She's just like an infant in this respect. Good girl, too. About a week ago I was sprinkling the lawn early in the evening when Nora came out."

"'Mister Jimson,' she said, 'I lak to do dot.'"

"So in a temporary fit of insanity I yielded the hose to her, and went up on the porch where my wife was seated."

"Inside of five minutes that girl had soaked a passing popcorn cart and put out the popper's lamp; had doused a small boy in a big ruffled collar, who ran home bellowing; had sprayed a young woman in a pink shirt waist, and placed at least two gallons of water under her own chin."

"When I yelled to her to drop it she turned the nozzle squarely on the porch, and we had to run for our lives. But we got one good thing out of the affair. She had an idiotic beau who used to come to see her every night and stay till nearly morning. When she saw him coming that particular evening she was so frustrated that she at once put the hose on him, and soaked his nice pink negligee shirt and his baby blue neck scarf, and knocked his dainty red-ribboned straw hat into the swimming gutter. And say, by George he never came back!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When Gladstone Was Chancellor.

When the late W. E. Gladstone was Chancellor of the Exchequer, one day he was in the shipping department of the Government office getting some information and figures for the coming budget. While thus engaged a Sunderland shipowner called to see Mr. Lindsey, the then member for Sunderland.

While waiting for Mr. Lindsey to come in the shipowner got his eye on Mr. Gladstone, and was watching him closely. After doing so a little while he thus addressed him:

"Thou seems a good writer and clever at figures. I'll give thee \$500 a year, and that's an offer thou'll not get every day."

Mr. Gladstone thanked him and said he would see Mr. Lindsey.

Just then Mr. Lindsey entered. Then Mr. Gladstone told Mr. Lindsey of the offer his friend had made him.

Mr. Lindsey said it was a very good offer, but he did not know if Mr. Gladstone could be spared. Anyway, he had better introduce them. Turning to his friend, the shipowner, he said: "Allow me to introduce you to W. E. Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer—Mr. So-and-so, Sunderland." The amazement of the shipowner cannot be described.

The grand old man laughed immoderately.—London Answers.

Bees Took Back Their Own.

A correspondent writes from Hampshire to relate a curious incident in the bee world. A cottager took two large bars of honey and a square section from one of his hives. This honey he put into a large pan and covered it with a cloth, placing it in an upstairs room of his cottage. During the day the bees got scent of the honey through the open window, and the whole hive entered the room, crept under the cloth cover, and took away all the honey in an incredibly short time, and stored it in their hive again. The quantity was about ten pounds in weight.—London Telegraph.

Dr. Greene's NERVURA
BLOOD NERVE REMEDY.

You are irritable, nervous, despondent, do not eat or sleep well, wake tired, have headaches, weakness, debility and exhaustion. You need Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. This wonderful health-giver restores health, strength and renewed vigor and energy to the entire body.

Mr. John McArthur, Lawrence, Mass., says: "I was greatly troubled with my stomach, and sharp, piercing headaches, and had a bad throat, besides. Had Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy recommended to me by a friend, and gave it a trial. Before the second bottle was gone my stomach began to be set right and now I feel well and can take meals with food such as I have not dared to do for years. My wife has suffered a great deal from headache and other annoying difficulties. I urged her to try Nervura, and she did so. She regards it as a good medicine and feels that it helps her."

Dr. Greene, 21 Temple Pl., Boston, Mass., cordially invites all who are out of health to consult or write to him about their cases, and his great skill, personal and advice are at your service free of charge. Do not delay but write at once.

Weak, Nervous, Irritable, Blue, Discouraged.

PROPOSED BY MAIL.

Then Was Coward Enough to Try to Countermand the Letter.

There will be a wedding in North Chicago circles before summer, and all because of a letter and a telegram. John is a young business man, whose duties frequently call him out of town. For three years he has been devoted to Mary, and every day of those three years a portion of his time has been spent in the perplexing question of how to make a proposal of marriage and that further perplexity common to all timid suitors, "Does she really care for me?"

The other day John was sent to St. Louis. Being detained over the expected time, he could not make his customary weekly call on Mary, and in writing a letter to explain his absence the courage he had so long lacked came to his aid and he made a point blank proposal that Mary become his wife. He mailed the letter, and for about two hours was one of the happiest men in Missouri.

Then he began to believe he had been precipitate and was assailed with doubt as to how his letter would be received. That night he didn't sleep. He thought all sorts of things, and vainly wished he could intercept the letter before it reached her. But that was manifestly impossible. It was not until noon the next day that he received an inspiration as he was passing a telegraph office. Rushing in, he seized a blank and nervously penned the following:

"Miss Mary—, Chicago: Mailed your wrong letter yesterday. Please do not open and deliver to me on my return."

After that he breathed freer, at the same time wondering if he hadn't played the fool in not letting the matter stand. That evening a telegram was awaiting him in his box at the hotel. It read:

"John—, St. Louis: No, you mailed right letter. It was about time."

And John didn't allow the storm to interfere with his return to Chicago.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Oriental Porcelains.

Chinese and all Oriental porcelains are going to be in great demand. Consequently it behooves everyone who possesses any specimens of them to hold on to them for dear life. Agents from French emporia dealers have been scouring Shanghai and the places in the far East where these precious things abound, and they have secured the whole output, if commercial terms may be allowed in speaking of so much fragility. The knowing ones say, therefore, that in London, Paris, New York, Boston and Philadelphia there will soon be a mania for Eastern porcelains, and Chinese blue and white will be particularly hard to get hold of.

How to Get Rid of a Crowd.

The late Prince George generally dined on his balcony, during which time his Cossacks played delightful airs from the Russian operas. Crowds of people came to stare most rudely, so one evening there was a very disagreeable smoke which swept over them and drove them away. I had the curiosity to find out the meaning. A stove had been filled with bark and leaves and placed in such a position that the smoke was driven right into the faces of the people; and I could imagine the quiet laugh that went around the imperial dinner table as the people dispersed as sheep having no shepherd.—Review of Reviews.

Revenge.

Harry—Where are you going, Frank? Frank—Err—round to Per—er—er—kins' to g-g-gug get some t-t-t-t-t-tacks. (Harry suddenly has an idea how to pay Frank a g-g-gudge he owes him and bolts round to Perkins' by another way.)—Have you any t-t-t-t-t-tacks? Shopkeeper—Yes, my boy. Harry—Well, ss-si-sit on them (and dashed for his life).

Frank (entering shop two minutes later)—Ha—have you any t-t-t-t-t-tacks? (Scene better imagined than described.)—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The Man and the Egg.

"There is a difference between a man and an egg," said the Casual Re-marker. "When a man gets old he is no longer fit for the scramble, and when an egg gets old that is all it is fit for."—Indianapolis Journal.

Savings bank deposits in Prussia, according to a recent government report, increased \$451,000,000 between 1890 and the close of 1897.

THERE WILL BE NO DARKNESS.

A Look Into the Lighting of the Next Century.

"Within the next fifty years," says a New Orleans architect, "the people of this and every other large southern city will do most of their sleeping by day. The transformation will be effected by cheap lights. Inside of the next half century lighting will be so inexpensive, so excellent and so abundant that it will wipe out the demarcations of day and night. Darkness is one of the forces of nature against which civilization wages war. It facilitates crime, it impedes travel, it puts arbitrary limits on human exertion. The time is coming when darkness will be thoroughly conquered, and the great cities flooded from end to end with an effulgence that will make every vocation of life as easy and as practicable as one hour as another. In this latitude night is undoubtedly the best time to work—especially during our long summers. The temperature from sunset to sunrise is cool and equable, there is almost always a refreshing breeze, and as soon as darkness is abolished the people will gradually and naturally reverse the hours of toil."

"I venture the prediction that noon in 1950 will see the streets of New Orleans deserted, except for a few midday roisterers and policemen with sunshades. Respectable folks will be abed and asleep, enjoying that delightful repose which we now associate with an afternoon siesta, something, by the way, that should have long ago given us a tip that day was the proper time for rest. Then, when the wonderful incandescents of the future blaze forth at dusk, everybody will arise invigorated and alert, and get ready to begin the night's work. It is a beautiful vision. Whenever I conjure it up I could weep for vexation to think that I was born a century too soon."

Eggs Sold by the Quart.

"Give me a quart of yolks." "What are whites worth today?" "Send me up a gallon of mixed." Such expressions as these will be familiar terms in grocery stores and butcher shops in Kansas City before long. Housewives will make them so, for eggs will be sold by the pint, quart and gallon, instead of by the dozen. In fact, the big confectionery establishments of the city buy them by the gallon now. Kitchen economy suggested the scheme and local packers immediately took it up.

How often it is that a cook will break a dozen or more eggs just in order to get the yolks to make a cake. The whites will be thrown away. Or vice versa. Why not make a saving of the whites or yolks, as the case may be, was suggested. The packers put the question to the confectioners, and the latter saw the point. Now, when a confectioner wants to make stuff with the yolks he sends to a packing house and buys yolks by the gallon, if he wants to use the whites for something he sends for them; if he wants to use both he sends and gets a mixed can. It is predicted that housewives will soon adopt the same method.

With this new system of handling "hen fruit" there is absolutely no loss. The egg shells are even used. They are ground up and sold for chicken feed.—Kansas City Journal.

Worth the Use of Anything?

The City Press has heard a good story of the reply made by a ne'er-do-well pauper to a guardian who was trying to illustrate the dignity of labor. "As I understand it," said the pauper at the close of a long argument, "you mean to get me out of habits of idleness and teach me to work." "That is the idea." And next I shall become ambitious to get rich, so that I won't have to work at all. "Naturally." "Well, what's the use of taking such a roundabout way of getting just where I started? I don't have to work now."—London Chronicle.

A Dyspeptic Woman Hypnotized.

A young Austrian physician has discovered that hypnotism may be used with success in cases of dyspepsia. He had a dyspeptic woman patient who could not retain any kind of nourishment. When she had been hypnotized he ordered her to eat and keep down a hearty meal. This worked all right while the hypnotic state lasted, but when it ended the patient had the same pain and sickness as usual. Then the doctor tried ordering her to forget she had eaten, and after a few experiments the woman was entirely cured.

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[ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE, PEABODY, MASS., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.]

The Mississippi State Board of Health has pronounced in favor of the policy of isolation and disinfection of first cases of yellow fever, rejecting the old plan of local shot-gun quarantine against infected towns as barbarous, inefficient and destructive to the best interests of the State.

Recent Japanese legislation makes it permissible for any newspaper to copy another's despatches without reference to copyright. In case of conflict with the Government the proprietors and printers are responsible as well as the editors, and the Government reserves the right to collect fines by selling the printing-presses, etc.

A kindergarten has begun a series of experiments intended to discover the number of words used by small children. The experiments will continue through several years, but in the few months which they have been in progress it has been learned that a child of six will use about sixty words, while one of eight will probably employ not more than 200.

The general educational advance of our country has brought many practical blessings and among them an improvement in the science of cooking is not the least. This science, upon which so much of the possible health, happiness and prosperity depend, is being studied more generally and more carefully in this country than ever before.

It appears, from figures furnished by the Postoffice Department, at Washington, that the average person in Massachusetts, including men, women and children, spends \$2.30 on postage per annum. New York comes second, with an expenditure of \$2.27, and the District of Columbia third, with \$2.16. Colorado is fourth, with \$1.93, and Connecticut is fifth, with \$1.89. The States ranking lowest in this regard are South Carolina, with 25 cents per capita; Mississippi, with 34 cents; Alabama, with 34 cents; Arkansas, with 37 cents, and North Carolina, with 41 cents.

The most beneficial effect of hypnosis in the home circle would be realized when the time arrived for the buying of fall or spring hats. Then the proud wife who had only \$7 saved out of her allowance could be made to regard that amount as sufficient for the purpose before her, and after she had brought home a cheap piece of felt with less than a bird and a half on it her husband could make her honestly believe it the most beautiful thing that was ever put into a bonnet. The neighbors might laugh, but she would not care, and all would therefore be well.

In many parts of the West there are said to be in circulation metal trading checks about the size of a silver quarter, stamped with the name of the firm which issues them, and the statement that they will be received for their face value—anywhere from five cents to one dollar—in trade. These checks are presumably good only at the store of the company which issues them but their use has gradually been extended and the checks are accepted wherever presented in these neighborhoods. From time to time a general clearing takes place. One lumber camp in Minnesota is said to have some \$25,000 worth of these checks—about the only money known there.

President R. H. Jesse, of Missouri University, made a somewhat unusual discourse on the opening of that institution. He said every student should have a sweetheart if he could get one. He remarked upon the refining influence of feminine society. He believed, he said, that young men are elevated and made better by the companionship of good young women. A large part of President Jesse's discourse was devoted to football. He told the students to pray for the team. "I see no harm in this," he said, "if the football team is a clean, honorable organization it's worthy of your prayers."

A new electric idea for doctors illuminates the stomach. It is expected to throw light upon the cause and cure of many of its troubles.

Experiments with automobiles for the military service have proven so satisfactory that the new vehicle is being generally introduced into the German army.

Every child should be taught to swim. It is not only a necessary art, but a most excellent exercise, and one that will help considerably to expand the chest and develop all the muscles of the body.

A San Francisco photographer, who bought a camera of a stranger, became somewhat suspicious, and tested the instrument by taking four pictures of the man. Subsequently it was ascertained that the camera had been stolen, and the pictures made easy the apprehension of the accused person.

One of the most hopeful signs for the South, declares the Atlanta Journal, is the increased interest of the people in educational matters generally, and especially in those methods of education which are best adapted to the needs of the average student and which will be most effective for the development of the resources of our country.

Those among us who give advice and put forth proverbs, says a writer in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, have had this supreme adjuration for the present generation: "Keep out of the rut!" In so new a land as ours, where the ruts are few and conditions change of themselves with a bewildering rapidity, the lesson has not been hard to learn.

The future school of domestic science will doubtless include a bacteriological department in which the cook and the housemaid will be effectively trained in the habits of the germs and instructed in the use of liquid hydrogen or some other powerful germicide as yet to be introduced, guaranteed to make short work of every form and kind of evil element in the world of microscopic marvels.

Why should men and women marry oftener than they do? queries a writer in Harper's Bazar. They are trained from infancy to distrust each other. The wonder is that they marry at all, and without going to pieces in every instance. There is only one thing to be done—to bring up boys and girls to understand each other, to be mutually considerate, trustful and loyal. Sometimes it seems as though a great war of the sexes was being waged in the world, where peace and harmony ought to prevail. To bring about that peace work must begin in our nurseries and our playgrounds, our young mothers and our fathers helping in the task. In no family, moreover, ought men and women be allowed to criticize each other as men and women.

The present volunteer army of the United States was enlisted with a more vigilant regard for the moral manhood of its members than was ever shown by another nation in organizing a similar body of troops. It represents a higher average of intelligence, virtue, social standing and personal responsibility than did any other volunteer force of like numbers that ever went into the field. It was recruited largely from the ranks of skilled labor, from the countingroom, from great business enterprises and from the professions; thousands of its members have homes and families of their own; thousands of others went from firesides where home influences are strongest and purest—and, taken altogether, this army of ours stands for the very highest and noblest qualities of American manhood.

To the average observer the building of the great White Star liner Oceanic has been merely the working out of a desire to possess the biggest ship, and the building of still larger and more powerful ships by other lines is confidently anticipated, observes Bradstreet's. If the announcement, made by some British journals, that the Cunard line is to build a steamer fifteen feet longer than the Oceanic, is correct, this popular idea of rivalry is the chief incentive for the building of great liners will receive some support. It is rather more likely, however, that what is really sought by the great steamship lines is a combination of speed and passenger and freight capacity which will nearest approach perfection, as steamship builders and owners of the present day see it. If in the pursuit of these some advertising is obtained, why then the question of rivalry may be said to be an incentive.

Another suggestion is to change the name of "automobile" to "autokineton," because the latter word is pure Greek. It would doubtless remain so to the average American.

Contrary to the prevalent opinion, corporal punishment is not allowed in Russia except in the case of unruly peasants. In schools the rod is quite unknown, and the use of it would create a riot.

The demand for manual training in public schools is not confined to any one city by any means. The system is already in successful operation in many cities of this country and in nearly every live, progressive city the demand for it is great and growing. This movement is sure to succeed.

The French-American Historical society has just been formed in Boston, whose object is declared to be to promote the careful and systematic study of the history of the United States, and especially to bring forth in its true light the part which belongs to the French race in the evolution and formation of the American people. The charter members number about 50 persons of French origin from many parts of this country.

The average taxation in America has been reckoned as about \$8 per head. In an article by M. Pelletan, of the Economist Francaise, quoted in one of the late consular reports, the taxes in France are given as \$14.48 per head; in England, \$10.81; in Holland, \$8.53; in Austria, \$8.49; in Denmark, \$6.64; in Germany, \$5.89; and in Belgium, \$3.82. As to the amount we have not much to boast, but no people are better able to pay their tax.

Although a very large proportion of the \$400,000,000 worth of goods which Africa imported in 1898 came through the British colonies, the United States sold the dark continent goods amounting to \$18,000,000 and purchased in return African products valued at \$10,000,000. The imports of the Transvaal in 1898 amounted to \$104,000,000, while its exports were valued at \$54,000,000, the latter consisting chiefly of gold and other minerals.

Our bill for ammunition during the Spanish war was not one-fifth as great as the amount expended annually by the British navy in practice. Forty-five thousand dollars' worth of ammunition was fired at Montojo's fleet in Manila Bay and \$100,000 was expended in following up and destroying Cervera's fleet. Each round fired by Dewey cost about \$8.50 and the average price of the rounds fired by Sampson was \$14.25. These prices indicate the preponderance in the fights of small calibre guns.

The young men of today are most of them reluctant to adopt any pursuit that involves manual labor. Their impulse is to push into the already overcrowded sedentary employments in our cities. Thousands of them do not realize their anticipations, and live meagre, discontented, unpromising lives. It is a mistaken choice. The hope is that the multitude of these failures will ultimately bring about a readjustment of the popular conception of country and city business life. Meanwhile education will be extended and specialized. It is imperative that educational methods should adjust themselves to the needs of the times. Already there is a movement to establish agricultural classes in our country schools. If the movement is successful, a large number of the boys of the next generation will be taught that intelligent farming is one of the most reliable pursuits to which thought and enterprise and industry can be given.

The horse is going out of fashion. The "swell set" at Newport have begun to sell out their stables and to order automobiles instead. It promises presently to be as "slow" to keep horses as it has hitherto been not to keep them. The postal authorities are about to substitute automobiles for horse-drawn vehicles in the collection of the mails. One of the great express companies is experimenting with a view to the use of automobile trucks in place of its present wagons, and several of the large shopkeepers are replacing horses with machinery in their delivery service as fast as they can get the new vehicles. Meantime the upper and under trolleys have pretty completely driven the horse car out of business and St. Louis has an automobile street-sweeper which is said to be a success. Manifestly it will not be many years until the horse, in a city street, if permitted there at all, will be an object to be gazed at in wonder.

First Baptist Church

REV. MR. MOODY, Pastor.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

Preaching service at 10.30 a.m.
Bible School at 12 m.
Junior B. Y. P. U. at 3 p.m.
Young Ladies' Meeting at 4 p.m.
Young Men's Meeting at 6 p.m.
Evening service at 7.

Societies and Officers.

BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S UNION.
Pres't, Miss Jennie Pierce; Sec'y, Miss Florence Wentworth; Treas., Mrs. Ida Pike.

JUNIOR B. Y. P. UNION.

Leader, S. A. Cohoon; Committee: I. H. Charlton, Miss Clara Hicks, C. Nugent, Miss Hattie Thomas, Miss Winnie Toye.

From the Clarendon Light.

A Month of Prayer.

The building up of a church depends first of all upon a revival of prayer. Our work is supernatural; ordinary methods will not suffice for the work of regenerating human character. This is exactly what God expects of the church of Christ. If we fail in intercession, our local work will be barren of results; and giving to the cause of missions will decrease. The church needs nothing so much as a mighty spirit of intercession to bring down the power of God on earth. If we have lost power, only prayer which is accompanied with confession and forsaking of sin will restore it, and then shall the church yield her increase. We give below an extract from a letter sent to the editor of a religious magazine, by Dr. Gordon, in reply to the question, as to how he had succeeded in bringing up his church "to wonderful giving for missions." He writes: "In regard to the giving in our church, I desire only to give glory to God. When I began here twenty-five years ago, we raised fifteen hundred dollars only by the most persistent begging and *con-miteeing* of the church. Ten years ago I was brought into clear light as to the power and indwelling of the Holy Spirit in the church. More and more we have come to rely on Him for moving the church to give as well as to work. We have opened our year with a month's prayer for the power of the Holy Ghost to rest upon us, and to move us all in our work for the Lord. The result has been a demonstration of the Spirit and of power as clear as the moving of an electric car is an exhibition of the invisible electricity which is in the wire above it." The collections have risen to \$12,000. He says: "We are not a rich church, but for the most part a church of the common and working people, and I only account for what I have witnessed in the matter as the direct inspiration of the Holy Spirit moving in the hearts of Christians to will and to do of God's good pleasure."

Of Interest to Methodists.

CHURCH CALENDAR.

Washington St. Methodist Episcopal church, Rev. C. W. Blackett, pastor.

SUNDAY—10.30 a.m., Public Worship.
12 m., Sunday School.
3 p.m., Junior Epworth League.
4 p.m., Yoke Fellows and Victory Bands.
6, Epworth League Devotional Meeting.
7, General Service of Song, Sermon and testimony.
TUESDAY—7.30, Class Meeting.
FRIDAY—7.30, Prayer Meeting.

SOCIETIES AND OFFICERS.

Class Leaders—H. W. Gilman, E. A. Davis, Miss S. E. Wait, Miss S. A. Warner.
President of Trustees—H. W. Gilman.
Sunday School Superintendent—Peter A. Sim.
President of Epworth League—Fred Boxwell.
President Women's Foreign Missionary Auxiliary—Miss Sabina E. Wait.
President Women's Home Missionary Auxiliary—Miss Sarah A. Warner.
President Yoke Fellows Band—William Deane.
President Victory Band—Miss Martha Deane.

Sunday, 1st, sixteen persons were received into full membership, four baptized and five received on probation.

The rally Sunday in the Sunday School brought out a large attendance, and a most interesting program, and a collection for missions.

The lesson for Sunday 8th was Esther 3:1-11.
1. This is a case of ancient Jew baiting, and of its consequences. Its application to modern times can be seen in France and other anti-Semitic countries.
2. God was not a factor in the calculations of Haman or of the King. They make the greatest of mistakes who rule God out of the affairs of life, or out of national matters.

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Afford prompt relief in the most obstinate cases of nervous, neuralgic and sick headache. They are especially recommended for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Feverishness and Colds, and a Pain Reliever at the Menstrual Period. Contains no Opium in any form. Prepared by

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Town Officials.

SELECTMEN.—Andrew N. Jacobs (Chairman), Richard J. Cullen, Charles S. Goldthwait, William E. Reed, George Reynolds.

ASSESSORS.—Cyrus T. Batchelder (Chairman), Ouis Brown, Warren A. Galeucia (Clerk), James B. Carthey, Thomas J. Reihan.

TOWN CLERK AND TREASURER.—Elmer M. Poor.

COLLECTOR OF TAXES.—Lyman Osborn. OVERSEERS OF THE POOR. Cyrus T. Batchelder (Chairman), William J. Daily, Warren A. Galeucia.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE. A. E. Wells, (Chairman), 2 years, Henry F. Hutchison, 2 years, Sarah P. Kittredge, 1 year, George M. Foster, 1 year, George S. Curtis, 3 years, John J. Cahill, 3 years.

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS. John B. Gifford.

WATER BOARD. Eldridge G. Kelley, (Chairman), Andrew N. Jacobs (Superintendent), John Boyle.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—H. E. Stockwell (Chairman), 1 year, Thomas J. Reihan, 3 years, John Shanahan (to fill vacancy.)

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS. Benjamin G. Hall (Chairman), 2 years, Thomas F. Butler, 3 years, Daniel J. O'Connor, 1 year, Elmer M. Poor, Clerk.

TOWN AUDITOR. George F. Sanger.

SUPERINTENDENT OF STREETS. Charles W. Davis.

ENGINEERS OF FIRE DEPARTMENT. Walter Curtis, Charles H. Hooper, Thomas F. Hutchison, Thomas F. Murray, George H. pauley Chief.

FOREST FIREWARDS. Daniel D. Galeucia, Charles T. Southwick.

TREE WARDEN. Charles W. Davis.

MANAGER OF ELECTRIC LIGHT PLANT.—Henry P. Hutchison.

PARK COMMISSIONERS. Nicholas M. Quint (Chairman), 1 year, Horace Bushy, 3 years, Patrick H. O'Connor, 2 years.

COMMISSIONERS OF ELECTRIC LIGHT SINKING FUND. Frank C. Merrill (Chairman), 1 year, George M. Foster, 3 years, Sylvanus I. Newhall, 2 years.

TRUSTEES OF PEABODY INSTITUTE. Patrick J. Martin, 6 years, Albert F. Poor, 6 years, Warren D. King, 2 years, George E. Spaulding, 2 years, George S. Curtis, 3 years, Horace Bushy, 4 years, Charles L. Osborn, 5 years, B. F. Southwick (Treasurer), 1 year, Wm. P. Clark (Chairman), 1 year, W. Fred Munroe, 3 years, Frank W. Stanley, 4 years, William F. Sawyer, 5 years.

TRUSTEES OF CEDAR GROVE CEMETERY. H. K. Foster, (Chairman), 6 years, B. B. Humphrey, 2 years, William S. Osborn, 6 years, Alonzo Raddin (Treasurer), 4 years, Edward E. Taylor, 2 years, J. Arthur Trask, 4 years.

TRUSTEES OF OAK GROVE CEMETERY. Wm. S. en (Chairman), 1 year, John W. Hackett, 3 years, Benjamin H. Taylor, 5 years, J. Fred Ingraham, 1 year, J. Oscar Goodale, 3 years, George W. Taylor, 3 years.

CONSTABLES (Civil). John W. Holley, John J. Sweeney.

CHIEF OF POLICE, KEEPER OF LOCKUP, MILK INSPECTOR. W. Fred Wiggin.

Notaries Public.

—Following are the names of the Notaries Public, with dates of expiration of their commissions:

John J. Cahill,	Mar. 17, 1904
Frank E. Farnham,	Mar. 29, 1905
Benj. G. Hall,	Sept. 2, 1904
Frederic G. Preston,	Mar. 29, 1902
Arthur H. Sim,	July 19, 1900
Benj. F. Southwick,	June 13, 1902
J. H. Fallon,	Danvers Bleachery
Frank E. Farnham,	8 Allen's Bk
Geo. C. Farrington,	8 Allen's Bk
Geo. M. Foster,	107 Main
John J. Ganey,	Tremont
C. H. Goulding,	74 Central
Benj. G. Hall,	5 Allen's Bk
John W. Holley,	5 Allen's Bk
Steven S. Littlefield,	37 Franklin
Wm. A. McCarthy,	28 Northend
Amos Merrill,	38 Main
Frank C. Merrill,	38 Main
John P. Murphy,	61 Fulton
Henry M. Osborn,	99 Central
Lyman P. Osborn,	55 Central
Levi Preston,	21 Lowell

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T. L. D. PERKINS,

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98 Main Street.

GEO. E. MEACOM CO.,

Apothecaries,

No. 126 Main Street,

PEABODY.

A MASQUERADER.

"Love that came in Pity's guise,"
Could I say him nay?
Down he dropt his radiant eyes,
Veiled his pinions gray,
Neath a mantle gray,
Hid his bow and arrows, too,
What was a poor maid to do—
Love that came in Pity's guise
Could I say him nay?

Softly knocked he at the door,
So I looked to see;
Love I knew had knocked before,
But this was not he—
Pray, who might it be?
"Pity is my name!" he cried;
So the door I opened wide—
Love that came in Pity's guise,
Could I say him nay?

In my empty heart he came,
Filled each corner, too,
Till one day, with look of flame,
Off his coat he threw,
And Love's self I knew,
With a laugh of cruel glee
"I am master here," quoth he—
Love that came in Pity's guise,
Could I say him nay?

Love that comes in Pity's guise,
Who can say him nay?
Maidens, an' ye would be wise,
Turn the rogue away,
Lest ye find, some day,
Cruel Love your tyrant grown.
And, like me, ye make your mean—
Love that comes in Pity's guise
Must as master stay.

—Lippincott's.

SOUTHARD'S PROTEGE.

BY JOHN GILMER SPEED.



SOUTHARD was a man of letters. That was not the way Southard would have described himself, for he was a modest man, but that is the way he was spoken of in the city in the Middle West where he spent his boyhood. They were in a way proud of Southard there. He had not been much thought of in his youth, as he had been regarded as

at once erratic and impracticable. But he had been away from there many years now, and even in the metropolis had made considerable of a name for himself as an author and story teller. In his old home they saw his name in magazines side by side with men of established fame, and they took much local pride in concluding that he belonged to such company on equal terms. And in this they were not far from right, for Southard was really a personage in the literary world. To be sure he had had his failures, his heart burnings, his disappointments, his discouragements; but that was long ago, and of these those at home knew nothing anyhow, as he did not cry out when he was hurt and did not know how to whine. So he worked on until he reached a position which was recognized by the public and by the publishers catering to the public taste. In his old home there was a disposition to make use of Southard. No aspirant for literary, artistic or theatrical fame ever left that neighborhood without bringing letters of introduction to him. He was expected to give counsel and assistance. As Southard was an amiable man he did what he could and never failed to try to honor the drafts upon his time, acquaintance, experience and position. Sometimes these encounters were amusing. For instance, a long, lean and lanky lawyer called on him with an introduction and announced that he had moved to the metropolis to lead a literary life. He asked Southard what his method of work was. Southard did not have any method.

"What is your favorite style, what are your predilections?" the visitor asked.

"I am sure I have none. I only try to write little pieces that the editors will like, and so keep the pot boiling."

The visitor was evidently disappointed; so Southard asked him about his predilections. The bearded face brightened and the literary lawyer said through his nose, with a composure and a conviction that were most comical but entirely serious:

"Well, I believe, my predilection is for the descriptive and the didactic, with a slight vein of humor."

This was delicious, and Southard had to use all his self-command to preserve a straight face. It was not always like this, however. Often these interviews were pathetic enough. Unending failure was the portion of most of those who came to Southard for assistance. And few gave up quickly. They worked on and on as a rule, always hopeful that the next effort would bring some sort of recognition, if not complete success. Now and again one did have some success, so Southard, who was friendly and optimistic by nature, was usually sympathetic and encouraging. There came to him one day a man getting towards forty years, a man who had seen much of the world in a narrow sense, as he had taught school in its four quarters. He was Scotch-Irish by birth, but was born in one of the British Colonies and, therefore, was more British, more narrowly British, than the veriest Cockney. Grant was also a man of learning, and as such, was recommended to Southard by a kinsman in the old home. Southard saw that Grant's pretensions were genuine and took pleasure in helping him as best he could.

But Grant, though very industrious, was hard to help. He knew everything knowable and wrote with ease. He could not, however, sell his pro-

duct. Southard hawked his things about and now and then effected a sale. It was discouraging business, however, discouraging both for Southard and for Grant. And it was tiresome, too, when Grant appropriated the role of protegee, a rôle to which he had not in the least been invited. The editors told Southard that Grant's work was not just up to the mark, that it lacked vitality and, therefore, interest. Whether they were right or not is another matter, but their views stood in the way of the protegee prospects. Grant got poorer and poorer, but he managed in some way to keep body and soul together. In a confidential moment Grant confessed that he was writing for a syndicate at one dollar for a thousand words.

"See here," he said, producing a postal card, "there is an order for a work of fiction."

"This was written on the card: 'Have you a story of about 15,000 words? We would be glad to read same with view to publication. The shop girl who works up to be a millionaire's wife is popular. Also many other plots.'"

"Well, I be blamed!" exclaimed Southard. After a pause he asked, "What did you do?"

"Oh, I struck out for cash, and here is the reply I received." This letter was produced:

Dear Mr. Grant:
We want a story of 15,000 words, and your rate of \$15 is moderate. In fact, we should feel justified in paying cash, while at a higher price we should reserve payment until publication.
But we have never read your long stories, and, as you know, many brilliant short story writers have failed in the long story. You see, therefore, that as a matter of business, we could not possibly guarantee to take such a story without reading it. By and by, when we are more firmly established in the long story field we might undertake to do so, but in starting the serial we must reserve the right to read before accepting.

Very sincerely yours,
ANNA LOWELL RILEY.

"What then?" asked Southard, as he handed back the letter.

"I wrote the story and got the \$15." "How the deuce did you make the shop girl work up to be a millionaire's wife?"

"Oh, that was easy enough, and I put in 'also many other plots.' I gave Miss Anna her fifteen dollars' worth. This is very funny to you, no doubt, but I have lived six months by working for Miss Anna. She pays spot cash for my short stories. After a while she will do the same for my long ones. I don't think I shall ever wait for higher pay on publication. One dollar in hand is better than five in any man's printing office."

Grant was almost gay and Southard was sure that a part of that fifteen dollars still lurked in his protegee's waistcoat pocket. But Southard was not gay. The idea of a man such as Grant writing for such compensation saddened him terribly. He thought it a shame, and he determined to redouble his efforts to get Grant a chance where he could do worthy work and receive decent pay. He did not see Grant again for a week, then when his protegee appeared he was more woebegone than ever. He was pale and distressed; he was wan and tired. No questions were necessary. When Grant had flung himself into a chair, he said:

"The bottom has dropped out of everything. Even Miss Anna Lowell Riley has turned me down. She has sent back a 30,000-word story that it took me a week to write. She says it is not breezy enough. What the deuce is a breezy story? And what can she expect for \$30?"

"The Lord knows, Grant! But, seriously, I should think a 30,000-word story turned out in a week would not be worth a cent, let alone \$30. Why, man, \$30 is a lot of money."

"That is why I am so cut up about not getting it."

Further conversation developed the fact that Grant was penniless. Southard relieved his immediate wants, modestly relieved them, for Southard was not a prodigal in his benefactions, and when he went out in the afternoon he had Grant on his mind. One of his errands was to a magazine office where he had been pressed to call as soon as possible. He learned that the editor had gone away for a month for his health, and left word for Southard to write at once an article they had discussed together a week or so before. This article was needed for a

number that was presently to go to press, and the editor had gone away confident that Southard would do it. But Southard had made other engagements. In this he saw an opportunity for Grant. He therefore engaged to do the article or have it done. He sent for Grant, and talking the matter over learned that Grant knew the subject thoroughly. Together they planned the article and determined on arrangement and treatment. Grant was delighted and went off relieved, even buoyant.

The next evening but one Grant appeared with the manuscript. Southard read it.

"Do you mind my changing it a bit?" he asked.

"No," said Grant, dubiously, but evidently he did mind.

"Very good. Then leave it with me and come to luncheon with me tomorrow. In the afternoon we will take it to the magazine."

Grant did not like to be dismissed in this fashion, but there was nothing else for him, so he went away. Southard was in a dreadful quandary. Here was the article containing everything that had been agreed upon, and also very well written; but it was as dead as a mummy. Could he put life into it? He could but try. He gave the whole night to it, working harder than he had done for years. But when he had finished he was satisfied there was life in it; there was more than life in it—there was go, there was sparkle.

At one o'clock Grant turned up and Southard handed him a type-written copy.

"Oh, you had it type-written?" "Yes, I rather spoiled the neatness of your manuscript. See if you like it."

Grant read and smiled and frowned by turns. He was not entirely pleased, but did not say so. His thanks even did not have a true ring. But Southard was pleased and rather confident that he had done Grant a good turn.

In a few weeks the article appeared. It was timely in subject, and as it was rarely well done it attracted attention. It was the leading article of the month. It was Grant's.

"That is a bright chap you introduced here," the publisher said to Southard. "What do you know of him?"

Southard said pleasant things of Grant, extolling his ability, learning and industry. So the publisher, whose editor had resigned, sent for the successful Grant and offered him the post. He took it as quick as a wink and at once rushed off to tell the news to Southard. Southard was unfeignedly glad, but he was also very much surprised.

"Well," he said to himself when Grant had gone, "I always stood well in that office, but now it is mine—there I will have a free field to express myself."

Grant and Southard did not often meet now, as the new editor was busy with unaccustomed duties. In a month or so the pressure of work on Southard having let up he wrote an article expressly for Grant's magazine. A few days after sending it he received this letter written by dictation:

Dear Mr. Southard:
I regret very much to say that your article is not quite what we want at this time. To be candid with you, I think it lacks vitality, and then again, I am sure it is quite too long for such a subject. But I am exceedingly obliged for the privilege of reading it. I trust that this will not discourage you, but that you will try again.

I am, very sincerely yours,
WILLIAM GRANT, Editor.

"Confound it!" exclaimed Southard, "my protegee has turned patron!"—The Criterion.

Trout in a Molasses Barrel.

One of the queerest experiences in catching trout that any man ever had in Maine was had at Moosehead Lake recently by an Attleboro sportsman named Williams. He was standing on the apron of the dam at Wilson's fishing in the quick water below and had met with fair success. Near the shore, on the right hand, in a little eddy, he noticed a barrel lying on its side in several feet of water. He wondered what it was there for, and was so curious that he left his fishing and went down to examine. He found that it was an old molasses barrel, and it was lying so that he could see the bung-hole. Of course the barrel was full of water and the man had no idea there was a fish inside of it, but just for curiosity he dropped his hook through the hole, and no sooner had it landed there than the water was boiling, and the fisherman knew he had a trout on the other end. He played him until the fish was tired and when he came to land him he could not get him through the hole. He secured a saw and sawed a piece out of the top of the barrel near the head. The fish came out. It weighed three pounds and was one of the handsomest squaretails caught in that section this year. One of the guides said that the trout must have gone into the barrel when small and had lived on bugs and worms which had taken up their abode on the inside.—Maine Sportsman.

The Swan Lives Long.

Among birds the swan lives to be the oldest, in extreme cases reaching 300 years; the falcon has been known to live over 162 years.



[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

The aldermen here have thanked everybody who had anything to do with the Dewey celebration except the police, and a resolution to include them failed by four votes. The alderman who led the opposition declared that he had seen displays of brutality on the day of the land parade that were a disgrace to the force, and succeeded in making his colleagues believe it. This at least negative condemnation of Tammany-governed police by a Tammany board was significant, and all the more so because of the contrast between Dewey day and Columbus day seven years previous. On that occasion officers were not permitted to carry their clubs, but simply exert their authority in a persuasive way. The experiment was certainly justified by results. There never had been a larger crowd in New York city than on that day, but the control of it left little to be desired.

During the Dewey celebration here an enterprising Bovery photographer hung out in front of his "studio" this fetching legend:

HAVE YOUR PICTURE TAKEN,
SHAKING HANDS WITH
ADM. DEWEY—12 FOR 25c.

Those who went into the gallery found there a man with a false mustache and a gray wig, who was made up to impersonate the admiral during the photographing process. The photographer made barrels of money. New York is always ahead when it comes to games of that sort.

The death of Mr. George E. Pond of this city, one of the foremost writers and authorities on war history, is a great loss to journalism and particularly to the Sun newspaper, where his valuable contributions were highly prized. The latter pays him a high tribute of respect that is worth living to attain and dying to know, if only what men think of men can reach beyond the tomb. Boston, by the way, claims Mr. Pond, for it was there he was born and educated and began a career which he was singularly and brilliantly endowed by nature and circumstance.

It is proposed to make permanent the triumphal arch erected in this city as one of the features of the Dewey reception to reproduce it in lasting material and set it up in some quarter where it shall remain a decoration for the city. It is a worthy impulse, which we may hope may be realized. As the arch has already been mutilated by relic-seekers in a barbarous manner, and as the artist's models of the quadriga which figure on its summit have already been stolen, we must be quick about it or the whole beautiful conception may vanish.

The fog that hung over New York for a fortnight while the rival yachts were waiting to race were of the London kind. It discomposed yachtsmen and it brooded on every mind. The fog and calm together made the angry seamen rave but the fog still hung upon the Hook and hovered on the wave. All agreed, although the fact involves a verbal twist, that if the fog would blow away it never would be mist. Perhaps that's why the Britons their angry passions goaded, by wishing savagely each day "the bloomin' fog be blowed!"

Boston was not destined to remain the only city where the Christian Scientists can boast of a substantial church edifice. The amount of money in their control in this city is very great, and they have filed plans with the building department for an expensive granite church, the plans having been prepared by one of the best known architectural firms. For the site the church has bought and paid for a lot near Central Park, on the most expensive residential thoroughfare in New York.

A fascinating young woman was brought into court in this city the other day, charged with having sought to obtain money by false pretences, her particular offence having been that she advertised her readiness to furnish tips on the stock market to people anxious to get rich quick and willing to pay for the opportunity. She was discharged, however, on the plea that, if people are anxious to get duped, they have a perfect right to avail themselves of the privilege. This is one of the blessings of a free country.

The anti-Tammany forces are holding meetings of conference at the City club, to frame a ticket for united action at the coming election. The citizens' union and the Republican county committee are represented in force by such men as Everett Wheeler and F. C. Huntington on the one part and Mr. Quigg, Collector Bidwell and General Aneon G. McCook on the other. Justice Barrett's name has been dropped because of the bitterness of Republican opposition.

The New York courts here are after the usurers who charge murderous rates and thrive on the ignorance of the poor. The courts were never engaged in more righteous business than ending these cruel bloodsuckers to ail.

KNICKERBOCKER.

J. F. C.

IS THE

Best 5c. Cigar

IN THE MARKET.

—THE—

George Peabody

CIGAR IS THE BEST TEN-CENT SMOKE.

See that your dealer keeps them; Manufactured by J. F. Carbrey, 19 Mason street, Peabody.

New
Periodical
Store . .

Confectionery, cigars and tobacco, stationery, weekly papers, magazines, daily and Sunday New York papers. Coal orders taken for Winchester Smith.

N. E. MCCARTHY.

12 1-2 Lowell street.

CONNOR & TRACEY,

Wholesale and retail dealers in Groceries, : Teas, and Flour,

Beef, Mutton, Lamb and Veal Butter, Cheese and Eggs a specialty.

23 FOSTER STREET.



Fall and Winter styles

Black and Russett.

The Latest Designs in

Boots and Shoes, at

We have a full line at popular prices at

Raddin's, 52 Main Street.

Herbert Gardner,
HARNESSES

AND

Horse-Furnishing Goods,

PEABODY SQUARE.

Coffee.

There is nothing better in the market than the stock we carry. In delicate flavor, strength and purity, our coffee in cans and unground is really unsurpassed by any higher-priced goods. We sell it for 25c. lb.

BURSLEY & CREHORE,

DEALERS IN

Fine Groceries

Staple and Fancy.

Corner Central and Walnut streets,

Peabody.

Fall and Winter.

Season of '99.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

WE beg to announce that we have opened a store at 48 Main street for the purposes of a

General Tailoring Business,

and hope to be favored with your kind patronage, in return for which we guarantee satisfaction and moderate prices.

We also make a specialty of Ladies' Garments. Cleaning, Dyeing and Repairing done in a neat and prompt manner.

A trial is most respectfully solicited. All kinds of Furs made and repaired.

Respectfully yours,

J. Cohen & Co.

46 1-2 Main Street.

Full Line of Fresh Vegetables on Hand. Also, the best Meats in town.

C. E. Flint's.

C. H. GOULDING,

DEALER IN

FURNITURE,

BEDDING, CARPETS, ETC.

Walnut Street,
PEABODY, . . . MASS.

HAMBLET & HAYES,



Ammunition of all kinds, shells, powder, cartridges. Also,

Guns to Let!

At Hamblet & Hayes, 13 and 15 Lowell street.

Blackburn and
Patterson,

LIVERY, HACK, and
BOARDING STABLE

Corner Summer and Foster streets,
Peabody, Mass

Special attention paid to boarders.



—TRY A—

LUNCH

—AT—

C. J. KEEFE & CO.,

Dealers in cigars, confectionery, fruit, etc.

J. M. WARD & Co.,
* FLORISTS *

Designs Artistically Executed.
Cut Flowers and Plants.

Green-houses, Warren and Endicott streets.

TELEPHONE 547-2.

If that chair
or Lounge
needs repairs

Send me a postal card and I will call. I do all kinds of

Upholstering

work. A large assortment of Coverings at lowest prices.

J. T. CASSINO,

Central Street, near Hay Scales.

Who is it that's selling Aprons so neat?

Who is it that's selling Perfumes so sweet?

Who is it that's selling Skirts so cheap?

Who is it that's selling Corsets to fit?

Who is it that's selling Vests that are knit?

Who is it that's selling a black stocking?

At prices simply shocking—Why—

A. L. CASSINO, 42 Main St., Peabody

Made in the store, 19c, 25c, 37c, 50c

10c, 25c,

37c, 50c, made in the store,

75 and \$1.00

10, 15, 25

10, 15, 25

Two pairs for 25,

My baby boy! Scarce four months yet
Life's thorny path thou'st trod;
A velvet toy, a soothing balm
For breaking hearts, from God,
A zent and awful trickster thou—
Thou dost not with the clock,
My rest has flown—thy plaintive moan
Would move the firmest rock.
I am not made of such stern stuff,
And so I am thy slave;
Yet shut within thy nursery bower,
A taste of life I crave.

My mind doth wander back to take
A peep at social things—
The plays and teas, with music sweet;
They all have taken wings.
I cannot follow now, for thou
Dost bid me stay with thee;
I put aside my longing thoughts
And murmur wearily.
But hark, thou wakest! Tiny arms
Are stretched for me to take;
Thy wee pink fingers touch my lips—
My chains I would not break.

HIS LANDLORD.

I
I've walked it from strand to strand,
And there never was a garden
Comparing to Paddy's land.
Then fare ye well, Ould Ireland,
I'm afraid I'll never see ye more,
An' U's now me heart is broken!
Through lavin' no native shore.



PEAL of laughter
so delicious and
unexpected greet-
ed the conclusion
of the song as
caused the singer
to sit bolt upright
in the long, lush
grass in comical
bewilderment.

The delinquent,
a slim, bare-head-
ed girl, with the humor still lurking
about her scarlet lips, returned his
stare with interest.

Brian Hennessy's mouth quivered
into a smile beneath the brown mus-
tache.

"What is the joke?" he asked.
The girl struggled to regain her
composure.

"I really must beg your pardon,"
she said in a clear, sweet voice, "but
your lament was so exceeding dolor-
ous, and so—so—"

"Remarkably tuneful."

"Thank you!" gravely. "So re-
markably untuneful, that I could not
refrain from laughing at you. It was
very rude of me."

"And very natural," said Brian,
quickly struggling to his feet.

The sun was beating down with a
fervent heat. Great lazy butterflies
sailed slowly by. Away at their feet
the country unrolled itself in a pano-
rama of bog and moorland.

Behind them, a long, low, half-
ruined house stretched its gray front
along the hill.

Hennessy looked at his companion
critically. He saw a girl, rather above
the average height, clad in a cream-
colored frock, which somehow even to
him bore the impress of fashion. Out
of a pure oval face a pair of wide,
dark eyes gazed fearlessly.

"I am afraid you are courting an
attack of sunstroke," he observed, a
note of concern in his voice.

She laughed again—a low, rippling
laugh.

"It is your song which is to blame,"
she said gayly. "I left my sunbonnet
over there in my haste to see the—
—singer," a mischievous gleam in the
dark eyes.

He hurried around the little clump
of bushes and found the little bonnet
lying beside a book, which had fallen
open at the flyleaf. He could not fail
to see the inscription:

"Olive M. Dalrymple."

He sighed dismally.

"A grande demoiselle a-rusticat-
ing," he murmured below his breath.
"Put on your very best society man-
ners, Hennessy, my boy."

The girl stood where he had left
her, a soft smile curving her lips.

"It is he—I know it is he," she
thought quickly; the man whom Mrs.
Dolan said could coax a bird off a
tree with his blarney—poor Brian
Hennessy.

"I have brought your book, too,
Miss Dalrymple," he said politely,
pushing his battered straw hat to a
more sober angle on his fair head,
"and perhaps I ought to introduce
myself—Brian Hennessy, at your
service."

She stared and gazed at him in a
puzzled way.

"The book lay open," he said half
apologetically, "and hence my—"

"Ah, yes, thank you," she said de-
murely, hiding her laughing eyes be-
neath her bonnet. "You are the
'landlord,' aren't you?"

"Er—well, yes; I suppose I am,"
agreed Hennessy, a trifle grimly, "at
present."

"Oh!"—and she faced him quickly,
pain and pity in her eyes—"how
thoughtless of me! Mrs. Dolan has
spoken of you. I am so very sorry."

The man's strong, virile face soft-
ened into an indescribable sweetness.
"I thank you," he said simply.

"Do you know, Mr. Hennessy,"
she said presently, "that I came here
this afternoon with a purpose?"

"Really?"—with a quizzical smile.

"Yes,"—gravely—"I came to see
your home."

He bowed low.

"I have heard so much about it, and
you, from Mrs. Dolan," she continued,
"that I am consumed with curiosity."

"Is not that natural in a woman?"
he ventured.

"Perhaps so,"—without relaxing
her gravity. "But, believe me, it is
not impertinent curiosity. I know the
Mr. Darlington who is foreclosing,
and his daughter, very well indeed.
Possibly I might—"

The man stiffened perceptibly.

"My dear Miss Dalrymple," he
said, "I must beg of you to dismiss
any such idea at once. Mr. Darlington
is quite within his rights, and I
should be the last person in the world
to question them. My loss will also,
I regret to say, be the tenant's loss.
A man who can deal so harshly with
me will not spare them. As for Mrs.
Dolan, I fear she allows her tongue to
wag much too freely."

"It is for love of you!" she cried
impulsively.

He turned his back to her for a mo-
ment, and his voice trembled a little
when next he spoke.

"I know," he said softly; "she is
my foster-mother, and is prejudiced."
"But all your tenants are alike,"
she said.

"He did not answer her, but led the
way through a hole in the stone fence,
and across the old-fashioned garden
to where the great oaken door stood
wide open, revealing a cool, dark hall
beyond."

Three or four dogs rushed boister-
ously out, leaping up at him in an
ecstasy of canine joy.

"Mrs. Lyons will give us some tea,
I have no doubt," he said, quieting
the dogs with a word.

The hour that followed was one of
the happiest he had ever known. And
the walk back to Mrs. Dolan's in the
cool evening, with the sun sending
long shafts of yellow light betwixt the
slender stems of the firs in the planta-
tion, and across the purple heather,
was like a glimpse of Paradise.

And the spells of sweetly danger-
ous silence were sweet to both alike.

II.

During the weeks which followed
Brian Hennessy was torn by conflict-
ing emotions. Consumed by a passion-
ate love for the girl who was staying
with Mrs. Dolan, and recognizing, as
he did, the utter hopelessness of
fostering such an attachment, he was
by turns recklessly gay and deeply
despondent.

A few of the rougher spirits on the
estate did not fail to notice these fits
of despondency, and the hot blood ran
riot in their veins at the "tyranny" of
the man who was turning the master
out of house and home. Dark whis-
perings and muttered threats which
boded no good to Mr. Darlington
were freely indulged in, and Rory
Devine polished up his old rifle with a
grim look.

But the loss of his home, which a
few short weeks ago had seemed to
Brian the worst calamity that could
befall him, had faded into utter in-
significance beside the one great ab-
sorbing passion of his life.

He feared with a dread the keen-
ness of which struck him like a dag-
ger thrust, the inevitable parting which
he knew must now be close at hand.

Though poverty sealed his lips with
a seal that love strove in vain to break,
the continued struggle was telling
upon him, and the hopeless look in
his eyes often caused the heart of Mrs.
Dolan's pretty lodger to beat with a
wildness that startled her.

One dull, heavy morning, about a
month after their first meeting, Brian
came tramping down the moor and
across the meadow, a couple of dogs
at his heels, and a look on his face
that caused Mrs. Dolan to remark:

"Sure, there's Mister Brian, lookin'
for all the world as if he was going to
be hung!"

A moment later he was in the cool,
stone-flagged kitchen, and gazing
hungrily at the occupant of the big
arm chair.

"It has come!" he said bitterly.
"Mr. Darlington arrives to-day by the
10.15 p. m. I shall fetch him in the
dogcart from Coolardy."

She gazed up at him with a soft lit-
tle sigh.

"And I am leaving at noon," she ex-
claimed. "I have had letters from
home this morning."

His lips twitched a little, and his
face paled beneath the bronze.

"Then it is indeed the deluge!" was
all he could manage to say.

How he passed the few hours that
remained before her departure he could
never recall. The whole world seemed
to slipping away from him; and when
he drove her to the station and watched
the forlorn little face fade away as the
train bore her from his sight his heart
sank very low indeed, and he turned
away with a groan he could not re-
press.

Meanwhile Mrs. Dolan had not
been idle. The news of Mr. Dar-
lington's expected arrival had spread
far and near, and Rory Devine, with
two or three others, spoke in hushed
whispers of the loneliness of the road
from Coolardy.

The little station platform looked
drear and inhospitable as Brian stood
just outside the white gate the same
evening awaiting the arrival of the
ten-fifteen. The mare kept pushing
her velvety nose against his arm, as if
conscious of his trouble.

His patience was not too sorely
tried, however, for a few minutes
later it ran slowly alongside the plat-
form and deposited a solitary lady
passenger familiar in the faint glim-
mer shed by the lamps.

As she came toward the exit his
heart gave a great leap.

"Olive!" he cried, a note of bewil-
derment in his voice.

She laughed tremulously.

"Yes, it is I," she answered.

"But how—where is Darlington?"
She laughed again, a little quaver-
ingly.

"Here," she replied; "I am Mr.
Darlington."

"I must be very dense," he said at
length; "but there is some mystery

here that I cannot understand. Will
you please explain?"

She shivered at the change in his
voice, and laid one hand on his arm.
"I will tell you as we go along,"
she said.

He helped her to her seat and gath-
ered up the reins.

In the darkness her lips were trem-
bling piteously and her eyes were full
of tears.

"It is quite simple," she said, as
they spun along. "I—I have taken
up the mortgage."

His hands tightened on the reins
involuntarily.

"You?" he said hoarsely.
She nestled closer to his side.

"Why not?" she asked.
He could not speak. Love and
pride were fighting a hard battle. By
her action she had made the gulf be-
twixt them well-nigh impassable.

If he told her of his love—the love
which he now knew was reciprocated
—the world with its usual lack of
charity would call him "fortune-hun-
ter."

He breathed hard at the thought.
"You are not angry with me?" she
sighed.

Before he had time to reply a spurt
of fire leaped from the thicket at the
side of the road, followed by a sharp
report, and with a cry of agony, the
girl fell heavily against him, slipping
in a huddled heap at his feet.

It was a week later, and they were
seated on the hillside where they first
met. Brian Hennessy's lips were tell-
ing the old, old story.

"I love you, Olive, beyond all!" he
cried, fervently kissing the helpless
arm in the silken sling.

"And you will forgive poor Rory?"
"If you ask it," he replied gravely.
The girl smiled demurely.

"Then I think, Brian, we may con-
sider it settled. For the future I shall
make my home with you in dear old
Paddy's Land."

THE EXPERT WITNESS.

His Absurd Tendency to Befog a Question
in Technical Elucidation.

One of the besetting sins of the ex-
pert witness is the habit or tendency
to use a lot of Latin words in describ-
ing an injury to the jury. In some
exceptional cases, doubtless, this is
done without affectation or for a pur-
pose, but we have no hesitation in
saying that in the majority of instances
it is a very good index of the learning
and capacity of the expert, on the
assumption that the more words of
this sort are used, the more probability
there is that they cover a deficiency of
knowledge and thorough grounding
on the part of the user. A really able
man in his profession will always
accommodate himself to circum-
stances, and realizing the capacity of
the average juror, use very different
forms and methods of expression in
testifying before court and jury than
if he were making an address or de-
livering a paper on some scientific
subject before an audience of his pro-
fessional brethren.

A physician, for example, who,
when upon the stand, is asked to de-
scribe something to the jury, uses all
the high-sounding terms and expres-
sions he can muster, deserves to have
very little attention paid to his testi-
mony—and usually gets his deserts.

An amusing example of this truth is
given in the following account of an
actual happening in an English court.
It is from a little book entitled,
"Hints on Advocacy," published first
in England:

"I discovered considerable ecchy-
mosis under the left orbit, caused by
extravasation of blood beneath the
cuticle," said a young house surgeon
in a case of assault at the assizes.

Baron Bramwell—"I suppose you
mean the man had a black eye?"

Scientific Witness—"Precisely, my
Lord."

Baron Bramwell—"Perhaps if you
had said so in plain English, those
gentlemen would better understand
you."

"Precisely, my Lord," answered
the learned surgeon, evidently deli-
ghted that the Judge understood
his meaning.

This incident, which might be
paralleled many times in court in this
country, carries its own comment.
What the jury wants is to be en-
lightened on disputed points, and the
way to do this is not to use purely
technical expressions, but to explain
in plain, homely language. There is
no danger that in doing this the ex-
pert will be liable to detract from the
general estimate of his own abilities,
but rather the reverse will be the
case.

It Was a "Boat."

A druggist named Patnam was
killed in Willows, Cal., by a man
named Schorn. The telegraphed re-
port came to the Chronicle and Call,
but did not appear in the Examiner.
Next morning the omission was dis-
covered to the managing editor, who
summoned the assistant editor. "Did
our correspondent at Willows send on
a report of that murder?" he de-
manded.

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Then fire him," was the verdict.
The coast editor withdrew, but re-
turned a moment afterward: "There
are certain circumstances in this man's
favor that—"

"Nothing justifies a man permit-
ting himself to be scooped. Bounce
him, I say," snapped the managing
editor.

"Look here, sir—the man really did
have a good excuse for overlooking
the importance of this story," persist-
ed the coast editor.

"What was it, for heaven's sake?"
"Well, sir," was the reply, "he was
the man who was killed."

A service of motor vehicles has
been started between Rosas and Fig-
ueras, in Spain, a distance of twelve
miles. The vehicles have a seating
accommodation of nine passengers.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

SHE BUILT A WHOLE TOWN.

An Arcadia Owned and Managed by a
California Woman.

In California, near Cloverdale, is a
village consisting of a station and a
postoffice, which is combined with a
telephone station and a general sup-
ply store. There are also a shop or
two and a goodly number of cosy
cottages. The name of the station is
Preston, and this is its story:

Twenty-nine years ago H. L. Pres-
ton and his wife left West Virginia
and settled where the village now
stands. Mr. Preston bought a small
section of land, and gradually added
to it by buying adjacent property.

The land was cleared and planted,
water piped for household use and
irrigation, and the homestead grew to
be a prosperous looking one. Mr.
Preston died seven years ago, leaving
his wife alone, with the exception of a
son by a former marriage.

Up to this time there had been no
village, nothing but a nicely cultivated
fruit farm, but Mrs. Preston, who is
a native of Connecticut, set about
building a town. For a number of
years she had been treating persons
for slight ailments, and gradually won
a reputation as a healer. Many per-
sons came to her, and, liking the sur-
roundings, they stayed on in the
neighborhood, and little by little a
number of houses were put up. Mrs.
Preston busied herself in making life
pleasant for the people gathered about
her. She did not organize a colony,
but kept all of her interests separate.

First she built a pretty schoolhouse,
and for six years taught the children
herself. Then she put up a church,
in which the services were and are
entirely original. Mrs. Preston calls
her religion "the religion of inspira-
tion," and she herself preaches the
sermons.

The Preston settlement is thorough-
ly independent. There are children
enough to justify asking the State to
provide for their education, but in-
stead the teacher of the school is hired
by the subscriptions of the parents.

Mrs. Preston had bridges constructed,
the road kept in order and new ones
laid out at her own expense. Her
tenants are given a life tenancy free,
which is secured for themselves and
their children, but Mrs. Preston
keeps the title in her own name.

No liquor is sold. The people live
in pretty vine-covered cottages, and
during the summer they all go to a
lake in the mountains, which is ten
acres in area and stocked with fish,
where camping facilities have been
prepared by the settlement's fairy
godmother. Everything is free to
the villagers of Preston at this moun-
tain resort.

Novelties in Furs.

The new furs seem handsomer than
ever this season, and broadtail (finest
and softest of baby Persian lamb),
sable, mink and chinchilla are in the
greatest demand. Three-quarter coats
and wraps of mink or broadtail are
enriched by collars and revers or
ruffled borders of chinchilla or sable.

Ermine is not much in evidence and
will be confined principally to evening
wraps. The three-quarter half-fitting
sealskin coat is with us once more and
for the first time in many years.

A very smart wrap of broadtail fits
easily and sweeps to the knees, is
finished by a broad frill of softest
chinchilla and has a high collar of the
same fur. Another broadtail garment
is a bolero jacket, with little spade-
shaped, scalloped tabs in front. The
very high collar and revers are of
richest sable and great gantlet cuffs
of the fur finish the small sleeves.

A charming chinchilla and velvet cape
has a yoke piece of rosy-lilac panne,
which is covered with Renaissance
lace. A high collar of chinchilla is
faced with frothy ruches of lilac and
rosa chiffon, and beneath the full
frill of chinchilla, attached to the
yoke-piece, peep bouillottes of rose
and lilac chiffon. The collar is
fastened by a bow of chiffon, and the
long scarf ends hang to the waist,
the edges ruched with the daintiest
of tiny ruchings.

Muffs, collarettes and toques to
match come in sets, and panne is
effective for these sets in light colors.

A toque, collarette and muff of pale
blue panne, chinchilla and lace for
evening wear—restaurant wear, as the
term is now—are wonderfully smart
and pretty. Beautiful buckles and
ornaments are used on muffs as well
as on hats, and knots of lace and
bands of fur on velvet muffs and frills
of satin and velvet on fur muffs make
them as picturesque as they are costly,
which is not slight praise.

Hints For Wearing Veils.

Here are three fresh veil hints:
For morning wear, chiffon with small
silk polka dots, white with white,
pearl gray with pearl gray. Smartest
of all is chestnut brown with pinhead
dots of white. Brown chiffon veils
still are worn loosely about the face,
to flutter with every breeze. Her
brown veil is the tailor-made girl's
chief compromise with traditional fem-
inine draperies.

For afternoon use, fine black cob-
web veiling of irregular mesh, punc-
tured emphatically by black polka
dots, size of a lead pencil end, are ap-
proved by women who know, and of-
fered when you ask for the latest.

With less assurance another novel
veiling is referred to here—finest shell
pink tulle or illusion, joined with
white cobweb net, finely polka-dotted
with black! This dainty face cover-
ing, of course, is intended for dress
use, and is offered in high class stores,
which commend it for rare elegance.

Women of fastidious views may take
up with face veiling lined with pink
—it would be no more remarkable
than their adoption of fussy lingerie.

The worst that may be said of the veil-
ing with pink lining is that it is ex-
tremely Parisian; the best, that it is
wonderfully pretty. It lends a per-
manent pinky flush to the complexion.
If it were put on carefully one would
get about the same result from a dot-
ted white veil put on at the same time
with one of pink meline.—New York
Press.

The Touchstone of Amiability.

Is there any woman who cannot be
amiable? Do not understand me to
mean the forced sweetness that de-
generates into flattery. Such an atti-
tude is unworthy. The first defini-
tion of "amiable" given in the diction-
ary is "worthy of love." To be
worthy of love we must get ourselves
into right relationship with the world.

Love begets love, and the woman who
would be amiable in the highest sense
must learn to love her fellow-man.
She should seek out the older people,
and find what delightful compani-
onship she has hitherto missed. If she
will sympathize with the younger
boys and girls she can be most help-
ful in their affairs of heart and ambi-
tion. The love affair of Jack of twen-
ty-one and Betty of eighteen may
seem to her foolish in the light of her
larger, deeper experience, but she
should remember her own life story,
and bring some of the great tender-
ness which seeks for an outlet to the
unraveling of their tangled skeins of
perplexity.—Temple Bailey, in the
Woman's Home Companion.

Leaves For the Hair Now the Mode.

"Those high cockatoos in the hair
are out of date, and how glad I am!"
writes Edith Lawrence, in the Ladies'
Home Journal. "No more towering
plumes and aigrettes. Alice has been
good enough to go for me to the best
hairdressers in Paris and find out
what the head-dresses are to be this
winter. And her answer to my ques-
tion is—leaves! Lovely transparent
green leaves, so perfect, my dear, that
she says you can almost see them
grow! They are quite expensive, but
wonderfully and beautifully made.
She writes me that they are made of
ribbon and velvet, and are veined ex-
actly like the natural ones. If they
are large, only one or two are worn,
with a small tuft of marabout feathers
in the centre. If small leaves, a spray
is made of them and put at the left
side of the head. Of course the leaves
must be wired to stand up and hold
in place."

Belt and Neck Buckles.

The small belt and neck buckles
have been warmly welcomed by stout
women. They usually match, but
there is no hard and fast rule that
they should do so. The wide belts of
soft ribbon, pinned in the back to
prevent possibilities of parting in
waist and skirt, and drawn through
the small buckle in front, thus pre-
cluding any shortening of waist line,
are especially desirable.

For the neck, small buckles, clasp-
ing a ribbon which goes exactly twice
around the stock, are of gilt, enamel,
jewels or silver.

Women Won the Honors.

Eight women's names appear in the
recently issued M. A. passed list of
the University of London. The total
number of names is eighteen. In the
classics women gained four places out
of six. The classics gold medal was
given to a Newnan girl, Miss Winifred
Slater. Two places out of three in
French and two out of five in English
were gained by women, and in both
departments a woman headed the list.

The Newest Fashions.

Belt and throat buckles continue to
be standard articles.

Velvets, both plain and fancy, are
to be very much worn.

Plain, medium sized chatelaine bags
of seal and alligator are much used.

The prettiest plaids are in the Scotch
woolen goods, pretty soft shades which
blend most harmoniously.

Quite original among brooches is a
fan, of which the sticks are chased
gold and the leaves encrusted emeralds.

A boa holder of gold, set with imi-
tation gems, and shaped like a serpent
doubled in one deep loop, is one of the
season's novelties.

Men's wear suitings are being much
used for women's suits. The vogue
for mannish street costumes is partially
responsible for this.

The

"He is Wise Who Talks But Little."

This is only a half truth. If wise men had held their tongues, we should know nothing about the circulation of the blood. If it were not for this advertisement you might never know that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood medicine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

WANTED—Energetic man as County Superintendent to manage our business in your own and adjoining counties, no canvassing; straight salary, \$18.00 per week and expenses. Yearly contract, rapid promotion. Exceptional opportunity. Address manufacturers, P. O. Box 738, Philadelphia, Penn.

Radway's Pills

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause Perfect Digestion, complete absorption, and healthful regularity. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases.

LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, DIZZY FEELINGS, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA.

PERFECT DIGESTION will be accomplished by taking Radway's Pills. By their ANTI-BILIOUS properties they stimulate the liver, and the secretion of the bile and its discharge through the biliary ducts. These pills in doses from two to four will quickly regulate the action of the liver and free the system from these disorders. One or two of Radway's Pills, taken daily by those subject to bilious pains and torpidity of the liver, will keep the system regular and secure healthy digestion.

Price, 25c. per Box. Sold by all Druggists.
RADWAY & CO., New York.

Peculiar Fish.
In Lake Derwentwater, in England, there is a species of fish called vendace, which are never found alive. They are said to frequent the deeper parts of the lake, and are never met with in the rivers. One or two dead specimens of the breed which have been found in the lake are treasured as curiosities.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The postal money order business between the United States and Cuba amounts to \$80,000 a week. NE42

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer. —Miss ALICE DOWGLASS, Le Roy, Mich., Oct. 20, 1894.

Eskimo Dog's Good Qualities.
The Eskimo dog of pure breed, with his strongly built frame, long white fur, pointed ears and bushy tail, is capable of enduring hunger to a far greater extent than the mixed breed. But the latter beat him in long journeys, even when fed but once a day. An Eskimo dog will travel for two days without food; one of the mixed breed must be fed at the close of the first day, or he is good for but little the next. In winter their food often consists chiefly of dried capelin—the small smelt-like fish that are used by the cod fishermen for bait.

An expert driver can hit any part of the leading dog he chooses with the extremity of his formidable whip. The lash of a good whip is about thirty-five feet long, attached to a handle of not more than eight or ten inches. The best whippers are well known along the coast, and to become an experienced hand is an object of the highest ambition among the young men of the rising generation.

"I GAVE little thought to my health," writes Mrs. Wm. V. BELL, 230 N. Walnut St., Canton, O., to Mrs. Pinkham. "until I found myself unable to attend to my household duties. 'I had had my days of not feeling well and my monthly suffering, and a good deal of backache, but I thought all women had these things and did not complain. 'I had doctored for some time, but no medicine seemed to help me, and my physician thought it best for me to go to the hospital for local treatment. I had read and heard so much of your

Vegetable Compound that I made up my mind to try it. I was troubled with falling of the womb, had sharp pains in ovaries, leucorrhoea and painful menses. I was so weak and dizzy that I would often have severe fainting spells. I took in all several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier and used the Sanative Wash, and am now in good health. I wish others to know of the wonderful good it has done me, and have many friends taking it now. Will always give your medicine the highest praise." Mrs. A. TOLLE, 1946 Hilton St., Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I was very thin and my friends thought I was in consumption. Had continual headaches, backache and falling of womb, and my eyes were affected. Every one noticed how poorly I looked and I was advised to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. One bottle relieved me, and after taking eight bottles am now a healthy woman; have gained in weight 95 pounds to 140 pounds, and everyone asks what makes me so stout."

Resurrecting a Wedding Ring.
Fifteen years ago Mrs. E. K. Rice of Pembroke, Me., lost a gold wedding ring in the straw with which a bed was filled. The following spring, as was usual, the bedtick was emptied, preparatory to refilling, and its contents thrown in the horses' stalls, later finding its way to the pile of dressing, and used on a field in which potatoes were planted for four succeeding years, after which the piece of ground was devoted to grass for seven years, and for the past four years was again used for potato raising. While digging potatoes on this spot the other day Mr. Rice unearthed one, the singular shape of which attracted his attention, and examination showed the ring lost fifteen years ago encircling one end of the tuber and firmly imbedded in it, the potato bulging out on each side of it, preventing its removal until cut.

The Bigger Numbers.
"You've moved further up town, haven't you?"
"Yes, our street has been renumbered."—Chicago Record.

Lost Sight.
Restored and the eyes cured by using Mindley's Eye Salve. No pain, sure cure or money back. 25c. a box. All druggists, or by mail. J. P. HATTEY, Decatur, Texas.

Sweet Sleep.
All our senses do not slumber simultaneously. They fall into insensibility, one after another. First the eyelids obscure sight, and the sense of taste is the next to lose susceptibility. Smelling, hearing and touch then follow. Touch is the lightest sleeper and most easily aroused. After touch hearing soonest regains consciousness. Slumber commences with the feet and works its way up to the centre of the nervous action. The sense of smell is the last to awake.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, 1894.
A. D. 1894. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for treatise on sale, free of charge. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Extenuating Circumstances.
A case very similar to the Dreyfus affair in its essential character was tried several years ago at Hartford in the residence of Charles Dudley Warner. It was Christmas time, and charades were the order of the evening. It was a murder trial. Mark Twain was one lawyer and Charles Dudley the other. Mr. Twitcheell was the judge; Frank Warner, a strapping six-footer, was the policeman, and the culprit was a little shaver of about five years of age. After eloquent speeches had been made by the counsel for the defense and the prosecution the jury deliberated and found the prisoner guilty. Amid the applause of the spectators, however, the judge decided to pardon the murderer on account of the extenuating circumstance that the murdered man was still alive and flourishing.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Shrewd Advice.
The virtues of a keen business man are often negative rather than positive. It is said that a great broker once told his son that only two things were necessary to make a great financier. "And what are those, papa?" the son asked.
"Honesty and sagacity."
"But what do you consider the mark of honesty to be?"
"Always to keep your word."
"And the mark of sagacity?"
"Never to give your word!"

ROME'S MILITARY ROADS.

BUILT TO FACILITATE THE MOVEMENTS OF LARGE ARMIES.

Why They Are in Good Condition After Two Thousand Years of Use—Significance of the European Road System—The Difference in Asia Minor.

A military power such as Rome was could not long be content with the bridle-paths which all primitive peoples find sufficient to subserve their commercial interests. For, in order to facilitate the shifting and concentration of their armies at strategic points, they needed a better and more comfortable means of rapid transit than was furnished by the primitive bridle path. The primary object which the Roman international roads were intended to subserve was military in character.

The width of the Roman road varied much according to its importance. Often it was one hundred and twenty feet wide, though in the provinces it was generally sixty, sometimes forty feet wide. In order to understand the reason for this great width and for the substantial construction that was rigidly adhered to, we should bear in mind the make-up of the Roman army, whose comfort and necessities were continually consulted. In the first place, the Roman soldier was burdened by his heavy armor and other impedimenta in such a manner as to render him wholly unfit to repel sudden attack successfully, as we read on nearly every page of Caesar's Commentaries. The baggage-train was far larger and more unwieldy than anything we know of to-day, for the reason that this train had to transport not merely the tents, artillery, arms, munitions of war, army chest and a host of other things necessary in the warfare of that day; not merely the effects and plunder of the legionaries, but also those of two secondary armies—an army of women, wives of the legionaries, and another army of body-servants, for each legionary had one or more servants. When on the march, this unwieldy army maintained the line-of-battle order, theoretically at least, in order to be ready to repel sudden and unexpected attack. Good roads, therefore, were necessary in order to enable the immense train with which the army was handicapped to keep pace with the legionaries, and wide roads were essential, in order, in case of sudden attack, to allow the individual legionaries to make effective use of their arms without interfering with their neighbors.

The Roman roads were built with more care than is expended upon the beds of our railways even. They were made as straight as possible, and natural obstacles were skillfully overcome by the use of cuts, fills, bridges, culverts, embankments, and even tunnels. Stiff grades were avoided, and a level, once reached, was doggedly maintained, even at the expense of making cuts, fills, etc. The work preliminary to the building of any Roman road consisted in excavating all the dirt down to hardpan, and the excavation thus made was filled in, regardless of expense, with layers of sand, stone and cement, until the requisite level, however high it might be, had been reached. Finally, the surface was dressed with a layer of metal and cement. The road was practically indestructible, and required only occasional repairs. That continuous or even merely yearly repairs were not necessary seems clear from the fact that, when repairs were made, the proprietor of the province thought it so important an event that he celebrated it by inscribing the fact along with his name on the milestones.

Many years ago Bergier made an examination of certain Roman roads still in use in France. One road was examined at a point where it had been raised twenty feet above the level of the surrounding country, and a vertical section revealed a structure of five layers. First came the great fill of sixteen feet and one-half; on the top of this fill came, first, a foot layer of flatish stones mixed with cement, then a foot layer of flatish stones without cement, then a foot layer of firmly packed dirt, then a half-foot layer of small metal in hard cement, and lastly, a half-foot layer of large metal and cement. Other roads investigated by Bergier, while differing in treatment, were just as substantial roads. Paved roads were rare, but the Via Appia offers a remarkable instance of a paved road. The stone used in its pavement is of the kind of which millstones are made, and they are so carefully dressed and adjusted that the road often seems to be solid rock, and has proved so indestructible that, after two thousand years of continuous use, it is still a superb road. In the countless inscriptions which state that such and such a governor under such and such an emperor repaired the roads and bridges in his province, reference is made to the top-dressing of metal and cement. The military road of the provinces was usually sixty feet wide, and was divided into three tracks: a raised centre and two side tracks, each track being twenty feet wide.

If the old Roman roads in Italy, France and elsewhere are still existent and in use, there is an especial reason therefor, quite apart from the fact that these roads were originally built for eternity. In the days of Rome's ascendancy all roads led to Rome, and in Europe this has never ceased to be more or less a fact. No city of Europe ever attained such transcendent importance as to make necessary a complete change in the general direction of the road system; so that, in spite of the decline of Rome and the rise of other centres, the roads of Europe still lead to Rome.

In Asia Minor the case was different. Before written history opens, the great emporium of Asia Minor was

Pteria, the capital city of the great Asiatic peninsula. The prehistoric system of roads led to Pteria; one great artery was the road from Pteria (or later on, Taviium) to Ephesus on the seaboard; a second was the road from Pteria-Taviium through the Cilician Gates to the southern seaboard, etc. Later on, when the Persians gained control over Asia Minor, Pteria had ceased to exist, but its neighboring Taviium rose in importance and became the emporium of all Central Asia Minor. Roads led to Taviium. The first artificial trade roads (leaving out of consideration the mythical roads of Semiramis) were, therefore, built by the predecessors of the Persians in Asia Minor. The first road mentioned in written history was the Royal Road which led from Ephesus to Susa. Now the Royal Road was nothing in the world but the old Hittite road (or roads) along whose immense zigzag the Persians were content to jog for centuries, never dreaming, apparently, of a short cut. If the Persians had built the road themselves, they would never have been guilty of the incomprehensible folly of making the great detour from the Cilician Gates via Taviium to Ephesus instead of following the direct and natural trade route from the Cilician Gates via Iconium, Antiochia, Celsene and the Lyons Valley to Ephesus. The Greek kings and their successors, the Romans, adopted this natural shortcut, and the Royal Road lapsed into desuetude. Then all roads led to Ephesus, because Ephesus was the gateway to Rome. Later on, Constantinople arose and disputed the queenship with Rome. Her rise demanded a thoroughgoing change in the general direction of all roads in Asia Minor. Roads no longer led to Rome—that is, to Ephesus—but to Constantinople. The Roman road system in Asia became useless for purposes of trade, and was degraded first to neighborhood roads; and as for fifteen hundred years the roads have continued to lead to Constantinople, the good old Roman roads were finally abandoned, lost, and forgotten. Occasionally the traveler can locate a section of a Roman road, though their course must generally be argued from the mile-stones. One such at Kizik in distant Kommagene is now a silent but eloquent reminder of Rome's solicitude for even her most distant provinces; every stone of the magnificent old bridge on this road tells a pathetic story of the passing of human grandeur.—New York Post.

Long Journey of a Duck.
"I am an old reader of the Spectator, and should like to be allowed to add one of the many interesting stories you have collected about the traits of animals," says a writer in the London Spectator. "Mine relates to a paradise duck which had become domesticated, and lived at a sheep station twenty-one miles from Timaru, in the provincial district of Canterbury. It belonged to the housekeeper, who had clipped its wings, and it spent its life between the homestead and a small pond close by.

"In course of time its mistress left for the neighborhood of Christ Church, and she carried the duck with her in a basket. Her journey was by train twenty-one miles to Timaru, then by changing to another train for ninety-five miles, and finally by coach for about ten miles. By and by the duck disappeared from its new home, and was looked upon as lost. Then its mistress returned to her previous domicile some time after—how long I have not discovered—and to her intense surprise, found the duck had revisited its old haunts and was settled on the pond as before. It could not fly, and no one was known to have carried it, so that the only remaining hypothesis is that it walked for 120 miles, threading its way by many crossroads, over bridges, and across streams, through a country which presents a great variety of contour in hill, valley and river."

A Helpful Little Girl.
"Ab, Jack! you cannot tell what troubles a girl who is receiving the attention of a gentleman."
She was twisting a button on his coat, and looking very demure and shy.

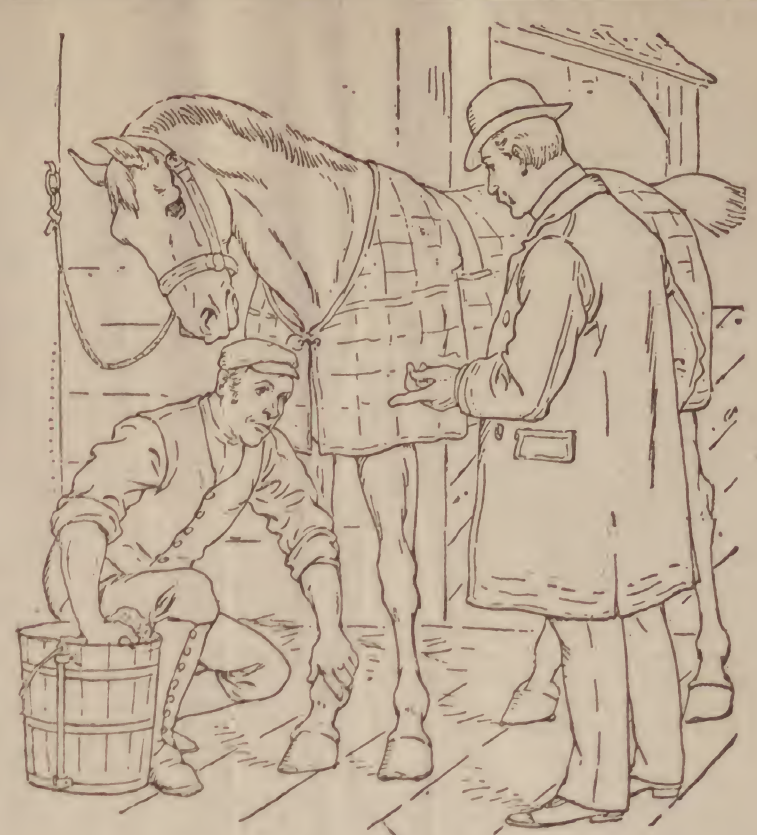
"Troubles, Marie? Of what nature, pray?" he asked, in a tone of surprise.
"Well, one's little brothers are always making fun of one, and one's relatives are always saying, 'When is it to come off?' as if marriage was a prize fight. But that is not the worst. There is the inquisitiveness of one's parents. They want to know everything. There's pa, now; he is constantly asking such questions as, 'Marie, what are Mr. Robinson's intentions? Why does he call upon you so regularly, and stay so late when he does call?' And he sometimes looks so mad when he asks these questions that I actually tremble."

"And what answer do you make to his questions, Marie, my dear?"

"I can't make any answer at all, for, you see, you haven't said anything to me, and—and—of course, I—I—"

Then Mr. Robinson whispered something in Marie's ear, and the next time her father questions her she will be ready with a satisfactory reply.—Woman's Home Companion.

Sign of an Early Winter.
It is beyond the skill of the weather bureau to tell just what it is that makes one winter set in earlier than another. The night hawks and the swallows would seem to teach that there is a steadily accumulating mass of conditions, the presence of the first of which makes itself known to the birds before it does to humans, and that this first manifestation of the gathering of things which, combined, will make an early winter, affects the insect supply. And then the birds go skurrying southward.



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And—a final charm—it floats.

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The Power of the Imagination.

The following interesting experiment is described in the Psychological Review by E. E. Slosson of the University of Wyoming: "I had prepared a bottle, filled with distilled water, carefully wrapped in cotton and packed in a box. After some other experiments in the course of a popular lecture I stated that I wished to see how rapidly an odor would be diffused through the air, and requested that as soon as any one perceived the odor he should raise his hand. I then unpacked the bottle in the front of the hall, poured the water over the cotton, holding my head away during the operation, and started a stop watch while awaiting results. I explained that I was quite sure no one in the audience had ever smelled the chemical compound which I had poured out, and expressed the hope that while they might find the odor strong and peculiar it would not be disagreeable to any one. In fifteen seconds most of those in the front row had raised their hands, and in forty seconds the 'odor' had spread to the back of the hall, keeping a pretty regular 'wave front' as it passed on. About three-quarters of the audience claimed to perceive the smell, the obstinate minority including more men than the average of the whole. More would probably have succumbed to the suggestion, but at the end of a minute I was obliged to stop the experiment, for some on the front seats were beginning unpleasantly affected, and were about to leave the room."

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Literary Switzerland.

A French statistician records that Switzerland produces annually more books than any other country in proportion to the number of inhabitants, namely, one to every 3003. Germany, comes next with one for every 3200; Italy with one for every 3300; France one for 3500; England one for 6500; United States one for 12,400.

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FAIREST; DEAREST.

"Yes, Tom, she's a mighty good-looking country girl; not to be compared, though, with others I know, and who are just ready to snap me up when I make an offer; but the fact is," and Joseph Fitzgerald stroked his mustache contentedly and fondly, as he added: "They all love me so, and I don't know which one to choose. That's why I remain a single man. But, really, I'm slightly tired of our city belles, and I've come down to this out-of-the-way place, instead of going to some fashionable summer resort for amusement."

The scene is a room in a country hotel; the speaker, John Fitzgerald, in the language of the country, a "city chap," with some good looks, a little money, and abundant conceit.

The good-looking country girl referred to is Alice Devine, the belle of the village, who lives in the house on the hill.

Alice was an orphan. Her parents had both died when she was very young, leaving her in the care of Aunt Dinah, an old colored woman who had been with them for years, and who since their death had taken care of the house and looked after her dear young "missus," whom she fairly worshipped. Tom Prince was a whole-souled, fine-looking country young man, and "dead in love" with Alice. Tom was Aunt Dinah's favorite, besides being secretly engaged to the country belle.

Joseph Fitzgerald had made the acquaintance of both Alice and Tom through a mutual friend.

Women, it would seem, whether country or city-born, are imbued with an inherent love of flirting, and Alice had immediately commenced a desperate flirtation with Mr. Fitzgerald, who soon became positive that she was deeply in love with him.

The "city chap" was no favorite of Aunt Dinah's, and the old woman often took occasion to tell her young "missus" just what she thought of him.

Tom, too, did not like to see his sweetheart so often with Mr. Fitzgerald, but when he told her so she answered that he must not be jealous, for she would not have a jealous man for her husband, and, besides, they were not married yet. So poor Tom had to bear it the best he could and content himself with secretly wishing the "city chap" far away.

All this, it must be remembered, was unknown to Joseph Fitzgerald.

Tom listened to his remarks with feelings which he could not well define, but he answered calmly:

"Well, Mr. Fitzgerald, I wish you success."

"Thank you," returned the other; "there is no doubt of it—not the least. You see, Tom, old boy," patronizingly,



YOU MUST GIVE UP FLIRTING WITH HIM.

"she is desperately in love with me. She has told me as much, and I am going there tonight."

"What for, if I may ask?"

"Why, I will see her alone; then I'll propose, and, as a matter of course, be accepted. Afterward—why, I'll do as I have often done before—take French leave!"

Tom could not repress a feeling of indignation at hearing this man talk so coolly of the girl he loved and his plans in regard to her. He felt an almost irresistible impulse to knock him down, and it was with great difficulty he refrained from uttering the burning words that were on his tongue, and restrained himself sufficiently to say:

"How do you know she will accept you?"

"Are you aware," replied the other, "that my name is Joseph Fitzgerald, and that my family—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Tom, "but are you sure you will be accepted?"

"Sure!" the word uttered in a tone indicative of the utmost surprise at the very idea of the insinuation. "Why, my dear fellow, what do you mean? Of course I am sure!"

Tom could not help saying as he arose and left:

"Mr. Fitzgerald, there is such a thing as being too sure. Remember that—too sure!"

"Poor fellow! Jealous!" were Mr. Fitzgerald's comments.

Tom immediately after leaving the "city chap" posted off as quickly as his feet could carry him to Alice. He found her at home.

"Now, see here, Alice," he said, "you know I love you, and you have promised to marry me, but if you love that Fitzgerald better than you love me, why, say so, and—otherwise—you must give up flirting with him, for I can not stand it any longer!"

"Why, Tom, dear, you're jealous again. I'm ashamed of you, I am!"

"It's enough to make a saint jealous," growled Tom. "Why, Alice, I have been compelled to sit and listen to that man talk in the coolest way about you. He told me he was coming here tonight to propose, and you would accept him!"

"He did—did he?" quietly.

"And not only that, but when I asked him if he was sure of being accepted," continued Tom, "he said 'of course he was.'"

"And you, Tom, dear?"

"I told him there was such a thing as being too sure."

"Well, Tom, dear, I confess, I did invite him to call tonight; but I didn't think—never mind. We will see about the other matter."

The night was very dark.

The door of the house on the hill was opened for Fitzgerald by some one he could not see, for no light was burning in the hall or parlor, into which he was marched.

"Tis better thus," he said to himself, "far better that there is no light. The darkness is preferable."

Some one deeply veiled came to greet him, and soon they were seated on the sofa.

Not a word had as yet been spoken, but now Mr. Fitzgerald poured out his tale of love.

"Oh, dearest, I love you—love you madly!" he said. "Is my love—can I hope it is returned?"

No answer, but Mr. Fitzgerald could tell that the being by his side was deeply agitated.

"I have loved you since I first saw you, dearest and fairest of girls," he went on. "Loved as man never loved before. Oh, do not say you do not love me—never can be mine? But say, oh, say, you will marry me. Will you, oh, will you, darling, be my own dear wife?"

He waited for an answer. It came, in a voice that was unmistakable:

"Say, young man, what ye mean by 'sultin' a 'spec'able cullud pusson this way, hey, sah?"

At the same instant up went the light, and there before the astonished lover stood Alice and Tom, arm in arm, while by his side, with the veil thrown off her face, sat "the fairest and dearest of girls"—Aunt Dinah.

Joseph Fitzgerald disappeared the next morning on the early train to New York.—New York News.

THE TRAMP NUISANCE.

The Manner in Which It Is Being Dealt With in France.

The number of tramps in France is not proportionately so large as in this country, but it is large enough to attract the attention of legislators. The frequency of crimes recently committed by tramps showed the necessity of preparing a law concerning beggars and tramps of more practical benefit than the municipal ordinances posted at the limits of every commune or township. It imposes severe penalties on professional beggars or tramps who refuse to work without proper reason. Unlike the existing laws, the new bill deals mildly with the tramps and unfortunate who are able and willing to work, but cannot find any employment. These are to be taken before a justice of the peace, who is to send them to the "house of labor," which every department in France is to be compelled to open, where they will be occupied at some work until employment is found for them in private workshops. The trials of beggars and tramps have amounted, on an average, to 35,000 a year. Inquiry regarding the condition of the temporary refuges, such, for instance, as our workhouses, showed that in 1895 they had been visited by 446,000 individuals, who had spent one night there. In 1895 a general order was sent to all the gendarmes, or police corps, through France, requiring agents to make inquiries regarding all individuals unknown in their own district who were found on the public roads. The police were instructed to ask these individuals to produce documents or to furnish explanations concerning their identity and profession, so that a kind of statistics and numbering could be obtained. Of course, many individuals could not have been reported by the gendarmes; nevertheless, it was shown that on a single day in 1895 the names of 25,000 tramps were recorded on the lists of the rural police.

SEVENTY YEARS.

He Has Lived Without Working. Because He Doesn't Believe in It.

Springfield (Mo.) special Chicago Record: Down in Stone county, Missouri, thirty miles south of this city, walled in by the Ozark mountains, lives Skitch Painter, who took a solemn vow nearly sixty years ago that he would never work. He declared the belief that the world owes a living to every one brought into it and that work is a useless sin. This remarkable character is seventy years old. In his own case he has made positive demonstration of his anti-work theory, for he has never toiled. Yet he lives in absolute contentment, and has the natural happiness of the early day Indians as portrayed in story books. He says he has never suffered from hunger, has never felt the need of money, and has never weakened in his determination to abstain from labor. He has literally fished, hunted and fiddled his way through the world. That is what he said he would do when he was ten years old. Skitch Painter was born in the Ozark mountains. He has never been married. He has brothers in adjoining counties who are prosperous farmers. Skitch hasn't seen his kinsmen for a score of years, although they live less than fifty miles away.

From His Point of View.

"I understand that there are some firms that give a young employe a raise of salary when he marries," she said.

"It is a strange fact," replied the cynical bachelor, "that there are men so constituted that they enjoy encouraging other men to get into trouble."

Lethargic.

From the Chicago News: Stubb—"Are the people of this town healthy?" Penn—"Well, half the time they're in bed." Stubb—"Ill?" Penn—"No, sleep."

A NEWSPAPER STORY

PUBLISHED BY A WOMAN IN YUKON REGION.

Printed on a Typewriter—Makes Its Appearance Monthly. Sells for a Dollar a Copy and Is in Great Demand.

To a San Francisco woman belongs the distinction of being the only female editor and proprietor of a newspaper throughout the length and breadth of the great Yukon region—that land of snow and ice, of hardy pioneers and of gold, says the San Francisco Examiner. But Clara E. Wright, just past 30 years of age, bears her distinction modestly. "It's just a matter of business," she says. "I find it pays, now that I have passed the experimental stage with my publication, and money is what I am after." And such a unique publication as the Rampart City Whirlpool is! Its motto, "We ain't so warm!" gives an indication of the paper and its publisher. Established in January of the present year, as a twelve-page monthly publication, its advertising business has increased to such proportions that the energetic publisher had to just double the number of pages, while the circulation far exceeds the total population of the place of its publication, men, women and children—a circulation that no other journal in the world can boast of. And this, with the paper selling at \$1 a copy—no reduction for term subscriptions—and the overworked publisher unable to supply the demand at that. Did you ever stop to consider the labor involved in getting out an ordinary newspaper, with its almost human typesetting machines, its corps of news-gatherers and editors, and its lightning presses that turn off many thousands of copies in an hour? If you have, make another pause and give thought to the labor devolving on this undaunted California woman, with not a soul to assist her but her daughter. There is not a single type in Rampart City; a printer's "stick" would be a curiosity, while there is not even a cider press, much less a printing press anywhere nearer than Dawson, some hundred miles away. A plain ordinary typewriter makes the Whirlpool, with the manipulation of Mrs. Wright and her daughter Doris. In the old days in San Francisco Clara Wright supported herself and little Doris after the death of her husband, ten years ago, by stenographic work, and when she went to Alaska in June of last year she took along the machine that had long been the means of her livelihood here. That machine is now proving a satisfactory substitute for presses. Advertisements and reading matter, editorials and headlines are all the same, capital letters doing service for all display type, while small ads and reading matter go in the lower case letters. Being business manager, advertising solicitor, circulation clerk, managing editor, city editor, local staff, compositor and press-woman combined, it is no wonder that the Rampart Whirlpool is not published more frequently than once a month.

A weekly publication under such circumstances would be almost an impossibility; a daily issue would mean mental and physical collapse. Not in the least elated over her multiplicity of titles, not crushed by their weight, Mrs. Wright sets about her daily tasks with dauntless courage and rejoices over the fact that with the growing business the days have lengthened proportionately, for every advertisement, every news item and each new subscriber means just so much more flinging of the typewriter. When the rush to the Klondike set in she determined to go to the new El Dorado. It was not until June, 1898, however, that she was able to make the start, and then against the advice of her friends, and unaccompanied save by her ten-year-old daughter, who had been left fatherless almost from the time of her birth, Mrs. Wright started for Dawson by way of St. Michael. Arriving there she encountered so many people returning to the states, with most wonderful tales of the Klondike region that she determined to cast her lot on the American side of the boundary line. Accordingly she went to Rampart City, the center of the vast gold discoveries on the Minook and its tributaries. No thought of starting a newspaper entered the lady's head at first. She had gone to that country for gold, and the precious metal lay buried deep in the ground. She made a personal inspection of the different creeks and gulches in the district and located several claims, while she acquired an interest in several others that had been located. After the streams froze up and deep snow covered the ground, Mrs. Wright made frequent long trips to the claims, enduring perils and hardships that many strong men shrink from.

Mrs. Wright conceived the idea of starting a newspaper upon her return from one of these trips, when the intensely cold, dreary, sunless days afforded little opportunity for a woman of her energetic temperament to "do something." So in January of the present year the Rampart Whirlpool began its career under circumstances as unfavorable as those usually attending the establishment of rural publications. But it has prospered even beyond the hopes of its projector and each month since then it has made its appearance regularly. The first number was a wonder from a journalistic standpoint. Not a sheet of white paper or even the finer quality of brown could be obtained at any price—there was none in all that vast, desolate region—and even the coarser grades of wrapping paper were held at a premium. Finally, after ransacking every business place in town Mrs. Wright found a quantity of reddish brown paper, almost as thick and heavy as pasteboard, and with this and her typewriter got out the first paper published on the

American side of the Yukon. It was sixteen pages, 8 by 12 inches, bound and neatly stitched by the publisher on her sewing machine, and every copy was sold as soon as it was bound, miners standing in line in front of the Whirlpool office waiting their turn for the privilege of paying \$1 a copy for the little sheet. Since then some of the difficulties that beset its path at the start have been overcome—notably, the trouble to secure paper—and now the Whirlpool is printed on fine manila paper. That the editor is possessed of a large bump of humor is shown in the columns of the Whirlpool, for even the ordinary local happenings are recorded with a frontier breeziness that is quite refreshing. Mrs. Wright has a comfortable cabin, which is also the publication office of the Whirlpool, and she declares that she will not return to San Francisco until she "makes her pile," which she confidently expects to do from her mines and from the queer little sheet, which was established more to give employment to busy hands and brain than in the hope of profit, but which is already earning a handsome income, that will be applied to developing her mines.

EYES ARE TAXED IN VACATION

Many Feel the Effects of Their Outing in Impaired Vision.

It is not generally known, but is an unquestioned fact, that the vacation season is the worst in the year for the visual organs of many people. There are several reasons for this. The principal of these were referred to by a leading specialist the other day. "Persons going away for their summer's rest or coming back to work," he said, "almost invariably use their eyes while on the train. If they do not read, they watch the scenery. You seldom see a person reclining comfortably—even on a 'high back'—paying no attention either to a book or the fence posts just outside the window. The worst of it is that the books that are sold on the trains are usually in the poorest of print. The paper is cheap and thin and of a dull color—drab or gray rather than white. The type does not show up nearly as distinctly as it should. When traveling by train and reading you try to hold the book or paper steady, but the type jiggles irregularly back and forth as the result of the motion of the car and the shakiness of your hand. Your eyes also do a great deal of dancing, not only in pursuit of the bobbing letters, but in addition because you are also shaken about more or less by the motion of the train. Imagine the effect on the muscles of the eye! First, mind you, the eye itself has an unsteady rest; second, it is trying to fasten itself on that which is more unsteady still. I wonder more people are not bothered with defective sight. But reading is not the only ill. Fix your eye on things close to the car—on flowers, fence posts, culverts, trees—and the effect is as bad as would be brought on by reading. Why will people persist in injuring themselves? You don't have to have the toothache long before learning its cause and attempting a cure, but people go on ruining their eyes right along for the sake either of killing or economizing a trifle of time. A headache is the first warning, but that becomes common after a while and is not heeded any more than a headache that follows unwise eating. There is closer connection with the stomach on the one side and a headache on the other than most people imagine, but perhaps the public some day will be willing to watch out for its eyes as well as with them, just as it is being taught to take care of its teeth."

The Thumb Mark Test.

It seems an astonishing thing that the natural signature, the impression of the thumb or finger-tip, is not used to greater extent than it is for purposes of identification. If the thumb be lightly pressed upon a surface smeared with printing ink, and then pressed upon clean paper, an impression is obtained which is distinctive for the particular individual who owns the member. No two thumbs or fingers are alike in the arrangement of their multitudinous lines, and a seal which cannot readily be mislaid or lost. The French police use this test to assure themselves of the identity of a prisoner; but surely the system could be usefully extended. A newspaper correspondent who recently pleaded for such an extension of the thumb-mark test stated that once when abroad he was in great straits for money, although he held checks for a considerable amount, simply because he could not prove his identity. If the local banker had only had an impression of his finger-tip, as well as authority to pay, all difficulty would at once have vanished.

The Alternative.

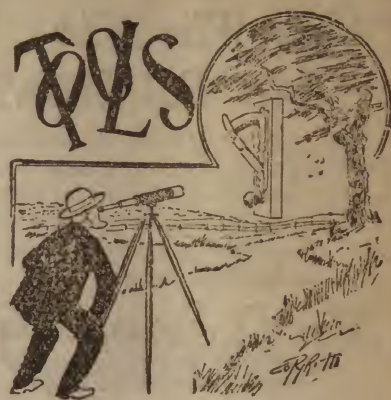
The responsibility of taking human life under any circumstances is tremendous. Justifiable as it may be to kill in self-defense, we cannot but admire the wonderful self-control of an Armenian who preferred to die rather than live with blood upon his hands. It was during the horrible massacres in Armenia. A native, says the Rev. George H. Hepworth was employed in one of the railway stations. He was standing on the platform when the mob approached. A Turk who knew the man to be a faithful servant, handed him a pistol, saying: "It is an outrage, take this and defend yourself. It is good for six of the rascals." The Armenian took the weapon, hesitated for a moment, then handed it back with a groan. "I can't do it," he said. "I had rather die than commit murder." In less than ten minutes he was a bruised and bleeding corpse, and the fiends had started on the track of another victim.

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Mails arrive from Boston, Foreign, N. Y., Western and Southern, 7.07, 8.30 a.m.; 1.00, 5.00, 7.00 p.m. Eastern New Hampshire, Maine and Maritime Provinces, 7.07, 9.06 a.m.; 1.00, 5.00, 7.00 p.m. Danvers, Buxford, Georgetown, Haverhill, Newburyport and Amesbury, 7.07, 9.06 a.m.; 1.00, 5.00, 7.00 p.m.

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